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ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR

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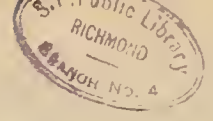
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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An Impending Conflict.

Whatever else the Denver convention may or may not do, it is a practical assurance that it will take an advanced position with respect to the labor issue. Mr. Gompers will be on hand; indeed, he is already on hand and hard at work. He demands positive expression and—he will get it. Whereas the Republican labor plank is a mere piece of shuffling and evasion, meaning nothing and intending to mean nothing, the Democratic declaration will be positive and sufficiently "advanced" to meet the wishes of the most radical.

We are plainly at the beginning of a violently aggressive political movement on the part of organized labor. The hope of its leaders was to work upon and through both the great political parties by intimidation and bluster. Mr. Gompers stated the case fairly enough. Organized labor demands for itself special favor and consideration with such re-writing of the laws as will exempt it from the penalties of conspiracy. It demands leave by the methods of the boycott, of picketing, of threats—by any and every outrageous means—to get its way. It wants freedom for its "normal activities"; in other words, it wants license to tyrannize and terrorize any community which for its own purposes it may wish to frighten or injure.

The Democratic party, in its desperate need of votes,

will surrender in the sense of so wording its platform as to "placate labor." As usual when serious things are to be done, it will fall to the Republican party to meet the issue. The Republican party sooner or later will have to meet the extreme and insolent demands of organized labor face to face as it has met every other insolent demand, from that of the slave driver down the line of wicked and aggressive selfish interests. First or last, the Republican party will have to take this monster of labor conspiracy by its throat, choke it into reason and respect, and put it back inside the lines of legitimacy and decency. Something indeed was gained at Chicago through defeat of a proposal which the President in his fear of results had foolishly and weakly conceded. But how much better it would have been if instead of straddling and seeking to cloud the issue, there had been a straightforward and manly declaration of basic principles guaranteeing freedom in the industries! How infinitely stronger the party would be today and in the future if instead of shying away from this great issue it had met it squarely and boldly without fear and without evasion! It would have been far easier to scotch this snake now than to do it as the Republican party will surely have to do it later on.

Grover Cleveland.

When Grover Cleveland came to the presidency in 1885 at the age of forty-seven he was poorly equipped for the duties of that great office. Almost his whole life had been passed in a provincial city of western New York and his associations had not been of the best. As a lawyer he did not rank high; as a county official he had been closely associated with the classes which make up the forces of local politics; as a bachelor he had lived without the moralizing and refining influences of domesticity. He came from good Presbyterian stock, people of strong character but of small culture, limited social experience, and no taste. He was so little familiar with the amenities of official and social life as to regard a "strong-minded" sister, a woman who cropped her hair like a man and affected masculine subjects of conversation interlarded with pedantic quotations, a proper mistress for the White House. He had no scholarship, little general knowledge of his own country and next to none at all of the world in general. He had never learned to work through others and at the beginning undertook to do himself pretty much the whole labors of the administration.

We recite these facts not to belittle Mr. Cleveland, but rather to do him honor. At forty-seven most men have attained their full mental and moral stature; it is the exceptional man who has in him any real power of growth after that period. Mr. Cleveland was of the last-named sort; his larger education began with his election to the presidency, and from that day to the day of his death he grew and grew steadily to a degree something approaching personal grandeur of character. He rose as few men rise with the rise of fortune, until at his death last week, at the age of seventy-three, he stood easily the most respected figure in American life. Since Jefferson we have not had in the citizenship of the country one other man who has so completely illustrated the character and the proprieties of private station in combination with large dignities and recognized ascendancy.

The record of Mr. Cleveland's service in the presidency from 1885 to 1889 and again from 1893 to 1897 is one too long and too full even for summarization. He came into office both times under circumstances and conditions so exceptional, he encountered responsibilities so unusual, he dealt with problems so large that mere statement will not serve even to characterize his career. Other Presidents in recent times have had the backing and the guidance of party with the counsel of associates skilled in the practical work of government. Cleveland had no help from his party, for it could give him no support and it was as lacking in

governmental experience as himself; in truth it clung like a millstone about his neck embarrassing him, hampering him, discrediting him, until he found the courage to push it to one side and to carry forward the government in contempt alike of its theories and its demands. Cleveland's party would have destroyed his administration and it would have wrecked the country; Cleveland himself rose above his party, boldly accepted his responsibilities independently of party, and carried them with such dignity and effectiveness as to give himself a place among the fixed stars of our national history.

Any estimate of the public services of Mr. Cleveland must accord him distinguished honor as a supporter of the Constitution under circumstances of exceptional difficulty, as a developer of the navy, as a reformer of the land laws, as a purifier of the civil service, as a bold combatant of pension abuses, and as a denier of the privilege of party under any circumstances whatsoever to direct the policies of the country regardless of its responsibilities and interests.

Nobody will claim for Mr. Cleveland freedom from faults and mistakes, but history will not deny to him the high tribute paid by President Eliot of Harvard—a man of courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty. It was these qualities which in the crisis of the silver craze which had been espoused by his party that led Mr. Cleveland to cut loose from party influences and hold the finances of the country upon the one possible sound and safe basis. Again it was these qualities, splendidly exercised, which in 1894 suppressed riot and outrage in the great railway strike at Chicago with the national military forces, emphatically asserting the responsibilities of government in connection with labor riots and making a precedent which other Presidents, including Roosevelt (as in the Southern Nevada troubles of recent date), have been compelled to follow. Still again, it was these qualities which led Mr. Cleveland in 1894 in the crisis of a South American dispute—between Great Britain and Venezuela—to give to the Monroe Doctrine an emphatic assertion which, while it startled the world, vastly augmented respect for American purpose and determination.

It came to Mr. Cleveland to suffer the dislike and resentment of his own party without commanding the immediate approval of his political opponents. He found himself for a considerable period, lasting indeed up to his retirement from the presidency, more persistently and bitterly criticised than any man—unless it be Andrew Johnson—who ever held the presidential office. But in the midst of this long period of stress, a period in which Mr. Cleveland, although the President and living in the White House, was nevertheless the most isolated figure in American life, there was no indication of weakness, no loss of courage, no let-down of purpose. Strong and steadfast in the midst of adversities under which a man of lighter nature would have been crushed, Mr. Cleveland so carried himself that those who then were his severest critics have come to be his warmest eulogists.

In nothing else, perhaps, has Mr. Cleveland's public service been greater than in the fine example he has set of a President in retirement. Where others have trafficked upon the basis of reputation, Mr. Cleveland betrayed no weakness. He could not be brought either by cajoleries or promises of reward into those markets where distinctions like his have a money value. He betrayed no social ambition. Above all he gave himself no license to meddle with politics. His opinions were freely given, but such influences as lay at his hand he declined absolutely to employ, even though importuned again and again. In brief, Mr. Cleveland in retirement showed himself a model of dignity and reserve, a very pattern of those virtues of citizenship so essential to the perpetuity of our system and practically so difficult of illustration in a conspicuous character that we must go back more than a full century for another exemplar.

The change in public sentiment towards Mr. Cleve-

land has been so radical that we now find it difficult to understand how his purposes ever could have been mistrusted. Among the men of thousands to whom his death is a profound personal grief, full half were among his critics in his active years. And this fact ought to bear in upon every thoughtful mind with tremendous emphasis the fallibility of human judgment with its proneness to ill-considered conclusions and its tendency to censoriousness.

The Denver Convention.

Mr. Theodore Bell may well be gratified at his selection for the temporary chairmanship at Denver. In many respects the temporary chairmanship is the most important official assignment connected with a national convention. It is the temporary chairman who has the first chance at an expectant audience and at an expectant country. The speech of the temporary chairman in assuming his duties is given close attention not only in the hall, but the country over, because it is presumed to be a sort of "key-note" utterance, designed to declare the spirit of the party and of the occasion. It is essentially an opportunity for an orator; and it is scarcely less an opportunity for a writer, for the opening convention speech is always spread broadcast over the country to be read and studied by millions.

What use Mr. Bell may make of this opportunity will, of course, rest upon Mr. Bell himself. Hitherto he has had no such test of his powers. His labors in Congress during his one term there were those calling for industry and social tact rather than for largeness of mind and for powers of utterance. His campaign speeches at home have dealt mostly with domestic matters and have been given in partisan spirit. They have afforded no fair opportunity for large powers and have not been remarkable in any way. What Mr. Bell may be able to do with the larger themes of national interest and under the inspiration of a great occasion, nobody knows. Under such circumstances some minds rise to surprising heights of power; others are sunk under the weight of an overwhelming embarrassment. Commonly speaking, occasions which are expected to inspire great things yield disappointment.

For example, the speech of Mr. Burrows, temporary chairman of the recent Chicago convention, expected to be a very notable one, was commonplace and tedious. Mr. Burrows could think of nothing better to say while all the world was listening to him for the only time in his life than that the country had grown beyond precedent or expectation and to supply the proof in the form of a heavy and wearisome array of statistics. It was all very sound and very important and deadly tiresome. It was entirely "respectable" as an address, but it interested nobody in the convention or out of it. If Mr. Burrows had had the instinct or the powers of an orator, he might have made a speech that would have been quoted ten million times during the campaign and which would have established his reputation as one of the great voices of the time. His failure was lamentable because the opportunity was so great. Let us hope that our friend Theodore will do better.

At this writing there seems no question as to what the Denver convention will do with respect to the presidential nomination. Mr. Bryan will be nominated on the first ballot and probably by unanimous vote. A sufficient number of delegates is pledged to him to assure his nomination even under the two-thirds rule which continues to dominate Democratic national gatherings—an outworn relic of the day when the slave power was in the saddle and when it controlled the Democratic party to its own uses.

Nobody yet knows who Bryan's running mate is to be. Governor Johnson of Minnesota is the logical man and he ought, as a good party man, to take the nomination, since he would undoubtedly give strength to the ticket. But it appears in these modern days that the greater figures of politics—even those who are assumed to stand for ideas, ideals, and all that sort of thing—are more ambitious for themselves than for their parties. They will serve party just so far as it suits their pleasure and ambition—and no farther. Governor Johnson has declined the vice-presidential nomination even without its being offered, and his name will probably not be considered at Denver. There are a thousand possible vice-presidential candidates, a not improbable man being Governor George Chamberlain of Oregon. Chamberlain has twice been elected governor of a State largely Republican and he has very recently, under an extraordinary scheme of selection, been chosen by popular vote for a United States senatorship. A man who has thus demonstrated his quality

as a vote-getter is not unlikely to be picked up by a party whose prime need is votes.

Inevitably the Denver platform will be dominated by Bryan. But nobody knows what particular group of his many "isms" the genial Nebraskan will choose to put forward. One of our local papers hit off the situation very well a few days back in a cartoon representing Bryan as a "virtuoso" with bow in hand hesitating to choose among half a dozen fiddles, one representing Democracy, another Populism, another Socialism, another Union Labor, another Prohibition—and so on. Bryan in his time has been for so many "causes" that it is impossible to know which he will choose to put to the front this time. The fact that with the convention day almost here, nobody, apparently not even Bryan himself, knows what the "line" will be illustrates an interesting phase of the situation. Only one thing is certain, namely, that the Denver declarations will be more radical than the Chicago platform. In this, as in past struggles, the Democratic mainhold will be that of enmity and opposition to anything and everything bearing the stamp of Republican approval.

The Chairmanship.

The custom which permits the presidential candidate practically to select the campaign head of the national committee is, perhaps, justified, although something might be said on the other side. In the case of Mr. Taft there appears rather overmuch hesitation—a hesitation indeed which indicates internal embarrassments in his immediate political household. The choice appears to lie between Mr. Vorys of Ohio and Mr. Hitchcock of Washington, both of whom were conspicuous as managers of Mr. Taft's personal campaign prior to and during the convention. Of Mr. Vorys's character and capabilities we know little; of Mr. Hitchcock's connections and methods we know far too much. Hitchcock is a smart young chap brought from somewhere out of the ruck of Washington clericalism into the Postoffice Department by Mr. Cortelyou some five years ago. He developed administrative talents as an assistant postmaster-general in charge of the fourth-class postmasterhips all over the country. The little that was needed to be done in the way of drilling the Southern postmasters for Roosevelt in 1904 was done by Hitchcock without friction; and when Cortelyou by Roosevelt's selection was made campaign chairman of the national committee he took Hitchcock with him. At the end of the campaign the young man was put back into the Postoffice Department under better conditions of responsibility and pay than before.

The country is familiar with Mr. Hitchcock's more recent career. At a time when the Taft boom gave indications of practical weakness he was "detached" from the Postoffice Department and sent South to organize the office-holders of that section in the good cause of working up Taft support. He did this work so well that when the time for the convention approached he had under his personal hand enough Southern votes in the national committee, combined with Taft's Northern support, to make an overwhelming majority. It was at this point that the "steam roller," with Mr. Hitchcock at the lever, began its work of determining all contests Taftwise. Whatever delegations were for Taft speedily got a clean bill of health; whatever delegations were for anybody else were promptly put out of business. It was a cold-blooded business, done under an authority worked up through officialism and by the arbitrary methods familiar in departmental procedure.

Mr. Hitchcock is no doubt a very nice fellow according to his lights, and beyond a doubt he has that kind of ability illustrated in the arbitrary exercise of power and by contempt for the rights of others. But Mr. Hitchcock is not a representative Republican; he is not a man of intellectual and moral initiative; he is rather an adroit and capable manipulator of official-political powers. He ought not to be made, even for campaign purposes, the head of the national Republican party. Republicanism in so far as it has any real value is a moral force, and it ought to be represented in its official headship, not by a political manipulator, however capable, but by a man representative of the party ideas and of the national spirit. Mr. Hitchcock might well be employed by the committee to do the things belonging to his expert capability; but he ought not to be made the figurehead of the party. To do this would be mechanically to lower the standards of Republicanism, to reduce the spirit of party respect, and to weaken somewhat that moral force which is the real foundation of the party.

We can no more afford to reduce the standards of

party organization than to reduce the standards of the ticket itself. Mr. Taft, who is a man of large sensibilities, no doubt sees this clearly enough. His difficulty, no doubt, is that of reconciling conflicting ambitions and of conciliating mutual dislikes. A good way out of the difficulty, we think, would be to sidetrack both Vorys and Hitchcock, bestowing the chairmanship upon some man of high national reputation whose activities have not been of a sort to suggest questions as to his character. If Vorys or Hitchcock are half the men they are declared to be by their champions, they will readily accept an arrangement which will relieve the campaign of any aspect of personal contention or private ambition.

An Incident and Its Moral.

The best strawberry gardens in the United States lie in the valley of the Hood River amid the Eastern slopes of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon. The Hood River berry has, in addition to its rich appearance and to its exceptional flavor, another quality which adds to its commercial value. It is what is known as a "keeper"—that is, it will remain in good condition even under high and varying temperatures for a long period. Many carloads of Hood River berries are sent to the Atlantic markets each season, reaching there in prime condition and always fetching top prices.

Recently the business has been put upon a large and what has been thought to be a secure basis. The advantages of climate and soil have been supplemented by artificial aids, including an elaborate irrigation system. The strawberry farmers of the Hood River Valley have been preparing for a fine season; every circumstance has been favorable and with the use of irrigation there has seemed to be no point of hazard in the business. But there have been differences on the point of wages between the growers and the pickers, the former having declined to pay the rates of wages demanded by the latter. The outcome of this difference came last week at the beginning of the season in the form of a dynamite explosion so destructive to the flumes carrying irrigation water as to destroy the prospect of a profitable season. It is just a case of deliberate, cold-blooded, and villainous incendiarism. The berry-pickers, not being able to get the rates of wages they demanded, determined there should be no berries to pick, hence the destruction of the irrigating system. Result: no advantage to the pickers; ruinous loss to the farmers. So much for the material aspects of the case; its moral phase needs no exploitation.

This incident precisely illustrates the practical and moral value of the injunction process. It was known at Hood River that the berry-pickers were fighting mad and that there were desperate characters among their leaders. Threats had been made by men whose names were known, foretelling the precise crime that has since been perpetrated. The injunction process, if it could have been brought to bear upon this situation, would have given time for hot blood to cool down and would probably have prevented this crime, so disastrous in its effects upon an important industry, and so completely destructive in its effects upon the character of the perpetrators and their sympathizers.

And yet we are told by Gompers and others of his ilk that to restrain excited and hot-headed men from crimes of this sort is an act of tyranny and an outrage upon the initiative of labor.

Aids to Beauty.

Mrs. Hetty Green, queen of finance—to borrow a reporter's phrase—now in the neighborhood of seventy years of age, has been perking up. She has been getting her clothes from the best dressmakers and has been taking a course of "treatments" in one of the many "beauty" establishments in New York. All of which is thought by certain fresh young men who write for the metropolitan press to be a remarkably fine joke.

Really we are unable to see why Mrs. Green or any other woman who has the price should not make herself as attractive as possible. A profound thinker has said that a woman's first duty is to be charming, and if good clothes, facial massage, or other adventitious aids may contribute to grace of personal style, they seem legitimate enough. If ever there was a time when personally neglectful and careless habits were regarded as meritorious that time is now, thank fortune, well passed. Facial massage for women is still something of a joke, but where is the difference, pray, between supplementing deterioration as to the face and as to the teeth? And surely nobody now regards it as an affectation to visit the dentist.

And who has a better right to the aids which science

may supply than those who are growing old? Youth may indeed decline to share with art the triumph of its eyes; but that is no reason for calling art illegitimate or frivolous in those applications where it can be made an effective ally of beauty and charm. A well-groomed old woman or old man is almost as pleasant an object to look upon as lusty youth, and those who would deny to age the help of the manicure, the barber, the dressmaker, the tailor, the dentist, and the masseur, must belong to that puritanically severe class that would put women in caps at thirty and would make every man an old codger at forty-five.

President Duniway—and Some Reflections.

The election of Professor Clyde A. Duniway of Stanford to the presidency of the Montana State University is from several points of view an interesting circumstance. The future President Duniway is a native of Oregon, a son of the pioneer stock of that State. His first graduation was from a printing office, and from there he went to the Oregon State University at Eugene City. He soon found that while the school at Eugene—this was twenty years ago—was in many ways an excellent one, it was, in the nature of things, local and sectional, limited in its facilities and narrow in its outlook. After a few weeks at Eugene, Mr. Duniway betook himself to Cornell, where after a four years' course he graduated with honors, having in the meantime maintained himself and paid all his college expenses by working as a printer and as a tutor. Mr. Duniway's college training was supplemented by an extended period of travel in Europe under some professional engagement and he ultimately settled down in a professor's chair at Stanford, where for a dozen years or more he has been engaged actively as a lecturer and teacher—and, let us add, always as a painstaking student.

These general facts are sufficiently interesting in themselves, but they are chiefly important to the purposes of this writing because they indicate the sources and influences which enter into the personal and professional character of the new Montana president. Mr. Duniway has indeed drawn largely upon the East and upon Europe for his culture, none the less he is essentially a Pacific Coast man—a product of the country, assimilated to it in mind and character, ambitious (if it be proper to use this word) in connection with it. If he speaks of "home" he does not mean some other country, but here. If somewhere he cherishes personal hopes or the pride of approval, again it is here that they are centred. He is son of our soil, bone of our bone, mind and heart belong to us. Therefore we believe that the regents of the Montana University have done a profoundly wise thing in putting at the head of their school not only a young, growing, and cultivated man but a man of the country.

Everybody knows that something is wrong with our colleges. The fault probably is to be found—when it shall be found—not in one thing, but in a multitude of things. But one fatal point, we believe, lies in a certain detachment of sentiment on the part of our administrators and teachers. No man whose heart is in one country will ever attain his highest usefulness in another. No man whose thoughts of "home" are forever carrying him three thousand—or ten thousand—miles away is at his best. No man who serves in one country with the desire for reputation in another is quite all that he ought to be in so far as the interests under his hand are concerned. It so happens that most of our schools are, of necessity perhaps, administered and taught by men whose closest sympathies relate to places and things far away. Our higher teachers are not men of our own soil, imbued with our own spirit, centred in their minds upon home interests, but rather men who are with us as "foreigners," men whose minds are in better tune with conditions elsewhere than with our own.

In the opinion of the *Argonaut* we shall not get the best results from our higher schools until we shall be able to man them, so to speak, with men of our own production. This is far from meaning that we must have local narrowness and prejudice in our schools. Breadth of view, scholarship, world-wide sympathy, and universal culture—these things are not inconsistent with a certain intensity of domestic affection, a certain respect and consideration for domestic ideals, a certain sympathy with the spirit and the ambition of this country. We would not put the domestic spirit first; we would not discredit anything worth having because it comes from afar. But we would have our schools so organized as to be in harmony with the spirit of the country, and this can best be done, other things being

equal, by putting men of the country in the posts of authority and influence.

President Duniway in his new duties in Montana will share with President Campbell of the State University of Oregon an unique responsibility. It will be that of illustrating the efficiency in practical college life of the Pacific Coast of the man of home breeding and home sympathies.

A New Way with Divorce.

What an ecstatic world this would be if we could but be governed by a permanent committee of women's clubs. How rapidly the problems of the day would melt before an embodied wisdom to which we are now so strangely insensible. The great social questions that have taxed a generation of lawgivers would be solved in an afternoon session, while the collective deliberations of a decade of congresses and parliaments would be easily supplanted by a few feminine minds in conclave assembled and while waiting for the afternoon tea.

For example, take the question of divorce, usually supposed to be not without its difficulties and complexities. It is only the male mind with its deplorable limitations that allows itself to be thus bewildered. The average club woman will handle this problem with an easy finality that is simply staggering and will hand out its solution, signed, sealed, and delivered while you wait. The feat was actually done at the General Federation of Women's Clubs that recently met at Boston. For that matter it has been done over and over again and if no two of the proposals are in agreement it is only another evidence of a mental fertility that ought to be recognized. Upon this particular occasion it was Miss Harriette Lake of Iowa to whom some few minutes were allotted for the purpose of laying this matter of divorce forever at rest. It was more than enough. We can well believe that Miss Harriette Lake of Iowa could settle any question from the tariff to the Directoire gown with the twenty words that she devoted to this one. "Let every engaged couple," says Miss Lake, "register their engagement with the county clerk or some other authorized person twelve months before marriage." That the proposal was met with a "burst of laughter" is but further evidence of the frivolity of the human mind. The president of the Federation, a Mrs. Decker, was justified in instant protest against this levity. She believed that this scheme "would be one of the greatest things we could find to remedy the divorce evil," and then with that ripe and far-seeing statecraft for which her sex will one day be celebrated she added, "You don't have to marry him because you register." Of course that settled the matter and it was just as well that it did, because the Federation proceeded at once to disrupt itself in an acrimonious discussion on the appointment of officers.

Now we are not disposed to pass this matter off with the loud laugh that betrays the vacant mind. A proposal put forward by an unmarried lady and supported by a married lady shows what we may call a rotundity of vision that deserves better things. Our first inclination is toward an emphatic approval, and the more we look at it the more numerous are the evident advantages. The system ought to be adopted and it ought to be extended. The county clerk ought not only to keep a record of engagements but of their results. If the results are not as they should be we ought to know it and the reasons ought to be clearly stated. It ought to be in the power of every would-be Benedict to ascertain the previous experience, if any, of his intended and to estimate the depth of the inroads that have already been made upon her tender susceptibilities. These things should no longer be a matter of luck and speculation, but of official record.

Think of the advantages in the case of breach of promise. The register would settle the matter in a moment and leave nothing to the court but the assessment of damages, and these would depend largely upon previous entries. Not only should there be a record of engagements, but also of the approaches to that delightful state. An argus-eyed law ought to take cognizance of much that it now neglects. It ought, for instance, to be illegal to kiss the summer girl without filing a due notice of intention with the county clerk, and as for the love letters that are now so disgracefully unsupervised they ought to be filed in duplicate with the same official. The divorce evil is the result of our haphazard way of doing things and we are grateful to the Federation of Women's Clubs for pointing out to us that we ought to "pass a law" against it.

Of course there are always some captious ones who will cavil at anything, but they must be frowned down.

It will be urged by malevolent spite that very few girls would be married at all if they were kept under observation for a year. No girl could remain on her best behavior for so long. A *sine qua non* to wedlock is its unpremeditation and the daring that is always essential to a leap in the dark. The marriage that is not performed in haste is rarely performed at leisure and a certain daredevil recklessness is the chief support of the marriage rate. Then again it will be said that life is too short for such deliberate proceedings. Allowing ten years for a total engagement period, there would be opportunity for only ten "affairs" without making any provision for a possible lack of continuity or for periods of decent mourning. All these things will be said by malcontents and it will be just as well for the Federation of Women's Clubs to prepare to answer them—that is to say, if the Federation ever meets again after the unfortunate animosities that disturbed its momentary harmony.

Editorial Notes.

In the midst of this furious warfare over the water question the *Argonaut* again rises to remark that the true policy for San Francisco stands plain and clear to the eye of common sense. Private investors own a system which may give us for many years to come a fair water supply both as to quality and quantity. In the remote future we shall need a larger and better supply and we ought to prepare for it by arranging for the reservation of one of several possible sources in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In the meantime, especially in consideration of our financial circumstances due to the disaster of 1906, we ought to be content to use the facilities already at hand, paying for such use a fair return to those private investors who own the system. To this end we should have a judicial determination of the value of the facilities employed in supplying the city, and upon the basis of this valuation should prescribe such rates for water consumers as support of the system requires, including a reasonable percentage of profit upon the investment. This being the common sense of the situation does not appear to be much in favor of either side. Nevertheless, it is what we shall come to in the end because there is no other solution of the problem.

The only incident of the week to remind the public that it is still afflicted with the Spreckels-Heney-Phelan incubus occurred in Judge Cabaniss's court, being no less than a personal clash between the great prosecutor and his erstwhile friend Ruef. Mr. Heney, who, though he much vaunts his personal courage, is really very easily frightened. He labors under the notion that he is being shadowed and pursued day and night. In connection with some *pro forma* procedure before Judge Cabaniss on Wednesday of last week, he turned to Ruef, remarking: "You have hired assassins to kill me; if any trouble occurs you will be first to get yours." To this Ruef made reply briefly but very much to the point: "You are a damned liar." It was not a nice incident; it didn't accord with the proprieties of court procedure. And yet somehow it has rather pleased the public, which, wearied to death with the vulgarities of the whole business, is delighted with an exhibition of spirit, even though it be bad spirit. Furthermore, there are those well pleased to see Mr. Heney get the sort of rebuke his court methods deserve.

It is reported from Paris that Mrs. C. P. Huntington has bought a mansion in the Rue-de l'Elysée which was for a long time owned and occupied by the Empress Eugenie, and that she will hereafter spend a good part of each year in it. This is the second curious connection architecturally, if we may so speak, between the Huntington family and Louis Napoleon. The Huntington house in this city which was destroyed in the disaster of 1906 was a copy of a house somewhere out of Paris built by Louis Napoleon, not indeed for Eugenie, but for a woman who was less entitled to his favor. The coincidence is perhaps not very remarkable or important, none the less it seems worth recalling.

Miss Mary Greenleaf of Boston, alleged to be a niece of Henry Wardsworth Longfellow, has broken a matrimonial engagement with a young clergyman over Sausalito way for the purpose of "devoting heart and mind to art." Of course the explanation is that at bottom this young woman doesn't care anything about the young man in the case. If she really and truly loved him, or even thought she did, art could go hang. Incidentally let us remark that any young woman who expects to find in "devotion to art" or in any other of the

artificial things of life a substitute for the joys of wifehood and motherhood is grievously fooling herself. Now and again we meet a nice girl who fondly imagines that she is going to find in society, in musical studies, in art, or in something else, that which will give to her mind and character a better and truer poise than the normal experiences and interests of life. But when all is said and done, when art and all the other things have yielded their fullest results, there remains inevitably a narrow, selfish, and disappointed woman. Nobody has ever yet found a better way either for man or woman to develop mind and character, with the things that make life worth living, than to follow the beaten path trodden by our unnumbered grandfathers and grandmothers. The natural experiences and responsibilities of life—that's the true line of development and of happiness. The girl who seeks development and happiness through "devotion to art" is simply a very modern sort of blamed fool.

Governor Hughes of New York appears not to be one of those men who gain favor in defeat. His course in the pre-convention presidential campaign instead of building up his support in New York has tended rather to destroy it. Referring to his unwillingness after his own fight was manifestly lost to get out of the game in the interest of Mr. Parsons's candidacy for the vice-presidential nomination, the *Evening Post* remarks that in addition to being "cold, headstrong, self-centred, and ambitious, Governor Hughes is ungrateful."

The reforming spirit, now active in so many ways, can not possibly find a better subject for its activities than the slot machine. "Playing the machine" is not only gambling, but it is gambling in a most mischievous form. The smallness of the stake, the availability of the game, the pretense of equity involved in it, the very publicity of it—these circumstances all tend to obscure the moral considerations involved, to soothe the promptings of conscience, to throw moral restraint off its guard. And yet there is no form of gambling more demoralizing nor one whose invitation is more general. Incidentally the "machine" vice tends prodigiously to another serious vice not so fully comprehended now as it will be in time, that of tobacco using. Nothing could be less consistent than our pretentious laws against gambling as a thing immoral and ruinous, while at the same time we allow the slot machine to stand on the counter of every cigar store, a conspicuous invitation to every passer-by and a certain demoralizer of every man—or boy—who yields to its enticement.

The latest report about the London *Times* is that it has been acquired by Lord Northcliffe, otherwise Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, a widely known editor and publisher of the "yellow" variety. This fact ought to interest certain newspapers at the East who have been having a good deal to say upon the text of recent journalistic discussions in these columns. The *New York Evening Post*, the *Fourth Estate*, and others may be able to see in this latest development with respect to the *Times* that the *Argonaut's* opinions have not been without justification. The trouble with the *Times* is that it must compete with a group of sensational rivals, which cost less to make and which appeal to a wider range of readers. Advertisers seek not so much the "better classes" as those who have the habit of buying advertised merchandise. The policy which gives the sensational paper multitudes of readers among cheaper grades of people likewise gives them value as advertising media for those seeking to exploit second-grade clothing, bargain-counter merchandise, and patent medicines. As a matter of business and of business alone, responsible and careful journalism can not compete with slap-dash sensationalism. The famous Gresham Law—that a bad coinage inevitably drives out a better—applies in the world of letters as in that of finance. Conservative newspapers will no doubt be maintained here and there by men old-fashioned enough or whimsical enough to prefer to maintain high character in conjunction with relative poverty than to grow wealthy and powerful by reprehensible methods. But where competition is left to do its work unrestrained, bad newspapers will drive out the good ones.

Secretary Cortelyou will probably "set on the lid" this summer during the absence of the President. Mr. Taft, who held it down before, expects to be awfully busy, and Secretary Root says he won't do it—so, at least, says the *New York World*.

There are 132 department stores in New York, employing over 10,000 people.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The *New York World* is justified in congratulating the Republican party upon its discipline, although the comparison with the old Scotch lady who admired the devil for his perseverance was uncalled for. Hardly were the results of the nomination known than a perfect chorus of congratulation filled the air. The allies hastened with one accord to salute the man of the day and to assure him of their support. Senator Foraker, who has not always and upon all occasions seen eye to eye with Mr. Taft, telegraphs "heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success in November." Mr. Taft replies "from the bottom of my heart" and reminds the senator "that I owe to you my first substantial start in public life and that it came without solicitation." Senator La Follette's congratulations are offered "most sincerely," but with the added hope "that you are more in accord with the great body of Republican voters than the platform." Governor Hughes, always thorough, says "under your administration the welfare of the country will be assured." Finally comes Speaker Cannon, perhaps the best abused man of them all, who telegraphs:

I heartily congratulate you. You will be elected by the people in November. Illinois will cast her electoral vote for you. Whatever I can do for your success and that of the party will be done.

It may be hoped that there is no foundation for the Washington rumor that Speaker Cannon is to be supplanted because of his hostile attitude to the injunction plank. Mr. Cannon is not an ideal Speaker, but then so few of us are ideal except in our own estimation. It might be possible to find a better Speaker, but to supplant Mr. Cannon because of an incident that is so strikingly to his credit as his injunction protest would be to the discredit of the administration. Indeed, a good many of his errors have been forgotten in admiration of his sturdy championship of an old-fashioned American axiom that all men have equal privileges before the law.

The administration gave way on the injunction plank only when it became evident that the plank itself would break under their feet. If such a strong Roosevelt State as Michigan would have neither part nor lot in a covert attack upon the courts, what prospect could there be of avoiding a fight on the floor of the convention? Even the threat that Taft would withdraw and that some man who "did not need a platform" would be substituted had no effect upon such stalwarts as Crane, Clark, Dalzell, and Payne, who would not budge an inch, and who did not intend to see the present injunction procedure abrogated in favor of flagrant caste and privilege legislation. As a result the plank was so modified as to allow things to stay practically where they are now, and that this arrangement is bitterly denounced by Gompers and the labor men is proof strong as holy writ of its political sanity. When it became evident that the original proposal meant disaster the revision was agreed to in Washington, and it is said that Mr. Taft wrote it with his own hands. There is no doubt that this happy issue was largely due to Mr. Cannon, who expresses his approval of the change in the following words:

I think the committee on resolutions has made a very commendable expression as to the situation of the Republican party on the two points over which there was so much controversy. The court procedure plank expresses in unequivocal language the traditional confidence of the Republican party in the integrity of the courts and insists that their powers to enforce their processes and protect life and property must be preserved inviolate. The resolution further commends the courts by recommending that what has been and is their practice in issuing injunctions shall be expressly declared in the statutes. I approve the plank as adopted.

Of course Mr. Gompers is angry. Indeed, Mr. Gompers is very angry, but this can be endured with equanimity by those who realize that the only thing really worth dreading is Mr. Gompers's approval. Asked as to his opinions, Mr. Gompers says:

We have been thrown down, repudiated and relegated to the discard by the Republican party. What President Roosevelt and the Federation attempted was to have the injunction abolished. Instead of that the Republican party calls for legislation that will legalize what we have been trying to abolish.

That action is contained in these words of the plank: "We believe, however, that the rule of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by the statute."

That means that what the President wanted and what Mr. Taft desired and what we have been fighting for has been not only defeated, but the suggestion has been made to make the conditions which now prevail more binding. The situation will be taken up tomorrow by the Federation and an official statement will be given out.

John Mitchell was not so explicit. He had no views for publication, but he hinted darkly at what the Federation might do in a situation that was "somewhat cerulean." Unless the Federation wishes to prove what is already more than suspected—that it can do nothing at all—its wisest policy will be one of masterly inactivity. So far as Mr. Taft himself is concerned the one uncontradicted fact is that he himself wrote the revised plank that was adopted and that meets with the approval of the convention. The original proposition came from the President, who supported it from a full arsenal of cajoleries and threats and who abandoned it only when he found that it could not be carried. That the weight of his wrath should now fall upon Speaker Cannon is sufficient evidence of the value of the Speaker's protest.

We shall no doubt hear a good deal of the powers of the injunction during the coming campaign. Mr. Gompers will foam at the mouth and talk pretentious nonsense about the labor vote as though it comprised nine-tenths of the population. The net result will be that Republican workmen will vote for the Republican candidate and Democratic workmen will vote for the Democratic candidate, while Mr. Gompers, like his biblical prototype, will curse by the roadside.

Among the great judges who do not propose to hide their light under a bushel is Justice David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, a man who commands the respectful

confidence of the whole nation—always excepting Mr. Gompers. Justice Brewer practically reminds us that "the law is a terror to the evil doer" and that attacks upon the law usually come from that class. The powers of the law, says Justice Brewer, should be enlarged and not diminished, strengthened and not weakened:

Again, the effort is disclosed in the clamor for a restriction of the power of injunction. It has become a political question and a topic for heated denunciation. There never was a time in the history of the nation when the full restraining power of the equity court was of so much importance to the nation. As the population becomes more and more dense and activities increase, the restraining power of the equity court is worth vastly more than the punishing power of the criminal court. It is in line with the highest thought of the day.

To restrict the restraining power of the court is a step backward toward barbarism instead of a step forward to higher civilization. Courts make mistakes in the granting of injunctions. So do they in other judicial action. I know that labor organizations are especially energetic and claim that the power of injunction is used mainly against them. Of course, this is not true. Injunctions are granted against all sorts of persons and organizations every day in the year, and they will come to see that there is no thought of restraining them in the exercise of their rights.

Look at the acts of violence and strife which have been checked or prevented by this restraining power. It does not follow that the power ought to be used against capital and corporations and not against labor. Of course one class can not be restrained.

The restraining power of the courts of equity should be enlarged and not diminished, and the judiciary improved until all people will be assured that the power is only used when necessity requires and the restraints imposed only when justice demands. I am opposed to any curtailment in the powers of the Federal judiciary with regard to injunctions.

Other judges follow the same lead. Indeed, it seems to be the general legal opinion that the very attempt—abortive as it has been—to place a narrow and arrogant class above the operations of the ordinary law is a sinister sign of the times.

The *Boston Transcript*, taking time by the forelock in order to expedite that laggard's footsteps, has been hard at work making a Cabinet for Mr. Taft. The motto of the *Transcript* is never to put off till tomorrow what can be done today, and as a Cabinet is an essential part of government why not set about its composition at once?

Mr. Taft would, of course, like to retain Mr. Root as Secretary of State, but it is understood that Mr. Root would rather not be retained. Other Cabinet members willing to be relieved, according to the *Transcript*, are Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, Attorney-General Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy Metcalf, Secretary Straus of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Secretary Luke E. Wright. Whether James R. Garfield will be retained at the head of the Department of Interior is open to doubt. Postmaster-General Meyer will probably remain in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury:

The following is a slate for the Taft Cabinet that many of the wiser of the seers and prophets believe will go through: Secretary of State, Representative Theodore E. Burton of Ohio; Secretary of the Treasury, George von L. Meyer of Massachusetts; Attorney-General, Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota; Secretary of War, Charles E. Magoon of Nebraska, or General Clarence R. Edwards, now chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs; Postmaster-General, Frank H. Hitchcock, who has been manager of the Washington headquarters in the Taft campaign; Secretary of the Navy, Truman H. Newberry of Michigan, now Assistant Secretary of the Navy, or Robert Bacon of New York, now Assistant Secretary of State; Secretary of the Interior, Attorney-General Wade H. Ellis of Ohio, or Secretary Garfield; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson of Iowa, or Gifford Pinchot, now chief of the Bureau of Forestry; Secretary of Commerce and Labor, William Loch of New York, now private secretary to President Roosevelt.

This is of course entirely conjectural, but there is no reason why the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* should not know just as much about the next Cabinet as any other correspondent.

There is some reason to believe that William H. Berry of Philadelphia will be the Democratic nominee for Vice-President. Mr. Bryan wants an Easterner to balance the ticket and Berry is the very man mentally, politically, and geographically. A Philadelphia Democrat, quoted by the *Ledger*, says that when Bryan goes East, Berry will go West, so that there will be "the largest hearing and the widest publicity." Mr. Berry himself, when questioned, was inclined to adopt an attitude of bashful silence, but "if the lightning should strike this way, it could not be other than gratifying." Then Mr. Berry overcame his bashfulness and spoke enthusiastically:

We shall have a whirlwind speaking campaign in the debatable States of the East. That is Mr. Bryan's plan, and it will be my plan also if I am put on the ticket. This is to be an appeal to the yeomanry of the country, to the bone and sinew, the brains in the workshops of the land, and I have no doubt of the result. It will be a campaign of reason on the fundamentals of government, from which there has been a very marked tendency to drift in these days.

There is a fine diplomatic flavor about that "I have no doubt of the result."

In the meantime Mr. Dooley, writing in the *American Magazine*, foresees a festive time at Denver. As this truly great philosopher remarks, "It takes all kinds iv men to make up th' Dimmycratic party an' thin there are hardly enough."

They come to th' convintion fr'm ivry corner iv th' earth, fr'm th' pine-clad hills iv Maine, where th' close season fr a Dimmycrat is on'y two months, to th' banks iv th' Rio Grande, where a Republican has to go over to Mexico to vote. They'll all be there.

They'll be ivry diff'rent kind iv a Dimmycrat iver I seen. There'll be Dimmycrats who believe th' protective tariff shud be destroyed, an' those that believe it shud be tickled. Th' Dimmycratic party has niver altered in its opposition to a protective tariff. It recognizes in this system th' soores iv predatory wealth, an' many iv th' ills that our body polytick is subjick to, includin' th' happiness iv th' few. It recognizes thin an' is glad to recognize thin. How d'ye do? How are ye?

But Mr. Dooley does not understand why Governor Johnson should wish to be a candidate. "A man that is a successfull iditor, a successfull Swede, an' a successfull Dimmycrat in Minnesota, can get a good deal more money with a circus."

GROVER CLEVELAND.

A Few Recollections of the Personal Side of a Great American Statesman.

"A good, stout, rough man-of-all-work is Cleveland," once said George A. Townsend in discussing the President's capabilities, "who not only put the establishment of the government in good running order, but is a first-class watch-dog at the gate." And it is the man-of-all-work that was usually to the fore in whatever rôle Mr. Cleveland was called upon to assume, because he never got over his poor man's love for earning his day's wages. One of his favorite jokes on himself turns on his man-of-all-work proclivities and always gave him keen delight in telling. After his retirement to private life the Cleveland family for the summer months took a home in the midst of a quiet, exclusive community, more notable for its culture than its sporting blood. Before long Mrs. Cleveland heard rumors to the effect that the countryside was shocked by the ex-President's easy-going habits of life. A loyal friend came to them and said: "Mr. Cleveland, there is nothing in this but a little narrow-minded gossip. Your friends hereabout consider the source from which the gossip comes and think nothing of it. It is only the Smith family who are saying that you are ready to hobnob with any old loafer in the country who has a good dog and a gun." Here Mr. Cleveland always stopped to watch the effect of his story upon his audience before he added: "And while I appreciated the valiant stand Mr. ——— was making for my reputation, I had to hang my head and admit that the charge was true." His one qualification for good-fellowship in the field of sport being, as he confessed later, that the sportsman be generous with his bait, considerate of the other man's quarry, never draw his flask in secrecy nor light a cigar with no suggestion of another. These qualities in a man, plus a good dog and gun, made him eligible to "the brotherhood." The one thing he could not tolerate was the unsportsmanlike hunter, of whom he says in his little volume, "Fishing and Shooting Sketches": "There ought to be a law which would consign one guilty of this crime (unsportsmanlike killing) to prison for a comfortable term of years. A story is told of a man so stupidly unsportsmanlike that when he was interfered with as he raised his gun apparently to shoot a quail running on the ground, he exclaimed with irritation: 'I did not intend to shoot until it had stopped running.' This may be called innocent stupidity, but there is no place for such a man among sportsmen, and he is certainly out of place among quail."

It was on the occasion of one of his hunting trips when a younger hunter was shamefacedly trailing his empty game-bag Mr. Cleveland gave him this elegiac advice: "Don't shoot too quickly when the birds fly. That is your trouble. Do you chew tobacco? Well, then, when your bird rises stop long enough to spit over your shoulder before you shoot."

This sage advice Mr. Cleveland seems to have taken himself, in matters of state as well as in the sporting sense. Although of resolute character and prompt action, he usually took time to "spit over his shoulder" before he fired. A New York editor not long ago told of an instance of the President's deliberation before firing, coupled with that keen sense of humor that has saved him many an awkward situation and that happened early in the editor's journalistic career. During the campaign of 1884 this youthful correspondent wrote an article charging Cleveland with having framed the "Horizontal Bill." Mr. Cleveland wrote a letter to the *New York Sun*, in which the article had appeared, denying the charge in strong terms. Fearing he had gotten himself into trouble with both the editor of the *Sun* and a man for whom he entertained a respect akin to reverence despite his suspicion of his having framed the objectionable bill, the young man hastened to Albany in order to explain his position and to apologize to Mr. Cleveland. Expecting at least a blast of indignation from this man he had charged on so insufficient evidence, he found, as he put it, "a large, cheerful man in a large, cheerful frame of mind, smoking a particularly large cigar." Upon introducing himself and explaining the reason for his visit the large cheerful man shook hands with him, motioned him to a chair, and offered him a counterpart of the cigar he was smoking.

"But isn't it a pretty strong smoke?" the young man demurred.

"Oh, yes, but you can stand it," Mr. Cleveland insisted with a twinkle in his eye. "Your surroundings are propitious, so you will like it. Almost everything depends upon your surroundings, young man, have you noticed that? I used to smoke a certain cigar when I was a young man in Buffalo that seemed to me to be excellent, so I had some sent up to my rooms. But when I smoked them there at my work they seemed pretty poor stuff. I had been used to smoking them in one of the big beer gardens, you see, and when I got them home I missed the crowd, the sand on the floor, and the general atmosphere. See, young man? Be careful to be in the right surroundings when you smoke. Be careful, too, to be in the right company when you ask questions. When you want to know what I think about certain measures, ask me."

In this interview the young journalist learned the same lesson the young sportsman had learned, although in different terms. It seemed to be an especial form of delight to the "large, cheerful man" to wait until the moment was ready before he fired. Then, because he

had waited until the right moment, he usually went straight and true to his mark.

Being a man of such colossal capacity for hard work, going to the bottom of things at any expense of personal effort, Cleveland had no sympathy with the shirker and openly professed not to understand the professional hanger-on and office-seeker when such position was a sinecure.

When he saw the office-seeker's sign gathering on the horizon Mr. Cleveland could be distinctly disagreeable. On one occasion when a certain senator approached him upon this subject and complained about his policy concerning appointments, Cleveland turned upon him with, "Well, what do you want me to do?" "Why, Mr. President," the senator answered; "I should like to see you more expeditious in advancing the principles of Democracy." "Aha!" said Cleveland. "You mean that I should appoint two horse-thieves a day instead of one."

But for the very reason that he made his appointments with such deliberation he was usually sure of the men he appointed, at least in the cases of importance that made it possible for him to know the appointee. Many Californians remember the appointment of Mr. Zach Montgomery as Assistant Attorney-General of the Interior under Attorney-General Garland. To a certain member of the Cabinet Mr. Montgomery's appointment was not agreeable because of his ardent Roman Catholic principles; the main issue of his life-work being the encouragement of parochial schools among Catholic families.

"You have no intention of confirming this appointment have you, Mr. President?" the anti-Catholic senator asked. Receiving no answer the senator went on at greater length to descant upon Mr. Montgomery's zeal in his cause, illustrating his point by citing instances of Mr. Montgomery's energy and determination in carrying his point when once his mind was settled, even showing copies of *The Family Defender*, the organ of Mr. Montgomery's crusade. Seeing the President showed an interest in what he was saying the senator felt confident of winning the day, but at the end of his argument Mr. Cleveland said in the cheerful tones of a man who has heard good news. "All you have said added to what I know personally of Mr. Montgomery's character convinces me that we need just such indomitable stuff in the department." Consequently Mr. Montgomery's appointment was promptly confirmed by the President and there grew up between these two iron-clad natures a close and enduring friendship.

The man is not living who has ever succeeded in dissuading Grover Cleveland from a point once his mind was made up after due consideration. Resolute, self-contained, honest, he stood alone and unshaken if the forces were against him, but the very strength of his position often brought the forces over to his side. It was a long struggle sometimes, but he possessed the poise of character that enabled him to wait, unless, of course, the means lay within his power to hasten results. An instance of this waiting until his iron was hot before striking was shown at the time an effort was being made in the Senate to talk the Sherman Act to death. After it had been before the House a matter of two months one of the supporters of the act came to Cleveland feeling their cause was lost. "I see no way of breaking this deadlock, Mr. President," he said. "Now, there is Senator ———, for instance, who swears this bill shall not pass until hell freezes over." And the senator was supposed to be the bulwark of the opposition. "Then," said Mr. Cleveland, who had made a move in the matter himself, "you may say to that gentleman with my compliments that hell is going to freeze over in exactly twenty-four hours."

In an address made by Mr. Cleveland last year before the Union League Club of Chicago occurs a sentence we may turn upon himself in the same spirit in which he addressed it to others: "Though it is not given to us to see in the magnifying mirage of antiquity the exaggerated forms of American heroes, yet in the bright and normal light shed upon our beginning and growth are seen grand and heroic figures who have won imperishable honor." For while few men have lived longer under the microscope of public interest than Grover Cleveland, it must be conceded that he has earned fairly and squarely the encomium, "He was a great fisherman, a great statesman, a great citizen, and a good neighbor." M. S.

The recent curious boycott of the press in the Berlin Parliament has a precedent in the Mother of Parliaments, the British House of Commons. A writer in *Harper's Weekly* recalls that the person involved was no less a celebrity than the late Daniel O'Connell. He condemned the inaccuracy of the parliamentary reports, but he forgot to make allowance for acoustic difficulties and the buzz of intervening conversation. He charged the reporters with the malicious suppression of his speeches, and the gallery then refused to report them at all. "Dan" stormed and thundered in vain, even moving that the ringleaders be brought to the bar of the house. Finally he apologized, and all was well. Lord Lyttleton in 1871 fell foul of the press in the same way, and the late Lord Monteaigle had his name omitted from London newspaper reports for two years because he said something the reporters did not like.

A persistent rumor that President and Mrs. Roosevelt will visit England next year is current in American circles abroad. It is said that he will stay six months in London with his family and will study the organization of the navy and the management of the dockyards.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

The Buffalo *Commercial* announces that the Republican presidential ticket will be "Taft and Trusts." The Boston *Transcript* retaliates by suggesting that the Democratic ticket will be "Bryan and Busts."

Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese minister, in his address at the University of Illinois commencement exercises, said: "My country's whole history in all the modern years has been a story of foreign aggression. But now, thanks to our indissoluble friendship with America, we are given an opportunity to regain our place before the world."

It is said in Washington that Speaker Cannon has so irritated the White House by opposition to measures advocated by the President that he has been marked for relegation to the ranks in the next Congress. The Speaker is said to have gone beyond toleration in his fight at Chicago, by which he threatened the supremacy of the President in the party.

Vice-President Fairbanks will be conveyed to Quebec in the battleship *New Hampshire*, there to represent the President of the United States in the coming tercentenary. It is suggested in some quarters that the gentlemen who have been so assiduously declining to be candidates for the second office within the gift of the people of the United States shall make a note of this fact.

Ray Stannard Baker in the *American Magazine* shows how in South Carolina a little over 2600 votes elect a congressman, whereas it requires 14,000 votes to elect a congressman in Pennsylvania, and 16,000 in New York. Under the present system of political control in the South, therefore, one voter in South Carolina is as influential in national legislation as nearly seven voters in Pennsylvania and eight in New York.

Mr. Jerome's defense to the charge that the gambling law was violated when he shook dice for dollars and drinks with Thomas F. Ryan's son is on the novel ground that "citizens of high character, great intelligence, and distinguished position" do such things; that they also play cards for stakes, and that "such people are of such high character that they can not be presumed to be knowingly committing a felony." To this the *New York World* rejoins that the great reason why Mr. Jerome should be removed is that he regards certain "citizens of high character, great intelligence, and distinguished position" as immune to the Penal Code.

Speaker Cannon has won the enthusiastic admiration of Philippe Millet, who recently interviewed him on behalf of the *Paris Figaro*. "What strike one most forcibly," says Mr. Millet, "is the look in the Speaker's sparkling, alert, blue eyes, which seem to be those of a man twenty-five years old, not seventy-two." Millet quotes Speaker Cannon as saying of the labor men of the Federation of Labor: "These people lie impudently. They say I am opposed to workingmen's organization; that is abominably false. I am one who thinks the law is above everything. I judge men and things according to my conscience. I receive orders from no one, and against no one, but I do not admit that any citizen, rich or poor, can put himself above the law."

Leslie's Weekly epitomizes the career of Hoke Smith of Georgia in the following words: "Hoke Smith of Georgia, during his term as governor, has antagonized all those Georgians who disapprove of the disenfranchisement of the negro. At the same time he has lost the regard of those who disapprove of violently strict railroad regulation and the abolishment of all free passes. At the same time he has earned the dislike of all classes who are not the strictest sort of prohibitionists; and at the same time he has made an enemy of Tom Watson, who delivered the Populist vote to him two years ago. Hoke Smith wants office again. If we were Hoke Smith we would decide to want something else."

The report that the commodious dwelling-house in Cincinnati occupied by Mr. Taft and his brother when both are at home has no porch, and that therefore the Canton style of campaigning can not be repeated, is misleading and based on an architectural obliquity of vision. The Taft mansion has a pillared space in front of the company door or entrance, with ten steps leading to it from a walk connecting the street gate with the house. The grounds are ample to accommodate visiting delegations. Mr. Taft, standing on the top step and under the pillared roof of the vestibule, could address several hundred people coherently if the street noises did not drown his voice; the steps would lend themselves admirably to group photography.

A story is current in Pittsburg to the effect that there was a pronounced clash between President Roosevelt and Representative John Dalzell of the Pittsburg district. The story is that Dalzell, a member of the committee on resolutions at Chicago, who comes from the Pittsburg manufacturing district, was called to the White House and asked not to be too aggressive at Chicago against the anti-injunction plank. Mr. Dalzell is said by friends to have answered that, while he would like to oblige the President, his first duty was to his constituents, and that he would oppose at Chicago any anti-injunction plank for the platform. According to friends of Dalzell the interview then became painful and personal, Mr. Roosevelt calling attention to the fact that Dalzell had had a hard time getting named as national delegate and expressing doubt as to his reelection.

DIANA'S VAQUERO CAVALCADE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XX.

Since Alden's arrival at the Hacienda, Diana found that their conversation at times grew embarrassing. The Vigilantes' visit naturally arose often as a topic. From this the conversation continually drifted toward the Vigilante question generally. It was not that Diana feared a renewal of her heated discussions with Arthur. But her knowledge of the bandit's movements, that he had been hidden in the Hacienda, that she was a party to it, that he might even now be lurking in its precincts, that her host was utterly ignorant of the whole affair, and that the fugitive was probably the man who shot Arthur—this secret preyed upon her, and destroyed her peace of mind. Likewise it prevented her from discussing freely the topic which the rest of the household seemed to favor—for Diana was frank and truthful—deceit was intolerable to her—and already she was writhing under the burden of keeping the fugitive's secret.

She was seated in the *potio*, gazing absently at a book from which her mind was far away. Near her, beside the fountain, was Mrs. Lyndon, diligently counting stitches in some fancy work. Diana's troubled face she did not notice. And under cover of her reading, Diana continued to brood.

She wished—oh, how she wished—that she could talk as freely to Arthur on this topic as when they had first met. It was with a twinge that she reflected how different was her position now. Since she and Alden had first talked together on this subject, he had been shot by outlaws, and his life in danger; the outlaws had been pursued both by the law and by the Vigilantes. He knew that the Vigilantes, whose cause she so earnestly espoused, had in their hot pursuit come within the very gates of the Hacienda. There was a time when she could have triumphantly told him this to prove that he was wrong in his dislike of the Vigilantes—that they were swifter to pursue his assassins than the leaden-footed law. But not now—no, she could not tell him that now. How could she affect to triumph over him for the Vigilantes' alertness when she herself had thwarted them? To conceal her part in their defeat would be a poor, pitiful falsity—almost a lie.

Could she tell Arthur the truth? No—it did not seem so. How could she tell him she had hidden the escaping outlaw from the Vigilantes? What reason could she give for thus defeating the Vigilante vengeance? Perhaps the very man whom she had shielded was the one who had shot Arthur. Perhaps the fugitive was the murderer of the express messenger. She did not know all this, it was true—the only reason she had even to think it might be true was the placard offering a reward for a man who had lost a finger. The fugitive whom she had hidden had lost a finger from his right hand. But that alone did not prove him to be the guilty man. Still, what right had she to hide a man within Plancha Grande's walls, and to keep it a secret from Captain Helmont? Was it not an abuse of his hospitality? Suppose the Vigilantes discovered that the fugitive had been harbored at the Hacienda; suppose they caught him, and he confessed it; suppose they revenged themselves on Captain Helmont? She shuddered as she thought of what might happen as the result of her indiscreet action—for now she saw it was inexcusable, although at the time she believed it was a merciful act. She looked uneasily at the stalwart form of the captain, coming down the arched walk from the other end of the long *patio*; she reflected with a kind of terror that she was keeping a secret from this honest gentleman, who treated her with devoted friendship, with warm-hearted hospitality—a secret which might gravely affect his peace of mind—perhaps even threaten his life—one could never tell what the Vigilantes might do. And when she saw too the frank face of Arthur Alden, whose boyish eyes spoke only too plainly of their devotion to her, she asked herself with a start if it were true—had she really helped to hide a man who might have been Arthur's murderer?

But they were approaching. With a sigh Diana stifled her emotion, and strove to look as cheerful as if she had no secret weighing on her mind. For the first time she began to have grave doubts of the value of intuition. Like many of her sex, she often acted on impulse, and believed implicitly in intuition. Such believers come to sudden conclusions, and shape out courses of action without premeditation. It is their theory that with them intuition replaces the slower processes of reason and logic relied on by the masculine half of humanity. This combination of intuition and impulse would be an admirable one if it could always be depended on. But often it bitterly disappoints its believers—frequently they find they should have looked before they leaped. For young women to share secrets with men whom they know is often undesirable; secrets shared with strangers they usually have reason to regret. Diana was not the first young woman who, having shared a secret with a stranger, was sorry.

Helmont and his guest were talking animatedly as they slowly drew near, Arthur still on his long chair borne by *mosos*. They had gone up to the tower top for the view of the valley, but they had returned talking about other matters than scenery, for Arthur was saying:

"If you are so much opposed to the Vigilance Committee, captain, why have you never associated yourself with any of the organized Law-and-Order men?"

"Mainly because I am not a citizen. Others, I know,

have no such scruples. But I feel that a foreigner has no business meddling."

Here they were interrupted by Mrs. Lyndon, who had come to dread all discussions of the Vigilantes. "Oh, captain," she said, rising, "I want to show you that agave plant—it's just about to burst into blossom." And the two elders left the others seated by the fountain.

"You heard—we were still talking Vigilante," said Arthur, with a smile. "How unfortunate that such a man as Captain Helmont should refuse to take part in settling these unhappy differences!"

"Yes, it is a pity," assented Diana mechanically.

"Still, I suppose we regret his defection from different sides—you from the Vigilante standpoint, I from the Law-and-Order."

"Am I so unreasonable an advocate of the Vigilantes then?" she asked.

"Oh, really, I beg your pardon," exclaimed Arthur. "I ought not to drag in this vexed Vigilante topic."

"But why not?"

"Because I fear that I annoyed you when we last spoke of it."

Diana's uneasy conscience made her resent this—it seemed as if he dimly suspected she had reasons for not wishing to talk about it.

"Oh, no," she said, affecting to laugh. "I was not annoyed, but I may have been too earnest. We both grew a little heated—more so than was necessary, perhaps, over a question of law."

"Particularly as the law seems to agitate other people here but little," Arthur went on, reassured by her demeanor. "Both the Vigilantes and the Law-and-Order men seem to care little for the law."

"What has led you to doubt the loyalty of your own side?"

"My conversation with Captain Helmont. He is a man of high character, and opposed to the Vigilantes; but he says frankly that he does not rely on the law to protect his land from invasion by the miners, but depends on his own armed forces."

"He certainly puts his words into effect," said Diana. "He makes his soldiers maintain strict discipline, and there are sentries posted at the Hacienda gates night and day."

"So I have observed. I suppose it would be practically impossible for an unauthorized stranger to enter, wouldn't it?"

Diana hesitated—she felt that her face was betraying her discomposure as she replied: "Yes—no—that is, I think so."

Arthur looked at her in some surprise. "It may be," he said at last, smiling, "that our worthy captain over-values his veterans and exaggerates the strictness of his discipline. Perhaps you know of instances where his sentries have been easily passed?"

Diana evaded answering the question. "I would not be apt to know," she said. "The sentries never stop me, so I would not notice any infringement of the rules." And then, feeling uncomfortable at her evasion, she turned the conversation back to where it was. "There are other ways in which the captain is not entirely consistent in his attitude toward the Vigilantes," she said.

"Indeed? What?"

"Although he condemns them for their secret tribunals, he himself has for years held a private court here in his Hacienda."

"Yes, but he has to, on this immense rancho, with these simple natives, who do not speak the language or understand the laws of their conquerors. It was a rule of the Mexican régime. Probably he presides over them as a justice in their disputes and minor offenses."

"Not minor offenses alone—I think he exercises complete control here," replied Diana.

"But surely he would not claim the right to try and sentence offenders coming from outside his rancho. Suppose a murderer were to seek shelter here; suppose the Vigilantes really had traced to Plancha Grande the fugitive whom they mistakenly supposed to be hidden here. Do you think Captain Helmont would claim the right to try such a fugitive's life or liberty?"

Again he thought Diana looked disturbed. Again she hesitated before replying. "No, I don't think he would claim the right to try such a fugitive," she said at length. "But if he is a Law-and-Order man, would he not be justified in saving a fugitive?"

"I don't think I understand you—in what way do you mean?" asked Arthur.

"I mean would it not be his duty to harbor the fugitive and protect him from the Vigilantes?" she replied. "From his attitude and yours toward them, that would seem to be his duty."

Arthur paused and reflected. "To give asylum to the fugitive, and to protect him," he said at last, "yes—I suppose that would be his duty as a citizen, in view of possible danger to the fugitive's life from the Vigilantes, who in the eyes of the law are an illegal body of armed men."

Diana was losing her qualms of conscience in the ardor of debate. "If the Vigilantes persisted in an attempt to seize the fugitive," she went on, with a demure look, "would you consider the captain justified in resisting them?"

Again Arthur hesitated, but he finally gave a reluctant assent.

"Then you believe the Vigilantes would have no right to use their illegal armed force to apprehend a fugitive, but that the captain would have the right to use his illegal armed force to rescue one?" demanded Diana triumphantly.

Arthur could not help looking vexed. Diana's Socratic cross-examination had brought him, a legal logician, to shame—to open shame as it turned out, for the amused faces of Mrs. Lyndon and the captain, who had just returned, showed that they had heard the end of the argument and the triumph of Diana. The lawyer in him might have overborne the lover, and led him to attempt to overturn her ingenious sophistries. But—perhaps fortunately for him—Diana was left with the laurels of victory and the last word, for Mrs. Lyndon here intervened.

"Are your voices still for war?" she said. "Let me offer my good offices, if not too late."

"And if it is too late—what then, madame?" asked Helmont.

"Why then, captain, *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* But what in the world are you two belligerents discussing? If this illegal armed force should assault the Hacienda I sincerely hope the captain's illegal armed force will be larger than the enemy's!"

"You have only to say the word, and it shall be as you wish, madame," said the captain gallantly. "Evidently you believe in Napoleon's maxim—"

"That Providence is on the side of the largest battalion?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"No—Napoleon's phrase was different. He declared that Providence is always on the side of the heaviest artillery. By taste and training Napoleon inclined to cannon. He was an artillery officer, if you remember—he knew that a single cannon is worth many men. When the Section Lepelletier revolted in Paris he placed grape-shotted cannon at the street angles, and swept the intersecting streets clean as though with a bloody broom. In many ways Napoleon was perhaps an unpleasant person, but he was an excellent artilleryman."

"Now you know you're not a Chauvinist, captain—only *esprit de corps* makes you defend the Little Corporal."

"True," assented Helmont. "As an old artilleryman myself—"

"*Cela s'entend*," interrupted the lively lady. "As an artilleryman you applaud his good shooting while you condemn his bad faith. But tell me, young people—what is all this talk we hear of fugitives, of asylums, and of avenging Vigilantes?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—purely hypothetical questions," said Arthur hastily.

"Such discussions would necessarily be so, Mrs. Lyndon," said Helmont. "Everybody knows that I don't sympathize overmuch with the Vigilantes, but everybody also knows that I would not give asylum to any fugitive whom they pursued. Once in a while, they may hang an innocent man, but those they go after are guilty nine times in ten, while the tenth man is suspicious. No—no one inside these walls shall ever shelter a fugitive from the Vigilantes."

Diana started guiltily as he spoke. She was so disquieted that it was a relief to her when Mrs. Lyndon, who had not noticed her confusion, addressed her:

"Diana, your maid Luisa is looking for you; she has your riding togs all laid out on the bed, and is intensely interested, although she disapproves of your garb, of your saddle, and of your determination to ride with the *vaqueros* at the *rodeo* today."

"Are you going to ride in the *rodeo*?" asked Arthur. "How I wish I could go!"

"I wish you could," replied Diana, "but as you can not, you must come to the gateway to see me ride away with my *caballo*—for Captain Helmont has given me an escort of *vaqueros* almost as imposing as that of a knight of old. Good-bye—or rather *hasta luego!*" And, accompanied by Mrs. Lyndon, Diana hastened away.

"Diana is safe enough with my men," said Helmont.

"Still I would prefer to have some one else with her too. I wrote asking Eugene Yarrow to come up for the *rodeo*, but I have not heard from him. He may be absent from the city."

"How often do you hold the *rodeos*, captain?"

"We have them once a year. Ours is a *rodeo* for dividing up the stock among the different ranchos of the Hacienda, and after they are divided the young animals are branded."

"Is this a slaughtering *rodeo*?"

"Oh, no, it is not even a branding day. Branding is not so unpleasant as slaughtering, but it wouldn't be a particularly agreeable diversion for Diana. The odors of singeing hair and burning horseflesh are scarcely sweet-smelling. Today the *vaqueros* are cutting out the *manadas*—what the Americans call bunches. The animals have been running wild for a year over the common grazing lands. The old stallions and mares are already branded of course; the increase of the year is not. The *vaqueros* ride round and round in a circle, thus at last bunching the animals into separate corrals, where the colts will be branded tomorrow."

"And don't you take part in this exciting scene?"

"No—it is an old story to me. Diana, who has no accounts to keep, will delight in the *rodeo*. I shall go out later and look after the branding—that is more important. Besides, the *rodeo* begins too early for me—the men were in the saddle at daylight. Diana is a luxurious *vaquera*—she will not arrive at the *rodeo* until hours after sunrise."

"Branding settles ownership, I suppose?"

"Absolutely—if a man wants to be sure he owns his colts and calves, he must get his brand on them first. Under the Mexican law his brands had to be registered, and no one was allowed to brand except on days fixed for *rodeos* by public notice. Of late years a lot of smart rascals have been selling counterfeit branding-

irons, and as your free-and-easy American law now allows anybody to brand at any time, all of the large rancheros have lost many cattle."

"Today's rodeo is not for beef cattle?"

"Only for horses; after it is all over, the beef cattle will be brought in, rounded up, and divided. When they are driven in you'll know when they are coming."

"Why?"

"Because of their bellowing—it may be heard for miles. We used to have some thirty thousand beef cattle on this rancho, but as the country settled up the number has diminished. In the old days it was a great spectacle—people came from fifty to sixty miles away, and there was a grand *fiesta*. We killed many of the fattest cattle for our scores of guests, and the *vaqueros* would take only the hides and the choicest parts of the beef, leaving the carcasses on the plain. This attracted the wild animals from the hills, and black and cinnamon bear prowled over the valley—sometimes grizzlies. Often they were caught—four or five *vaqueras* at the same time would lasso a bear, their horses pulling in different directions, until the animal was strangled by the lariat noosed around its neck."

"Surely a single *vaquero* would not dare to lasso a grizzly!" exclaimed Arthur.

"No—if he tried, the grizzly would seize the rope, and pull a powerful horse toward him, paw over paw, unless the *vaquera* was quick enough to cast off his lariat from the saddle horn."

"Then it is true that they sometimes caught grizzlies for bear-baiting?"

"Oh, yes—five *vaqueros* would lasso a grizzly over each leg and over his neck; then all five would pull against him and spread him out flat on the ground, at the same time choking him into submission. Then they would get him safely into a heavy low-wheeled cage, and haul him to the bull-ring."

"What chance would the bull have in a fight against so powerful an animal as the grizzly?"

"The bulls often killed the bears. They are nothing like your bulls on the Atlantic Coast; they are very quick, very vicious, have long sharp horns, and are almost wild. In the ring the bull was more often the victor than the grizzly. But come—let us go to the gateway—it is about time that Diana was starting for the *radaa*."

With the assistance of some *mozos*, Arthur's chair was taken to the *portal*, where they found the major-domo and a group of *vaqueros* waiting for the captain's guest. The cowboys had with them a handsome buckskin mustang, which as yet had no rider.

"There is Diana's mount," said Helmont.

Alden looked at the animal's accoutrements with some surprise. It bore an elaborately stamped and silver-mounted saddle, around the pommel of which was coiled the long lasso. The bridle was of plaited rawhide, and the silver bit was the cruel Spanish instrument he had already noticed in the mouths of the native horses.

"Does Miss Diana ride a—?" and Arthur hesitated for a word.

"She rides *en cavalier*," replied Helmont, with a smile. "About the only safe way for a woman to ride at a *radaa*, I fancy. But the *riata*, or lasso, at her pommel is probably purely for ornament. Here she comes."

Arthur turned and saw Diana approaching with Mrs. Lyndon. He devoured her with his eyes. The riding garb she had devised was a compromise costume. It was based partly on the riding rig of the Mexican dandies, although she had replaced their *calzanera*, or riding-breeches, with a divided skirt of doeskin. But this garment, like the *calzanera*, had a double row of silver buttons down the outside; their *botas* or leggings she had replaced by high laced boots of soft buckskin garnished with silver spurs. Their short jacket of blue broadcloth, heavily laced with silver, she had retained; likewise their rich waistcoat of silk velvet, and the soft linen shirt with *matador* tie. Around her waist was bound the conventional crimson sash, while on her head she wore a wide-brimmed sombrero; around its conical crown was wound a filigree golden fillet. In short, she was a feminine replica of the native *caballera* of the time—very fair to look upon, seemingly not displeasing to the *vaqueras*, but with equal seeming eyed with horror by their womankind, the *paisanas*.

Helmont approached her with the gravity of a Spanish grandee of the time of Carlos Quinto; he bowed low, almost sweeping the ground with the ceremonial wave of his sombrero.

"*A los pies de usted, señorita*," he said. "But I scarcely know whether so cavalier-looking a young person would accept assistance in mounting?" None the less, he extended his hand for her to spring from.

"*Gracias, no, señor capitán—no se necesita*," she replied with a smile, and placing her own foot in the cumbrous wooden stirrup, she vaulted on her horse. As she sat in the high-pommeled saddle she looked, from the peak of her conical sombrero to the *tapadera* points trailing from her stirrups to the ground, the personification of equestrian grace. She would not have been a woman if she had not been conscious of how these men admired her, from Arthur Alden to the very *vaqueras*, and Alden most of all.

"But who is this coming up the hill?" asked Mrs. Lyndon, who was perhaps less susceptible to feminine charms than the others.

"Why, it's Eugene Yarrow!" exclaimed Helmont, waving his hand to the group of horsemen.

Helmont was right—it was Yarrow, just from the

embarcadero, accompanied by two or three of the captain's *mozos* to carry his luggage.

"You're in the nick of time, my boy," said the captain, jovially, while the newcomer was being greeted by all. "Doña Diana is just off for the *radaa*, and without any escort except these dark-skinned cowboys here. Alden is still on the invalid list, and I am too old and fat."

"I'd be more than delighted to ride with Miss Diana," declared Eugene enthusiastically. "But you must give me a fresh mount."

"It is behind you," replied Helmont. "Dismount, and they will shift the saddle."

In a trice Eugene's saddle was on a fresh animal, and he turned to the dashing *vaquera*.

"May I have the honor of being your cavalier, Miss Diana?" said Eugene.

"*A la disposicion de usted, caballero!*" cried Diana, saucily saluting with her quirt. The lash fell, she wheeled her mustang, which pivoted like a teetotum, and like a flash she was dashing down the hill. Her escort of *vaqueros*—heeding not her new *caballera*, for they owed allegiance only to her—put spurs to their horses, and raced after her, while Eugene followed somewhat ingloriously in the rear.

Alden and his companions watched them rapidly descending the hill, but in a few minutes they had disappeared in the whirling masses of horses in the vast plain below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE COUNTESS DE BOIGNE.

A Third Volume Closes a Brilliant Survey of Fifty Years of French Life.

The third volume of the "Memoirs of the Countess de Boigne" covers the period from the year 1820 to the year 1830. The first volume brought us to the year 1814 and the second to the year 1819, so that we have in all a period of about half a century thus illuminated by the diary of a woman who must be placed in the front rank of those marvelous feminine minds produced so lavishly by the France of a hundred years ago. Mme. de Boigne knew all the stars that covered the political firmament of her country. Her position carried her easily into the highest social and government circles of her day, while her brilliant intelligence naturally attracted and was attracted by all that was most worthy in the world of knowledge and of wit. She seems to have held herself with a singular detachment and self-possession during crisis after crisis so well calculated to bias both judgment and criticism. Proximity never destroys her sense of perspective; she is always sane, balanced, judicial. For her the mole-hill never becomes the mountain nor does she allow the mountain to be dwarfed by its proximity. She looks upon the volcano with the same tranquil and curious regard as upon the flower garden. Her poise is never disturbed by the overthrow of kings or the titanic struggles waged within her sight. Hers is the temperament of the philosopher to whom nothing is insignificant and who neither exaggerates nor belittles.

One of the first scenes that she records in her third volume is the assassination of the Duc de Berry. At the moment of the crime she herself was at the house of Mme. de la Briche, but in the midst of "bursts of laughter" the news was brought by de Boisgelin:

The Duc de Berry had just put his wife in her carriage, and the footmen were closing the door. He was going back to the Opera, to see the last scene of the ballet and to receive from a member of the ballet the signal for a visit which he wished to make to her. He was followed by two aides-de-camp, and two sentinels were presenting arms at either side of the door. A man passed through all these people, and pushed so violently against one of the aides-de-camp that he said, "Take care what you are doing, sir." At the same moment he placed a hand upon the shoulder of the prince, and with the other hand drove into his breast below the shoulder an enormous knife, which he left in the wound, and took flight; no one in this numerous escort had time to anticipate his action. The Duc de Berry thought at first that he had received a blow with a fist, and said, "That man struck me"; then clapping his hand to his breast he cried, "Ah, it is a dagger! I am a dead man."

The Duchesse de Berry, seeing the struggle, wished to go to her husband. Mme. de Bethisy, the lady on duty, from whom I have these details, attempted to keep her back. The footmen hesitated to lower the steps, and the princess sprang out of the carriage without waiting for them. Mme. de Bethisy followed her. They found the Duc de Berry seated in a chair in the passage. He had not lost consciousness, and merely said, "Ah, poor Caroline, what a sight for you." She threw herself upon him: "Take care, you are hurting me."

They succeeded in carrying him up to a little drawing-room which communicated with his box. The men who had carried him then went out to fetch help, and he was left alone with the two ladies. The knife, which had been left in his breast, caused him dreadful suffering and he insisted that Mme. de Bethisy should draw it out, after making a vain attempt himself. She was eventually induced to obey. The blood spurted forth abundantly, and her dress and that of the Duchesse de Berry were covered with it. From that moment until the arrival of the physicians with their handgases he merely groaned continually, saying from time to time, "I am stifling, give me air." The poor women opened the door, and the music of the ballet which was in progress and the applause of the pit made a dreadful contrast with the scene before their eyes. The Duchesse de Berry showed a calmness and a strength of character beyond all praise, for her despair was terrible. She thought of everything, prepared everything with her own hands, and the boarding-school girl of the morning became suddenly heroic.

The countess looks upon the Duc de Berry as "a hero and a Christian." Asked as to his want of resolution, she can only say that "men are full of these inexplicable anomalies." Consistency belongs only to the hero of the novelist.

We get a curious light upon the character and con-

duct of Queen Caroline of England. The countess herself was at Aix and we can only admire the eloquent reticence with which she deals with incidents that must have been the talk of the countryside:

The carriages of Queen Caroline of England were passing through Aix. We were informed that she had been staying in an inn upon the Geneva route, and strange stories reached us from that quarter. Curious to know the truth upon these details, I made inquiries a short time afterwards when I was following the same route. I stopped at an inn at Rumilly. A very respectable looking girl was working in the kitchen, and I asked her a few questions about the queen's stay. She replied with downcast eyes that she knew nothing.

"The queen did not stay here, then?"

"Oh, yes, madame, but I was not here."

The mistress of the inn then came up, and told me that the queen had stayed a week at her house, but that after the first evening she had hastened to send away her daughters to one of their aunts.

"I was ashamed, madame, of what I saw myself, and did not even like sending my servants to wait upon her."

It seems that the courier Bergami had grown too lazy to satisfy the taste of this immoral princess, although she still remained under his influence. Under pretext of a conference with the English minister at Berne to arrange for her journey through Switzerland, she had sent him away, and had spent the week of his absence in a perpetual orgie with her other servants. Indignation reached such a pitch in the little town which her presence had defiled that upon the day of her departure, when a quarrel broke out between one of her servants and a postillion, the queen attempted to secure silence by her royal word, whereupon there was an explosion of popular indignation. The whole populace rose, and threatened to stone her, and she ran some risk of being thus assaulted. Such was the honorable person loudly claimed as sovereign by a large proportion of the English nation, a fact which provides further proof of opposition good faith in every country.

She takes a subsequent opportunity to refer again to a queen who disgraced alike her country and husband. Napoleon was lying dead in St. Helena and the age of his posthumous popularity was not yet begun. Newspaper sellers in the streets of Paris were crying, "The death of Napoleon Bonaparte, two sous; his speech to General Bertrand, two sous; despair of Mme. Bertrand, two sous"; and no more effect was produced "than an advertisement for a lost dog":

If it is possible to form a correct idea of the life in general of Napoleon at St. Helena, his existence seems to have been magnificent in his recollections as attested by the splendid narrative which he dictated, and trivial as regards his actions, which point is again attested by the correspondence with Sir Hudson Lowe. In any case, the emperor was so omnipotent a character that even at the height of his glory, when he was shaking empires to their foundations, he could find time for the close consideration of details which a private individual would have neglected without scruple. Possibly characteristics which our want of sympathy styles pettifoggery are due to superabundant energy.

Lord Castlereagh went into the study of George IV and said to him:

"Sir, I come to tell your majesty that your mortal enemy is dead?"

"What!" he cried, "is it possible? Can she be dead?" Lord Castlereagh was obliged to calm the monarch's joy by explaining to him that he was not talking of the queen, his wife, but of Bonaparte. A few months afterwards the hopes of the king were accomplished, and it must be admitted that if such sentiments can ever be justified, they could be only by the conduct of Queen Caroline. Her death was a relief to everybody, and especially for the party which had undertaken the impossible task of repairing her honor. She died a victim to her excesses.

A final quotation may be given, not in itself of great intrinsic value, but as illustrating the range of interest of this extraordinary memoirist, whose mind was one large interrogation point and for whom nothing was without its interest and importance:

I take this opportunity of noting a remarkable fact which I am obliged to believe, as I saw it for myself. In 1828, or perhaps it was in 1827, a little girl of two years old was brought to me with bright blue eyes which seemed in no way remarkable at first sight. When, however, the eyes were examined more carefully, it was seen that the iris was composed of little filaments forming white letters on a blue background placed around the pupil, and making the words "Napoleon Emperor." The word "Napoleon" was equally distinct in either eye; the first letters of the word "Emperor" were indistinct in one eye and the last letters in the other. The little girl was very pretty, and seemed to enjoy excellent sight.

Her mother, who was a Lorraine peasant, told me very simply what she considered to be the cause of this strange freak of nature. A brother, to whom she was deeply attached, had drawn a bad number in the conscription, and as he went away had given her a newly-struck coin of twenty sous, asking her to keep it in memory of him. A short time afterwards she learned that his regiment was passing three leagues away from her village, and she went to the spot to see him for a moment. As she returned she was exhausted with fatigue and thirst, and stopped at a tavern half way upon her road to drink a glass of beer. When it was necessary to pay, she perceived that she had given her brother all the money she had upon her, and had nothing left but the precious coin of twenty sous, which she always carried upon her person. She asked for credit, but the inn-keeper was pitiless. She therefore sacrificed her poor treasure with regrets, and came home in despair. Her tears flowed incessantly. The next Sunday her husband went in search of the coin, and succeeded in restoring it to her. When she brought it back, her joy was so keen that the child leaped in her womb, and, in her own words, she felt "faint with delight."

The little girl bore in her eyes the inscription upon the coin. I have no intention of writing a physiological treatise to explain the possibility of this fact; I merely affirm that I have seen it, and that any fraud was impossible. The doctor in the neighboring village had proposed to show the child for money, and the mother accompanied him. The government objected to any public performance, advertisements were not permitted, and their stay at Paris was cut short.

Extracts, however carefully selected, are inadequate to convey a fitting impression of these astonishing memoirs, as eloquent alike of the times about which they were written as of the mind that conceived and wrote them. We do not know the extent of our debt to the editor, M. Charles Nicollaud. We can only say that these three volumes are irreproachable, and if his labors have been considerable they have been done without the sound of workmanship or the mark of a tool.

"Memoirs of the Countess de Boigne." Edited from the original MS. by Charles Nicollaud. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; three volumes; \$2.50 each.

RACE SUICIDE IN FRANCE.

Dr. Bertillon Warns His Government That the Nation Is Disappearing.

The statistics of French population, published from time to time, have at length begun to trouble the national conscience. Questions of population make their first appeal from the economic standpoint, while moral considerations take, as usual, a secondary position. Military authorities begin to be uneasy as to the size and stamina of the army. From the country districts come complaints that land is untilled and that the tillers of the soil become more and more sparsely scattered. These have been commonplaces in the French mind for many years past, but now the relentless percussion of statistics has become so familiar and so monotonous that it has reached the recesses where conscience dwells, and public men have begun to question if it is indeed the fact that the law itself is productive of that kind of immorality that lowers the birthrate and starves the country of its rightful heritage of children. Race suicide has become in France a question of national preservation, but no suggestion has yet been made that it is due to luxury, to selfishness, or to apathy. It is a matter of stern necessity and also of a system of law that makes immorality the line of least resistance.

Dr. Bertillon, the anthropometric expert, is the latest to make a public protest. The text of his sermon is a simple one. Last year and throughout the whole of France the number of children born alive was 773,969. The number of deaths during the same year was 793,889. That is to say, the deaths exceeded the births by nearly twenty thousand. The proverbial schoolboy can calculate how long it will be before France as a nation is extinguished—"jusqu'à ce que le pays n'existe plus."

It is no new story, but it is quite new that any one of Dr. Bertillon's authority should ask with insistence and emphasis what the nation proposes to do about it. Here are some more figures presented ruthlessly by the worthy doctor, who explains in parenthesis and with an exculpatory air that the collection of statistics is hereditary in his family. The figures show the number of births during seven years:

1901	857,274
1902	845,378
1903	826,712
1904	818,229
1905	807,291
1906	806,847
1907	773,969

Notice how the totals get smaller and beautifully less, while we may well believe that the Angel of Death maintains his usual or even an accelerated gait. And this has been going on for half a century. France may well ask herself what it means. Dr. Bertillon says it means the exhaustion of the country—"Épuisement du pays."

He is not altogether without his remedy, this eminent statistician of a statistical family. Like a wise physician he feels the pulse, takes the temperature, and then prescribes. Let the government, he says, cease to discuss whether taxes shall be taken from the right-hand pocket or the left, let them stop tormenting the aged priests and for once do something that is worth while. Let them repopulate France or so amend the laws that France may repopulate herself. She is both able and willing.

But there is nothing to be done, say the wiseacres. Virtue is not a matter of legislation.

Now there, replies the doctor, is where you make a mistake. Virtue is a matter of legislation. Cease to regard wedlock as a kind of legal offense. Encourage marriage rather than discourage it. Give your benediction to the young people and not your frowns. Do not chill their lawful ardors by demanding the written permission of all sorts of relatives who should have nothing whatever to do with the matter. Do not subject them to a week's hard labor in the collection of signatures, in the making of entries in official books, in the payment of fees. If these young people are of age, then in heaven's name marry them, how, when, and where they wish. Send them on their way rejoicing with a "bless you, my children," and do not look upon a simple desire to be married as a cause for grave and cautious suspicion. Married people, suggests the doctor with admirable adroitness, will have children, but those who dispense with the ceremony will have none.

You say that people can not be made virtuous by law, explodes the doctor. How then will you account for the fact that in 1907 there were over eight thousand marriages more than in the year previous? The explanation is simple enough. In the year 1907 certain restrictions upon marriage, certain ridiculous coils of red tape, were removed in the case of lovers who were over thirty years of age. As a result eight thousand couples were married and presumably will have children, most of them. But for the amended law the majority of these couples would have still lived together, but they would have taken good care that no children ever cursed them for illegitimacy. You say that people can not be made virtuous by law, reiterates the doctor. Truly the law did not make these eight thousand couples virtuous, but it enabled them

to be virtuous. It saved them an overpowering temptation to immorality, at least to irregularity, and it took their children under its protection instead of daring them to be born. Do you call that nothing?

In the course of his tirade Dr. Bertillon says some good things. "It is the duty of every man to contribute to the continuation of his nation quite as much as it is his duty to defend his nation." Children must be encouraged to come into the world. They will come quickly enough if they are welcomed by the State. Do not punish them for being born. Do not punish their parents. Let it be morally obligating to have two children, creditable to have three, and a mark of honor and reward to have four. Otherwise the parents will continue to treat France as the baker treats his bad paying customers—"You want bread? Then pay for it."

PARIS, June 12, 1908. ST. MARTIN.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paulus, the music-hall singer whose songs made the political fortune of General Boulanger, has just died in comparative poverty. For a time at the height of his success, when he sang "En Revenant de la Revue" and other songs of the same class, Paulus made the salary of several prime ministers and lived like a prince. But with the downfall and death of General Boulanger his own vogue disappeared, and he practically lived on charity the last five years.

The commission which is investigating the finances of the late King Carlos's reign has discovered that Dowager Queen Maria Pia received \$40,000 from the state. The Queen Dowager does not deny that she received this money, but says that she was justified in using it on the ground that her allowance of \$2400 a year was not sufficient to maintain her in royal state. The government is greatly embarrassed by this discovery, as the major part of these advances was conceded during the previous administrations of Manuel d'Espregueira, who is at present the minister of finance.

Mrs. William H. Taft, while characterized as an "intelligent, progressive woman," has old-fashioned preferences in literature. In a recent interview on music, woman's suffrage, and books, she said "Pride and Prejudice" is my favorite. I don't know how many times I have read it. They used to tease me before I was married about a thumb-worm copy I carried about with me everywhere." And while admitting that "Vanity Fair" was one of her favorites, she applied the test of being stranded on a desert island with but one work of fiction and unhesitatingly declares for Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

Lieutenant Graetz of the Prussian army, who started on August 10 last to cross Africa from Dar-es-Salaam in a specially built automobile, reached Serenje, Rhodesia, on May 26, after a perilous passage of the wilderness. His route was alternately over rocks and through swamps and torrents, which compelled him to build a track many miles long. He was marooned a month in the desert owing to his petrol becoming exhausted and having to wait while a native guide was sent to Serenje to obtain a supply. Lieutenant Graetz's health, notwithstanding his delays and difficulties, is said to be excellent.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, now almost a nonagenarian, is still moved by living enthusiasm for the cause she has so long supported. To a young Southern writer who was introduced to her in Boston last year Mrs. Howe, after due exchange of conversation, said: "And now, my dear, go home and start a little club for women; any kind of a little club, but make them meet and read and talk. That is what I did. I can't tell you how many little clubs I've started in my day." One can easily realize what a godsend to dull and shut-in lives Mrs. Howe's clubs may have been a half century ago, when the outlets to women's lives were fewer than they are now. Clubs nowadays, however, are accused of drawing women away from more serious and worthy pursuits than they can furnish them.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover has been during the greater portion of his career one of the most conspicuous officers in the United States navy. He married Miss Mary Eudora, daughter of the late General John F. Miller, senator from California. Admiral Clover is a member of the Naval Academy graduating class of 1867, and became an ensign in 1868, lieutenant in 1871, lieutenant-commander in 1891, commander in 1897, and captain in 1902. He was at one time hydrographer of the navy, and did notable work in the survey of the coast of Alaska. During the Spanish-American war he commanded the U. S. S. Bancroft. Later he was United States naval attaché at London, and succeeding this detail filled important positions in the Navy Department at Washington.

An accomplishment which is very unusual with women in any walk of life has given to the Crown Princess of Montenegro the distinction of being the champion royal lady wrestler of all Europe. Before her marriage to the future ruler of the little principality, the Princess Danilo was the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg, Germany, and she appears to have had a somewhat varied training. She is

a woman of a number of dissimilar hobbies and attainments. She is a brilliant pianist, an expert needlewoman, and a caricaturist of no little skill, but her most favorite activity seems to be the masculine sport of wrestling. To this she devotes not less than one evening every week, and takes more pride in her aptness at it than in any other of her capabilities. She understands the Japanese art of jiu-jitsu, and has so thoroughly mastered it that she is almost invariably successful in the bouts in which she engages.

CURRENT VERSE.

July.

Now doth sweet summer dream her sweetest dream;

With full-fringed lids half closed against the sun

And thirsting lips, she nods beside the stream

Within whose silent bed no waters run.

Full wearily she stretcheth oow her limbs;

Anon her breast is stirred with languid sighs;

Lulled by the murmur of slow forest hymns,

She draws the shadows with her drowsing eyes.

And, all above her busy hands have made

A woven covert of green boughs that keep

The semblance of a painted arch whose shade

Falls on the ground like an enchanted sleep.

—Metropolitan Magazine.

Spinsterhood.

I have looked on the King. From out of the

North he came;

The world was husy and blind; but my heart

took wing

At the light in his face, and the truth swept out

like a flame,

And I said, "'Tis the King!"

The depths of my soul felt the breath of a

strange new word,

And an unfledged joy I bore oo my breast

unseen.

All my life dreamed into the voice that my spirit

heard,

Singing, "Thou art the Queen."

But the King passed by with never a glance at me;

He was gazing aloft at a star, or down at a

stone,

With a brow that pondered and eyes that were

keen to see.

And I wait, alone.

—The Atlantic Monthly.

Black-Heart Poppy.

Flowers o' the violet and blossom o' the peach,

Neither and none of them am I.

I'm a yellow poppy flower that grows along the

beach,

Spray-sprinkled when the tide is high.

You say that I'm heartless and a traitor and a

fiat.

So much the worse it is for you.

You wanted to believe me, and my magic could

not trust—

Why ever did you think me true?

Crimson is the peach bloom's heart, the rose's

heart is gold—

Look, then, and see it's as I say!

Poppies just have centres which are raven black

and cold,

Salt with the savor of the spray.

—Appleton's Magazine.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The *Dial*, discoursing on the ignorance of the modern college man, tells a story of a gathering of alumni, old and young, of a famous college. One of the older men spoke, and the burden of his discourse was to the effect that in his student days college men took a serious interest in literature and the humanities in general, an interest which did not seem to be shared with them by the students of the younger generation. He said by way of illustration that it was not uncommon for a group of his fellow-students to go out for an afternoon walk, and spend most of their time in talking about Keats and Shelley. This speaker was followed by a representative of the younger generation—a graduate in engineering or something of the sort—who frankly admitted the truth of what had just been said, and added, for his own part, that he had never heard of "Sheats and Kelley." We can sympathize with the *Dial* and exhibit a strictly domestic article that is nearly as good. The diplomas just issued to the graduating classes of the San Francisco grammar schools bear the statement that they are issued "in the year Anno Domini 1908." O Tempora, O Mores! To what school shall we send the schoolmaster?

Social Psychology, by Edward Alsworth Ross. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Professor Ross has written an ingenious and a fascinating book. If a paradox may be allowed, his "Social Psychology" is novel because it tells us what we all knew before and it is valuably suggestive because it deals with facts in nature toward which science usually turns its blind eye.

That mankind is very largely governed by suggestion and by sub-intelligent force is almost a truism, but Professor Ross has reduced it to catalogue and docket. He opens for us so wide a vista that we wonder at his restraint while we begin to understand the formidable bulwark of mere imitiveness against which intelligence has struggled for so many centuries. He seems to show us that individual human consciousness is not yet supreme over what may be called the horde consciousness of the lower animals and that men are nearly as prone to follow a leader or to obey an uncredentialed impulse as are the sheep that jump an imaginary fence because the first of the flock did so. But we wish the author had gone deeper. What is this collective consciousness and how does it work? Its effects are lamentably evident, but we should like to know more of its real nature.

The author elaborates his subject with a commendable care. His chapters on "The Crowd" and "The Mob," its crazes and its cruelties, are particularly good. Conventionality comes in for extended and valuable attention. "Imitation," "Public Opinion," and "Discussion" are ably handled, and we are allowed to draw the conclusion that it is only the elect of the race, as it were, in whom has been developed an individuality and an intellectual self-possession that act as prophylactics against a pack or flock consciousness that still rules the majority to its detriment.

Professor Ross has written a valuable book and an easy and lucid style is its embellishment.

Marcia Schuyler, by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

We do not know if this book is a "best seller," but if so it may reasonably look down upon some of its comrades. So dainty a novel it has not been our fortune to see for some time.

It is a country story told of the day when the locomotive was still a daring novelty. Kate Schuyler is about to be married to David Spafford, but a few hours before the wedding that graceless lady runs off with a military admirer who promises her more in the way of "life" than can be offered by a young journalist, however high-minded he may be. After the first moment of domestic shame and consternation Kate's father passionately advises the bridegroom to choose some other wife from the village maidens and to allow the ceremony to go forward. Then Marcia, Kate's sister, comes upon the scene. She is little more than a school girl, but the antithesis of the wayward Kate, simple, loyal, and dutiful, knowing nothing of the meaning of love, but eager to retrieve the family disgrace and bewildered at her good fortune in becoming the wife of a man already enthroned as a hero in her childish heart. And so David marries Marcia and we may confess to a little impatience with that young man in his failure to recognize more quickly how kind a cruel fortune has been to him.

The beauty of the story lies in its picture of a married life in which the husband is slowly weaned from an unworthy love into a recognition of a value that is actually within his hands. Judged by the ideas of a later day, David must be condemned for a certain callousness that allows him to marry a girl whom he does not love in order that he may be saved from the mortification of returning alone to his distant home. But *autres temps, autres moeurs*. He does at least behave to his wife as a gentleman, and perhaps his eyes

are opened nearly as quickly as could be expected. The reader, it is true, begins to love Marcia and to dislike Kate at first sight, but young men in real life are notoriously blind to their real advantages, while the reader has both detachment and perspective to aid him. Therefore David may be forgiven in view of the bountiful expiation that comes in the end.

There is plenty of incident in "Marcia Schuyler," but its charm is an indefinable one. It satisfies us because it paints an ideal girlhood and produces a picture that we will not quickly forget.

Diana of Dobson's, by Cecily Hamilton. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

Here we have a story that is distinctly above the average and with the merits of condensation and ethical purpose. Diana Massingberd, with a memory of better days to give poignancy to her distress, has become a London shop assistant, and to those who know the facts this expresses an acme of personal humiliation. A legacy of three hundred pounds gives her a chance of a few weeks' independence and reckless expenditure. It also gives her a yearned-for opportunity to express her opinion of the superintendent and of her employer:

"Miss Massingberd, the first thing in the morning—the very first thing in the morning—I shall make it my business to inform Mr. Dobson—"

"Damn Mr. Dobson!" said Diana heartily.

Then, while the girls sat stiff and Miss Pringle recoiled, she strode across the room and turned the gas up higher.

"And the same remark," she added, "applies to yourself. Good-night."

Miss Pringle—went.

Diana purchases a wardrobe and goes to Switzerland for a few weeks of perfect carelessness, captivates Captain Bretherton, who believes her to be an heiress, and when that gentleman proposes marriage she paralyzes him by a frank confession and also by some candid opinions as to his own utter worthlessness and incapacity to earn an honest living. Now we are a little in doubt whether the gallant captain is more in love with Diana than with her supposed money, but her taunts open up a new idea to him, and when Diana returns ignominiously and pennilessly to her London drudgery Bretherton follows her and puts his incapacity to earn a living to the test. He finds that the situation is just as Diana had said. Placing his income resolutely upon one side, he enters on a few painful, but salutary weeks of destitution and starvation, and when he eventually meets Diana at night on the Thames embankment and in a similar condition of misery through her failure to get a situation, we find that both these young people have acquired a brand of wisdom so largely identical that to separate again would be an obvious pity. We like the story because it shows the evolution of a real man from a somewhat contemptible society fop. It leads us to hope that there may be quite a few real men in "society" circles, however startling such a theory may be. We also like the story for its directness and general literary merit.

A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie, by J. B. Polley. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$2.

The author belonged to Hood's Texas Brigade and he explains that the lady to whom these letters were addressed "was no more a myth from 1861 to 1869 than now, when, a gray-haired wife, mother and grandmother, she presides with the grace and dignity of the truest womanhood over the home made for her by the gallant officer of the Tennessee army whom she married. . . . Her letters kept him so advised of all that was occurring in Texas, and were so friendly, entertaining, and altogether 'charming' that, without leave or license, he substituted that adjective for the more conventional 'miss.'"

The letters are certainly good, and fortunate was the lady who received them and whose portrait forms the frontispiece to the volume. They give a succinct and intelligent history of the famous brigade and the part that it played from the beginning to the end of the war.

Old Mr. Davenant's Money, by Frances Powell. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

The idea of this story is not entirely new, but the subtle skill with which it is worked out is admirable. Early in the book we recognize some undefinable mystery about the character of Paul Davenant, fascinating in its way, but yet so unvirile. We begin to understand why Pauline is so solemnly warned not to fall in love with her cousin, and we awake to the full inwardness of the situation when we learn that Paul is the survivor of twins, a boy and a girl, and that the whole of the fortune enjoyed by Paul would have been diverted from the family had the male infant died instead of the female. We are allowed to use our imagination to the full, but in the face of Mrs. Davenant's repeated assertions that she had seen to it that her surviving child had inherited the whole of Mr. Davenant's money and that if she had to live her life over again she would act exactly as she had done, we feel that the mystery has been very delicately explained.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Two "Prisoner of Zenda" Stories.

The novelistic vein originally discovered by Anthony Hope is still being worked to advantage and the ore is still of a high grade. Most of these stories have a distinct merit. There is nothing morbid in them and they are therefore wholesome. They are full of vigor and action and their heroes and heroines are real warm blooded and valiant men and women.

"The Princess Dehra," by John Reed Scott, is a story of the disputed sovereignty of Lotzenia. The claimants are the Duke of Lotzen, who is a bold, bad man, and Armand, Archduke of Valeria, who is practically an American by education and sentiment. Armand, being a man of sense, intends to marry the Princess Dehra, who becomes regent during the search for the late king's dying testament, and the Princess Dehra, being a woman of sense, intends to marry the Archduke Armand, whether or no.

Plots and counterplots are admirably told. There are duels—even the princess fights a duel—subterranean passages, attempted assassinations, and marvelous escapes, but all these gentle incidents fall into place without jar and the gore is left to the imagination. "Princess Dehra" is a thoroughly good story, amongst the best of its kind. It is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and the price is \$1.50.

But "Zollenstein," by W. B. M. Ferguson, is just as good. A young soldier of fortune is persuaded to go to Zollenstein—both Zollenstein and Lotzenia are somewhere in the neighborhood of Zenda and easily found on the map—in order to personate the young heir to the throne while that hopeful is being found. It says much for the skill of the author that not until we are well into the story does it dawn upon us that Mortimer, thus accidentally chosen, is in very truth the missing heir, although he is the last to suspect his royal birth and heritage. Indeed, if truth must be told, he seems a little stupid about it. Of course he falls in love with the Princess Zena—and who wouldn't, in spite of that young lady's royal tempter?—and it is only when his own identity finally dawns upon him that he claims a heart that has already been given to him. We should have liked Zena just a little better had she been willing to marry plain Mr. Mortimer as well as to love him, but then princesses have their drawbacks just like other people. "Zollenstein" is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is not surprising to learn that the Russian authorities do not permit "As The Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan," to get into the Czar's dominions. Possibly it is also of some interest to note that the author has received 110 book notices of which he says that but one was distinctly hostile. Although this book was at the time one of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.'s best selling books, still the announcement of Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore as its author seems to have still further stimulated interest in it and the publishers are already announcing the sixth printing of this vivid, and often witty, book.

Admirers of "plain John Morley" are likely to experience something of a shock when they come on a book bearing on its title page the name "Viscount Morley of Blackburn." The author of the lives of Cobden and Gladstone is to appear in literature under this style for the first time in a book to be published before the end of the month by the Macmillans. It is a volume of collected papers and will appear as Volume IV of the author's "Miscellanies."

General readers, as well as teachers of psychology, will be interested in the new and thoroughly revised edition, from new plates, of Professor J. R. Angell's "Text-Book of General Psychology," which is announced by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. for early publication. Few writers on the subject combine scholarship with clearness of statement in a higher degree than Professor Angell. The book has had a phenomenal success.

New Publications.

Duffield & Co., New York, have published "The Damsel and the Sage," by Elinor Glyn.

"My Enemy the Motor," by Julian Street, is an amusing sketch of an automobile journey. It is told in "eight honks and one crash" and is published by the John Lane Company, New York.

Those who wish to know how small is the love between Anarchists and Socialists should read "Anarchism and Socialism," by George Plechanoff, translated by Eleanor Marx Aveling and published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

"Tommy Brown, a Bad Boy's Memoirs," by Aitken Murray, has been published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Tommy says "mischief just comes sprouting out of me," and he speaks the plain, unvarnished truth. Price, 75 cents.

In "The Adventures of Charles Edward," by Harrison Rhodes, we have a series of short stories all of them about Charles Edward

Austin and Lady Angela. These stories are distinctly clever and original and very far above the average. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

To the Pioneers in Education Series has been added a volume on Michel de Montaigne, by Gabriel Compayré. It will be remembered that the series consists of six volumes—Rousseau, Spencer, Pestalozzi, Herbart, Mann, and Montaigne. They are all by Gabriel Compayré and their efficiency should recommend them to the scholastic world. But how about Froebel and still others? The series is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 90 cents per volume.

In "The New Plato," by Thomas L. Masson, the author tries to imagine how the Greek philosopher would talk and catechise if he were to find himself in the New York of today and confronted with some modern problems. The attempt is somewhat audacious, but it has a large measure of success. We are not affronted by fippancy, while a careful and conscientious intention is always evident. The book is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Price, 75 cents.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

To those who have followed with pleased interest the career of the Princess Theatre since it became the home of comic opera, the production of the extravaganza, "It Happened in Nordland," merely confirms the belief that the management of the playhouse is determined to reach the highest excellence, regardless of expense and incessant effort. To those who are newly acquainted with the theatre and its company the offering is as well a surprise and a delight, and to those (if there be any) who have yet to learn of the character of the attractions presented it may be commended as a bright, tuneful piece of fun, given by a long list of capable artists, and much superior in beauty and strength of chorus work, in costuming, stage settings, and light effects, to anything of the sort offered here by a traveling company.

"It Happened in Nordland" was written by Glen MacDonough and Victor Herbert for Lew Field's New York Theatre, and in its transplanting there has been preserved much of the Broadway flavor and spirit. It is doubtful if a more evenly balanced cast was seen in its first production. Among those especially prominent in the music and fun-making at the Princess are Julius Steger, William Burress, May Boley, Christina Nielsen, Zoe Barnett (whose return was enthusiastically welcomed), Sarah Edwards, and Arthur Cunningham. Selli Simonsen, the new conductor, is more than efficient. No brief notice or extended review even can do justice to the show. It should be seen. The theatre has been filled every night, so far, and the run promises to be a long and eminently successful one. G. L. S.

"The Rose of the Rancho" will be revived at the Alcazar next Sunday afternoon for eleven performances, including three matinées. Bessie Barriscale as Juanita, Bertram Lytell

as the government agent, Will R. Walling as the land-jumper, Burt Wesner as the padre, Howard Hickman as the Castilian dandy from Monterey, and all the other Alcazar favorites in their former respective rôles will make "The Rose of the Rancho" a welcome attraction.

The programme at the Orpheum next week will have for its chief feature, "A Night on a Houseboat." The other new acts will be the Patty Frank Troupe, seven in number, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Beane, who with the assistance of Master Deering Beane, will present a dramatic sketch, entitled "A Woman's Way," and Bertie Herron, the original Minstrel Miss. Jean Marcel, whose bas reliefs and living statuary have attracted attention, will present a series of new subjects. Next week will be the last of Leipzig, the conjuror, Grant and Hoag, and of Fred Bond and Fremont Benton in their farce, "Handkerchief No. 15." New motion pictures will conclude the performance.

The return to San Francisco of Henry Miller in "The Great Divide" will be welcomed by local playgoers. In his new play Mr. Miller has a rôle absolutely novel to him in its footlight type. He will be seen in the character of a rough Arizona miner, a rugged and a virile type, bordering in its earliest phases almost upon elemental barbarism or lawless violence. The evolution of this man, Stephen Ghent, who has lived "bard and careless" on the top of the Rockies into noble manhood is depicted by Mr. Miller, it is said, with realism and sturdy characterization.

There will be no Sunday performances during the Henry Miller season at the Van Ness Theatre. Matinées will be given on Saturdays only.

There are some well-known names in the list of players to appear at the Actors' Fund benefit next Thursday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre. Among the more notable are Henry Miller, Margaret Illington, May Robson, Bruce McRae, Hilda Spong, Julius Steger, Camille D'Arville, Arthur Cunningham, May Bowley, Frederick Bond.

Sir Charles Santley in his "Art of Singing" combats the opinion that tobacco is injurious to the voice. He once thought so himself, "but," he says, "I changed my tune when indigestion and domestic bliss began to interfere with my work and temper. I was advised to try the soothing effect of tobacco. I did, and in a short time I could digest ten-penny nails, anything, even slighting remarks made about the weed by feeble-minded scoffers, and I bore the squalling of the baby and smashing of crockery, not to mention other little disturbances, with perfect equanimity."

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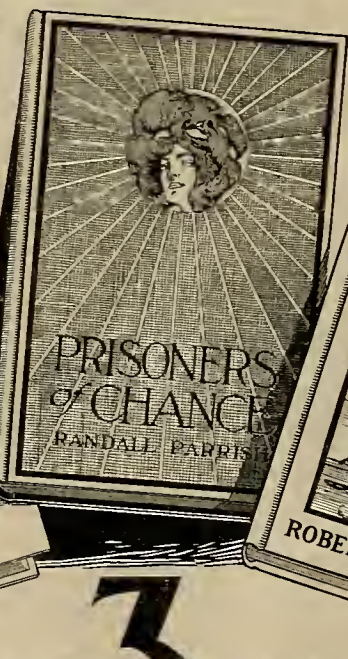
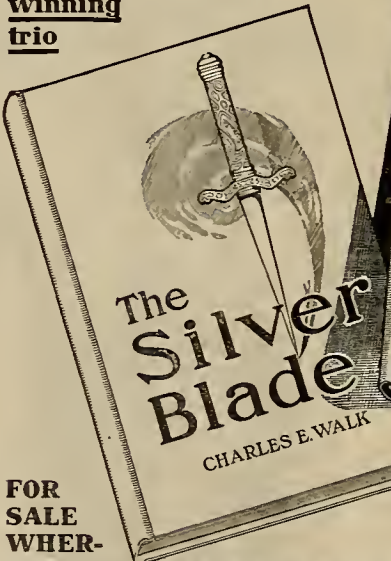
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THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW: "Randall Parrish's former stories proved him to be of the stuff of which good novelists are made; but 'Prisoners of Chance' is in every respect a notable advance upon his previous work. 'Prisoners of Chance' is like a breath from the wilderness blowing down a city street."

THE BOSTON HERALD: "'Into the Primitive' carries the reader along a course of human development where the struggle for bare existence brings to the surface animating motives in three souls. This is one of the most exciting adventure stories of the year."



MRS. FISKE AT THE ALCAZAR.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

As ever and always Mrs. Fiske is a painful pleasure. The New Alcazar Theatre is too large for a player of her peculiarly unique methods. Her technique is like a fine mosaic, full of detail that repays examination with a microscope. But it does not always fully reach the ordinary avenues of perception. Glue our opera glasses to our eyes as we may, strain our ears as we must, still we can not bear and see all that we would.

It was actually felt as a luxury when Rebecca West was absent for a time from the stage, and we recaptured the novel sensation of seeing and bearing perfectly during the long scene between Rosmer and Kroll, in which the fine acting and perfect distinctness of Messrs Forrest and Mellish were gratifyingly mingled.

"Rosmersholm," in stage guise, reveals itself to us as less dramatic than when read as fiction. The political issues which figure as subjects of so many conversations are remote from and uncomprehended by the general public. They are as long-dead questions incapable of revivification. But what was always the real, living question to Ibsen, the right of individual liberty, irrespective of parties, creeds, or conventions, is one of the animating motives of the play. And, strangely enough, the question is left either unsolved, or settled in the negative of Ibsen's convictions, according to the way the beholder chooses to take it. This mingling of uncertainty and negation is one of the points that makes "Rosmersholm" so much less truly dramatic than Ibsen's better-known plays, and which has, no doubt, tended to bar it from a frequent stage representation.

The play tells a dark and dreary story. A suffering, martyred wife, displaced by an interloper of coldly intellectual purpose, a husband who is made by the fascinating schemer to believe in the unsettlement of his wife's reason. The wife, influenced of fixed purpose by the interloper, solves her problems by suicide, and the schemer comes to learn that the love born in her heart for the unconsciously wronged husband constitutes her torment instead of her emancipation.

Of Rebecca West, apostle of free will, and fixed denier of man's right to prohibit her from the things she covets, develops a conscience. She can not marry the man whose wife she has virtually killed, she can not abandon him. So there the two live in guiltless communion at Rosmersholm, where the woman is seen as a ruling but enigmatic presence. There, again, is dramatic ineffectiveness. As in "Lady Inger of Ostrat," Ibsen allows the audience to be too much in the dark. No opportunity is afforded us until the third act to solve the enigma. Except to those who have read the play—and the theory is that every play should come as a surprise—there is no chance to learn whether Rebecca's mission in that household is noble or ignoble.

That it is a very significant fact, and one of dominant influence, is made apparent not only by Rosmer and Kroll's words, but by the suggestion of strong individuality which is carried about by that otherwise dainty little presence.

Mrs. Fiske is as restless as an amateur playing housemaid, and all her nervous tricks are in evidence—her lip-tapping fingers, her side-excursioning tongue, her quick, purposeless movements, her constant interruptions, so that continually her speech runs parallel with that of the player who shares her scene. Yet with that overmastering strength of will which allows her to do with us as she will in the climactic moments of the drama, Mrs. Fiske bends these mannerisms to her immediate purpose, and causes them to appear as manifestations of a sea of perturbed thought under Rebecca West's outward calm. I know of no player on the stage today who can so exasperate an audience by her un-get-at-able-ness. I never felt easy and comfortable in my life while listening to Mrs. Fiske, except in the toy Colonial Theatre.

Listening to her during her memorably-agonizing engagement at the Grand Opera House was slow martyrdom. People gave it all up, and conversed freely during the performance, exchanging sentiments of mutual discomfort. Some of the sufferers have declined ever seeing her again, fearing to repeat the experience. And if they had to sit in or near the critics' row, I would strongly advise them to stick to their determination. "That way madness lies." In fact, there is no use going to see Mrs. Fiske with the purpose of

enjoying her acting unless one has a good seat, well near the stage. Yet, when she grips us, how she grips us. Her face is a constantly changing picture, full of fleeting meanings, and rich with latent suggestion. When the moment of wild revolt against the cruel pressure of Kroll's discoveries comes, and later the confession, we had again that rare sensation which she always gives us in her great moments; that thrilling perception of a soul leaping up, like the fires of a conflagration, and showing itself in the heroic glow of a great conflict, and a great resolve.

Yet we had long to wait for the big moment. And when it was past, and the end came, it came with a certain tameness. There should be nothing tame in seeing two human beings full of life and still young and loving, join hands and walk calmly out in the darkness to voluntary death in the mill-race. But it seemed needless, and offered no solution. The true expiation was separation. Rebecca West, by her own act, had barred herself from paradise.

But Ibsen wished to show how this strange, enigmatic being, hitherto firmly planted in an arrogant conviction as to her intellectual and moral liberty, bumbly could put aside a lifetime's conviction and practice, and pass calmly to death, simply as a proof of the might and supremacy of her love.

Yet, as I said, it seemed needless and that because the meanings of the play do not carry well dramatically. I do not doubt that people who are sincerely interested in the more intellectual phases of the drama, but who are not well up in Ibsen, will feel compelled to read the play carefully over to find what Ibsen is getting at. One thing they will discover. And that is, that Ibsen himself was not quite sure. The play seems to reflect a season of doubt and discouragement on the author's part. The absence of concreteness in the vague views held by Rebecca West, the failure of Pastor Rosmer, her convert, to be acceptable to the liberals for purely materialistic reasons, the unworthiness of Mortensgard, spokesman for the Liberals, all these seem to point to the idea of a conflict between ethical and intellectual convictions. But the victory is for neither side, save that won by Rebecca West over her insurgent heart, when self goes down, and a purified love is in the ascendant.

That love, and the woman's capacity for strong emotion, was first made manifest in the third act, when its influence impelled her to confess. Rebecca at last emerges from her stoic calm, the confession of her malevolent influence on Beata coming suddenly, and with it all those reserves of acting power which made the scene stand out from the bazy obscurity suddenly and strongly, like invisible writing made legible through chemical action.

As is her custom, Mrs. Fiske has brought out with her a first-class company. Arthur Forrest, whom we remember as the leading man during Hilda Spong's first engagement here in "Wheels Witbin Wheels" and "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," takes the very different rôle of Pastor Rosmer with that ease and readiness which always characterizes the trained actor's acceptance of the rôle of a cleric. Mr. Forrest reminds me of Otis Skinner in the rôle of the French priest. Like him, he is unable to deal in silent suggestion, but a master in the technique of the more refinedly obvious style and therefore not unlike him in a tendency toward over-emphasis of gesture and facial expression. In the rôle of Pastor Rosmer he has many long and taxing scenes, which he worthily sustained.

Fuller Mellish is a first-class character actor, and gave a striking impersonation of the old pastor who is as strongly rooted in prejudice as in dogma, looking the militant English cleric to the life.

An almost equally striking study was that of Albert Bruning's Brendel, who, however,

fails to be comprehensible to an ordinary American audience, and William Norton's Mortensgard was a carefully consistent portrait of the insincere banner-bearer of the Liberal party.

Artistically tasteful and fitting, the settings, with their accessories of carved furniture, stained glass, and family portraits, gave the proper impression of rich, sober dignity appropriate to the home of a wealthy old family.

At the Greek Theatre.

There can be no doubt about the popularity of military band concerts in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. Last Saturday night there were more than six thousand people in the big auditorium and they gave rousing applause to each number of the Third United States Artillery Band. The night, the first of a series of six, was a big success. Professor Armes struck the right theory when he said that the people wanted good popular music at popular prices.

The audience was a cultured one. Sousa got a dollar a bead for just about the same programme. But Sousa didn't play to as many opera cloaks and fancy dresses as did Bandleader Armand Putz and his regimental aggregation of trained musicians. Miss Helen Colburn Heath, the soloist of the evening, was more than well received. She had to respond to two encores after singing her Michaela song from "Carmen."

The programme for the second concert, which will be given on the night of the Fourth of July, will be mainly of patriotic music. A full military band playing patriotic music in the classic Greek Theatre on the evening of the anniversary of the nation's birth will be something worth hearing, and under the arrangements being made by Professor Armes the sight in the big auditorium that night will be something worth seeing.

The Greek Theatre will no doubt present a pretty sight. An attendance of close to 10,000 is expected. The seating capacity of the chair section will be increased from 1000 to 3000.

L. A. Larsen, the popular Bobemian Club baritone, will be the soloist of the evening. He will sing "My Own United States" to the accompaniment of the band.

In relating his impressions of King Edward, M. Noel Dorville, the black-and-white artist, tells how, while drawing the king's portrait at Buckingham Palace for the Entente Souvenir Album, his majesty criticised his work with great discrimination, remarking: "We have rather artistic tastes in my family. The queen, my mother, drew very well, and I myself wielded the pencil when a boy. Apropos, how do you fix your drawings, monsieur? I used to fix them simply with milk, and remember that during some of my first attempts I drank the milk instead of using it for the drawings."

Germany sold 552 big locomotives and 395 small locomotives during the last year, and about 3600 tons of locomotive parts. The whole brought in nearly \$9,000,000. Italy was the largest customer, with France next, and then Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Chili.

Henry Miller has in rehearsal his new play entitled "Mater," the work of Percy Mackaye which is to follow "The Great Divide" at the Van Ness Theatre. Isabel Irving will play the leading rôle in this production.

A feature of the big benefit to be given next Thursday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre in aid of the Actors' Fund of America will be the one-act burlesque on the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

AMUSEMENTS

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VANITY FAIR.

The London *Tribune* says a few things about the status of women's clubs in Paris which score heavily on the side of the Frenchwoman's domesticity. A branch of the popular Lyceum Club of London was recently opened in Paris in the Rue de la Bienfaisance and its reception has been a unique epoch in the history of women's clubs. Women's clubs have long been heard of in Paris, along with extension-soled hoots, corsetless figures, and other such impossibilities that seem corollary to the club. But no Frenchwoman had ever thought of establishing a club, for the reason that she would not have known what to do with it when she had it. It remained, therefore, for the Lyceum to spread its influence in the form of a branch club to its French sisters. The interest evinced by both men and women in this new venture seemed to promise an immediate success for the Lyceum fledgling. Every one was eager to hear about it, its aims, its *raison d'être*, its constitution and by-laws. "This is going to fill a long-felt need in the life of the Frenchwoman," the commiserating Lyceumines said. "Herein lies the antidote for the Parisienne's apparent hopeless frivolity." But to the amazement of the English women, when the lists were opened for membership after the novelty of the club receptions had worn off, the interest in the Paris branch ceased. Their curiosity satisfied as to what it would be like if they should belong to a woman's club, they let it severely alone. All the eloquence of the English tongue, all the statistics showing the philanthropy dispensed, all the rows of dog-eared Hensens, did not avail to answer the wide-eyed Parisienne's "Pourquoi?" These English women might read and study and do all these things if they chose, to be sure, but "why?" Also they might deliberately make by-laws to exclude the society of the other sex if they liked, but again "why?" And above all, even though this might be their idea of mental improvement and social advancement, why should they want to foist it upon Paris? Why should these women have spacious clubrooms, luxuriously appointed, where tea is served and every facility provided for enjoyment without leaving themselves anything to enjoy? Well-gowned, well-groomed, attractive women they certainly were, discussing politics and remodeling the map of the world over their tea-cups with never a wandering glance toward the door, never an honest yawn over the honneted heads, never a thrill at the approach of a familiar footsteps. What was it all for anyway? the befogged Frenchwoman asked. If some unfortunate chance might make it necessary for these women to settle the affairs of the universe over their five-o'clock tea, why exclude the men? Or if the men must be excluded because of some sort of English prejudice why such grooming and gowning? Mme. La France's eyes grew wider and wider over these paradoxical problems until with her all-conclusive shrug she put the Paris branch of the Lyceum Club quite out of her mind and addressed herself to more important things.

The club bee, however, was not wholly dismissed from the Paris honnet. The Lyceum found its *métier* on a lower level, for the working women of France needed the club, not to stimulate independent thought, merely as a cooperative eating association. The value of concerted action, suggested by the leaders of the Lyceum, was taken up by the humbler classes, the women employed in offices, or the clerical department of the big shops, with a mere stipend with which to satisfy a healthy appetite for a mid-day meal. To this class of women the club has proved a good and useful thing in the form of an eating-house—the qualification for membership a robust appetite. Several of these clubs exist now in the vicinity of the shopping districts and during the mid-day hours seats at their long tables are at a premium. These women, reduced by necessity to consider the sterner phases of life, can lunch with no regrets in a woman's club, providing the clubbing makes their meals cheaper. There is nothing here, however, that suggests anything like the club atmosphere. The women eat hurriedly, chatting little between bites, and leave for office or shop with never a moment's lounging in the waiting-rooms, and not 3 per cent of the members of these clubs, we are told, make any use of the reading-rooms provided for them. The idea of club life simply does not exist in the Frenchwoman's mind: her day's work finished, she goes to her home, cheerless as it may be, and although light, warmth, and hooks are at her command at the club she never dreams of stopping there for an evening. This *rechaud* club, successful as long as it offers no reading-rooms or social diversions, marks the point of divergence between the French and English woman's point of view. If a Frenchwoman must work in office or shop her day's routine is merely incidental to the home life her earnings make possible. The end and aim of her training has been all her life that to have a home of her own is the highest reward of her earthly goodness—the greatest blessing that can befall her. Why, then, if she has a home, be it ever so humble, quit it for the imitation? Why, if between her own four walls she may find the society of father, husband, and mother, should she resort to an Adamless

Eden, however well appointed? And why when the *summum bonum* of her womanhood is the acquiring of a home of her own, should she fly in the face of Providence by seeking the cloister-like seclusion of the woman's club?

A direct derivative of this anti-club instinct on the part of the Frenchwoman may be her love of display. Or *vice-verso* her love of displaying her grooming and gowning makes a woman's club "stale, flat, and unprofitable" for no other reason than that it is a woman's club. The gay Parisienne, most charming of women, not because she is beautiful but because she knows how to make everything in nature help her to be beautiful, demands the admiration of the masculine eye as her own inalienable right and droops and pines without it. To achieve this admiration, she must, of course, be charming, with or without the blessing of facial beauty. She is therefore *chic* from the top curl of her coiffure to the toe of her hoot. The business of her life is to cultivate grace of movement, and there is never a visible corner or angle. She must be all curves of beauty and grace. But above all her life of attention to detail has taught her how to wear her clothes and make the best of them, whether they be simple or fine. The Frenchwoman, with a world-old philosophy of color, thinks in harmonious shades. She could never express a jarring note in color effects, because in this point she is horn a true artist, expressing grace in thought as well as pose. With something akin to reverence for color, the putting together of shades or lustres is a thing to be undertaken in a serious frame of mind. The right touch of brilliancy or the dash of black to give character to a combination means more to the Frenchwoman than the woman of any other nationality, because it also expresses its full value to the Frenchman. Fancy, therefore, madame or mademoiselle, the serious business of the toilette accomplished, repairing to the Paris branch of the Lyceum Club, consciously a symphony in shades, a poem in pastels, from which monsieur, by a set of by-laws, is excluded! The Lyceum Club, excellent on English soil, is the gorgeous English poppy transplanted to alien surroundings, where, misunderstood, it withers and falls until its flaunting petals flutter into the meanest high-ways to gladden perhaps the hearts of the poorer classes but misses the proud place to which it believed itself destined.

When Mrs. Taft is called upon to preside over the White House she will find herself more at home, probably, than any President's wife who has ever graced it. Mrs. Taft's acquaintance with the White House began long before Mr. Taft's appointment to the War Secretaryship. As Miss Herron, the daughter of Judge John W. Herron of Cincinnati, who was the law partner of Rutherford B. Hayes, she was a frequent guest at the White House and was much admired in executive circles for her vivacity and wit. Still a young woman, Mrs. Taft preserves the qualities that made her so attractive in her girlhood, to which the passing years have added dignity. During Mr. Taft's Cabinet life Mrs. Taft has been one of the most popular women in Washington's diplomatic circles. While a thoroughly womanly woman, devoted to her family and interested actively in every detail of her household, Mrs. Taft has broad sympathies with the social and political world and has unbounded ambitions for her husband's advancement. It is somewhat due to his wife's influence that Mr. Taft declined Mr. Roosevelt's offer of a seat on the Supreme Court bench a year or two ago. With a firm faith in her husband's chance for the presidential chair, she discouraged the appointment Mr. Taft seemed to regard with favor. "I am not ambitious to be the lady of the White House on my own account," Mrs. Taft has explained to her friends, "for such a position has disadvantages as well as advantages, but of course I shall do all I can to further Mr. Taft's interests." It would be difficult to find a more all-round woman or one better qualified to dispense the hospitalities of the White House than Mrs. Taft. Although never described as beautiful or even pretty, Mrs. Taft has a charming personality, with a broad, well disciplined mind, unflinching tact, and a rarely beautiful disposition. Added to this, Mrs. Taft is a musician of recognized ability. For seven years she was the president of the Symphony Orchestra of Cincinnati and has a number of medals, cups, and decorations that she has won in musical competitions. Helen Taft, the daughter of the house, has inherited much of her mother's charm of manner and musical talent, together with a decided hookish turn, probably from her father. She has recently won the Pennsylvania State scholarship from Baldwin School at Bryn Mawr to Bryn Mawr itself. She is a tall, graceful girl of the demi-blonde type, serious and thoughtful for her age, and although she will be just about eighteen at the time of the election it is quite probable that she will continue her studies until she has completed her college work, even though it means the missing of one or two social seasons. The other members of the Taft family are Robert, a sophomore at Yale, and Charles, the youngest of the family, both bright young fellows wholly unspoiled and with brains and poise enough to keep them so during a term of White House notoriety.

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DIVIDEND NOTICES

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 108 Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908; dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **CHARLES CARPY**, President.

MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK, 143 Montgomery Street (will occupy our new building, Market and Mason Streets, July 27).—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal from July 1, 1908. **JOHN U. CALKINS**, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, San Francisco, June 26, 1908.—At a meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1908, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1908. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts and become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from July 1, 1908. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1908, will draw interest from July 1, 1908. **R. M. TOBIN**, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **GEORGE TOURNY**, Secretary.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 785 MARKET Street, near Fourth.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **W. E. PALMER**, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market Street, opposite Third.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. Money deposited on or before July 10th will draw interest from July 1, 1908. **GEORGE A. STORY**, Cashier.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 4 per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **WM. A. BOSTON**, Cashier.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared on all deposits in the savings department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908; dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **B. G. TOGNAZZI**, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1, 1908. **LOVELL WHITE**, Cashier.

The Continental Building and Loan Association
Market and Church Streets

will on July 1, 1908, pay the usual interest of 6 per cent per annum on time deposits or Class C stock, 4 per cent per annum on ordinary or Class D stock. The interest on ordinary deposits, if not withdrawn, will be added to the principal and thereafter draw interest at the same rate.
WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 MONTGOMERY Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1908. **FRED W. RAY**, Secretary.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When the late Francois Coppee was elected to the Academy, he told his friend, Theodore de Banville, that he wished he were in, too. Banville declined to canvass. "Suppose your nomination were brought to you one fine morning on a silver salver." "I don't know what I should do with the nomination," said Banville, "but I should certainly keep the salver."

A Mormon's wife, coming downstairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband. "Is he very ill?" she asked anxiously. "He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off." "Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?" "Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."

A New England clergyman was taking breakfast one Sunday morning in a hotel in a little Western town. A rough old fellow across the table called over to him: "Goin' to the races, stranger?" The clergyman replied: "I don't expect to." "Goin' to the ball game?" "No." "Well, where are you goin'?" "I'm going to church." "Where do you come from?" "New England." "Ob, that explains it! That's where they keep the Sabbath and every other blamed thing they can lay their hands on."

"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," said former Senator John C. Spooner. "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin. I was to make a political address and the opera-house was crowded. When it came time to begin the mayor got up. 'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so.'"

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch. "Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you." Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the diplomat. "Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I have got it back."

"Ah, good-morning, Windiddy!" saluted the white man who had just returned from a few weeks' absence. "I understand that you have hurried your wife?" "Who me? 'W'y-uh—howdy, sah!" returned the colored citizen addressed. "No, 'fanky, sah; I isn't hurried my wife—dat is to say, not dis one. Yo' is uh-referencin' to muh third wife, I reggin, sah. I's u-honeymoonin' wid muh fouth' he'pmeet now. Yassah, I buried muh yudder wife, come to think about it, but dat was mighty nigh two weeks ago. Hatter do it, sah, to muh disrepret, uh-kaze de lady was dead."

Lord Palmerston and Sir J. Paget, who told the story, were walking down Bond Street. A man came up and saluted the statesman. "How do you do, Lord Palmerston?" "Ah, how do? Glad to see you. How's the old complaint?" The stranger's face clouded over and he shook his head. "No better." "Dear me; so sorry; glad to have met you. Good-bye." "Who's your friend?" asked Sir James, when the stranger was gone. "No idea." "Why, you asked him about his old complaint." "Pooh, pooh!" replied the other, unconcernedly; "the old fellow's well over sixty; bound to have something the matter with him."

In the late financial stringency a clerk in one of the New York banks was trying to explain to a stolid old Dutchman why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that he be satisfied with Clearing House checks. But the old German could not grasp the situation, and finally the president of the bank was called upon to enlighten the dissatisfied customer. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation, the president concluded, "Now, my good man, you understand, don't you?" "Yes," dubiously replied the Dutchman, "I thinks I understand. It's just like dis, ven my baby vakes up in der night and cries for milk, I give her a milk-ticket."

A young colored man asked permission of his employer to use the telephone, as he wished to speak to a colored girl employed at another residence. Upon receiving consent, he explained: "You see, it's dis way. I loves dat gal an' wants to ask her to marry me, but, 'fore de Lord! I aint got de grit to ask her 'word out of mouth'; an' so I wants to use de 'phone. I'll jest call her up. Hello! Is dat Dinah?" "No. Will call her." "Hello! Dat you, Dinah?" "Ye-as." "Dinah, you

knows I thinks a heap of you." "Ye-as." "An' I bin tryin' to make you think a heap of me." "Ye-as." "I more den thinks a heap of you. I loves you, Dinah." "Ye-as." "Now, Dinah—I—er—wants to ask you if you will marry me?" "Ye-as, indeedy! Who is dis what's talkin' to me?"

Philosophy, says Jerome K. Jerome, is the art of bearing other people's troubles. The truest philosopher he ever heard of was a woman. She was brought into the London Hospital suffering from a poisoned leg. The house surgeon made a hurried examination. He was a man of blunt speech. "It will have to come off," he told her. "What, not all of it?" "The whole of it, I'm sorry to say," growled the house surgeon. "Nothing else for it?" "No other chance for you whatever," explained the house surgeon. "Ah well, thank Gawd it's not my 'ead."

Realism rules the nursery. A certain Philadelphia matron, who had taken pains to inculcate biblical stories as well as ethical truths in her three children, heard, the other day, long-drawn howls of rage and grief filtering down from the playroom. Up two flights she hurried, to find on the floor Jack and Ebel, voices uplifted. Thomas, aged nine, sat perched upon the table, his mouth full and his eyes guilty. "Whatever is the matter?" asked mamma. "Bo-o-o!" came from Ethel; "we were playing Garden of Eden. Bo-o-o!" "But what is there to cry about?" Then Jack, with furious finger pointing at Tom, ejaculated through his tears: "God's eat the apple!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Spooners.

Together we sat in a tête-à-tête,
The prettiest girl and I.
The light was out and the hour was late,
For time, you know, will fly! By Jove,
How rapidly time will fly!

Together we sat in the welcome gloom,
Alone, unheard, unseen,
Though her mother was in the other room
With a thin portière between.

I knew that the mother in amhush lay—
As mothers do, it seems—
To carry the prettiest girl away,
Away to the land of dreams. By Jove!
To the wonderful land of dreams.

But the cherry-like lips of the pretty miss,
Alas, were a tempting sight,
And I ventured to beg for a tiny kiss—
Just one, before "Good night."

But the prettiest girl resented that
In a way I'd never dreamed,
For she airily sprang from where we sat
And, what do you think? She screamed! By Jove!
She certainly did—she screamed!

I caught the coquette in my arms—Alack,
For such is the way of men!—
And gruffly demanded of her a smack,
And then—and then—and then—

Her mother came cruelly in with a light
And—what do you think she said?
"Oh, come little lady, kiss daddy good-night,"
And carried her off to bed, by Jove!
And carried the babe to bed!

—The Bohemian Magazine.

The Love Song.

[It is said that the men of today are far less passionate in their love-making than their ancestors.]

I love you, or at least I think
That very possibly I do;
In common honesty I shrink
From statements not precisely true,
But still it's safe to say I'm pretty fond of you.

I can not swear a mighty oath
To worship blindly till I die,
In fact I should be rather loath
To form so very rash a tie,
Unless I knew a most substantial reason why.

I shall not, with a valiant air,
Pour out my life-blood for your good,
Nor even boastfully declare
That if I had the chance I would,
Because, to tell the truth, I hardly think I should.

No knightly deeds have I to do,
And no impassioned words to say;
Still, I should like to marry you,
If you will tell me that I may,
And also kindly name the most convenient day.

I can't explain the thing, you know
(They used to tell us Love was blind),
But since it happens to be so
Forgive my weakness, and be kind,
Or, if you're not that way disposed—well, never mind!

Ezekiel, a Florida dorky, had no stockings, so the night before Christmas he bung his trousers in the chimney of the tumble-down shack that he calls home. Christmas morning a Northern lady, calling at the cabin with some presents for the family, was greeted by Ezekiel's doleful face protruding from a narrow opening in the door. After wishing him a merry Christmas, the lady asked him what presents he had received. "Ah reckon Ah must have got er nigger," said Ezekiel. "Mah pants is gone."

A. Hirschman.

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Paid-up Capital - 500,000.00
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

San Francisco people who have been East during the winter and spring seem to be hastening home in order to spend the summer months at the delightful resorts among the mountains or along the coast of their own State. Many more country homes have been opened during the past week and all the out-of-town hotels are full of vacationers.

The wedding of Miss Engracia Crichter and Lieutenant Francis B. Freyer was solemnized by Rev. Father Pius Murphy Monday in the Red Room of the Fairmont. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by Mr. Charles Crocker and the bride's attendants were Miss Mahel Gregory, Miss Helen Wilson, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Irene Van Arsdale, Miss Gertrude Russell, and Miss Martha Fee.

Miss Maude Bourne was hostess last week at a dinner at the Fairmont given in honor of Miss Gertrude Josselyn and Mr. Gerald Rathbone.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont recently, the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington of Los Angeles.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sara Drum to Mr. John Gill of Redlands.

The banquet held at the St. Francis the other evening to honor the twenty-fourth anniversary of the famous Greecley party brought together a number of very interesting characters, among them being Admirals Schree and Emory, Colonel Brainard, Mr. Maurice Connell, and Mr. Taylor. Admiral Emory commanded the steamer *Bear* that led the relief expedition, Admiral Schree was executive officer on the *Thetis*, and Mr. Taylor was quartermaster of the *Thetis*.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

The Charles S. Crockers are at their home in Redwood.

Captain and Mrs. Edmund Shortlidge, who have been visiting Mrs. Shortlidge's mother, Mrs. George Fife, have gone to Fort Dupont, Delaware, where Captain Shortlidge is stationed.

Judge and Mrs. Fred Henshaw are in town for a few days before going down to their home in Redwood.

Miss Jennie Crocker is expected to arrive home about the middle of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs have returned from their country home in Colusa County, the Hagar ranch, and will spend the remainder of the summer at Del Monte.

Secretary and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf are planning their usual outing at Foutes's Springs.

Mrs. L. Gerstle and Miss Gerstle are spending a few weeks in the Tahoe region.

Mrs. G. Page Tallant and the Tallant children are at Castle Crags farm.

Miss Alice Hoffman is the guest of Mrs. Walter Hohart at her cottage at Bolinas.

Mrs. Cesar Bertheau and her daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Anita Bertheau, are at Blithedale for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Pillsbury have opened their home, Montecito, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman, with Miss Maud Payne, are motoring through the southern part of the State.

The Mountford Wilsons are taking a leisurely motoring tour through the northern part of the State, their ultimate destination being the Tahoe country.

Miss Genevieve King has returned from a visit to Miss Maud Bourne in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferderick Kohl are in their Tahoe home, Idlewild, for the summer.

Miss Jennie Blair is expected home from Paris shortly.

General and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long are guests of Mrs. Long's mother, Mrs. I. L. Requa, at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. Edwin C. Long, wife of Captain Long of the Presidio, and her sister, Miss Marjorie Shepherd, are spending the summer in the Sierras.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker are spending the summer at their country home near Cloverdale.

The Misses Marie and Marguerite Butters are planning to spend July with friends at Aetna Springs.

Lieutenant H. H. Royal, U. S. N., and Mrs. Royal are registered at the Fairmont awaiting the departure of the fleet.

Mrs. M. A. Tobin and Miss Agnes Tobin have taken the Clark residence in San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander and her daughter have returned from a visit to Chico, where they have been the guests of Mrs. Bidwell.

Mrs. Charles S. Fee and her two daughters are spending the summer at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayre spent last week at the Hotel Rafael as guests of Miss Lily O'Connor.

Miss Withrow and Miss Evelyn Withrow, after spending several years in Paris, have returned to San Francisco.

Colonel John Clem, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clem have returned from San Antonio, Texas, and are domiciled at the El Drisco.

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster and Miss Elizabeth Oyster are in Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mrs. Sutherland, wife of Captain Sutherland of the U. S. S. *New Jersey*, and the Misses Sutherland have returned from a trip to Yosemite.

Lieutenant Mannaring, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Mannaring are guests at the Alta Loma.

Mrs. A. R. Chaffee and Miss Helen Chaffee have been guests of General and Mrs. Funston at Fort Mason during the week.

Mrs. Mary Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington will sail next week for a European tour which will cover the summer months.

Mrs. A. M. Simpson and Miss Edith Simpson are planning a trip to Tahiti for the month of July.

The cosmopolitanism of the city of San Francisco is never more clearly shown than in a plan to cover the Fairmont register. Nearly every civilized nation of the world has its representa-

tives there. Among foreign visitors at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. Deeeke, Liebreck, Germany; Mr. Otto Horner, Cologne; Dr. Cluss, Vienna; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Applin, Miss Edythe Olive, London; Mrs. Constantin, Rome, Italy; Mr. Sydney Perry, Mr. F. Donnithorne Taylor, Mr. Howard Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Hipperley Cose, London; Mr. L. Ungenach, Strassburg, Alsace.

Mr. L. Van Orden, chief clerk of the St. Francis, is spending his vacation at Tahoe Tavern. Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt H. Allen spent a few days at Del Monte last week as the guests of Mrs. William P. Fuller.

Rear-Admiral W. T. Swinburne and Mrs. Swinburne, Mr. Edgar Mizner, and Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee of San Francisco are registered at Aetna Springs.

Mr. Sidney F. Brock and Mr. Charles R. Wood of Philadelphia are stopping at the Fairmont.

Mr. S. F. Booth and family are spending the week-end at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bissell went to Del Monte for the week-end.

Mrs. J. N. Walter, her daughter and niece, are now at Tahoe Tavern.

Among the visitors at Aetna Springs are Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McVay of Sweickley, Pennsylvania, are making a tour of the Coast and are stopping at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Weir are at Tahoe Tavern for a prolonged stay.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and Miss Louisa Breeze, who are spending the summer at Del Monte, were in town for a few days last week.

Mrs. William L. Elkins, Jr., and her son Felton arrived at the Hotel St. Francis last week, after being the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl at Tahoe.

Mr. Robert M. Eyre is at Del Monte for a fortnight's visit.

Mr. E. C. Roberts of Davenport, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Frank of Iowa City, Iowa, are at the Fairmont.

Major Christeanson and Miss Christeanson are guests at Tahoe Tavern.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin, who has been at the Hotel St. Francis for some time, has gone to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Lieutenant S. B. Thomas, U. S. N., is spending his ten days' leave of absence from his ship, the U. S. S. *Kearsarge*, with his parents, Admiral and Mrs. Thomas, at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. R. Boyd, Jr., and Miss Boyd of St. Louis, Missouri, are at the Fairmont.

Miss Allis Miller of Riverside is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Alice Richardson, at Tahoe Tavern.

Lieutenant T. D. Downey was among the naval men registered at the St. Francis during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and family have gone to Yosemite for a few weeks.

Lieutenant N. S. Moffett, U. S. S. *Maryland*, and Mrs. Moffett are stopping at the Regent until the sailing of the fleet, July 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot McAllister have gone to Del Monte to remain over the Fourth.

Mrs. Sarah S. Winslow and family will leave on the first of July for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Will Chapin of Sacramento came up to the city last Saturday and took rooms at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman have gone to Del Monte for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Welch and Mr. and Mrs. de Laveaga are to spend the summer at Tahoe Tavern.

Commander A. Bauduin, who holds an important position in the Dutch navy, is at present a guest of the Fairmont.

Dr. and Mrs. B. A. McBurney of Chicago are staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett are among those who are spending the Fourth at Del Monte.

Among the society folk from the interior of the State now at the Fairmont are Mrs. and Miss Peters, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Simpson, and Mrs. Maud Terrill, all of Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Doe, of Nevada City; Mrs. W. K. Wright, of the Presidio of Monterey.

The George H. C. Meyers are guests at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wittman, Miss Wittman, and Miss Kerrigan are guests of the St. Francis.

Mrs. Adolf Gartenlauh expects to leave for Tahoe Tavern the latter part of July.

Among the guests of the Fairmont from the southern part of the State are Mr. Orlan Morgan, Mr. E. R. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Middlecoff, Mr. and Mrs. James Kayes, all of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Sterling, of Redlands; Mrs. C. P. Von Gerichten, of San Diego; Mr. Charles P. Austin, of Santa Barbara.

The quality of the dramatic season is indicated by the presence at the Hotel St. Francis just now of Margaret Illington, Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Henry Miller, Mr. Charles Frohman, and Mr. White Whittlesey.

Major C. H. McKinstry, U. S. A., is back at his quarters in the St. Francis.

Mrs. J. W. Bothin expects to spend the summer at Tahoe Tavern.

President J. E. Stubbs of Nevada University is a guest of the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles S. Levy and Miss Levy expect to leave for Lake Tahoe the first week in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips of Sacramento have been at the St. Francis for some days.

Miss Eugenia B. Maybury will leave for Tahoe Tavern the first week in July.

Mrs. W. A. Clark of Los Angeles is staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby are now at Tahoe Tavern, where they will remain for an indefinite period.

Major-General and Mrs. William S. McCoskey are at the Hotel St. Francis, after a trip to Tahiti.

Mrs. R. E. Quenn is spending a few weeks at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McDonald of Butte are visiting friends in this city and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will spend the month of July at Tahoe Tavern.

Among the more recent arrivals at the Fairmont are Mr. Fred S. Chapman of Portland, Oregon, and Mr. Arthur W. Stone of Seattle, Washington.

Among visiting army and navy officers at the Fairmont are Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Theodore F.

Jewell, Mr. H. O. Hunt, Mr. S. O. Ging, Mr. S. W. McGowan, Mr. B. F. Canaga, Mr. F. S. Wiltse, Mr. N. C. Martin.

Among visitors from the East at the Fairmont during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. N. Cameron, Boston; Dr. and Mrs. H. Huntington, New York; Mrs. William Morris, Philadelphia; Mr. F. B. Breuschen, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Biddle, Mr. H. E. Wilcox, New York; Mrs. Benjamin Miller, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Trenton, New Jersey; Mr. G. S. Taylor, Mr. F. M. Gleckler, Mr. R. D. Vroom, New York; Mr. J. H. Adams, Baltimore.

Asked whether it is true that he intended to resign, Chancellor Day of Syracuse University replied, "That was a pipe dream." Our special correspondent informs us that when President Eliot was asked whether he thought Taft would be nominated he announced, "Say, it's a cinch!" and President Butler, in reply to a question as to what he thought of Bryan's chances expected through the window and said, "Nuthin' doin'." See?—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderhilt has been so much of a success in various endeavors and positions that recent gossip to the effect that he may enter the diplomatic service excited no surprise. Rumor had it that under certain contingencies he might be appointed ambassador to Rome, or even ambassador to Berlin. Emperor William would doubtless be glad to have Mr. Vanderhilt receive credentials to the latter post, as he and the young American are very good friends.

Among those who were awarded the second-class medal at this year's spring salon of the Société des Artistes Français is Robert MacCameron of Chicago for his picture, "A Group of Friends," which portrays the dark corner of a wine shop, with three human outcasts at a table drinking, which he painted for the Anti-Absinthe League.

The owner of a theatre in New York recently gave out slips to his patrons asking them what had attracted them to his theatre. Over 75 per cent said that they had seen the advertisements in the newspapers and came because of them.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Marion F. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, in command at the Monterey Presidio, has been appointed by the War Department to take temporary command of the Department of California upon the departure of Brigadier-General Funston.

Colonel Joseph W. Duncan, chief of staff, has returned from Monterey, where he has been to witness the field practice of the School of Musketry.

Lieutenant-Commander I. V. Gillis, U. S. N., detached from duty as naval attaché, Peking, China, is ordered to report to the commander of the Third Squadron, U. S. Pacific Fleet, for such duty as he may assign.

Major H. S. Bishop, Fifth Cavalry, now on duty at the San Francisco Presidio, will proceed to Atascadero ranch to report to the commanding general for duty during the continuance of the camp.

Major William G. Haan, Coast Artillery, who has been in Honolulu on a detail of coast defense, is ordered to Washington to report to the chief of the Artillery Corps.

Captain E. R. Scrieber of the Medical Corps is ordered to report for temporary duty at the medical supply depot, San Francisco Presidio.

Captain W. S. Scott, Quartermaster's Department, has received orders to report for duty at the San Francisco Presidio.

Naval Constructor J. G. Tawresy is detached from duty at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, and will proceed to the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Captain Robert H. Rolfe, U. S. A., Quartermaster's Department, has been ordered to report for temporary duty and acting commissary on the transport *Crook*.

Captain Cornelius C. Smith has been granted an extension to his leave of absence.

Captain Edwin R. Stuart, Corps of Engineers, is ordered to proceed to San Francisco, from where he will sail for Manila about August 1 to report in person for duty under the commanding general.

Captain William R. Smedburg, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, assisted by Veterinarian Richard B. Corcoran, First Field Artillery, is detailed to inspect horses to be delivered under contract to San Francisco, California; Winnemucca, Nevada; and Madeline and Montague, California.

Leave of absence for two months with permission to apply for the extension of a month is granted Captain George F. Juenemann, Medical Corps, to take effect upon the expiration of the manoeuvres at Atascadero.

Leave of absence for twenty days is granted Captain Lawrence A. Curtis, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., of the Presidio at Monterey.

Captain Douglas C. McDougal, U. S. M. C., has proceeded from Mare Island to Washington on temporary duty.

Leave for four months, to take effect upon his return to duty, is granted First Lieutenant Chester H. Loop, C. A. C., sick in Army General Hospital, San Francisco Presidio.

Upon being discharged from the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Lieutenant R. C. Davis's orders to command the *Granpus* have been revoked and he is granted a three months' leave of absence and ordered to proceed to his home.

First Lieutenant Thomas H. Cunningham, Fourteenth Cavalry, San Francisco Presidio, has been granted a two months' leave of absence, taking effect from June 10.

Lieutenant Hunter Kinzie, Twentieth Infantry, has been granted a month's leave of absence, to take effect after July 1.

Lieutenant Hiram Phillips, U. S. A., is registered at Army Headquarters.

Lieutenant John G. Church, Second Torpedo Flotilla, U. S. N., is stationed temporarily at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant Frank McComan, Second Torpedo Flotilla, U. S. N., is stationed temporarily at Mare Island.

Lieutenant George E. Turner, Coast Artillery, will be stationed at Ukiah while on duty with the progressive military map of the United States.

Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf has returned from Portland, Oregon, to report for duty on the U. S. S. *California*.

Second Lieutenant Arthur E. Ahrends, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Monterey Presidio, is attached to the School of Musketry at that post for duty.

Midshipman A. S. Rees is detached from duty on the *Alabama* and will continue treatment in the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

The following officers have been ordered to take a course of instruction in the School of Musketry, Monterey: Lieutenant Claire B. Bennett, Eighth Infantry; Lieutenant John J. Moller, Eighth Infantry; Lieutenant Juhal A. Early, Twentieth Infantry; Lieutenant Robert C. Cotton, Twentieth Infantry.

Pharmacist S. Englander, retired, is detached from duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and will proceed home.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Erickson, Mr. H. A. Speth, Mr. C. G. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lymburg, Miss Grace Baldwin, Mr. Frank A. Brown, Miss Marion D. Cohn, Mr. W. E. Osborne, Mr. Fred C. Parker, Mr. James Wainwright, Miss Bessie Donolly, Miss G. Donolly, Mr. Boh Lloyd.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Calistoga are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dolliver and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wright, of San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Nahor, Mrs. C. C. O'Neil, Mr. Gerald O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ruggles, Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and

Mrs. G. W. Hamil, Mrs. Wallace T. Sister, and Mrs. D. Leane, of San Francisco; Mr. Robert P. Day and Mr. R. Whitehead, of Oakland.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: From San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Houseworth, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Mickett; from Oakland—Mr. J. B. Baker, Miss Lola Brackett, Miss Nelly Brackett, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Macdonald; from Piedmont—Mr. J. Ghirardelli; from San Rafael—Judge Thomas J. Lennon; from Alameda—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Poorman, Jr.; from Stockton—Mr. and Mrs. La Rue Cross.

The following guests from San Francisco are registered at Etna Springs: Mr. George A. Newhall, Mrs. Eugene A. Bress, Mrs. Frank Norris and child, Mrs. Bush Fennell, Mr. J. Sloss, Mr. Bush Fennell, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fredericks, Miss A. Ratye, Mrs. W. E. Osborne, Mrs. M. K. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Metha McMahan, Mrs. O. P. Downing, Mr. Louis Sloss, Mr. J. R. Miller, Miss Anna Young, Miss Eleanor A. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Welch, Miss M. Ratye, Miss Elsie Osborne, Mr. V. S. Grey.

The following are recent arrivals from San Francisco at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe: Mr. and Mrs. G. X. Wendling, Miss Wendling, Mr. and Mrs. H. Miller, Mrs. F. B. Wilson, Mrs. E. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. L. Denny, Mr. G. H. Meyers and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Freyer, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. S. Rosenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dollard, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Forbes, Mr. William Sheehan, Mr. John Sheehan, Mrs. Bothin and Miss Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Perkins, Mr. F. A. Center, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Merillion, Mr. H. W. John, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. E. Simon, Miss Simon, Captain Z. J. Hatch and family.

Among the guests registered from San Francisco at Hotel Rafael during the week were Miss Clayburgh, Miss V. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Jackson, Mr. L. H. Abenheimer, Mr. Frank P. King, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mayre, Jr., Miss L. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lamb, General Funston, Mr. W. O. Cullen, Mr. A. A. Addler, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Oliphant, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Holmes, Mr. R. E. Abrahamson, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Rogers, Mr. A. Roos, Mr. Charles A. Son, Mr. and Mrs. F. Baer, Mr. and Mrs. Levi, Mr. H. Levi, Mrs. L. P. Weil, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss A. B. Satter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alper, Miss M. E. Satter, Mr. A. Satter, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Strauss.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: From San Francisco—Mrs. Edgar P. Salmon, Mrs. Lucia B. Worrell, Mrs. O. L. Gibson, Mr. M. H. Spencer, Miss F. M. Danforth, Dr. and Mrs. E. Goodman, Mrs. John A. Koster, Mr. G. H. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Carson, Miss Barrett, Miss M. C. Henry, Miss Lucy Henry, Mr. William J. Henry, Mr. S. B. Morton, Mr. Harry Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lillenthal; from Oakland—Mr. William E. Gosling, Mr. M. Hackett, Miss Kathryn Good, Miss Alyce Schwab, Mr. E. F. Good, Mr. F. Ransome, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jordan, Mrs. A. Morrison and son; from Berkeley—Mr. Leo Elskamp, Mrs. Nathaniel Bell, Mr. and Mrs. B. Speer, Miss Esther Doane Mayers, Mr. Howard Doane Mayers, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Whithau.

Arrivals at the Hotel Del Monte for the week include Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Gyle, Mr. and Mrs. Ahe Levin, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Levy, Mrs. Sidney Liebes, Miss Fleishman Mr. William Itsell, Miss Belle Mann, Mr. J. F. Maroney, Mr. Harry C. Hunt, Mr. George W. Phelps, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mr. J. W. Coffin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Hoag, Mr. C. W. Burkett, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McArthur, Mr. N. G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mackenzie, Mr. P. G. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McClymonds, Mrs. Robert Fleming, Miss Ruth Fleming, Miss Doris Fleming, Miss Grace McGuire, Mr. E. L. Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bissell, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt I. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Rosenbaum, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. H. H. Sessler, Mr. and Mrs. H. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. James Wood, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Falk, Mrs. Edgar J. Bowen, and Mr. Ernest Schneider, of San Francisco.

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*8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	9:45 A.	2:45 P.	1:40 P.	SATUR- DAY	1:40 P.
DAY	11:15 A.	4:40 P.	DAY	3:10 P.	DAY
Tamal- pais	12:45 A.	5:45 P.	only	4:40 P.	6:40 P.
only	3:45 P.	5:45 P.	Tamal- pais only	9:50 P.	8:15 P.
14:45 P.	14:45 P.	only	Muir Woods only		

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Poet—Have you read my last poem?
Friend—I trust that I have.—*Judge*.

Briggs—You say business is looking up?
Griggs—That's what it is. It can't look any other way; it's flat on its back.—*Ex.*

Financier—So you're thinking of painting pictures? If you take my advice, you'll paint like Reynolds. There's money in it.—*Punch*.

"And what has the colonel done since local option came in?" "Met it valiantly. Claims now to be a good judge of ginger pop."—*Ex.*

"On my knee I begged her for a kiss."
"And what did she say?" "Told me to get up and be practical."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring." "Did they?" "Did they? Six of them recognized it at once."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Of course you play bridge only for fun?" "Of course," answered Mrs. Spangleton. "But it isn't any fun unless you are playing for money."—*Washington Star*.

"I heard him behind the door pleading for just one. They must be engaged." "Naw, they're married. It was a dollar he was pleading for."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Physician—From a hasty examination, I am of the opinion that you are suffering from clergyman's sore throat. Patient—The hell you say! Physician (quickly)—But it is quite possible I am wrong—I will look again.—*The Bohemian*.

"Augusta," said Mr. Wyss when the quarrel was at its height, "you have devised a great variety of ways to call me a fool." "Merely a matter of necessity," replied Mrs. Wyss. "You have devised so many ways of being one."—*The Bohemian*.

"Of course you could dress my daughter as she is accustomed to be dressed," said the old man, with covert sneer. "Of course I could," responded the younger one, "but I wouldn't. She'll agree to cut out the cart-wheel hat or the deal stops right here."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"In your opinion," asked the member of the investigating committee, "what is the cause of the evident unrest among the Indians?" Comanche Pete, the noted scout,

blew a cloud of smoke into the atmosphere. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth. "Fleas," he answered.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Waiter—We have clams in every style, sir. Diner—Then bring me a dozen in sheath gowns, and Charlotte Corday hats.—*Boston Transcript*.

Sentimental Young Lady—Ah, professor! what would this old oak say if it could talk? Professor—It would say, "I am an elm."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Chappie—Have a cigarette, old man? Sapleigh—No; I don't smoke fool-killers. Chappie—Well, I don't blame you for refusing to take chances.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Fond Mother (to overgrown Gladys)—That dress, though last year's, must do you, child. Gladys—Yes, mamma. The dress is last year's, but the legs are this year's!—*Life*.

"If you want plenty of good plums," remarked the practical horticulturist, "you have to graft." "Exactly," agreed the practical politician, "so you do."—*Baltimore American*.

Tramp—Can you assist me along the road, mum? Lady of the House—Personally I can not; but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so!—*London Tit-Bits*.

Youngboy—Why, Stoutleigh, I thought you were in Paris with the wife, enjoying yourself? Stoutleigh—That's all right—division of labor, doncher see? Wife's in Paris an' I'm enjoying myself.—*Judge*.

"Well, young man," thundered the head of the house. "S-sir," stammered the youth, "I want to marry your d-d-daughter." "Aw, take her and welcome. I was afraid you were courting the cook."—*Ex.*

"Waiter," said a traveler in a railroad restaurant, "did you say I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?" "Nayther. Oi said ye had twinty minutes to ate, an' thot's all ye did have. Yer train's just gone."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Shepherd (concluding tale of bereavement)—Sae a gied her some o' that wee hottle that ye left yest're'en, an' she just slippit awa' at fower o'clock the morn. Doctor—Dear, dear! I'm very sorry to hear that. Shepherd (thoughtfully)—Eh, mon doctor, isna it a maircy a didna' tak' any o' the wee hottle mase!—*Punch*.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Ruef at Liberty—and Why.

It is not often these days that we have a chance to commend anything appearing in the *Call*. It is therefore with especial satisfaction that we call attention to a cartoon which appeared on the editorial page of that paper on Tuesday morning of the current week with reference to the release of Abraham Ruef from the county jail under bail. The drawing depicts the outlet of a sewer, from the depths of which a slimy and unclean cat connected by a frayed rope about its neck to a brick has been lifted by a scavenger's bucket. The cat, along with other marks of loathsome import, bears a distinct likeness to Ruef. "Bailed Out" is the caption of this very striking picture.

The circumstance is, indeed, sufficiently suggestive to inspire an expression instinct with many forms of disgust. It is all the more offensive when it is remembered that the securities put in pledge to secure Ruef's liberty are chiefly the product of his notoriously infamous career. Out of the loot gathered by this unspeakable scoundrel, apparently, he has safely stowed away something more than a round million of dollars. And this money now enables him to buy his release from jail.

Who is to blame for the fact that after two years of

pretentious procedure this vile criminal is again at liberty? Not Judge Murasky, for he only followed the law. Not the law, for its provisions are a product of time-tested and time-honored principles essential to the protection of innocence. The responsibility lies rather with those who, seeking private and malicious ends by means outside the law, have so botched and butchered this whole case as in effect to nullify the plainest provisions of the law. If the pretended prosecutors had cut out private malice, if they had not trafficked with Ruef for incriminating evidence against others, if they had not bargained with him for immunity and in fact given him many months' exemption from imprisonment—if they had proceeded against him promptly and vigorously when time and tide served—he would long before now have been behind the bars at San Quentin, and there would have been no discreditable breakdown of justice as evidenced today by the circumstance that Abraham Ruef, with all his crimes on his head, walks the streets of San Francisco a free man. The break-down of the prosecution as related to Ruef, the arch scoundrel in this whole vast scheme of corruption and infamy, is a direct result of that system of pretense, falsehood, and chicanery which has marked this procedure from the beginning.

As they behold Abraham Ruef walking the streets of San Francisco, Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, and Heney, if they have in them any capacity to see things in their true meaning, will hang their heads in shame, for it is due to them that he is free. It is they who have brought about this outrageous consequence. It was they who, with the fullest possible knowledge of his guilt and with the fullest evidence against him in hand, pledged him immunity from final punishment with assurances that he should not be confined "in any prison" and that he should have leave to retain the loot which now serves to guarantee his freedom. The newspaper organs of this precious trio are making much of Ruef's release under bail as a gross outrage. Gross outrage it is; but is Ruef's release under bail a grosser outrage than that grant of immunity pledged under private contract over the signatures of the prosecution and about which the prosecutors lied and lied and lied in private and in public? Was Ruef less guilty, was he less worthy of clemency, in May, 1907, when the immunity contract was signed and sealed, than today? Is immunity as a private and secret arrangement, contracted for in the spirit of bribery and denied in the spirit of fraud, a more grievous outrage against justice than release under bail by process of law?

Really, this whole wretched business seems less excusable the more it is analyzed. There is no aspect of it at which decency does not heave in rage and revolt.

The Denver Convention.

The Democratic National Convention is getting fairly down to business as the *Argonaut* goes to press on Wednesday. There has within the past ten days, at Denver and elsewhere, been a world of the kind of activity which commonly precedes a national convention, and it has all gone to emphasize the ascendancy of Mr. Bryan in the national Democratic party. Whatever his merits or defects as a man or as a leader, he is nevertheless in the eye of Democracy her "peerless one." There is, to be sure, in the background the attenuated ghost of Clevelandism, typified timidly by the late-lamented but still-surviving Judge Alton Parker, but it counts for nothing against the ever-vital Bryan, who is the assured nominee for the presidency and who will control practically in every detail the doings and the outgivings of the Denver meet.

Bryan himself is not in attendance at Denver. He sits quietly at home near Lincoln, Nebraska, but none the less his personality fills and dominates the convention hall. In almost painful contrast appears Judge Parker, the nominee of four years ago, who, though present at Denver as a delegate, is absolutely without

influence and personally all but unnoted. This contrast is suggestive of the spirit and conditions of the party. Bryanism, which is another name for scatter-brained radicalism, is in the saddle; Clevelandism, typified by the neglected Parker, is a thing of no recognition or standing in the realm of Democracy. Bryanism, beaten in the convention at St. Louis, triumphed, at least within the party, on that November day of 1904 when the St. Louis nominee went down under humiliating defeat. We shall hear no more of the safe and sane brand of Democracy; Democracy now is Bryanism pure and simple.

It is conceded privately at Denver and elsewhere that Governor Johnson of Minnesota would be a stronger nominee than Bryan. He would get every vote that would be given to Bryan, with probably many more that Bryan can not get. There are no antagonisms connected with his name or his career. It would be the part of practical wisdom to make him the nominee, but there is not the slightest chance that it will be done. The Bryan personality, the Bryan action, forbid it. The ticket will be Bryan upon a platform outlined by Bryan, with whomever for the second place Bryan may in the end choose to favor. In the mind of the Denver meeting there is but one Caesar—"one only man."

According to the present look of things—we write, be it remembered, on Wednesday morning before anything has really been done—there will be working accord at least between Bryan and Hearst in the coming campaign. Mr. Hearst's Independence League has made a good deal of noise in these recent weeks, due to the Hearst facilities for noise-making, but it has really not been doing much. Whatever degradations the future may hold for American politics, we have not yet reached a stage where a personally owned, incorporated, and supported political party can have much popular force. The Independence League, Mr. Hearst finds, is a thing without "go," a thing of no credit or repute, serving no other purpose than as a blind for his diplomacies. In the present instance, peace appears to have been made between the lamb of Hearstism and the lion of Bryanism, with the lamb safely inside the lion. The Hearst papers will probably support Mr. Bryan, and in the event of success in November, Mr. Hearst will no doubt get a place in the Cabinet. All this, of course, is a remote contingency, for which God in Heaven be praised. The country could probably endure Bryan in the presidency in consideration of a Republican Senate; but it is not pleasant to contemplate Mr. Hearst as a Cabinet officer.

We have seen no general outline of the coming platform which appears to be authoritative. The platform will, of course, follow Mr. Bryan's ideas, but Mr. Bryan has so many ideas that it is never easy to know beforehand what he will put forward. It is understood that he will not "at this time" insist upon his scheme of public ownership for the railways of the country; nor will he hark back to the sixteen-to-one theory upon which aforesaid he was certain the welfare of the country and of the whole world depended. His cure for our financial troubles will probably be a governmental guarantee of savings bank deposits. From the standpoint of the practical banker, the scheme is ridiculous, but a little matter like this does not trouble Mr. Bryan. He is so accustomed to fathering ridiculous and impossible ideas in statecraft as to be unmoved alike by contempt or ridicule. There will, undoubtedly, be a demand for publicity in the matter of campaign contributions, since upon this point Mr. Bryan is insistent, but, for some unexplained reason, he is said to be opposed to any declaration of positive policy against the trusts. It is not to be understood that Mr. Bryan has changed his opinions, but rather that for some motive of policy he wishes this year to be silent on the trust issue.

The point at which the platform is likely to be the

most positive and radical is with respect to the labor question. Even the Big Stick could not force the Chicago convention to accept the Gompers programme and declare for a system of special privilege in behalf of organized labor. To be sure, the convention was programmed and its members in all ordinary ways were biddable enough; but they came to a dead halt when it was proposed to allow Sam Gompers, a foreign agitator representing a private association of citizens which declines to make itself even in the smallest degree responsible, to define the position of the Republican party on the labor issue. With characteristic readiness and shallowness, Mr. Bryan sees an opportunity, and it is believed he will ride it for whatever it may be worth. Almost certainly the Denver convention will put forth a radical labor plank and thereby make an issue—a paramount issue—for the coming campaign.

The *Argonaut* hopes this will be done. In its judgment the aggressive demands of organized labor make the supreme issue before the country; in its judgment the Democratic party, led by a radical, naturally affiliated with radicalism, eager to catch at any chance straw, will put itself behind the extreme demands of labor. The Republican party, on the other hand, in obedience to its character and traditions and to the necessities of the situation, must take opposing ground. This battle has got to be fought out, probably in a series of hot rounds, covering a term of years; and the sooner it begins, the sooner the parties are brought to their final positions, the better. We welcome the issue; we shall greet with satisfaction such action at Denver as will expedite and force the fighting.

The California delegation did not succeed in getting to Denver without such an exhibition of affectionate by-play as marks the truly vital spirit of political conviction. The trouble arose as the result of a tactful observation on the part of Mr. Bell to the effect that Delegate Thomas Fox of Sacramento was on the payroll of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company as an agent of its politics. Whereupon Mr. Fox, in virtuous indignation, denounced Mr. Bell as "a damned liar." Incidents like this mean nothing among Democrats; and in the immediate case the scrimmage served only to sweeten the process of making-up which came later.

Quite incidentally the dispatches from Denver shed an interesting light on Mr. Bell's method of formulating his political principles and policies. Mr. Bell, it appears, according to a statement made by one of Governor Johnson's managers, was originally an ardent Johnson supporter. He swung from Johnson to Bryan, according to this same authority, because "to oppose Bryan in California" meant to "write oneself down on the side of Southern Pacific Railroad domination." This is not the way strong men formulate their judgments and policies, but it is to be remembered that Mr. Bell is young and that he has yet time to learn that it is neither good politics nor good morals to allow your opponents to define your principles and to regulate your conduct.

It is interesting to note that on the way to Denver, not Mr. Bell's candidate, but Mr. McNab's friend, Nathan Cole, Jr., of Los Angeles, was made chairman of the delegation. It was not exactly a knock-out for Bell, but it will serve to remind him that McNab is still on the map; and it will probably suggest to wiser heads that after all the hubbub and worry of the presidential campaign are done with, and after Mr. Bell and his immediate friends have let off their overplus of steam, the canny McNab will probably be found doing business at the old stand.

Be it remembered in connection with what is above written that we write in advance of the event, just as the convention is settling down to business. Possibly the hindsight of next week may knock the foresight of the moment into smithereens.

Third Trial of Abraham Ruef.

The third trial of Abraham Ruef, scheduled for the 15th inst., is a matter of even greater interest than the trials that have preceded it. In the earlier instances only the fate of Ruef appeared at stake; in the coming trial the fate of the graft prosecution itself is in the balance. If now the prosecution shall fail, its practical inefficiency will be a demonstration in the eyes of all men. It is this fact which gives to the coming procedure a vital and even dramatic interest.

Regarded by itself, as a matter unconnected with previous events and as unaffected by passion, prejudice, or bias of any kind, there would seem every reason to hope that Ruef will be convicted. The case rests upon one of the trolley indictments and has been

selected by Mr. Heney out of a hundred or more as the one best suited to his purposes. The testimony against Ruef is direct and overwhelming. Fifteen supervisors will declare that they were paid in hand specific sums by James Gallagher, acting as agent for Ruef. James Gallagher will declare that he got the money from Ruef and paid it out under Ruef's instructions. There will be a world of corroboratory and confirmatory evidence. There will not be lacking one link in the chain of direct and damning demonstration. Viewed therefore without prejudice, there would seem but one possible outcome of this trial; and it is an outcome in consonance with the wishes and the sense of justice of every decent citizen of San Francisco.

But unhappily the situation is one in which this case can not be regarded simply and solely upon its individual merits. It will be shown that the prosecutors themselves at one time condoned Ruef's guilt and pledged him friendship and immunity. It will be shown that they attempted to exact from him, in payment for immunity promised and for favors granted, "testimony," true or false, condemnatory of other persons criminally charged and with respect to whom the prosecutors confessedly hold motives of private resentment and vengeance. It will be shown that, after contracting with Ruef for immunity, the prosecutors publicly denied it—lied about it. It will be shown that the witnesses against Ruef are self-convicted criminals and that they are being paid for their evidence by grants of immunity; further, that they have been permitted to retain the large sums received as bribes not only in the immediate case, but in many others. It will be shown that the prosecutors have held and now hold a club over the head of each witness, therefore that the testimony which each shall give is, in a sense, given under duress.

It will further be demonstrated in the course of the trial that the prosecutors have in this whole matter a selfish and private interest; that they have acted in the grossest bad faith; that they have again and again gone outside of the law and that their purposes from the beginning have been personal and malicious. In matters of this sort much depends upon what for want of a better name must be called atmosphere. The jury which will try this case must be drawn from a community which has come to hold the graft prosecution in distrust and contempt. The jurors, therefore, whatever their pretensions or their self-presumptions, must be more or less infected with the general feeling (1) that Ruef, although grossly guilty, is being prosecuted by men who once pledged him immunity and who falsified their promise; (2) that he is now being punished not so much on the score of his crimes as because he would not commit another crime, that of perjury, by inventing and uttering testimony demanded by the prosecution against others accused; (3) that behind the whole business of prosecution there is selfish interest and private malice; (4) that the scheme of prosecution is a tremendous and continuing injury to San Francisco and that it will get its quietus through defeat in this instance of the plans of the prosecutors. It is hardly necessary to add that with community sentiment what it is today, charged with distrust of the prosecutors and with weariness and disgust for this whole wretched business, the disposition of the jury will be to make an end of the matter.

If, indeed, the prosecuting attorney were a man of judgment and sufficiently master of himself to put the prosecution into unsmirched and unprejudiced hands, there would be reason to hope for a successful issue. The weakness in the case lies not in the case itself, but in the agents of its prosecution. In new, clean, and unprejudiced hands conviction would be an assurance. The weakness of the situation is the weakness of a movement which has become discredited by its own misdoings and by the loss of moral credit on the part of its agents.

Here at the beginning of this new effort to convict Abraham Ruef, a purpose with which the *Argonaut* is in entire sympathy, we venture to offer a word of counsel to Prosecuting Attorney Langdon: Resume the authorities of your office; thrust out those who under your name have abused and cheapened its powers; put the active work of prosecution into clean, capable, and disinterested hands. If you fail to do this, if you allow these discredited agents to go forward with the case against Ruef, you are almost certain to fail. Under a new deal there is fair prospect of success; under the old deal there is not one chance in a hundred. Let us remind you, Mr. Langdon, that you would have done well at other times to have hearkened to reason. Let us remind you that at every step of this procedure

where you have gone stupidly from one blunder and one failure to another, you might have gone straight and true and with success by heeding the counsels of the *Argonaut*.

Plain Speech on the Labor Question.

At a time when the President of the United States is kowtowing to organized labor for its votes and when the Democratic party is considering the policy of making a labor leader its vice-presidential candidate, likewise for votes, it is particularly gratifying to discover that we still have among us men of sense and courage who see the meaning of laborite demands and who are brave enough to speak out in resistance to them. The latest outspoken voice is that of Admiral Melville of the navy, who sees in Mr. Gompers's proposals evils of the first magnitude. He points out that an iron-clad eight-hour rule applied to governmental work would be a frightful handicap to the country in an emergency which may come upon us any day in connection with foreign war. It would be the supremest folly, he declares, to so involve and limit ourselves by restrictive laws that we could not upon occasion make the fullest possible use of our own resources of labor where they may stand related to national defense. He further points out that the purpose of the eight-hour demand in government work is not for the purpose of reducing the hours of government work itself, but for use as a lever to the end of putting pressure upon other points in the general scheme of labor demands.

Admiral Melville sees plainly the evils which laborite policies are already imposing upon the country. We have here, he points out, the best steel and iron in the world for ship-building purposes. We have the timber which England must import for use in the making of modern ships. At the same time it costs 40 per cent more to build a ship in America than in England or in Germany. The difference is due, Admiral Melville goes on to say, largely to labor unionism, which has so cut down the number of skilled workmen, so reduced the capability of the individual mechanic, and so unreasonably advanced the rates of wages for inferior performance, that we can not compete with other countries. The ranks of American workmen in the ship-building trades have been so reduced, together with the efficiency of those who are available, that we are no longer competent.

Because of the condition above described, Admiral Melville declares that the United States recently lost a fifty-million-dollar contract for ships for the Brazilian navy. This contract, coming at a time of general industrial depression, would have been a God-send not only to the workmen of the country, but to every other interest. It has gone to Europe not more because there was a distinct financial advantage in sending it there than because we have not in the ship-building trades a sufficient equipment of skilled mechanics to do the work. Thus as a nation we are a heavy loser under the policy of unionism which has forbidden the sons of American ship-builders to learn and practice their fathers' trades.

The common idea that the American is a more efficient workman than the Englishman or German Admiral Melville declares to be no longer true. Our mechanics in their so-called "independence" have come to resent the discipline which in foreign workshops, and formerly in our own as well, yields the best results. The effect is seen in a general slackness, a disposition to be careless and dilatory, which tremendously cuts down the efficiency of a body of workmen. An illustration of how this system works was supplied by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco a year or more ago, prior to the strike of last summer. At one time the efficiency of the men in the San Francisco shops ran down something like 40 per cent as compared with the same number of men at the same kind of work in a famous Eastern shop uncorrupted by the vices of a radical unionism.

The present-day conflicts between nations are industrial rather than military. The country which employs its resources of production to the largest account will surely outstrip those countries where working efficiency is on a lower basis. Touching upon this principle, Admiral Melville points out that Germany is now far ahead both of the United States and England in the organization of her labor system and in governmental protection of the principles which make for efficiency. The apprentice laws in Germany, he declares, are devised and strictly enforced in the interest of industry and to the end that German youth may be trained in the arts and crafts essential to the welfare of the country. It will not be long, he declares, until Germany will be

better equipped than any other country with skillful mechanics. Admiral Melville's outlook upon the future is not a cheerful one. He says:

I see a future for this country similar to that of Spain and Italy. There the trade guilds in the towns became so strong and domineering that the nobility could not invest its capital. Soon the labor unions will keep the capitalist from investing in railroad, mine, or manufactory. At the bottom of it all is the restriction of the number of apprentices.

Asked what in his judgment the policy of the United States ought to be, Admiral Melville replied:

Every State should pass a law prohibiting the restrictions by trade unions of the number of apprentices and the United States government should admit all skilled workmen. Then we will become the ship-building country of the world, because we have the steel, the timber, the men of brawn, and the men of brains.

"Our Husband."

We are sorry to see that there is domestic trouble in Emporia and we are still more sorry to see that that gifted woman, Mrs. Mary McCreary Parkman, editor of the *Emporia Times*, should be forced into the columns of her own newspaper in defense of her political rights and the proper subjection of man. But the incident, painful as it may be, is not without alleviation. It will not have occurred in vain if it serve to quiet the cavillings of those who say that the enfranchised woman would be but a pale shadow of husband or lover and that she would take her political opinions as she does her breakfast food—predigested. Mrs. Mary McCreary Parkman is made of sterner stuff than that. Her husband is not without his uses. She will even concede that in common with the rest of the brute creation he has rights, but as for permitting him to dictate to her in the domain of politics, Mrs. Mary McCreary Parkman repudiates the idea with scorn and contumely.

The trouble arose in this way: Mrs. Parkman is a Democrat and has been twice elected as county superintendent of schools. Mr. Parkman, on the other hand, is a Republican who has been county surveyor and now seeks renomination. It seems to be a rule on the *Emporia Times*, of which Mrs. Parkman is editor, that Republican officials shall be indicated by the office that they hold and not by name, and therefore the long-suffering Parkman always appears in his wife's chaste columns as "the county surveyor." If Parkman himself had no complaint to make, there is no reason why any one else should interfere, but censorious tongues will wag, and so finally this intrepid woman has been forced into an editorial explanation of why she blacklists her husband.

She begins very properly by pointing out that "what we do with our husband is our own business, and it would seem in all fairness that if we put up with this man morning, noon, and night we shouldn't have to be putting him in the paper all the time." Now no one can object to this, and it may be taken for granted that the down-trodden Parkman, if he is still articulate, would deprecate any journalistic additions to the wifely attentions which he now receives "morning, noon, and night." But the lady goes on to explain that even married people have their points of disagreement as well as of agreement. There must be ripples even on the most placid stream, and while there is blissful and ecstatic harmony in the Parkman circle on matters of literature, religion, art, the nebular hypothesis, how to poke the fire, and the facts in the Guinness case, on the one point of politics there is a diversity both wide and hopeless. "We think," says Mrs. Parkman, "that our husband has a good deal of sense—for a mere man—but on politics he doesn't know much. He is a Republican, a mean, black Republican, and as such has no claims on us either as a molder of public opinion, a fellow-citizen, or as a wife." There is a finality about this that we like. There is no false sentiment about Mrs. Parkman. She brings the editorial "we" upon the head of her erring spouse with a thwack that is good to hear and that ought to be profitable to him.

But she knows her duty, does Mrs. Parkman, and she will do it to the bitter end. Worm though he be, Parkman shall never complain that she failed to discriminate between her duties to the flag and to the fireside. She says: "We will cook for our husband; we will mend our husband's clothing; we will darn and brush him, and keep him up—as our husband. But as an office-holder of a vile, venal, and corrupt organization, an emissary of Wall Street, and as an oppressor of the poor, our husband has only our unspeakable contempt. He should thank his lucky stars that we do keep his name out of the *Times*."

But here, it is regrettable to observe, this magnificent woman deviates from the path of virtuous exhortation

into that of innuendo and threat. Let the county surveyor beware. His lofty position shall not shield him from disclosures of an unnamed dreadfulness if he persist in his wild and evil career. Mrs. Parkman has information about him, secret information, and it hangs over his head like a sword of Damocles.

"We know enough of our husband," says this dauntless wife, "to make his vote in this election little more than scattering. But up to the present we have said nothing. We have believed that our duty as a wife had some claims on our duty as an editor. But a word to the wise should be sufficient, and if our husband has learned a lick of sense from past experiences with us, he will take a grand immortal tumble to himself and call off his dogs. This newspaper is a free and untrammeled organ of special privileges to none and equal rights to all, and if our husband thinks he belongs to the privileged classes he is mighty badly fooled."

But in her concluding paragraph Mrs. Parkman relents and allows free play to a fine and tender discrimination. She admits that she thinks a good bit of her husband, first and last and in one way and another, and we can almost hear a suspicious break in the stern editorial voice. But let there be no misunderstanding. A husband is one thing and a Republican county surveyor is quite another. If it were not for his lamentable and misguided sex, a husband might be tolerable and even likeable, but for a Republican county surveyor, as such, there can be no quarter. "He is a bad lot."

Cleveland in Retirement.

The services of Grover Cleveland in the presidential office were undeniably great. It fell to him to do things which are now seen to have been essential to the integrity and dignity of the government and to the welfare of our people. And yet it may well be questioned if Mr. Cleveland's career in the presidency was more important than his career as a private citizen living in retirement after leaving the presidency. The man in public office or the man in active business or professional life, however able or distinguished he may be, is one whose opinions and utterances are subject to an inevitable discount. In other countries, under older systems, there commonly exists a group of men largely influential, standing apart, somewhat at least, from the general activities of life. We have no such class in this country because our men of capability are for the most part either actively or prospectively in the game and subject therefore to the bias of self-interest, or to another bias, that of misinterpretation. There are few indeed who from the vantage ground of universal consideration and respect may give counsel free from any suggestions of interest.

Mr. Cleveland for some twelve years stood in this position. Nobody ever suspected him of any motive save that of the general public welfare; and when he has spoken from time to time his utterances have had a weight decisive in fixing the attitude of multitudes of minds, if not indeed of determining the policies of government. He has not posed as a "sage"; he has been singularly free from any pose; nevertheless he has been a sort of balance wheel, a means of restraining, of correcting, of enforcing sound counsels in emergencies. His connection, for example, with the revival of confidence in insurance investment's contributed vastly to the poise and welfare of the country, if indeed it did not save it from a ruinous panic.

We can think of no department of American life where the deficiency is so marked and so serious as that which Mr. Cleveland has just vacated. We need most grievously men of approved character for judgment and integrity, so placed as to command attention when they rise to give counsel, so free from any personal interest that whatever they may say may have consideration and weight. A thousand citizens of approved wisdom, retired from the activities of business and politics, but vital alike in their intelligence, their interest in affairs, and in their courage, would be worth to the country, in its political and moral life, ten thousand times their number of scheming promoters.

This deficiency is as marked in local communities, especially in our Western communities, as in the country at large. For example, we seriously need leadership in San Francisco. We have among us men of large character, with undisputed capacity for wise counsel. But practically every man of them is so involved, either in politics or in business or in both, as to qualify or nullify any public counsels that he may give. We distinctly lack an element accredited by experience and character and at the same time by assurance of unprejudiced public interest. The greatest

need of San Francisco at this moment is not more capital, nor higher ability in her citizenship, nor more enterprise in commerce and business, but that intellectual and moral leadership which is only to be expected from citizens duly accredited and respected and plainly above any suggestion of self-interest. Twenty-five men representative of various departments of life, justified by successful experience, approved by ability and integrity, and at the same time standing apart from the strifes of business and politics—such a group of men at this time would be worth to San Francisco vastly more than their weight in gold.

Editorial Notes.

It is not without significance that those who seek to applaud Mr. Taft give their strongest approval to those points of his character in which he most differs from somebody else not named. Speaking "in an impersonal way" last week, ex-Senator Spooner thanked God that as a lawyer Mr. Taft if elected President "will know how to observe the Constitutional limitations of his office." At a Republican ratification meeting in New York, the whole burden of the addresses was Mr. Taft's "judicial mindedness," whereat the applause was tremendous. Likewise, ex-Secretary Shaw is quoted as telling the story of a school teacher who went "heeled" with a revolver, a rawhide, and a bowie-knife, the moral of the story being in Mr. Shaw's own words that "punishment is not the object of education, nor is criminal prosecution the aim of government." The plain English of all this is that the country is applauding in Mr. Taft those phases and elements of character which most differentiate him from a certain very active gentleman who now sits in the presidential chair. The truth is that the country is tired of the rip-snort method. It is tired of hollerings and bellerings. It wants things done quietly and in order, to the end of more repose and a profounder sense of peace and security.

Every newspaper in the country, so far as we have seen, is engaged in making up the Taft Cabinet. They all give Representative Burton of Ohio the Secretaryship of State and make Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock of Massachusetts Postmaster-General. One curious fact is that each of the forty-six States sees with certain eye a favorite son of its own in the Cabinet. Up in Oregon, for example, they make sure that Senator Fulton will be made Secretary of the Interior, while here in California we are already addressing George Knight as Attorney-General. Curiously enough, nobody outside of Oregon or California appears to see any likelihood of these assignments.

The recount in the New York mayoralty contest has not given much comfort either to Mr. Hearst or to Mr. McClellan. The incident, taken as a whole, exhibits Hearst as an arrant pretender and McClellan as a man willing to hold office under a questionable title. During the past two years Mr. Hearst has unceasingly assailed certain conspicuous persons on the basis of their presumed participation in a fraudulent proceeding. As yet he has not been heard in apology, which may be taken to indicate something of his moral measure.

The discussions of the past week with respect to resolutions of respect for the late President Cleveland to be presented to the Denver convention have not been seemly. In fifty years the Democratic party has elected but one man to the presidency, and that man one of the most capable, distinguished, and universally respected who ever occupied the presidential office. It would seem that the Democratic party ought for once to imitate its more successful rival and "point with pride." And yet it must be admitted that in the character of the Democratic party and the character of Grover Cleveland there was little basis for accord or sympathy. Cleveland's democracy was a very different thing from the democracy of Bryan; Cleveland's democracy was so true a thing that the man was never in accord with his party and in the end was forced to break with it that he might do the work which saved the country in a great crisis and which has given him imperishable fame. The most curious and anomalous thing about Mr. Cleveland is that he should have chosen the Democratic party as the vehicle of his political activities; and it is equally curious and anomalous that the Democratic party should ever have chosen Cleveland as its prophet. No man of our day, holding to any system of opinions or fixed in relationship to any party, has in truth been less of a Democrat as democ-

racy is interpreted and construed by its accepted authorities than Grover Cleveland.

W. J. Bartnett, under sentence of ten years in San Quentin prison for breach of trust, deserves all that has come to him. The evidence in the case showed him up as an unmitigated fraud, one who violated unnumbered principles of private honor as well as every law which crossed his path. And yet we doubt very much if ever for one moment in the course of his crooked career Bartnett regarded himself as a scoundrel. He belongs to that type of man, very common if the truth be confessed, who can see nothing wrong in crooked dealing so long as he does it himself. Bartnett held a certain confidence in himself, a certain faith that everything would come out right in the end, on the basis of a supreme personal conceit. His mind is that of a visionary and, what is more, a visionary of large moral purposes. If instead of losing the game he had won it and come out immensely wealthy, he would no doubt have been found endowing churches, orphan asylums, and old ladies' homes. His impulses are those of a generous and even a religious nature; he was a scoundrel in practice not because he wished to go wrong, but because he followed the leading of his vanities and delusions. He lacked that cold-blooded integrity which looks facts in the face and which takes pains to see that the ground is firm before leaping. He is a man whose course is guided not by a severe and honest judgment, but by impulse. Such men, we have said, are common, and very commonly, indeed, they rank as good men because opportunity does not come to them as it did to Bartnett to go wrong on a scale so large as to involve others in their ruin.

Nobody has ever suspected Mr. William Hoff Cook of exceptional powers, either personal or professional. True, he did a brilliant stunt or two in connection with the search for Mr. Dalzell Robertson some months back, having, as we recall it, discovered that Robertson shaved himself and changed shirts before leaving the city—all of which at the time was duly exploited in these columns, which never deny to conspicuous merit its meed of appreciation. But, be it noted, Mr. Cook has won two convictions in the California Safe Deposit business. He has put Mr. J. Dalzell Brown in stripes and he has not only convicted Mr. W. J. Bartnett, but has gotten him duly under sentence. When this result is contrasted with the achievements of Mr. Heney, Mr. William Hoff Cook appears in decidedly the better light. Whatever Mr. Cook's personal or professional powers may or may not be, he has gone about his work in sincerity and good temper. He has not attempted to try his cases in the newspapers; he has not attempted to do politics; he has not attempted to suborn perjury or to make a hero of himself. He has simply gone about his business with judgment and industry and—the result speaks for itself. Wouldn't it be a good plan for the "great prosecutor" to step aside and let Mr. William Hoff Cook try his hand in the Ruef case?

A few days back one Reilly presented for collection at the Pendleton, Oregon, postoffice two hundred and fifty postal orders for one hundred dollars each. He purchased these orders a year ago, fearing to put his money in any bank, at the same time fearful personally to hide it away. What he wanted was to get his money into such form and so placed that the integrity of the government would stand pledged for its re-payment. Therefore he took a course which cost him \$75 in fees, at the same time foregoing the interest which any savings bank would have paid him. The incident is not without its suggestions. Whoever has faith in anything has faith in the government. One who withdraws his money from a savings bank to make sure of it is still willing to entrust it to the government. If the responsibility of the government had been back of our banking system last year, the current finances of the country would not have suffered as they did. Perhaps the solution of our panic problem lies not so much in projects for emergency currency as in a system of postal savings banks in which public confidence will be unshakable.

A terra cotta statuette, about twenty-one inches in height, representing the goddess Venus, has recently been discovered in the Island of Monemvasia, in the prefecture of Lacedaemonia. The statuette is similar in many respects to the Venus of Milo, and the conservator of the National Museum at Athens has expressed the opinion that it is a reproduction by a local sculptor of the statue now in the Louvre. The Venus of Monemvasia holds a mirror in the left hand, while the right supports a garment around the hips.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

Republican observers in Ohio seem to think that Taft will not exactly have a "walk-over" in that State. There are three enemies in his path and we are hearing a good deal of advance agent talk as to the mischief that they can do him. These three dangers are:

The labor unions, indignant at the Republican "betrayal." The negro voters, resentful over the Brownsville affair.

The Foraker-Dick contingent, with their old had habit of defection.

Now these look formidable enough in their way, but as is usual with lions in the path they wilt perceptibly at close quarters. The labor unions are a hodge-podge and simple. They may have a certain amount of cohesion in strikes and dinner-pail agitations, but when it comes a question of national politics something very much like a political conscience shows itself and the old historic affiliations assert themselves.

There may, of course, be something in the contention that the negro vote will be influenced by the sullen discontent aroused by the disbanding of the colored troops at Brownsville. The incident is still fresh in the memory, while Foraker has done his best to rub salt into wounds that would otherwise have healed long ago. It may be too much to expect any serious political reflection from colored voters or any careful discrimination between rival claims, but at the same time it is hard to suppose that any considerable number of colored voters will be given to Bryan in preference to Taft. That way lies political stultification for the negro. However great may be Taft's derelictions in negro eyes, it indicated no policy of racial antagonism and it therefore sinks into insignificance when compared with Bryan's attitude as disclosed in his Cooper Union speech, when he actually defended the total disfranchisement of the negro. Political memories may be short, but they are retentive enough of the language used upon that occasion by Bryan, when he said:

The white race in the North and in the South will not permit a few men to take the solid black vote and use it as personal property for the making of money regardless of the welfare of the community, and that was done in the South. The South is giving the black man better law than the black man would give the white man in the South if the black man made the law.

To talk about the alienation of the colored vote because of Brownsville without at the same time estimating the effect of such language as this is surely futility of a crass kind.

In the same way the Foraker-Dick opposition has been magnified out of all recognition. Foraker's congratulations to Taft had all the ring of sincerity, and now we have the assurance that the senator will vote and speak for his former opponent. It is true that the old machine has a somewhat evil reputation to live down, but even machines may experience a change of heart, or of stomach, and we all know that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, etc. Hanna used to complain a good deal of the Foraker crowd. He said once:

When my fellows got licked in a convention or a primary, they always whined in and voted for the ticket, regardless of everything else, but when these Foraker fellows are whipped in a preliminary contest they refuse to accept defeat. They knife the ticket.

But this is ancient history. If Foraker gets into the campaign, as he says he will do, it will still further minimize the defections in the negro vote.

There is little reason to doubt that Gompers will get at Denver the success denied him at Chicago. Bryan's *Commoner* gives us an unmistakable forecast of what we may expect. A current editorial says:

In another column reference is made to the injunction plank. The injunction plank adopted by the Republican convention is a retreat from the position taken by the President and from the position taken by Secretary Taft in his speeches, although neither of them went as far as they ought to have gone in their effort to prevent what is known as government by injunction. Here is the third retreat.

In the meantime Gompers and all his cohorts, horse, foot, and artillery, have moved upon Denver. Here is the anti-injunction pledge that he will present for the consideration of pliant Democrats:

We pledge ourselves to such legislation as will guarantee to workmen those rights necessary to their industrial protection, including the right to strike and to induce or persuade others to do likewise; and to such legislation as will prevent the issuance of restraining orders and injunctions without hearing; and guaranteeing trial by jury to persons accused of contempt of court if such alleged contempt be not committed in the presence of the court, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice.

It is of course the same one that was rejected at Chicago. Gompers refuses to discuss the prospects of success, the means to be adopted, or the assurances of support that he has already received, but we shall know all about it in a few days.

It is curious to note that the injunction becomes reprehensible only when it is used against the labor unions. When the unions themselves are aggrieved then the injunction becomes a very present help in time of trouble. The *New York Times* says:

It may be assumed that the Detroit Metal Polishers, Buffers, and Platers' Union has no unconquerable aversion to the injunction in labor disputes, for it has just secured an injunction forbidding any one, and especially the police, from interfering with its lawful plans for increasing the membership of the union. Apparently the police had interfered with the union's use of the streets for the "peaceful solicitation" of members of the union, and the police were ordered to stop interfering with the use of the streets in any manner, lawful for all. If Mr. Gompers were suffering from any unlawful limitation of his union's beneficial activities he would find the law as useful to him as to this Detroit union.

Sauce for the goose is not necessarily sauce for the gander. Gompers should disclose his whole hand and ask for what he really wants, which is simply a plank to the effect that whatever is obnoxious to or disapproved of by the labor unions is hereby and henceforth illegal.

Whatever may be the fate of the injunction plank at Denver, we are not likely to get to the end of the agitation for some time to come. We may therefore just as well get at a clear understanding of what the fuss is all about so as not to be misled into the idea that "government by injunction" means anything more than a summary prohibition to refrain from some contemplated and recognized illegality. The injunction forbids a man or a body of men from doing some specific act which is already contrary to law and for which the law provides a penalty. The injunction forbids the performance of an offense; it does not create a new offense; its mandate does not compel the performance of an act, but the non-performance of an act already and admittedly illegal. It enforces inaction and not action.

The *Square Deal* reminds us that a year ago, when an effort was made to restrict the power of the Federal courts in injunction cases, the judiciary committee of the United States Senate considered carefully the bill brought before it for this purpose. At one of the meetings James M. Beck of New York, a lawyer of ability and standing, read from the record of the courts in every reported injunction case and a summary of this statement shows:

That in seven cases the court had refused to issue restraining orders without a preliminary hearing, not deeming the exigency sufficiently great.

That in every case but one where an injunction was issued without a preliminary hearing the court upon a full hearing sustained the order made.

That in every case but one where the issuance of an injunction was reviewed by an appellate court the injunctive decree was sustained, and even in the one exception the injunction was merely modified.

Such is the actual record, and yet, if we were to judge from the fulminations and frothings of Gompers, we should suppose that the laborer could no longer call his soul his own and was positively unable to draw his pay for fear of an injunction.

Equally apropos comes a word from Mr. Taft himself. Within the last few days a volume entitled "Present-Day Problems," by William H. Taft, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. One of the problems therein handled by the Republican nominee is on "The Federal Judiciary," and the fact that the chapter in question is the reprint of a speech delivered in 1895 is an advantage and not a loss. It shows Mr. Taft's views thirteen years ago, and that he includes the speech in the present volume is proof that those views have been consistently preserved and are still his own. For the matter of that the following paragraph might have been written yesterday:

But when the labor unions, as they sometimes do, seek to interfere with interstate commerce and to obstruct its flow, they are prone to carry out their purposes with such a blare of trumpets and such open defiance of law that the proof of their guilt is out of their own mouths. The rhetorical indictment against the Federal courts, that from that which was intended as a shield against corporate wrong they have forged a weapon to attack the wage-earner, is in this way given a specious force which a candid observer will be blind to ignore. Thus are united in a common enemy against the Federal courts the populist and the trade unionist with all those whose political action is likely to be affected by such a combination. And yet their enemy has no other justification than the differing and unavoidable limitations upon the efficacy of judicial action in respect to corporate and labor evils.

As a matter of fact there is nothing in any Federal decision directed against the organization of labor to maintain wages and to secure terms of employment otherwise favorable. The courts, so far as they have expressed themselves upon the subject, recognize the right of men for a lawful purpose to combine to leave their employment at the same time, and to use the inconvenience this may cause to their employer as a legitimate weapon in the frequently recurring controversy as to the amount of wages. It is only when the combination is for an unlawful purpose, and an unlawful injury is thereby sought to be inflicted, that the combination has received the condemnation of the Federal as well as of State courts.

The action of the Federal courts all over the country in the recent American Railway Union strike in issuing injunctions to prevent further unlawful interference by the strikers with the carrying of the mails, and the flow of interstate commerce, followed by the commitment for contempt of the strike leaders who defied the injunction served on them, is what has called out the official protests of the governors of Illinois and Colorado, and the phrase "government by injunction" has been invented to describe the alleged usurpation of power by the Federal tribunals in this crisis.

Mr. Taft hits the nail squarely upon the head when he says that "the real objection to the injunction is the certainty that disobedience will be promptly punished before a court without a jury." The law-breaker has a constitutional aversion to summary proceedings. He prefers to commit the offense and then to take his chance—if indeed it can be called a chance—of bamboozling a jury, playing upon its whims and prejudices, and exhausting the last possibilities of legal chicanery. Most of all he wants to commit the offense.

The cry of "government by injunction" grew out of the Debs case and from the action of the Federal courts and of Grover Cleveland in cutting short the dangerous movement that tried to come to a head in Chicago in 1894. The phrase was invented by Governor Altgeld, who left law and order to look out for themselves and who was indignant when Federal powers were invoked to do the duties that he himself had so grossly neglected. Now it looks as if the old agitation were to become a part of Bryanism.

The Rotherhithe tunnel, lately opened to the public, is the twelfth under the Thames. The first, dug by Brunel, was opened in 1843, and is still in use by the East London Railway Company. It took eighteen years to construct it because of ignorance of the geological formations to be encountered. The Tower subway, now used for gas and water, was built in a year by Barlow, and was opened in 1870. The new tunnel, like the Blackwell tunnel finished in 1896, is a capacious highway; the others are either footways or "tubes" for underground railways.

H. C. Hansbrough, United States senator from North Dakota, was beaten in his fight for renomination at the primaries.

THE REID-WARD WEDDING.

The Ancient Chapel Royal in London Is the Scene of an Interesting Ceremony.

In the language of diplomacy the marriage between Miss Jean Reid and the Hon. John Ward is a *fait accompli*. Nothing was left undone to give the wedding all the impressiveness of a royal ceremony, while popular enthusiasm was so marked and so spontaneous as to be a tribute as much to the popularity of Mr. Whitelaw Reid as to the graceful charm of his daughter.

At this time of day there is no need to remind any one of the beginnings of a romance that has now reached its consummation. Miss Reid and Mr. Ward met at Biarritz while the latter was in attendance upon the king, and the announcement of the betrothal followed at once upon their return to London. Mr. Ward is a brother of the Earl of Dudley, a special favorite of the king, and standing high in the popular regard. Indeed there is no marriage of late years that has awakened quite so much popular interest or that has been marked by quite so much popular approval.

The royal pew at the Chapel Royal, St. James, was well filled yesterday. The king and queen were present, as well as the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, and Prince Francis of Teck. The bride, escorted by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, arrived at three o'clock, and of her costume it may be enough to say that it was of satin with bouquets of orange blossoms and her veil was of lace. She was followed into the church by six little boys and girls, the boys in quaint antique garb with nankeen breeches and blue velvet shirts and the girls in muslin with blue bows in their hair. The chief bridesmaid, Miss Crocker, walked alone, dressed also in white muslin and with a blue sash. The children were so very young as to be almost irresponsible, and when one of them asked in a particularly audible and penetrating voice how much longer the ceremony would be the king and queen showed their amusement by broad smiles.

A telegraphic summary of the proceedings will of course have reached California far in advance of this letter, and the main facts will already be public property. But it may not be amiss to say that the British government was officially represented by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, Sir Edward and Lady Grey, Sir Charles and Lady Hardinge, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt. From the Reid family came Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Miss Mills, Mrs. James Low Harriman, Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, and Miss Bishop. Other Americans present were Mrs. Potter Palmer, Lady Newborough, Mrs. Carolyn, Mrs. and Miss Ronaldo, Mrs. Hay Ritchie, Miss Feridah Taylor, Mrs. Henry Coventry, Mrs. Harold Baring, Mrs. Frank Mackey, and Mrs. Marshall Field. Some of these people were present at the ceremony, while others came only to the subsequent reception. The bride and bridegroom left the house almost unobserved, but Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and a few intimate friends were waiting at the entrance hall for the last adieux, and as soon as it was known that the chief actors had actually departed the guests went their respective ways with good wishes that were all heartfelt.

There is no literary art that can make a list of wedding presents look very different from an auctioneer's catalogue. The printed word is fatal to the sentiment that gives to such things their real and abiding value. From the king and queen came a bracelet set with diamonds, but perhaps to be even more cherished is the recollection of the private and intimate talk with the queen and the kiss that concluded it. Perhaps, too, even more precious than gems is the card of congratulation sent by the king to the bride, and the grammatical lapsus will not lessen its value. The card was addressed to "Miss Whitelaw Reid," and this is not the lady's correct designation. Eldest or only daughters are addressed without the intermediate name, but here President Roosevelt was equally at fault, for the card accompanying his present bore the words "Miss Jean Reid." But the king added another error and one still more interesting, for to the phrase "my best wishes" he attached the signature "from Edward R." But the king's error—if indeed the "King's English" can be in error—was one of impulsiveness, and it will not detract from the value of the present. Queen Victoria, it may be remembered, was similarly prone to deviation from strict grammatical rectitude when her emotions were concerned. Another royal gift, from the Prince and Princess of Wales, took the form of a set of silver dinner dishes. Mr. and Mrs. Reid gave a diamond tiara and a collar. Mr. Morgan's present was distinctive of his aesthetic tastes. He sent a fac-simile of an ancient Oriental necklace set with rough and uncut emeralds and sapphires. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie gave a large diamond, Mrs. Russell Sage a group of tourmalines and diamonds, Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Root a number of gold cups, Mrs. Jennie Crocker a ring of pearls and diamonds, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor a diamond pin, while another jeweled pin came from Mr. W. W. Astor. Mrs. Hay sent a silver tray and Lord Rosebery a diamond and amethyst drop. There were, of course, numberless other presents, a great many of the donors remembering that both bride and bridegroom are connoisseurs of old silver and eager collectors. The presents of silver alone form a fine collection and many of them have a quite extraordinary interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid will spend their honeymoon at

Lord Dudley's house in Ireland, although they will spend a preliminary week in England. When the honeymoon is over they will take up their residence in Carlton Gardens.

LONDON, July 24, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

There was a youth, and a well beloved youth,
And he was an esquire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington.

She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind,

And when he had been seven long years,
And his love he had not seen,
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake
When she little thought of me."

All the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the hailiff's daughter,—
She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of gray,
And put on her puggish attire.
She's up to fair London gone
Her true love to require.

As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true love,
At length came riding by.

She stepped to him, as red as any rose,
And took him by the bridle ring:
"I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny
To ease my weary limb."

"I prithee, sweet heart, canst thou tell me
Where that thou wast born?"
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweet heart, canst thou tell me
Whether dost thou know
The hailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She's dead, sir, long ago."

"Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow,
I will unto some far cuntry
Where no man doth me know."

"O stay, O stay! thou goodly youth,
She's alive, she is not dead;
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to he thy hide."

"O farewell grief! and welcome joy!
Ten thousand times and more,
For now I have seen my own true love
That I thought I should have seen no more."
—Old Ballads.

Dabbling in the Dew.

Oh, where are you going to, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosey cheeks and your coal-black hair?
I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she answered me:
And it's dahhling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dahhling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses, a gray gallant pair?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dahhling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dahhling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

O hut London's a city, my pretty little dear,
And all men are gallant and brave that are there—
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dahhling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

O fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare
Bring gray to the cheeks and silver to the hair;
What's a ring on the finger if rings are round the eye?
But it's dahhling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
—From "Folk Songs from Somerset."

The region of Luderitz Bay, where the great diamond find is reported, is in the extreme southwest of Africa, in a section known as Damara Land, or Hereroland. It has a coast line of 460 miles. On the north is Guinea, and the British possessions surround it on the south and east. The country some years ago came into the possession of the Germans. In the mountain region it is fertile, and in spots wheat can be raised. Copper and iron are said to be abundant, but the country has been prospected but little as regards the mineral wealth. Since the Germans have been in possession some attempts have been made to work the country. Windhoek is the principal town in the northern section. The diamond find is many miles from the town, and near the coast, in a section of country not known heretofore to be rich in diamonds. It is hundreds of miles from Kimberley and the other diamond-producing centres of the British South African possessions. The country is sparsely populated excepting with savages.

A New Jersey man recently captured the largest frog ever seen at Cedar Grove Reservoir. The hind legs of the frog weighed nearly three pounds. Cooked at the headquarters of the fire department, the legs served as a tid-bit for four men.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Five touring automobiles, conveying Roger Sullivan of Illinois and twenty guests, made the trip from Chicago to Denver, arriving safely before the convention.

Elihu Root, Secretary of State, began at Muldoon's sanitarium at White Plains, New York, last week a course of physical training intended to put him in a physical condition for another year of hard work at his desk in Washington.

David B. Hill has repudiated by cablegram an interview which was published widely as coming from him on the day he sailed for Europe. In this interview Mr. Hill was quoted as referring to Governor Johnson as "the poorhouse candidate," criticising Mr. Bryan, and saying that "there is no Democratic party."

The French ambassador and Mme. Jusserand left Washington a few days ago for their home in France for the summer season. The chargé d'affaires and counselor at the embassy, M. de la Fosse, who returned from Europe several days ago, is now in Newport, where he will establish the embassy for the summer season.

It was remarked of the St. Louis efforts to secure the place of running-mate with Bryan for D. R. Francis that such a combination would recall the late Senator Hoar's characterization of the Hayes and Wheeler ticket at a ratification meeting in Faneuil Hall. He said it reminded him of the Irishman's stone wall, whose breadth was greater than its height, so that if it fell over it would be higher than it was before.

President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University has been appointed United States representative on the international commission which will investigate the fishery laws governing the American-Canadian border waters. Samuel Torel Bastevo has been appointed as the British commissioner. They will report on a code of laws for the preservation of the fisheries. The commission was provided for in a treaty ratified at the last session of the Senate at Washington.

William J. Bryan and William H. Taft will speak in Lincoln on consecutive days during September, and it is possible each will listen to the other. That is the announcement made at Governor Sheldon's office, following correspondence with Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft by W. R. Neller, secretary of the Nebraska Board of Agriculture. Promises, it was said, had been made by both men to attend the Nebraska State Fair and make addresses, but the exact dates were not announced.

Director S. N. D. North of the Census Bureau is already getting ready for the thirteenth census. It was hoped by Mr. North that the Crumpacker bill to provide for this and subsequent decennial censuses would be passed the last session of Congress, but it failed of enactment along with numerous other measures of importance by reason of the rush at the close of the session and the anxiety of the Congress leaders to hurry the session to an end. It will cost about \$14,000,000 to take the census.

President Roosevelt authorized Secretary Loeb to make public a statement regarding the story that young Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is going to work for the Steel Trust this summer. The President was angry, because he says the story seems to imply that he might be influenced in his attitude toward the trust by his son's going to work for it. Secretary Loeb sets forth that the President has no direct knowledge that the firm by which young Roosevelt is to be employed is controlled by the trust, and that in any event the boy is merely to work as a laborer.

Assistant Attorney-General A. B. Pugh has issued a statement in regard to the land conspiracy case which resulted in the conviction of Frederick A. Hyde and Joost H. Schneider and the acquittal of John A. Benson and Henry P. Dimond. He declares that while the trial cost the government \$48,360, the beneficial results to the Land Department in the future administration of the public land laws are beyond calculation. The net result will be the restoration to the government of more than 100,000 acres of public lands, valued at about \$1,000,000.

William R. Hearst failed to establish his right to the majority of New York through his contest of Mayor McClellan's election and the recount of the ballots in court. He professes to be content with the outcome, however, and says: "The fight was not to make me mayor, but to secure an honest count of the votes cast by the citizens. In the face of enormous and unnecessary difficulties that count has been secured, and hereafter it will not be possible for election thieves to commit frauds in secrecy and security behind the barrier of the law."

Charles P. Grandfield, who has succeeded First Assistant Postmaster-General Frank H. Hitchcock as the important managing head of the Postoffice Department, has come up through the ranks of the postal service from the lowest ranks. For a number of years the new first assistant to the Postmaster-General was head of the division of salary and allowances, and when Mr. Hitchcock left the department to devote all his time to advancing the presidential aspirations of Secretary Taft he recommended Grandfield for deserved promotion on a purely merit basis. He is considered most capable by his bureau associates in Washington official circles.

AT PIERRE'S ROTISSERIE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXI.

When Yarrow held forth to Alden on the merits of the city's foreign restaurants he had not boasted unduly. The foreign element among the gold-seekers left a marked impress on the population. Among these foreign colonies, the largest was the French. The exiled Gauls had two daily newspapers to speak for them; they had a theatre, at which both plays and comic operas were given, and they were leaders in much of the city's pleasure-taking. One of the most important banks, that of Desroches & Bearn, was French; its financial affiliations were direct with Paris rather than with New York. Several minor banks were French in their ownership and connections. The restaurants most affected by the social and political leaders of the time were all French. No city in the United States, save only New Orleans, had what could at that time compare with these restaurants in excellence.

Mercadon's Rotisserie, of all the restaurants, was the one most resorted to by the wealth and fashion of the day. It was an evolution of the cook-shop of Lutetia—the kind of place in which Francois Villon might have had a stolen goose roasted for himself and his Mie Margot. The kitchen was paraded in the front, not hidden in the back, as is the case with most restaurants, or buried in the cellar, as are the kitchens of modern Paris. To reach their seats the guests passed amid the white-capped chefs and the white-clad *marmittons*; passed by the ranges covered with *casserolles* containing savory concoctions, and the open roasting fires, before which slowly revolved joints of beef, saddles of lamb, mountain quail, canvas-back; passed between long rows of brightly burnished copper saucepans. There the wise epicure would stop and counsel with the chef concerning the day's delicacies; would waver between a pompano and a mountain-trout; would debate the merits of a domestic turkey fed on chestnuts, or a red-head duck fed on wild celery. Sometimes such an epicure, after outlining an elaborate repast, would catch a whiff from a giant crock wherein had gently simmered for forty-eight hours some *tripes à la made de Caen*, a dish which the chef prepared but once a week. Often the wise epicure—knowing that even a Gargantua could partake of but a single course if he began with that one—would abandon his artificial menu, and frankly fill himself up with the Normandy delicacy, lost to all shame. Another gastronome would order *Baudin Richelieu*, and watch the chef removing the white meat of a spitted chicken, making it into a toothsome *sauccise*, and sautéing it deftly with a delicate *saucé mousseline*. These culinary processes, under the very eyes of the waiting trenchermen, added enormously to their enjoyment—the sight meant anticipation as well as deglutition and digestion.

Seated at a table by himself was an elderly Frenchman, wearing the moustache and imperial so often seen during the golden days of the Third Napoleon. Standing deferentially by his side was Pierre Mercadon, the proprietor of the restaurant, taking down the dinner order of the great French banker.

"And that will be all," he concluded, "a eup of consommé, a quail *aux chaux*, some gruyère, and coffee."

"*Bien*, Monsieur Desroches," replied Pierre, briskly, starting for the front of the restaurant to give the order. As he did so, he stood aside respectfully to let a newcomer pass, bowing low, and saying to a waiter, "Attention—a table for Monsieur le Gouverneur."

"Never mind another table, Peere," said Governor Jackson; "I'll sit here with Mossoo Desroches, if he'll let me."

"Very glad to have you, I'm sure," replied Desroches.

When seated, the governor affably asked Desroches's advice about his dinner. But it soon developed that the meagre menu of the French banker was unsuited to his excellency's appetite, and he ordered a more substantial meal.

"And now, what'll we have to drink?" queried the governor in rotund tones.

Desroches reflected. "Hum!" said he; "suppose we try a bottle of Chateau Margaux—I mean the real Margaux, governor—not the kind that's for sale at every hotel for four dollars a bottle when it sells for more than that at the vineyard. I don't know what that hotel wine is made of—out of almost anything—even grapes at times. Now I have a lot that was sent to me as a present by the Vicomte Aguado, the owner of the Margaux vineyard; it came on the last French ship arriving here from Bordeaux."

"But how does it happen that you have it at this restaurant?" asked the governor in surprise.

"Most of it is up at my house on the hill; but I dine here frequently, and so I have Pierre keep some of it here for me. Why should I not? Money is to spend, wine to drink. There is a French proverb, 'When the wine is poured it is to drink.' So here's to you."

"Good luck," returned the governor, pledging his table companion in the generous vintage.

"How do you like it?" asked the banker. "It's of the famous vintage of the Comet Year."

"It's fine," replied the governor, without enthusiasm. "But if you don't mind, I'll put a little sugar in mine. I don't really care much for these sour elarets. Say, Peere, gimme some sugar."

The countenance of Pierre as he watched the head of

the State putting sugar in the Chateau Margaux *grand cru* was a study.

"And now, Desroches," said the governor, sipping his sangaree, "tell me what you hear about the senatorial fight."

The voices of both men were lowered as they leaned together across the table and continued their talk.

Across the way were seated two other diners who had cordially saluted both the governor and Desroches. These two—also talking in low tones, and also about the senatorial contest—were Colquhoun and DeKay, both Southerners, followers of Wyley, and friends of Tower.

"I hear that Fox has sent that nephew of his, young Alden, over into El Dorado, to run for the legislature," said Colquhoun; "if he's elected, that would ostensibly mean a vote for Fox for senator, but in reality a vote for Burke."

"Yes," replied DeKay, "but haven't you heard what happened to him?"

"No—what was it?"

"Alden was on the stage going from Yubaville to El Dorado, when it was held up by road-agents, and he and the stage-driver got all shot up."

"No!—How did you hear of it?"

"Eugene Yarrow is just down from the valley; he was up at Helmont's ranch, where Alden had been taken to recover from his wounds."

"This may interfere with Alden's election," suggested Colquhoun.

"No, I hardly think so. The people at El Dorado are in a wild excitement, Yarrow tells me. They have threatened to lynch any man who doesn't vote for Alden, so he'll be elected unanimously. The whole town is scouring the mountains for the road-agents. They think it is the Basquez gang."

"Let's see—that gang was supposed to have been started to revenge the lynching of some Mexican woman at Yubaville, wasn't it?"

"So they say, and all the greasers sympathize with them, help them, hide them, and throw dust in the eyes of their pursuers. But then there has always been some greaser gang out on the road."

"Yes," assented Colquhoun, "ever since Joaquin Murieta was caught and killed, there have been so many gangs that most of the Mexicans believe he's still alive."

"He oughtn't to be, considering how many of his heads there are in pickle."

"That's so—there must be a head of Joaquin in alcohol in nearly every first-class saloon in the State."

"Or in mesal," rejoined DeKay, dryly, "that gives it more of a Mexican flavor."

"This fellow Basquez probably took the name of Joaquin to fool the greasers. He's a cool head, though," went on Colquhoun. "Some weeks ago Governor Jackson over there issued a proclamation beginning, 'I John, and so forth, going on to offer three thousand dollars for Basquez's head. Last week there rode up to the stage station at Alder Creek, only a few miles from Sacrosanto, a good-looking greaser, with silver-mounted saddle, bridle, and spurs, riding a buckskin bronco. He stopped at the stage station, read the proclamation on the wall, wrote something under it, and rode away. When the station agent looked to see what the man had written, he found added to the proclamation the words: 'I will raise the reward to ten thousand dollars. Jaquin Basquez.' Rather brash business, wasn't it?"

"Brash! I should say so! But they may get him yet for this shooting of Fox's nephew. If the whole country turns out, so large a gang will find it difficult to hide."

"Fox will keep the people stirred up—he realizes that it keeps him and his nephew in the limelight. He has an itch for office, although he has no chance for the senatorship."

"If he doesn't stop rowing with Tower, he is more apt to fill a hole in the ground than a seat in the Senate."

"Right you are. Fox doesn't know the kind of man he is antagonizing. Tower is the most dangerous man I ever knew. He is absolutely without fear, is of an un governable temper, and as revengeful as an Indian. He has been out on the field only once because everybody's afraid of him. Did you ever hear of his affair with Welton?"

"No—what was it?" inquired DeKay.

"It started in the courtroom. Tower became involved in a quarrel with another attorney named Welton, who challenged him. Tower named as his conditions 'pistols at five paces.' Welton weakened, and had to wear the white feather. When I asked Tower why he made such extraordinary conditions, he replied: 'Welton is a dead shot with the pistol. I am not. But if Welton lacks nerve, he may miss me, even at five paces, but I know I can hit him at five.' The mere idea of five paces scared Welton."

"I don't know as I blame him much—at five paces two men would almost touch the muzzles of each other's pistols. That's fighting, that is. No wonder Fox is shy of Tower."

"Fox will never fight him; he keeps out of Tower's way. There are four men in the State who seem paired off by fate to fight—Wyley against Burke, and Tower against Fox. But Fox seems to try persistently to antagonize his leader Burke against Tower."

"Who really has no quarrel with Burke. While on the other hand, our own revered chieftain," hinted DeKay, "seems by no means eager to rush to the field of honor with the Short Hairs' leader, Burke."

"Still, Wyley has been out a number of times, colonel," said Colquhoun, in a corrective tone.

"Oh, yes, I know that. I am not questioning his courage—only commenting on his discretion. But why should he hunt for a duel? If he simply walks warily Fox will succeed in embroiling Burke in some trouble with Tower."

"With whom he has no quarrel whatever."

"Very true, but if one does not arise naturally a cause will be forced upon them, mark my words," responded DeKay. "But here's Yarrow—How are you, Eugene?—come over here and join us."

But even as he spoke the two diners across the way were also demanding with insistent cordiality that the newcomer should sit at their table. For a moment Yarrow stood irresolute between the two tables; then with a quick glance, noting that there were no political or personal vendettas between the four, he cried jocularly:

"See how popular a man can make himself simply by going away! Boys, let's join forces. You have all dined and so have I. So let's bring the tables together and take a post-prandial. Do I hear any objection? I hear none, and with the governor's permission it is so ordered."

Pierre and his waiters made haste to bring the two tables together, and Yarrow so contrived it that the governor sat at the head.

"Now, boys, what shall it be?" cried Yarrow. "Governor, what will you take? A whisky punch—good. Pierre, a whisky punch for Governor Jackson. Desroches, I know what you will have—*une fine, n'est-ce pas?* Pierre, a *fine champagne* for Monsieur Desroches. Colquhoun? Whisky. Pierre, a whisky straight for Mr. Colquhoun. Colonel? The same. Two whiskies. As for me, Pierre, you may make for me one of those individual *pause-café*s of yours—a *chasse-café* confected by your own hands. And be careful in pouring it, Pierre."

"*Bien*, monsieur," replied the beaming Pierre, as he gazed around to note the effect produced on other diners by his distinguished guests.

"You have been away, Eugene," said Desroches, looking at the young man with kindly eyes. "Where have you been hiding yourself?"

"I went up to look after some mineral lands my father owns on the edge of the Salsipuedes desert," replied Yarrow. "They're worked out as placer diggings, and are no use now to placer miners or other men without capital. Still, continual watching is required to keep jumpers off. The miners suspect there is some hidden treasure there."

"So do you apparently," replied Desroches, laughing.

"Yes, but the claim-jumpers are sure of it and we are not," replied Yarrow. "We have yet to develop the mine."

"I thought you told me you'd been up to Helmont's ranch," interrupted DeKay.

"Yes, I did stop over there for a flying visit," replied Eugene, carelessly. "But as I was saying about our mineral land, the claim-jumpers hope to hold it adversely to us, and be bought off. The Vigilantes up there are rather a tough lot, and the claim-jumpers all belong to the Vigilantes."

DeKay pointed to a formidable array of bottles which a waiter held on a tray behind Pierre. "Are these all for you, Eugene?" he asked.

"Yes," laughed Yarrow, "each bottle is, but not all of every one. Observe the skill of Master Pierre."

With becoming gravity Pierre took bottle after bottle, and poured a minute quantity from each into a tiny liqueur glass, followed by the eyes of guests and waiters.

"What have you got there, Yarrow?" inquired the governor, "I am fond of mixed beverages, but I never saw so many bottles used to make a single drink."

"It is an individual *pause-café*," replied Yarrow. "You see, for a sub-stratum Pierre first pours into the bottom of the glass a little old cognac—the same *fine champagne* that Desroches has there. Then on top of that he pours, successively, little layers of white maraschino, Benedictine, Kirschwasser, Kümmel, anisette, yellow chartreuse, curacao, crème de menthe, Italian vermouth, and green chartreuse. That is the chartreuse he is pouring now—the final layer. Is not the beverage a work of art?"

Beaming with pride, Pierre deftly poured the last brimming drop from the final bottle, which he sweepingly handed to an obsequious waiter. The tiny glass shone and sparkled with color from the various layers of liqueurs. Each liqueur lay superimposed upon the other, its color sharply defined.

"How do you drink it, Yarrow?" inquired the governor; "do you shake it up?"

"Good God! No!" replied Yarrow, with a withering look. "The charm of such a *pause-café* is that each successive layer shall follow its predecessor on the palate. Were it to be shaken up it would be as vulgar as a—a—a—looking at the governor's empty glass—as a sangaree sipped through a straw."

"Peere!" suddenly cried the governor to the attentive proprietor, "gimme one of those"—pointing to Yarrow's glass—"but make it in a goblet."

"You say in a goblet, monsieur?" inquired the stupefied Pierre.

"Yes—in a big glass like this," replied his excellency, pointing.

Shaking his head in a melancholy manner Pierre began his task of compounding a gigantic *pause-café* for the chief magistrate, while Desroches and Yarrow looked at one another with amused glances.

"Apropos of mixed drinks, governor," said Yarrow,

"did you ever tackle that Jersey beverage called 'Stone Fence'?"

"Never even heard of it," replied his excellency. "What's it like?"

"It's made of whisky and hard cider—Jersey whisky at that," interrupted DeKay. "I drank one once—just one—and I was stunned for three days. It was awful," he added feelingly.

"Some mixed drinks are apt to have that effect," said Yarrow meaningly, as the goblet of liqueurs was placed before his excellency.

"Speaking of whisky, reminds me that this town has changed greatly in a few years," said Colquhoun, "and the change seems to have come when the price of whisky changed."

"The court is with you," assented DeKay. "It's a very different town from what it was when whisky was four bits a drink."

"You are right, genl'mn," remarked the governor, somewhat thickly, but with much dignity. "I can remember distinctly when I could have bought fifty-vara lots in this town for twelve dollars apiece. Those were good old times. Whisky was four bits a drink then."

"Money was plenty then, too," added Colquhoun, gloomily. "And there were plenty of chances to make it."

"Yes, and men made it so easily that they paid no attention to it," commented DeKay. "You all know Brewer—Colonel Tom Brewer—the silver-tongued orator, you know. Well, one day, in the old times, Brewer found he was busted—clean, flat broke. He borrowed some money to settle his poker debts, and then got ready to go to the mines. On his way he met a banker friend of his—not his banker, but a banker. Friend asked where he was going. 'To the diggings,' says Brewer, 'I'm broke.' 'Nonsense,' says the friend, 'you got over five thousand dollars in my bank.' Brewer wouldn't believe him. 'Come along,' says the banker, 'and we'll see.' Sure enough—there it was. Brewer had deposited it there—clean forgot it. Here, Pierre, take the gentlemen's orders."

"Then there was Judge Higgins," added Colquhoun. "He had to take a hundred-vara lot for a legal fee—client couldn't pay anything else. Sold it two years later for three hundred thousand dollars and went back to the States."

"The case of Leidesdorff, the Danish consul, was the most peculiar," remarked Desroches. "He died heavily in debt, and his estate was supposed to be bankrupt. Before it could be probated and distributed, his beach and water lots increased so much in value that his estate was appraised at over three millions."

"They say Burke has made a large fortune out of his beach and water lots," said Colquhoun. "I've heard him rated at over half a million. That's a great deal of money to make in a few years."

"He'll need it all before the senatorial campaign is through," interjected DeKay. "He's spending money like water, from all I hear."

"S-s-s-s-h!" murmured Yarrow in a low tone. "Here he comes now—and with Sophia Lucretia."

It was indeed the successful political boss. Master of many men, he was now the willing slave of one woman. The dashing Miss Leigh acknowledged smilingly the salutations of the group of men, most of whom she knew, and led the way to a corner table, whence she could command the crowded room. This table had evidently been reserved for Senator Burke and his companion, for the ubiquitous Pierre was already standing beside it as they approached, waiting to turn down the chairs. Pierre presented the bill of fare, and while the new arrivals were scanning it, they were the chief topic for those in the room.

"Miss Leigh is looking very handsome tonight," observed Yarrow.

"Dem fine looking woman," replied DeKay. "Seems like Burke was the favorite now," remarked Colquhoun. "For a time Tower and Burke were neck and neck."

"But now, begad, Burke has taken the pole, and Tower is left at the post," responded DeKay.

"I hear she has quite a fortune in her own right—an orphan, only child, and that sort of thing," remarked Colquhoun.

"So I have heard," agreed DeKay.

Desroches was silent, but the ends of his white moustaches went up, and a subtle smile curled round his lips. Probably the banker knew, better than any one there, who kept Sophia Lucretia's bank account replenished.

"Well, gentlemen," said Colquhoun, looking at his watch, "I'm sorry, but I must be going. Eugene, if you'll punch the governor there, I'll say good-night to him first, according to his rank."

The governor, in effect, had yielded to the too potent goblet of liqueurs. His head had fallen forward on the table, and he was wrapped in profound if audible slumber.

"I think," said Yarrow, mildly shaking the executive shoulder, "it must have been the green chartreuse—it is not well to take it wholesale. Wake up, governor! Wake up!" And Yarrow hummed gaily:

"Green-eyed Chartreuse!
The green, not the yellow!
The taste and the smell—oh,
Who could refuse?"

With a snort, and the exclamation "What's that?" several times repeated, his excellency opened his slightly bleary eyes, and returned to earth.

The party paid their score, and as they were escorted to the door by the bowing Pierre, DeKay said to Colquhoun:

"Just look at that couple, will you! Did you ever see a pair so much wrapped up in each other?"

"Never did, colonel," replied Colquhoun, "it looks to me as if they had everything all fixed. I shouldn't be surprised if their engagement was announced any day. Good-night, governor. You'll see the governor home, will you, Eugene? That's right. Good-night."

And what were the couple saying whose deep interest in one another had excited the comment of the group of men? They were not talking of love—at least not at that moment. Later they did. But both the beginning and the ending of their conversation would have greatly amazed the group that had just gone.

It was Sophia Lucretia who was speaking, and her lowered tone and earnestness showed that she was deeply interested:

"And you really mean to tell me, senator," she was saying, "that old Wyley sent you and offered to make a compromise? Why, who would ever have dreamed of such a thing?"

"Yes," replied Burke. "It was only yesterday that he sent me a note which Colonel Quirk brought, with a request for an answer by private hand. In his note Wyley said that if I would withdraw my opposition to him for the long term, he would permit me to name the next governor of the State. He to permit! He to permit me!" closed Burke with a sneer.

"Yes, indeed! The idea!" echoed Sophia Lucretia indignantly. "And what did you reply?"

"I wrote him," replied Burke slowly, as if relishing the taste of his own words, "I wrote him in this language, namely, as follows: 'Senator Wyley is hereby informed that Senator Burke intends to name the governor without Senator Wyley's permission.'"

"Gracious me! Wasn't that cutting? And what did he say to that?" asked Sophia Lucretia.

"Nothing," replied Burke, laughing harshly. "What could he? There was nothing for him to say."

For some moments the lady was silent, overcome with her own importance. She was, she said to herself, probably the only person in the city, outside of the two concerned, who knew of this fateful message.

"Your confidence is complimentary, but don't you think, senator, that you're unwise in confiding secrets to a woman?" she asked archly. "And particularly state secrets?"

Burke gazed at her with fire in his eyes. "I would confide anything to you," he exclaimed in passionate tones. "Besides," he added with an unintentional but ludicrous anticlimax, "besides, you need not keep this a secret. I have no objection to letting everybody know it."

It was not a tactful speech, and the lady frowned. But Burke was no courtier, and his training as fireman and politician had not made him a polished squire of dames. So Sophia Lucretia unbent her arched eyebrows, and smiled again. The poor man didn't mean to be ungallant when he offered to share with the whole city an exclusive confidence between the two of them. Like many other self-made men she knew, his bluntness and brusqueness were often due to a lacking sense of the fitness of words—and sometimes of the fitness of actions, for she had found some self-made men so lacking in tact as to be almost obtuse at times.

This turned out to be one of the times. Burke sat for some moments gazing at her with gloating eyes. Probably even he would not have deliberately selected a crowded restaurant as the place for what he was about to say. Certainly she would not, even if she had expected it. But how it came about Burke never knew. On the heels of his confidence about the Wyley letter he found himself telling her the deepest secrets of his senatorial fight—telling her of his early struggles—telling her of his high ambitions—pleading passionately for her love—and in a final burst asking, nay, demanding, that she should be his wife.

When Sophia Lucretia at last understood him—for although a slow talker, his words tonight came like a whirlwind—she burst into a peal of laughter. Wounded and angered, he regarded her sternly in silence for a time; at last he saw by her inability to stop and by a rush of tears that she was hysterical. His stern face relaxed, and he mercifully gave her time to recover herself. When she had partly regained her self-control, she sobbed:

"Oh, senator, have you never guessed?"

"Guessed?" he said, in wonder. "Guessed what? What do you mean?"

"Oh, I ought to have told you—I know I ought," she moaned. "Mammy told me to tell you. But I was afraid."

"Tell me what?" he asked, uneasily. "What is it that I ought to have been told?"

"Oh, senator," she stammered, "you must forgive me—but I can't marry you—I'm married already."

"What! Married!" ejaculated Burke, "married already! And to whom, in God's name?"

"To General Salem," whimpered the lady, "we were married only last week, and it's a profound secret." And once more the tears began to flow.

Burke was deprived of his power of speech. Married to Salem! That this beautiful creature, whom he passionately loved, should have wedded that bald-headed old wreck and rone—this to him was as incomprehensible as it was bitter.

Long afterwards he remembered it, as one does a dream—he remembered rising, assisting Sophia Lucretia with her wrap, escorting her to the door, putting her in her carriage, and then walking home through the fog, trying to understand the blow—and failing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt have been decorated by the Sultan of Turkey with the jewels of the order Nichani Shefakat, which has for its motto "pity, mercy, kindness."

John D. Rockefeller is writing a sketch of his life which, as he will state in his introduction to the published work, is designed "to shed light on matters that have been somewhat discussed."

Dr. Osler and Winston Spencer Churchill are competitors for the lord rectorship of Edinburgh University. Dr. Osler will admit that his years are against him. In other respects he seems the more appropriate candidate.

Miss Amy Bernardy, instructor in Italian at Smith College, and for the past three months special investigator for the Italian government, sailed for Naples a few days ago to make a report on the condition of Italian women and children in the North Atlantic division of the United States for the Board of Immigration of the Foreign Office of the Italian government at Rome.

The Dalai Lama, who fled from Lhasa on the approach of the British expedition in 1904, is offered many inducements by the Chinese government to return to his country. The Lama has, so far, preferred to remain in China, and his presence has proved a very serious burden upon the officials of the districts he has visited, as he is followed by an enormous number of retainers and baggage animals, for whom the local magistrates have to find supplies.

Walton Van Loon, a venerable resident of Catskill, New York, publishes a pamphlet undertaking to prove that his ancestor, Piet Van Loon, discovered the Hudson River in 1581, or eleven years before Henry Hudson's voyage in the *Holf Moon*—Piet Van Loon having entered the continent by way of the St. Lawrence and thence proceeding southward into the Hudson River Valley. It is not probable, however, that the river's name will ever be changed from Hudson to Van Loon.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates of Utah, who was chosen alternate delegate to the Republican National Convention, is the daughter of the late Brigham Young, and is one of the most prominent adherents of the Mormon Church, of which her father was the head. She has made her mark in her own State as an educator, editor, and author. She founded a successful journal and has written numerous biographies of leading Mormons, as well as fiction, etc. She is a member of the National Council of Women and of the National Press Club, and is connected with a number of important organizations in Utah.

Sidney Kidman, the Australian cattle king, is now in London on his first visit. He probably owns more of the British empire than any one other man. At fourteen he was earning \$2.50 a week and now he has 49,216 square miles of land standing in his name. He began life as a teamster and gradually worked his way up until he was the largest horse dealer and cattle owner in Australia. He owns 100,000 cattle and 10,000 horses, but is not quite satisfied with his business methods. He says that he is coming to this country to try and get a job on a ranch as a cowboy so that he can find out the inside of the American methods.

William II succeeded to the throne of Prussia and thus became third German emperor twenty years ago last month. His father had only reigned ninety-nine days, while William I had been Kaiser for a little over seventeen years, though of course his reign as King of Prussia had lasted from 1861 to 1888, a period of twenty-seven years. The reign of William II as German Kaiser has now, therefore, been longer than that of his grandfather by nearly three years, and on the whole it has been a very momentous and memorable one. But throughout his reign—which is longer than the average—Germany has never once drawn the sword in Europe itself.

J. Pierpont Morgan had the title doctor of laws conferred upon him recently by Yale. Mr. Morgan comes from a family of eminent scholars, poets, theologians, jurists and statesmen. He is the great-great-grandson of the Rev. James Pierpont, but for whom, perhaps, there might not have been any Yale College to make the great history which is the legitimate boast of that institution. The Yale trustees found ample justification in a present representative of this distinguished family, to which the institution owed so much, to show that they had grateful memories. "The degree is awarded with special reference to Mr. Morgan's public service to the nation in mitigating the panic of last fall."

The story that Germany's leading tenor, Heinrich Knote, visited Jean de Reszke in Paris disguised as a peddler, is, after all, true. Jean and his wife were simply amazed at the beauty of his voice, its volume, its dramatic power, and Jean exclaimed: "Sir, I engage you at once for the Opéra. You have gold in your throat." Knote writes to a friend: "The incident was really most droll, and it cost me a terrific effort to play my rôle to the end without laughing. Jean de Reszke aroused my enthusiasm to such a degree that I have decided to follow the capital advice of Mr. X and go, next winter, to study with him, together with my young wife, who has a beautiful soprano voice. He has most kindly consented to take us, and we look forward to that time eagerly."

A GREAT NOVEL.

A New Writer Takes Front Rank with a First Work.

Where is the literary toper who does not know the thrill with which the new novel, picked at haphazard from the shelf, is recognized as a gem of the first water? How pitifully few are such discoveries in the tawdry monotony of quite modern fiction; with what delight we surrender to the charm of the opening pages and abandon ourselves to the luxury of a feast so unforeseen. To the mind's eye the very covers of that book henceforth have a certain radiance as though exhaling exultation over the good things within. What a pity it is, by the way, that books have no outward and visible sign of such inward and spiritual grace as they may possess, something beyond the tawdry touch of advertiser and critic and that shall be as accurately legible at a glance as a good heart and a clean life. Perhaps indeed they have some such aura had we ourselves had the grace to see it, which unfortunately we have not.

A literary diamond such as the above may suggest—was at least intended to suggest—has just come out of the clay. It is by a new writer, Edward C. Booth, and its name is "The Post Girl." It is a story of infinite grace and tenderness and withal of such humor that we hardly know whether to give the palm to the inimitable portraiture of a Yorkshire village with its aggregated ignorances, meannesses, and nobilities, or to the irresistible characters that are drawn in such number and with such exuberant vitality. Two at least of these characters are distinct creations, hot from the forge of the imagination. There is his reverence, the vicar, and there was never his like before upon the printed page. And there is Pam, the post girl, more bewitching than Barrie's Bahhie, greater as a woman and as a sweetheart more adorable. If Pam is only a post girl, we know that his reverence has it right when he says that her unknown origin is certainly not that of a Yorkshire village. She has "the instincts of the bath. Tuhs herself like an officer of dragoons. Doesn't dress herself first and then put a polish on her face with a piece of soapy flannel, taking care to rub the lather well in. Ha! that's our Ullhrig way. Leave the neck for Sunday, and rub the soap well in."

A visitor comes to Ullhrig in the form of Maurice Wynne, a young musician who wants rest for his great composition. The first time he tries his piano, late at night, he hears a movement in the shrubbery and, jumping through the open window, he is just in time to catch Pam:

"To tell the truth," he said, "I hardly know what to think myself, so it's no use saying I do. I thought perhaps . . . poultry, first of all; but your voice doesn't sound a bit like poultry, and I'm sure you don't look it. And I don't think it was apples, either, though you'd got the right gate for those. Besides, apples don't count . . . that way. I've gathered them myself at this time of night before now, and been hauled back over the wall by a leg. We don't think anything of that."

"It was the piano," she explained, unsteadily, and for a moment the steadfast flames in her eyes flickered under irrelative lids.

"The piano?" the spawper raised his voice in amused interrogation. "Heavens! You weren't going to try to take that away, were you? It took ten of us and a hottle of whisky to get it in, and threepence to Barclay's boy for sitting on the gate and telling us by clockwork, 'Ye'll get stuck wi' her yet before ye're done,' and half a crown to the man that let the truss down upon my toes. Surely you weren't thinking of tackling an enterprise like that single-handed, were you?"

For the first time he drew forth the faint foreglimmering of what the girl should be like in smiles; a sudden illuminated softening of the features, as when warm sunlight melts marble, that spread and passed in a moment.

"I was listening," she said.

The vicar is Pam's staunch champion and friend, and she certainly needs a champion in a censorious village quick to resent a superiority of which Pam's every footstep and every word is eloquent. Here are some of his reverence's functions as drawn by himself:

"The vicar, you see," he explained, as his shoulders dipped into the dusk over the threshold, "is his own servant in addition to being everybody else's. He acts as a chastening object lesson to our Ullhrig pride. We don't go out to service at Ullhrig. We scrub floors, we scour front door steps, we wash clothes, we clean sinks, we empty slops, we peel potatoes—but, thank God, we are not servants. Only his reverence is a servant. Whee anything goes wrong with our nonconformist inwards—run, Mary, and pull his reverence's bell. That's what his reverence is for. Don't trouble the doctor first of all. Let's see what his reverence says. The doctor will go back and enter the visit in a book, and charge you for it. If anything goes worse—run, Mary, again. Never mind your apron—he won't notice. Pull the hell harder this time, and let's have a prayer out of his reverence to make sure—with a little Latin in it. The pain's spreading. For we're all of us reverences in chapel, each more reverend than his neighbor; but in sick-beds we're very humble sinners indeed, who only want to get better so that we may be ready and willing to go when the Lord sees fit to take us. Or if it's a little legal advice you're in need of—why pay six and eightpence to an articulated solicitor? Go and knock up his reverence. He's the man for you—and send him a turnip for his next harvest festival."

Every eligible male and many who are ineligible within a radius of ten miles are in constant prostration at Pam's feet. There is poor Ginger, for instance, who buys a

penny stamp and lays it ingratiatingly at her feet as a preliminary to a proposal and is persuaded to take it after all, but forgets to pay for it:

No supplicant that ever supplicated of Pam was too mean or too poor, or too ridiculous or too presuming, in her eyes, ever to be treated with the slightest breath of contumely. When poor Humpty from Ganlon, whose legs were so twisted that he couldn't tell his right from his left for certain without a little time to think, asked a Ganlon lass to have him, she screamed derision at him like a hungry macaw, and ran out at once to spread the news so that it should overtake him (heing but a slow walker, though he walked his hest upon this occasion) before he had time to get home. When he asked Pam to have him, Pam could have cried over him for pity, to think that because God had seen fit to spoil a man in the making like this, human love was to be denied him; and though of course she said "No," she said it so beautifully that Humpty could hardly see his way home for the proud tears of feeling himself a man in spite of all; and if, after that, there had been any particular thing in the whole world that twisted legs could have done for a girl, that thing would have been done for Pam so long as Humpty was alive to do it.

We are not going to tell the story in a sketch intended only to sample a few of its merits. Pam, of course, falls in love with Maurice—bless her heart—but Maurice already has a sort of traditional fiancée to whom his obligations are mainly those of duty. There is a mislaid letter that would have released him and so have saved poor Pam the misery of leaving her home. It would have saved Maurice too from that walk upon the cliff and the fall over the cliff upon the sands that were so soon to be covered by a tumultuous sea. But Pam fleeing from Maurice and Maurice fleeing from Pam were hrought together by that strange and accurate law that, heing too stupid to understand otherwise, we call chance. Maurice is too injured by his fall to move and so Pam descends a cliff of which the re-ascend is impossible:

"I want to ask you" . . . he said. "You know why I was going back. The other letter was . . . from her. She asks me to set her free. If there hadn't been . . . been any other in the case, and I'd asked you . . . to marry me . . . would you have married me?"

And in an instant the girl's arms were about the man's neck, and her lips upon his lips, as though they would have sucked the poor remaining life out of his body into her own, and given it an abiding habitation.

"Oh . . . my love, my love," the girl wept, through the wet lips that clung to him. "What do I care about dying now? I would rather a thousand times die to learn that you had loved me . . . than live and never know it."

And she poured her streams of warm tears over his face, and wrapped him about with her arms, and hound her body upon him. And in the fusion of that mighty love the laboring mills of the man's mind burst free.

"Why did you come down to me?" he cried. "For God's sake, get away while you have the chance. I'm not worth saving now . . . I'm only the fragments of a man . . . But you."

For all answer she bound him in tighter bondage of protection, as though she were trying to steep their souls so deep in the transport of love that they should not know death or its agony.

"If you leave me" . . . he urged upon her, "and get up the cliff . . . there may still be time."

But she clung to him.

"For my sake, then," he implored her. "You are my last hope of safety. For the love of me, try and do it. We must not die like this."

And for his sake, with her old desperate hopes falsely revived, she redoubled kisses of farewell upon his mouth and lips, and threw herself passionately against the relentless wet walls of their prison. Now this side and now that. Now trying to kick out steps with her feet; now trying to tear them with her hands, she wrought at this frantic enterprise, and the man watched her, and knew it to be of no avail. And then, at his urging, she cried out—lifted her own white face to the sullen black face of the cliff, and cried—cried with words, and rent the air with inarticulate screams. But all was one. Like a thick blanket the cliff, so close upon her, muffled her mouth and smothered the voice that issued from her.

"It's no use . . . no use," she said, and came back to the man. . . .

"It will not be long . . . now," she said, very quietly.

Then she went to the man and laced her arms about him—

"Promise me" . . . she said, "you will not let go of me . . . when the time comes."

"I promise you," the man answered, very huskily.

"May I call you . . . Maurice . . . before we die?" she asked, and her voice faltered at this.

"Please" . . . he begged her; and she said "Maurice" a time or two.

"Hold me . . . Maurice," she said. "I may . . . turn toward . . . at the end . . . but hold me. Don't let me go. I want to die with you."

"I will hold you," he answered, and their arms tightened.

And again the sea thundered, and this time something swirled about their feet. Then they asked forgiveness of each other for inasmuch as they had offended, and received the sacrament of each other's pardon.

And there heing nothing else to do, they stood and waited for death.

They did not die. We may at least say that much while refusing to divulge what did happen to them.

Mr. Booth must write more. "The Post Girl" is not a mere fitful flash. It is mature and it is supremely good.

"The Post Girl," by Edward C. Booth. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

"He draws from real life." "Artist?" "No; dentist."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CURRENT VERSE.

The Foremost Scholar.

Who is the scholar-leader? What is he
Whose learning shows the unlearned hest to live?

There he, who—finger hard on lip—
Pore lifelong, with laborious glass,
On Nature's enigmatic heart,
Dissecting shrewdly, part by part,
To store her secrets in their scrip,
Heedless of human love and art,
Or how the passionate generations pass.

Others there are who, moved no less
To explore that mute obscure abyss,
Make of their probing minds a prism
Whose many-sided radiance
Illumes with their own hearts the heart of nature,
Touching her darkest feature
With revelation for man's happiness,
And with love's couched lance
Wresting from Science a new Humanism.

Such is the scholar liberal: for him,
Not knowledge which ignores the Whole,
But knowledge grafted in the soul
Is scholarship; to esteem
His calling justly is to see
That culture is proficient sympathy.

For all that issues beautiful
From dim retort and crucible,
And makes our modern day to seem
Arabian night or opiate dream:
Genii, that on the wireless air
Transport within imagined waves
The cosmic Echo from her caves
To work their will, or from the stars
Expound the mysteries of Mars,
Or in earth's rotting shale prepare
The alchemy of radium—
All powers, articulate or dumb,
That scholars probe and sages scan,
Are meaningless except to man—
To urge his peace, to ease his pain,
And from his mind's domain
To exorcise the lurking Caliban.

To exorcise! Not in the Middle Age,
With Faust's redemption, did the devils cease
To lure great doctors to their tutelage,
Whereby to lengthen their protracted lease
Of the lewd rhabble's gaping ignorance:
Still, with unceasing metamorphosis,
The monsters hatch and hiss
And, breeding, grow
To honored stature in the imperiled state,
Where the true scholar still is Prospero,
Making their misshaped natures dance
Attendance on his master vision: So
To humble monsters to the use of men,
The foremost scholar is first citizen.
—*Percy H. Mackaye, in "Ode to the Universities."*

A Broken Friendship.

If this be friendship—that one broken hour
(O fragile link in all the loving years!)
Can cast our hearts asunder, Time appears
Frightful indeed, since all our vaunted power,
Wherewith we built high hope like some strong
tower,
Crumbles to dust, where earthly passion leers.
What of our laughter? Aye, what of our tears
That should have only watered Friendship's flower!

If this be friendship, I can never know
Again the magic faith I boasted of;
One deed of mine has crushed the House of
Love,
And every stone to its old place must go,
Shame be to our endurance if we killed
The sinews that can help us to rebuild.
—*Charles Hansen Towne, in Harper's Bazar.*

President Cleveland was the hero of at least one novel, for it was well understood from whom the late Paul Leicester Ford drew the character of "The Honorable Peter Stirling."

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe at the age of eighty-one has seen a vision and dreamed a dream. It will be remembered that many years ago there came to this lovely old woman that strange light that "never was on land or sea," when she wrote:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fearful lightnings of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Now comes the prediction of better things and she says that the other night in a "sudden awakening" she saw a mighty and combined effort to drive out want and misery from the world, and it succeeded:

There seemed to be a new, a wondrous, ever-permeating light, the glory of which I can not attempt to put in human words—the light of the new-born hope and sympathy blazing. The source of this light was born of human endeavor, the immortal purpose of countless thousands of men and women who were equally doing their part in the world-wide battle with evil.

There may be no room in our philosophy for illumination like this, but there is at least room for admiration of the life-long optimism from which such beautiful foreshadowings come.

The Great Amulet, by Maud Diver. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

Those who read "Captain Desmond" will have great expectations of the present story, which is practically a supplement to the first. On the whole they will not be disappointed, although some of the earlier blemishes are intensified. We have another fine picture of life on the Indian frontier with its perpetual struggle against the terrible warriors of the north and the no less terrible cholera. Indeed, there are not more than two or three other writers of Indian army life who are so saturated with their subject or who can present it with such force and attractiveness.

But in character painting we are never allowed to forget that the author is a woman and a woman who is curiously unable to take the man's standpoint except in matters of mere animal courage. Her men have a fatal penchant for an idolatrous brutality toward their wives. Captain Desmond's treatment of his girl wife was abominable, although Captain Desmond was the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. And now we have another of the same ilk, Captain Lenox, who marries a charming girl of whom he knows little and on the wedding night practically drives her from him because he learns from a careless letter that she was once engaged to another man. Why Quita should ever wish to return to her husband, why she should eventually do so, is only explicable on the ground that she wants not so much a husband as a lord and master. The average man will look upon both Captain Desmond and upon Captain Lenox with a very hearty contempt for their treatment of their wives in spite of their fine courage, their instincts of refinement and of honor, and their unswerving sense of duty.

But in spite of this defect, a defect that keeps the male reader in a simmer of indignation, "The Great Amulet" is a notable novel and one of the very few that leave a deep impression upon the mind. We are well content to form our own opinion of the characters—and it is rarely the author's opinion—and to revel in the intimate descriptions of Indian life and of the garrisons that hold the ever-drawn sword upon the frontier. The author never writes anything that is dull, never anything that is superfluous. She is always enthusiastic and she can always hold the attention from beginning to end.

Federal Usurpation, by Franklin Pierce. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Under the author's trenchant handling, Federal usurpation becomes something more than one of those vague generalities reserved for academic discussion. The whole machinery of modern government in America is relentlessly dissected, and if we are forced to the conclusion that democratic institutions are in a fair way to become no more than pious opinions and ebbing ideals, we may lay the blame upon the facts, because we can find no fault with the logic.

It is indeed in his presentation of facts that the author finds his strength. When he tells us that law-making in the House of Representatives is now as carefully hidden from popular gaze as was the action of the Council of Venice in the Middle Ages, he asks very pertinently if one citizen in a hundred thousand ever heard of Mr. De Armond's bill conferring upon the President of the United States the right to remove from office, without charges and without a hearing, any one or all of the twenty-nine United States Circuit Court judges and the eighty-two judges of the United States District Courts. Dealing with earlier history in his first chapter, he goes on to show how a centralized authority, often a one-man authority, has steadily invaded the domestic life of the people, replacing democracy by autocracy and turning the eyes of the

nation toward a central power that begins by fortifying itself "through executive action . . . and through judicial interpretation and construction of law," as President Roosevelt said in 1906, and ends by acting entirely without warrant and despotically. We have chapters on "Executive Usurpation," on "Paternalism and Imperialism," on "Congressional Usurpation," on "Treaty Power and State Rights," all of them rich in concrete illustration, all of them disquieting in their indication of a tendency already mischievous and that must result, if unchecked, in the destruction of State government. We have, in fact, a sketch of a rapidly progressing movement toward the extinction of representative institutions in the United States, and even of the pretense of them, and the substitution of a government by executive autocracy and by the chairmen of standing committees in secret session.

The author has written a book of over four hundred pages, filled with positive and precise detail, lucidly arranged and with an admirable and judicial avoidance of exaggeration or rancor. As a survey of the broad features and tendencies of government at this particular juncture it has no parallel.

The Standard of Usage in English, by Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Perhaps this book should hardly be called a protest against the grammarian, but it does at least stimulate a feeling of rebellion against that much overrated citizen, a feeling that may well be fostered by those who deplore the wicked waste of time in our public schools. "As soon," says John Forster, "as grammar is printed in any language it begins to go." Flexibility is destroyed, ease gives way to restraint, while the constant fear of grammatical censure shackles expression and distorts meaning. It is the grammarian who defiles grammar, and he does it all too often under the guidance of his own ignorant predilections and then adds insult to injury by arraigning the supposed lapses of the great masters of language. We are told very truly that if we followed the grammarian wherever he would lead us we should find ourselves tongue tied in the presence of our simplest necessities.

For an indication of the true guide to correct speech in the common and plastic usage of educated men the reader must turn to the book itself. He will find not only a thoughtful and illuminating discussion of standards of speech in general, but a consideration of a large number of examples, a consideration, it need hardly be said, that is along lines of ripe scholarship, uncontaminated by pedantry or formalism. If authority so weighty can do something to check the mania for teaching a perfectly useless grammar to defenseless children and for overloading their minds with rubbish to the exclusion of real learning, Professor Lounsbury's service will be philanthropic as well as grammatical.

Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign, by John S. Mosby. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$2.

There can be no question of the welcome that this book will receive. It has not only the personal interest attaching to a direct story by a redoubtable leader and fighter, but it brings valuable testimony to bear upon disputed passages in the history of the war. In his preface Colonel Mosby points out that the statements in the two reports of the commanding general in regard to his orders and the management of the cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign have been generally accepted without question, and the criticisms of his staff officers and biographers on the conduct of the chief of cavalry have assumed them to be true. The author has now done what the critics have never done. He has compared and analyzed the two reports and finds it impossible to reconcile their differences. He tries to explain how the name of General Lee is signed to papers that do so much injustice "as well to himself as to General Stuart," and he thinks that the time has come to apply the test of reason to the Gettysburg legend, "to discover who is responsible for bringing upon us the *Dies irae!—dies illa!*"

It is needless to say that the story is well told. We have a sketch of the battle of Chancellorsville and of the cavalry combat which began the Gettysburg campaign. Then follow the movements of both armies preceding the battle with the result that much new light is thrown upon the whole operation. The story is lucidly told and with great attention to detail. As an historical document and as a personal record it can not fail to arouse keen interest.

The Bond, by Neith Boyce. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of artist life in New York. Basil and Teresa Ransome, husband and wife, are young artists who alternate between lover-like raptures and chilly misunderstandings for which there is no apparent reason. Teresa, in spite of her neurotic aberrations, is distinctly charming, but Basil is a young man for whose further acquaintance we do not yearn. Marriage is confessedly an experiment. Teresa has kept her bachelor rooms "in case we don't get on," and indeed there seems very little chance of permanent partnership until the baby comes, and even

then this strange couple quarrel bewilderingly about nothing and finally make peace from pure exhaustion. The story is well written and it is interesting, but its conception of marriage is just about as low as it can well be.

The Art of Singing, by Sir Charles Santley. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

It would be hard to imagine a book more valuable to the vocal aspirant. Sir Charles Santley, in this effort to be of use to laudable youthful ambition, is able to draw upon rich experience, and he does it with infinite sympathy and discrimination. Beginning with a

chapter of "Advice to Young People Desirous of Joining the Vocal Profession," he goes on to consider the necessary qualifications, the choice of a master, the essentials of successful study, the need of obedience and of discipline, and all those other factors that make a bridge between talent and success. The author has a happy conversational style, an obvious wish to be helpful, and he touches upon just those personal points that are most apt to be overlooked.

"Home Gymnastics, According to the Ling System," by Dr. Anders Wide, has been published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price, 50 cents.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company announces Mr. Robert Herrick's new novel, "Together," for publication early in July. It is a story of the lives of married people—for Mr. Herrick reverses the old romantic formula, and his book begins instead of ends with a wedding. It is the first novel he has written since "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," published about three years ago.

Commencement week at all the colleges seems to have given a new impetus to the sale of John Corbin's new book, "Which College for the Boy." This book contains a frank and interesting study of the spirit, organization, characteristics, and genius of various typical American colleges.

Professor Vernon L. Kellogg of Stanford University, author of "American Insects," "Darwinism Today," etc., has in press with Henry Holt & Co., to be issued in their American Nature series, a volume entitled "Insect Stories." Although the author calls these "strange, true stories of insect life," their truth is not likely to be questioned even by the Great Denouncer. They are primarily for young folks, but are also open to grown-up nature-lovers.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. find themselves called upon to reprint at once six books, all dealing with American economics or history, they being, respectively, the fifth printing of Hall's "Immigration and Its Effects Upon the United States"; third printing of the first volume of Gordy's "A Political History of the United States"; and the second of the second volume, which brings the subject down to 1828; the ninth printing of "An Introduction to Economics," by Professor Henry R. Seager of Columbia, and the fourth printing of both Doyle's "Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas," and the two volumes of his "Puritan Colonies."

The Houghton-Mifflin Company have just completed arrangements with Professor James H. Moffatt for the publication of "A Dictionary of the Proper Names in Shakespeare's Works." The book is the result of experience as a teacher and editor of Shakespeare. Mr. Moffatt is a graduate of Princeton, and for the last eight years has been professor of English literature at the Central High School of Philadelphia. The plan of the dictionary is very simple, but thorough. All the proper names in Shakespeare's works, whether *dramatis personæ* or scenes or names used as illustrations, will be included in alphabetical order. This book will appeal to every student of Shakespeare, for in it can be found the only complete references to all places in which Shakespeare refers to the names directly or indirectly. Mr. Moffatt is now at work on the book in Oxford and London.

New Publications.

"Side-Stepping with Shorty" by Sewell Ford, has much to recommend it in the way of a steady flow of racy fun, not to mention Sadie. It is published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

Those who like army stories and sketches of fort life should read "The Captain's Wife," by John Lloyd, and published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. The scene is in Arizona and the period is that of Geronimo's activities.

A pleasing variation from the average school book is a volume of "Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, 40 cents.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, have published "A Scallop Shell of Quiet," by Caroline Hazard, being forty Lenzen sonnets, an interlude of fifteen poems, and eight full sonnets, forming a cycle of grief over the death of a friend. Price, \$1.

"The Life of Alice Freeman Parker," by George Herbert Palmer, is sure of a welcome from those familiar with that distinguished woman's work at Wellesley College and as dean of the woman's department of the University of Chicago. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

No recommendation is needed for anything written by Lillian Whiting. Her little volume, "Lilies of Eternal Peace," is a study of immortality composed in the vein of delicate spirituality that the author has made so distinctly her own. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 75 cents and \$1.50.

C. M. Weed, author of "Wild Flower Families," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York, explains in his preface that in this book he has attempted to bring into easily available form a discussion of a large proportion of the more widely distributed herbaceous wild flowers so as to make their study both indoors and out of real interest to teacher and pupils. Price, \$1.50.

The Rev. Samuel T. Carter has done a service to the cause of religion by his book, "Wanted—A Theology." It is an indictment of the theology of the ordinary conventional spirit of today, the theology that calls itself orthodox and that is "one of the saddest,

darkest, cruelest products of the human mind in all the ages." It is refreshing to find such breadth, vigor, and toleration issued in a form that ought to carry it into wide circulation. The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, and the price is 75 cents.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The musical extravaganza, "It Happened in Nordland," is doing a big business at the Princess Theatre. Principals, orchestra, and chorus vie with each other in their efforts to excel, and the performance from first to last is attended with hearty applause and laughter. Julius Steger, William Burress, May Boley, Arthur Cunningham, Frank Farrington, Sarah Edwards, John Romano, Virginia Foltz, Zoe Barnett, Christina Nielsen, Robert Z. Leonard, Charles E. Couture, and George B. Field constitute a strong cast. The handsome and dashing girl chorus and the orchestra which Sellé Simonson so ably conducts contribute to the success of the entertainment. Although in its second week, "It Happened in Nordland" is packing the house at every performance, and the management has therefore concluded to extend its run throughout next week. Great preparations are being made for the next production, which will be Audran's famous musical play, "The Bridal Trap," in which Evelyn Frances Kellogg, a prima donna of Eastern renown, will make her first appearance at this theatre. The concluding portion of the programme will be the Lambs' Club gambol musical satire on the Hammerstein-Conreid grand opera war, "The Song Birds," which will be revived in compliance with a largely expressed wish with William Burress as Oscar Hammerstein.

The bill at the Orpheum for next week speaks for itself. W. H. Thompson, the distinguished American actor, who will enter vaudeville for a short season, will make his first appearance at this theatre and present a one-act play by Clay M. Greene, entitled "For Love's Sweet Sake," which New York dramatic writers pronounced the most artistic playlet ever given in vaudeville. "For Love's Sweet Sake" tells a story of a father's love for his son with a heart interest and artistic delicacy. Katie Barry, who has been identified with numerous Broadway musical comedies, will make her first appearance in this city. Miss Barry will sing several of her most popular character songs. The La Vine Cimarron Trio will present an act by Frank Gardner, entitled "Imagination." Fred Singer, who will make his San Francisco debut, will introduce himself in a musical novelty called "The Violin Maker of Cremona," in which he impersonates the title rôle. While gazing at his last and greatest work he falls asleep and sees and hears the violin virtuosos of the future—Paganini, Joachim, Sarasate, Remenyi, Kubelik, etc. When he opens his eyes he baptizes his masterpiece with a grand eloquence, passing away with the last chord. Tom Barry and Madge Hughes will introduce a novel act called "A Story of the Street," in which Mr. Barry plays a tough young man with an abnormally swelled head because he has made an unexpected hit in cheap melodrama.

"The Great Divide" will be played for another week by Henry Miller at the Van Ness Theatre. During the Miller season there will be no Sunday night performances. Matinees will be given Saturdays only. For the second of the four productions of his present season at the Van Ness Theatre, Mr. Miller will present Percy Mackaye's comedy, entitled "Mater." This new three-act play will be interesting because of its background of modern American politics and the fact that Mr. Miller will be introduced in a novel character—that of a high-class United States senator, who nevertheless believes in practical politics. The title rôle of the mother, a highly original character, will be originated by Isabel Irving, always a great San Francisco favorite. It will be staged Monday, July 20.

White Whittlesey's popularity in San Francisco is shown by the advance demand for seats next week at the New Alcazar, where he commences a season as stock star, supported by the regular company and with Bessie Barriscale as his leading woman. He has selected "His Grace De Grammont," by Clyde Fitch, for his opening play because of the exceptional opportunities it affords him of displaying those romantically heroic qualities which made him such a favorite when the Alcazar was on O'Farrell Street.

De Grammont was a French political exile at the licentious court of Charles II of England, where his graces of manner and person made him beloved of women, while men were jealous of his popularity and feared his swordsmanship. Of all the fair Englishwomen who sighed for his favor there was but one who captured it—Miss Hamilton—upon whom the king had cast his covetous eye when the gallant Frenchman appeared. The incidents that follows are made up of De Grammont's devices to outwit his majesty in the love race, and culminate in his arrest for drawing his sword against the royal profligate. He is in a fair way of losing his head when the women of the court intercede in his behalf, and he is allowed to depart with his happy sweetheart.

STATEMENT

OF THE

Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

OF

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(A CORPORATION)

and where said assets are situated

DATED JUNE 30, 1908

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States, of the District of Columbia, of the State of California and Municipalities thereof, the actual value of which is.....	\$ 9,103,633.43
2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks.....	2,598,899.89
3—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	4,348,828.50
They are:	
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$75,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$98,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railway Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$86,000.00), "Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$130,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$753,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$14,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$6,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,500,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$491,000.00).	
4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured (including due and uncollected interest, \$185,668.65).....	36,429,048.66
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.	
5—Contingent Fund—Interest accrued on Bonds but not yet payable.....	89,144.13
6—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	394,529.00
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-public Corporations and other securities.	
7—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$139,986.15), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$28,443.95), Alameda (\$30,131.94), and San Mateo (\$2,231.57), this State, the actual value of which is.....	200,793.64
(b)—The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....	801,347.90
The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.	
TOTAL ASSETS.....	\$53,966,225.15

All the foregoing assets are situated within the State of California.

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$50,379,393.65
The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.	
2—Accrued Interest—Interest on Bonds accrued and not yet payable.....	89,144.13
3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	3,497,687.37
TOTAL LIABILITIES.....	\$53,966,225.15

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By James R. Kelly, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. Tobin, Acting Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, ss.

James R. Kelly and E. J. Tobin, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That the said James R. Kelly is President and that said E. J. Tobin is Acting Secretary of The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

James R. Kelly, President.

E. J. Tobin, Acting Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1908.

Chas. T. Stanley, Notary Public
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.



HENRY MILLER AT THE VAN NESS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Henry Miller, whom we have learned to regard as our personal property here in San Francisco, has returned to us again, and once again, as in the former Henry Miller seasons, is more lavish with time and plays than other Eastern managers.

"The Great Divide" is an excellent choice with which to inaugurate the present season. The free, untrammelled life of the great West is the most picturesque and spectacular feature in the America—or our America, at least—of today. Americans are proud of the fascination it has for aliens, and, indeed, recognize its attraction for themselves, and read avidly all the inspired fiction that is devoted to it.

It is a life that is viewed through different-colored glasses, according to the sex, the point of view, and the experiences of the writer. William Vaughn Moody has recognized the dramatic possibilities that lie in the peril to women in those lonely desert wastes of Arizona when she is delivered helpless to the power of man in his bestial moments.

The theme is not a lovely one, but it is powerfully presented, without coarseness, and, indeed, with a certain Walt Whitman-like effect of poetry, since the rude, primitive manhood in the brute and would-be violator of maidenhood is evolved by the woman's call upon his strength, his protection, and, in effect, his thivalry.

The play begins lightly enough; a mere preparation, as it transpires, for the more serious scenes that are to follow. A group of young people in an Arizonian ranch-house chatter, and flirt a little, or make love, at any rate, and then some exigency arises that compels the heroine, Ruth Jordan, to pass the night alone on guard over the properties at the ranch-house.

We have been kept in something of a state of bewilderment over Henry Miller's leading lady for this season. By turns it has been asserted that it would be Edith Wynne Mathison, Isabel Irving, and Edyth Oliver, with occasional rumors of Margaret Anglin thrown in to muddle us still further. Now we know. It is Edyth Oliver, a figure unknown in our world as yet, but very promising as to future possibilities. Miss Oliver is a young, tall, slight, black-haired woman who radiates neither beauty nor presence. She was not particularly impressive in the introductory scenes of the first act. Lightness and frivolity are not to be her *métier*. She is an emotional actress, however, of unquestionable ability. Greater power will come later, greater force, greater richness and depth of personality, greater ability to arrest and hold the imagination. But Miss Oliver has made a particularly good start on that pleasant path.

In "The Great Divide"—which is a title with a symbolical meaning—she represents a New England girl with Down East ideals strangely conflicting with the altered standards evolved by her Western experiences. Henry Miller evidently recognized in Miss Oliver's outer woman a type that was particularly suited to the representation of such a character. Her rich black hair struck the discordant note that showed Ruth Jordan, in her exuberant joy in the Western life, as something of an apostate to the New England training and conscience that yet looked out from the eyes of the narrow face, and was expressed in the straight lines of the slender figure. The author makes a very good character contrast between Polly Jordan, who is perfectly represented by Laura Hope Crews as a bright chatterbox, one of those typical American girls who go through life as joyous spectators, always sipping the foam of existence, perpetually throwing off sparkling generalizations, but never taken seriously by anybody, and never really living.

So Polly shakes the dust of the Western life from her dainty shoes, and goes back East, leaving her cousin in her perilous solitude, tasting the joy of the perfect night, and reveling in her fearlessness, unknowing of the experiences that await her, and of the coming of the long and racking conflict that is to rage in her New England soul.

The subsequent scene is what has made "The Great Divide" famous. It is splendidly worked up. The sudden stillness after the chatter and noise of the departure, the unconcern of the slender, black-haired girl going quietly and matter-of-factly about her preparations for the night, and then—the signal. Five minutes later frightful possibilities stare Ruth Jordan in the face, and she has courageously, as it were, seized the hare blade of

a threatening sword, and cut into the flesh and bone of her destiny.

It passes quickly and thrillingly, this scene—the great one—of the play. There is no attempt at heroics; the voices are low and tense, the language concise.

The audience were given no opportunity to spoil the scene by a noisy welcome to their favorite, who contrived in the shades of the darkened ranch-room, to evade recognition until the climax was past. Then it came with thunderous acclamation, and Henry Miller, with a couple of stone more to his credit since last we saw him, gasped out an unpremeditated, uncalculated word or two of thanks, and backed into his part again.

The play contains only three acts; short sbrift, one would think, in which to tell such a story. But luckily the author has not made a fool of himself at the last, as authors are prone to do. He has not combed and carried, and pruned and polished the wild western exuberances of his hero. His aim has been to picture, dramatically, the ascendancy, within the human heart, of primitive influences, and at the same time to show how the purity of true womanhood may work its influence on a manly man who has departed from the better standards of civilization.

So in the second act, in place of seeing the hero capering in a drawing-room, we find him in a sort of king-like eminence near the crest of the Cordilleras, receiving royally a stream of gold from a claim that has acquired importance since he has a wife at whose feet he can pour its treasures.

In this act there is comparatively little action, but the beholder experiences vivid pleasure from the series of dramatic pictures it affords. It is staged with fine realism, and yet with poetic beauty—"the rim of the world" I think it was that Polly, re-transplanted to the West, called it—and it seemed a fitting place for the wild story of Ruth and Stephen Ghent to work its way toward a conclusion.

The scene, in the sunset glow, with the mingling of the rich colors, the yellow lights and violet shadows one sees over the pictures of the Mexican mesas, blending into a magic mosaic of colors over the rocky wastes, was a strange mingling of gorgeousness and dreariness. And against this background of strange and vivid beauty the figures of the man and woman stood out strongly, gaining dignity from the unpeopled background.

They were the primitive man and woman, this rude hut their primitive home, and this rough table and stools hewn from the living rock their primitive furniture.

Edyth Oliver was strikingly effective to the eye in this scene. Her costumes all through were thoroughly in keeping with the locale, and, while avoiding theatricalism, bore the note of color, or the local characteristic, that reached the eye and the imagination simultaneously.

Ruth's abjuration of her husband's moneyed support made it necessary that her dress should remain poor and plain, but, even with the russet skirt, and the plain, untrimmed waist, she was a picture, and a picture in harmony with those Mexican Cordilleras when she staggered under the pass, the basket encumbered, black crêpe shawl, with its vivid dashes of embroidery, and her rich dark hair, making a strong contrast against the white of her waist, while the straight lines of her figure and drapery completed the Indian-suggestion afforded by the baskets and the partly woven Navajo blanket.

Mr. Miller's portrait of the desperado of the first act was finely graduated into that of the big-hearted miner of the second, who had come "to the great divide" to repossess himself of the lost treasure of his manliness under the saving influence of a pure woman's appeal.

The actor has carefully heeded the lines laid down by the dramatist, and in the closing act, at the New England home of the Jordans, Stephen Ghent is still the rude, unfinished, unpolished product of the great distances which are his natural home.

In this last act Mrs. Whiffen appears as a gentle New England matron, and in a few scenes charged with emotion demonstrated anew her facility as an actress, and found in the welcome she received how strong a hold she has on the San Francisco public, which loves her particularly for her many portraits of delightful old ladies, and for her vein of sunny humor.

Neither the second nor the third act approach the first, either in intensity of dramatic tension or in action. But the story is both interesting and logically worked out, that interference and long-sustained conflict of Ruth Ghent's conscience being a feature of the play which strikes one as both probable and dramatically effective.

It strikes me, by the way, that Ruth did not quite play fair. They say that women do not pay their gambling debts. Ruth played a bold game to retain her honor, and it certainly took time and a good many duns from her opponent before she paid him. It was, when one comes to think of it, quite an inspiration on Mr. Moody's part to make her play the eminently woman-like part of making the final payment only when she had evidence that the debt was to be forgiven.

Mr. Miller has not departed from his former rule of always bringing a good company with him. Besides the players already mentioned, Messrs. Wyngate and Gotthold appeared to advantage, and the minor rôles were graphically and realistically presented. Miss Crews became an immense favorite with the audience at once, being a sparkling and pretty little actress and very intelligent in her assumption of the character of that light-hearted philosopher, Polly Jordan.

Hammerstein's new Philadelphia opera-house will be opened in November, and the season of twenty weeks seems already an assured success, as subscriptions for seats and boxes are pouring in.

Percy Mackaye, the author of the new comedy, "Mater," to be staged by Henry Miller at the Van Ness Theatre, has arrived here to assist in the presentation of his work.

The Henry Miller Associate Players have started for this city and will be a feature of the Miller season at the Van Ness Theatre in "The Servant in the House."

William Vaughn Moody, the author of "The Great Divide," is writing another play for Henry Miller. It is to be called "The Faith Healer."

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MR. WHITE WHITTLESEY
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MONDAY, JULY 13
Second Week of

The Henry Miller Season
Last Six Nights (Matinee Saturday) of

THE GREAT DIVIDE
By William Vaughn Moody

Monday, July 20—The new comedy, "Mater."

Clubbing List.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.40
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut...	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.75
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut...	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.40
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut..	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	4.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.00
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

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Baltimore, Md.....	107.50	Leavenworth, Kas..	60.00	Pacific Junction, Ia.	60.00
Boston, Mass.....	110.50	Memphis, Tenn.....	67.50	Philadelphia, Pa.....	108.50
Chicago, Ill.....	72.50	Minneapolis, Minn..	73.50	St. Joseph, Mo.....	60.00
Council Bluffs, Ia..	60.00	New Orleans, La....	67.50	St. Louis, Mo.....	67.50
Duluth, Minn.....	79.50	New York, N. Y.....	108.50	St. Paul, Minn.....	73.50
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On Sale July 21-22-23-28-29. August 17-18-24-25. September 15-16.

Colorado Springs, Colo., \$55.00; Denver, Colo., \$55.00; Pueblo, Colo., \$55.00.
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VANITY FAIR.

The eternal question of the international and aristocratic marriage still vexes the soul of the democratic journalist. That he can not understand it is simply a confession that he can not understand the feminine mind, and no one will be disposed to blame him harshly for that. But why does he not how to the majesty of his own ignorance and keep an easy if an unremunerative silence rather than relieve his mental flatulence by ill-tempered reproaches in which charges of greed and folly occupy an undignified position? For example, Mr. Russell in the current *Broadway Magazine*—among, it must be conceded, much that is admirable—inflicts upon us once more those tiresome statistics of the amount of money that these marriages have cost the country. He gives no names, but he conveys his information by means of two columns, the first being headed "Title Purchased" and the second "Cash Price Paid." That the part played by American women in the public life of Europe also has its cash value to America does not occur to the writer.

Now this treatment of American women seems to be wantonly offensive. It is a harsh term to use, but the *cacoëthes scribendi* is responsible for more than offensiveness. By what superhuman power does Mr. Russell know the motives actuating these women? What conceivable right has he to assume that their objects were unwomanly or that they sold themselves in exchange for a title? Is he aware of the forcible and biblical term that is applied to women that harter themselves for money, and does he not hesitate before such an assertion of those of whom he knows nothing? What warrant has he for assuming that the countesses and the duchesses sold themselves for titles unless he will also suggest that American women who have married foreign commoners, in fact all women who marry wealth or position, have been similarly and unworthily actuated? Would he suggest such a thing of Mrs. Chamberlain? Does he believe that Lady Randolph Churchill sold herself for a title? It seems hardly likely that an American woman with intellect enough and character enough to become one of the great forces in British imperial politics should have done so from such a degraded base. Moreover, why did she surrender that title to become Mrs. Cornwallis West? And if Lady Churchill be acquitted, why should the princesses and the others be found guilty? Since when has it been tolerable to hear American women described as hawking themselves in the public market with price tickets around their necks as in an Oriental slave girl market—women of good repute, who have done nothing to deserve more censure than the rest of us, and all without a scintilla of evidence unless it be a mere purient suspicion? Possibly, and indeed probably, there are some American girls, like girls all over the world, who are attracted by a title, by a novelty, by some fresh variety of tinsel, by pageantry and color, but if they are half so responsive to a real title as the average man is to a sham one their case must indeed be parlous.

For these reasons it may be repeated that such strictures are unchivalrous, wantonly offensive, and of a nature to be repudiated not only by those who are jealous of the honor of American women, but also by those who have rudimentary ideas of courtesy and of fair play to all. There is an old adage of a startling philosophic truth and that is never too stale for repetition. It is *hani soit qui mal y pense*.

That there are two sides to this question never occurs to the modern writer, who forgets to be chivalrous in his efforts to be smart and who ends by being only vulgar and brutal. Very opportunely the *New York World* points out that "of the 336 cases of American girls who have married foreign noblemen not more than twenty mercenary unions can be reckoned." Now mercenary marriages are always troublous. Titled or untitled, they can never be anything else. If these marriages are happy then they were not mercenary. If they were mercenary then they could not be happy. It is not to the titled marriage list that we must look for wretched partnerships, but to the domestic and untitled list. During the last ten years there have been 16,388 cases of divorce in Chicago alone, 4706 in Philadelphia, 5231 in New York, and 3746 in Boston.

Evidence from the women themselves would of course be tainted and partial, but the temptation to quote the Countess von Waldersee, the wife of the man who led the allied forces in China, is a strong one. The countess was Miss Mary Esther Lee of New York, and she is quoted by the *World* as saying:

European men understand women better than American men do. They study to please their wives and render them a thousand little attentions that American husbands never dream of paying after marriage.

Count von Waldersee was accustomed before our marriage to spend his Sundays in the usual German way; in entertaining and being entertained and in transacting business affairs. But immediately after our marriage, and without my making the request, he adopted a rule of keeping Sunday in strict observance of church rules, in deference to my wishes. He invariably accompanied me to church in the morning, spent his afternoons walking with me, as we did during our betrothal, and on the evenings would sit in the library reading or

writing, if he did not go with me to the little mission service I have held for years on Sunday evenings for young girls of the working class. He was just as much my lover after thirty years of marriage as upon our wedding day.

But why slay the slain? To condemn *en bloc* several hundred women on the ground that they have married titled husbands is just as intelligent as to censure other women who have married men with red hair or freckles. Suppose we refrain from all kinds of collective mud-throwing and especially at women and still more especially at American women.

With every strawberry season comes a discussion of the way in which that glorious dainty should be eaten. Now just as it is a fact that there is only one true religion, subscribed to by all wise men, so it is the fact that there is only one way to eat strawberries without manifesting gross ingratitude for a fruit said by Dr. Boteler to be the best, not that God could make, but that He did actually make. Let us expound.

Strawberries must upon no account be divorced from sugar on the one side and cream upon the other. Let the sugar be of the finest kind. The finer it is the more of it will adhere, while as for the cream, let us have none of it unless it be of that sturdy consistency that will sustain an upright spoon. The strawberries should be served with the hull, so that there may be no evasiveness or reluctance to be grasped.

Now take a strawberry firmly and unflinchingly by the hull. Whether it should be dipped first in the cream or first in the sugar is a point upon which many great and good men have differed. A larger quantity of cream will subsequently adhere if it go first into the sugar, the smooth surface of the berry showing a lamentable lack of affinity for the equally smooth cream. It is a debatable point and must be left to individual experiment. An admirable plan is first to bite a very small piece from the apex or upper extremity of the strawberry, thus providing a moist surface for the better retention of the dressing. Then again the strawberry, unless it be very small, may be eaten in layers or planes, each freshly exposed surface becoming suitable for fresh immersion in the sugar and the cream. But above all avoid the heresy of mere sprinkling. The rite should be one of immersion or as nearly immersion as the bottoms of the cream and sugar dishes will permit.

It must be remembered that the strawberry has religious associations and should therefore be handled with gravity and deliberation, not lightly nor frivolously. Sydney Smith, writing to Mrs. Baring, asked "What is real piety? What is true attachment to the church?" And he said that the answer was plain: "By sending strawberries to a clergyman." With all due reverence for the cloth, we think that piety requires no such self-sacrifice. The consumption of the strawberry should be a matter for personal attention. It is one of those duties that should not be delegated.

Then again we find that Shakespeare refers to the strawberry as growing in the garden of the Bishop of Ely as though an episcopal soil were its proper place:

My Lord of Ely when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

Alas, there are no strawberries in Holborn now, but the ecclesiastical taste is as discriminating as ever it was.

But many and varied are the literary appearances of the strawberry. There is, for example, the old courtship rhyme:

Bonny lass, canny lass, wilt a he mine?
Thou' se neither wash dishes, nor sarrah the swine;
Thou sall sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And thou sall eat strawberries, sugar, and cream.

But why talk any more about it. Let us rather have a dish of strawberries and cream.

American women were the bright and particular stars of the royal enclosure at Ascot last month. Among the first to whom the king spoke was Mrs. Waldorf Astor, whose appearance allows no one to forget that she was one of the "lovely Langhorne girls" of Virginia. Then there was Mrs. George R. Drexel, whose hat was estimated to measure three feet across. Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore a costume that was admired by those who admire that sort of thing. It was of pale pink with two broad bands of gray roses painted across the skirt. Mrs. Porter Palmer wore a directoire costume of white satin and a hat resplendent with ostrich feathers.

The usual Ascot ball was omitted for the simple reason that the king can not afford it, nor does he hesitate to say so. Windsor Castle is said to cost him \$5000 a day when he is in residence there, and that he intends to pass a couple of summer months on one of the royal yachts may be explained on the ground that the yachts are maintained by the government, while the residences are not. The financial situation, so far as concerns the king, is quite a serious one, but there will be no alleviation so long as the insatiable maw of the navy is perpetually open for every unprotected sixpence. Royal entertainments are naturally the first to go under the stress of enforced economy, and while this may be very sad for the smart set it will hardly impinge very deeply upon the conscience of the average taxpayer, whose share in the merry-making is confined strictly to paying the piper.

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HALF-YEARLY REPORT

OF THE

San Francisco Savings Union

SWORN STATEMENT

OF THE

CONDITION AND VALUE OF ITS

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS

JUNE 30, 1908

ASSETS

Loans secured by first lien on real estate wholly within the State of California.....	\$14,334,938.97
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of approved bonds and stocks.....	1,212,974.40
Bonds of the municipalities and school districts of the State of California, railroad bonds, and bonds and stocks of local corporations, the value of which is.....	9,458,019.95
Bank Premises.....	150,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California.....	581,696.09
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000.00
Cash in Vault and in Bank.....	1,769,220.66
Total Assets.....	\$27,508,850.07

LIABILITIES

Due Depositors.....	\$25,321,986.66
Capital paid up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Fund.....	1,183,632.43
General Tax Account, Balance Undischursed.....	3,230.98
Total Liabilities.....	\$27,508,850.07

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1, 1908.

(Signed) E. B. POND, President.
(Signed) LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco. } ss.

We do solemnly swear that we have (and each of us has) a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report, and that every allegation, statement, matter, and thing therein contained is true, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

(Signed) E. B. POND,
(Signed) LOVELL WHITE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of July, 1908.
[SEAL] (Signed) FRANK L. OWEN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof, and earns dividend from July 1. Money deposited at any time commences to earn dividend thirty days thereafter.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A woman on the train entering Grand Rapids asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at Union station. He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two to two two." The woman turned to her companion and said: "I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine."

There is a son of Erin in Newton, Massachusetts, who is quite a character. He has a number of children and was asked one day how long he had been married. "Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty, and Norah thirty-five, that makes sixty-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"

Douglas Jerrold's genius for repartee is perhaps best shown in his most famous reply to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit, and one day plaintively remarked: "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," came the answer, "but not with the same skulls."

Royal names for hotels are sometimes the cause of peculiar misunderstandings. An aged farmer from the home county decided to make a visit to Toronto. It was the first time he had been at a city station and when a hotel crier hurried to him with the interrogation, "King Edward?" the newcomer simply smiled as he answered: "No, sir—Thomas Cox of Eramosa."

Once Sir Henry Irving while playing "Macheth" in London was somewhat disconcerted by one of the "gallery gods." He had reached the point where Macheth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board. "Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed Irving in his most tragic tones and with a convulsive shudder sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face. Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"

An American on a visit to London took 'hys to the city every morning, where he had business to do with an Anglo-American firm. He always sat behind the driver. On the first journey he noticed that on arriving at a certain corner the driver took out his big silver watch, dangled it to and fro a few times, and winked jovially at an individual who stood at the door of a shop. "Why do you do that," the American asked. "Well," said the driver, taking his pipe from his mouth, "that's a little joke we 'as between us, hein' as we are old friends. You see, his father was 'anged."

When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the Capitol a young congressman from Tennessee whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell." "Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean. Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered, "My Little Nell." "Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you." "I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story, 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' sir," retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh!" said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?"

A country admirer sent the following letter to Lord Beresford: "My household has been blessed with twins (a boy and girl) this morning. My wife would like to name the girl after the Princess of Wales, and I want to name the boy after you. May we do this? and can you obtain the princess's permission for us to use her names?" The admiral thought that the applicant desired to use the Christian names only, and in due course sent the princess's permission together with his own. He then forgot all about the matter until, one fine morning, he was considerably astonished at receiving another letter from the same man, to this effect: "My Lord—I thought you would like to know that Lord Charles Beresford Brown is thriving, and has cut his first tooth. Princess of Wales Brown had convulsions last week, but is now very much better."

Although woman has not yet won her fight for equal suffrage, her influence in the politics of a club exclusively for men has lately been demonstrated. A contest for the office of President in a New York club was decided by a letter written by a woman. There were two candidates for the place; one a clerk in a New York financial institution, whose young wife had been a working girl, the other a wealthy manufacturer, with a reputation among his neighbors for "closeness." The day before the election each member of the little club received a typewritten letter, signed by a woman whom all knew, which began with these words: "If what I write you is not

true, it is lihel." Then she said the club should not honor its "meanest man," and related some amusing incidents to demonstrate that she was not mistaken in her estimate of the man. In closing she wrote, "what do you think of a man who has his barn painted and says to his wife: 'That's your birthday present.' If you can afford to elect that kind of a man for your president, go ahead!" The alleged "meanest man" was defeated.

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it. "Wad ye he takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot. "Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee. "I thocht as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna' pairt wi' Jock." But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered. "You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed. "Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna' pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna' swim the Atlantic."

Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese ambassador, said modestly at a dinner in Newport: "I am aware that the honors heaped upon me are due to my exalted office, not to my humhle self. It is my office, it is not I, that gains and merits your consideration. Yet this is a mortifying truth of a kind that all of us—ambassadors or no—are apt to forget. May such a truth never be recalled to our memory with the harsh shock that came to a Rhode Island farmer who won a blue ribbon at a Woonsocket stock show with a fat hog—a 1250-pound hog. 'Get my name right,' he said, excitedly, to the reporters, with their pencils and yellow paper, who crowded round him at awarding time. 'Get my name right, hoys. It's Hiram Y. Doolittle, son of the late General Augustus Anderson Doolittle of St. Joseph, who settled in Rhode Island in the year—' 'Oh, never mind all that,' the oldest reporter interrupted. 'Give us the pedigree of the hog.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Missing Word.
A sporty young man from Mont.
Did the waltz on a peel of Ban,
Said he as he fell
In a mudduple—well,
It didn't quite sound like "Hos."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Freshly Defined.
An epigram is something bright.
What's said in manner nice and light.
"A man who swears aint worth a damn—"
That there's a darn good epigram.
—The Sphinx.

Household Tribulation.
The old home is not what it was long ago,
There's "litterychoor" in each room.
We're all of us talking more careful an' slow
An' wearin' expressions of gloom.
Nobody makes jokes or tell stories or sings,
'Cause laughter aint truly refined
An' we're puttin' our thoughts on superior things
Since Maw is improvin' her mind!

We're talkin' 'bout Shakespeare an' Browning an' Keats.
The biscuits look queer an' taste wrong,
But she says it's no difference what a man eats
If his intellect's healthy an' strong.
An' Paw says a "culture club's" harder to hear
Than the ten plagues of Egypt combined,
And excuses himself to go outdoors an' swear
While Maw is improving her mind.

We're trying to heed the example she sets,
Though the pace she has struck makes us pant.
She says "cawn't" and "shawn't"; but she some-
times forgets
And falls back on plain "can't" and "shan't."
This morning Paw said, as he stood at the door,
He was more than three-quarters inclined
To camp out an' never come home any more
Till Maw quit improvin' her mind!
—Washington Star.

When John Goodnow was consul-general at Shanghai, China, he was an ardent collector of antique brasses, and, having acquired a great many, was inordinately fond of showing them off, particularly a small Buddha, studded with uncut turquoises and garnets. One day he invited a number of Chinese connoisseurs to see his collection and upon their departure, Dr. Barchet, the official interpreter, overheard one of them remark in Chinese: "I heard this man Goodnow had some pretty good brasses—why, he hasn't got a piece that's more than a thousand years old!"

She—If a man loves his wife as much as she loves him, he will stop wasting his money on cigars if she asks him. **He**—Yes, but if his wife loves him as much as she ought to love a man who loves her enough to stop it if she asks him, she won't ask him.—Puck.

Magistrate—So you acknowledge having stolen the overcoat. Anything more to say? **Prisoner**—Yes, your honor. I had to have the sleeves relined.—Punch.

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DIVIDEND NOTICES

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 108 Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908; dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. CHARLES CARPY, President.

MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK, 143 Montgomery Street (will occupy our new building, Market and Mason Streets, July 27).—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal from July 1, 1908. JOHN U. CALKINS, Cashier.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 4 per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared on all deposits in the savings department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908; dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. B. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The Fourth of July seems to have been the incentive to an unusual number of house parties and motoring trips arranged for the week-end. Many dinners and dances of an informal nature were given at the country homes that were within sufficiently accessible distance from town, while the motoring parties made the long-distance places the objective point of their tours.

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Louise Hollister Cooper and Mr. Hewitt Davenport.

An engagement of much interest on both sides the bay is that of Miss Kathleen Thompson, daughter of Mr. James Alden Thompson of Mill Valley, to Mr. Charles Gilmour Norris, a brother of the late Frank Norris.

General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee have announced the engagement of their daughter Helen to Lieutenant John Howard, who is now on duty in the Philippines.

The announcement comes from San Diego of the engagement of Miss Marie Carter and Mr. John Geary of this city.

A wedding announcement of much interest is that of Mr. John B. Clem, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas, son of Colonel John B. Clem, U. S. A., and Miss Lilian Bouton.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Josselyn and Mr. Gerald Rathbone was solemnized Tuesday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, on Webster Street. The ceremony was performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Dr. Parsons. The bridal party consisted of Miss Myra Josselyn as maid of honor, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Mary Josselyn, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn as bridesmaids and Mr. Harry Poett as best man. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone will take up their residence on Broadway.

Lieutenant Cronin was recently host at a dinner given on board the U. S. S. *Connecticut*. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. Marguerite Le Breton, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Miss Florence Breckenridge, and Miss Mary Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson entertained a number of friends at dinner at the Fairmont and afterward at the theatre the first night of Mrs. Fiske's "Rosmerholm." Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Lucie King, and Miss Edith Simpson.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose are entertaining a house party on the Fourth. Their guests are: Colonel John B. Clem, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clem, Miss Annie Sullivan, Lieutenant Hazzard, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hazzard, Captain T. Z. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn, and Captain James Brady, U. S. A.

One of the most attractive out-of-town house parties given during the week-end was that of Miss Florence Hopkins, who entertained a number of friends from town and the Burlingame Club at her home in Menlo Park.

Miss Maud Bourn entertained a house party at the Bourn country home in Grass Valley over the Fourth of July.

Mrs. J. D. Safford of Springfield, Massachusetts, has announced the engagement of her daughter Leila to Mr. John Naylor Stevens of Ludlow, Massachusetts. Miss Safford is the granddaughter of the late General Ralph W. Kirkham, for many years prominent in the Pacific Fleet.

Mrs. A. D. Sharon entertained at luncheon at the Fairmont recently Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Miss Blanding, Miss Lily Lawler, and Miss Florence Breckenridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club a few days ago.

Mrs. H. T. Scott entertained a company of friends at luncheon in the Hotel St. Francis Monday afternoon.

A dinner was given at The Peninsula on Sunday night by Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. navy. The personnel of the party was Mr. and Mrs. H. O'bear, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Flower, Mrs. Hanford, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Cooley, Lieutenant-Commander Hubbard, Mr. Gouldby.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames sailed last week for Tahiti.

Mr. and Mrs. William Newhall and family are in the Tahoe region for the summer.

Mrs. Walter Hohart and her children are again in their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney are in town for a few days, the guests of Mrs. Whitney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who was in town a few days last week, has returned to "Stag's Leap," the Chase country place.

Mrs. Walter Dean is in Los Angeles, the guest of Mrs. Frank Hicks.

Mrs. W. H. H. Sutherland, wife of Captain Sutherland, and her daughters, the Misses Harriet and Mary Sutherland, sailed a few days ago for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden have gone to the Tahoe region for a few weeks.

Miss Jessie Wright is the guest of Miss Frances Howard at the Howard home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen has returned from a few days' visit to Palo Alto.

Mrs. Jewell, wife of Rear-Admiral Jewell, has returned from her trip through the Yosemite Valley and is at the Fairmont.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank B. Freyer returned to town for a day or two after their visit to Lake Tahoe and are now continuing their trip through Southern California.

Miss Angela Coyle is visiting friends in San Mateo.

Mrs. Charles Allen and Miss Allen, wife and daughter of General Allen, are at the St. Francis for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa have returned from New York and will spend the summer at Berkeley.

Commander Nelson has been the guest of Rear-

Admiral and Mrs. Charles Sperry at the Peninsula during the week.

Miss Agnes Tohin is planning a trip to France in the future to visit her sister, Mrs. Raoul Duval. Mrs. John H. Speck, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. M. J. Lee, have returned from a trip to British Columbia.

Dr. and Mrs. Gates, after several years in Europe, have returned to their home in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleman Bennet have returned from a motor trip to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney have returned to town and reopened their house.

Miss M. A. Williams and Miss Kathleen Williams are at El Cerrito.

Mrs. John Murtagh, wife of Dr. Murtagh, U. S. A., has returned from Fort William McKinley, P. I., and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. de Barth Shorb.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Coryell have returned from Lake County and will open their home at Fair Oaks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins are at Boca for the summer.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey will leave shortly to join a party motoring through the Yosemite Valley.

Baron von Preuschen and Herr von Schubert, attachés of the diplomatic service at Washington, are visiting various points of interest along the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Coyle and her daughters, Misses Angela and Maisie Coyle, are in San Jose.

Mrs. James Sperry is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Tilghmann of Santa Barbara, at her home in Sausalito.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse is spending a few weeks at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. W. S. Porter and Miss Florence Ives are enjoying a motor trip through the southern part of the State.

Lieutenant F. B. Thomas of the U. S. S. *Kearsarge* has been at Del Monte during the week.

Lieutenant Leighton Powell, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at the Presidio at Monterey, has been in town a few days and is stopping at the St. Francis.

Mr. Charles H. Leavell, Mr. C. N. Bassett, Mr. M. C. Edmonds, and Mr. B. A. Neheker compose an automobile party that has just come up from El Paso to this city. They are stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight spent last week touring through Lake County.

Mr. C. J. Cudaby and Mr. M. F. Cudaby are guest of the St. Francis.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. W. T. Swinburne, U. S. S. *Charleston*, have returned from their visit to Aetna Springs.

Mr. T. Dart Walker is registered at the St. Francis.

Miss Genevieve Harvey is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mr. John T. McGrew of Honolulu is at the St. Francis on his way home to the islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathburn are making a short stay at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Clarence Pollis is back, after two years in Paris, and has taken rooms at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Uriel Schree, wife of Rear-Admiral Schree, has returned from Denver and will be at the Fairmont a few days.

Judge L. C. McKeely of Los Angeles, his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bartlett, and Miss Florence Bartlett, are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Frank B. Freyer, upon the sailing of the fleet, has gone to Georgia, where she will visit Lieutenant Freyer's family.

Colonel William G. Greene of Cananea, Mexico, has left for the Orient, after a brief stay at the Hotel St. Francis. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Eva Greene, Miss Helen Langlow, Dr. W. T. Galbraith, and Mr. C. W. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King are taking several weeks' vacation in the northern part of the State.

Mr. Frederick W. Newell, director of the United States Reclamation Service, is at the Hotel St. Francis, where he is to meet and confer with Secretary of the Interior Garfield. Secretary Garfield has just returned from the Islands on the U. S. S. *St. Louis*.

Consul and Mrs. Wilbert T. Gracey, from Tsingtan, China, are the guests of Mrs. Gracey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Yale, in Oakland.

Mr. R. C. Stoddard, attorney-general of Nevada, is registered at the St. Francis with his niece.

Mr. E. M. Greenway was registered at the Plaza, New York, last week.

Mr. Samuel Platt, recently appointed U. S. Attorney-General for the District of Nevada, is at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Joseph M. Reeves of Annapolis, Maryland, granddaughter of Rear-Admiral Watkins, is the guest of Mrs. James T. Watkins at Fair Oaks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Blossom and Mrs. M. W. Blossom are at the St. Francis in the course of a motor trip through the State.

Mrs. A. N. Towne is to be the guest of Mrs. Isaac Requa at her Piedmont home during the week.

Dr. A. L. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher have taken apartments at The Peninsula, San Mateo, where they will pass the summer months.

Lieutenant A. B. Thomas, Miss Ruth Thomas, and Mrs. H. E. Yarnell and her child, who were with Mrs. Charles M. Thomas at the Hotel St. Francis, have accompanied the widow of the late admiral on her journey to New York.

The Leslie D. Whiteheads have given up their house in San Mateo and will spend several months at The Peninsula.

Prominent among recent arrivals from Hawaii at the St. Francis are Mr. F. R. Harvey and Mr. W. C. McGonagle, delegates to the Democratic National Convention, and the Hon. John C. Lane, who is returning from the Republican National Convention to the Islands.

Lieutenant L. C. Farley, U. S. navy, was an over Sunday guest at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Mr. N. P. Wheeler and son of Endeavor, Pennsylvania, and Mr. W. Merseman and three sons, from Portville, New York, are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. C. S. Sperry, wife of Admiral Sperry, who has been at The Peninsula for several months, will leave for her home in Washington in a few days.

Major-General and Mrs. William M. McCaskey, who have been visiting Tahoe, have returned to their apartments in the Hotel St. Francis.

The Hotel St. Francis has been the objective point of a great many automobile parties during the past few weeks. At present the St. Francis is entertaining the Blossoms of Pasadena, Mr. G. S. Holmes, who, with Miss Holmes and Miss

Sutter, motored up from Salt Lake by way of Los Angeles; Mr. J. B. Banning, who came up from the south in his machine with Mrs. Banning, Miss Katherine Banning, Mr. J. B. Banning, Jr., Mrs. Katherine Ayer, Mr. William Banning, and Mr. Willard Salisbury.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Normandie are Mrs. Harris Lanning and daughter, Rev. John D. Maguire, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Henry Taylor, Coronado; Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore A. Bell, Mr. Max A. Mayer and family, St. Louis; Mrs. R. G. Lunt, Mr. F. McD. Lunt, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., and Mr. C. C. Holland, U. S. navy.

At the Greek Theatre.

John Phillip Sousa played to several hundred less people when he played in the Greek Theatre in Berkeley than crowded that magnificent auditorium last Saturday night to hear the grand patriotic concert given by the Third Artillery Band. More than 7000 auditors noisily manifested their delight through the entire programme, and left the theatre a very much pleased throng. The concert was, if anything, better than the first one of a week previous. While the selections were mostly of a patriotic order, there was just enough of the classical and popular to relieve the otherwise strict military atmosphere of the evening. All in all, the night had the brightest and most novel patriotic tone of any celebration ever given about the bay in honor of the birth of the nation.

L. A. Larsen, the Bohemian Cluh baritone, who sang "My Own United States," was given great applause. He responded to two encores, giving one verse concerning the navy of his own composition. The rendition of the wartime descriptive military fantasia, "In Amhuscade," set the thousands cheering. It was a wonderful sight as that vast crowd entered heartily into the spirit of the stirring number.

This week's programme for Saturday night, July 11, includes a solo by the well-known basso contendo, Signor Joaquin Wanrell, who sang here and abroad with the new grand opera star, Mme. Tetrazzini. He will give selections from grand opera and the engagement is considered a treat for the music lovers who have become patrons of Professor Armes's new venture.

Following is the band programme, including Tschaikowsky's "Slavé," a descriptive piece only played once before by a band on this Coast, and then by Sousa, the only organization that cared to tackle it:

March, "Caesar's Triumphant March," from "Ben Hur," Mitchell; overture, "Orpheus," Offenbach; intermezzo, "In Springtime," Brooks; descriptive, "Slavé," Tschaikowsky; "Band on Strike," Schift; operatic selections by Signor Joaquin S. Wanrell; "Patriotic Airs of Two Continents," Rollinson; "Characteristic Darkey Jubilee," Turner; xylophone solo, performed by Sergeant O'Connor; selection, "The Serenade," Herbert; "Star-Spangled Banner."

In Novello's "History of Cheap Music" it is stated that about the year 1837 it was proposed seriously to introduce the claque at the English opera-houses by way of "educating the public" and in order to teach ignorant amateurs where applause should come in.

"Peter Pan" has caught the fancy of the Parisians, as produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, with Pauline Chase as Peter.

Dustan Farnum is to star in "The Squaw Man" next season.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major Hoel S. Bishop, Fifth Cavalry, of the Army War College, will proceed from Washington at the proper time and report for duty at Atascadero Ranch during the continuance of the camp.

Lieutenant-Commander M. E. Reed, when discharged from treatment at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, will proceed to his home and be granted sick leave for two months.

Lieutenant-Commander Allan Cooke has been assigned to the submarine *Grampus*, Mare Island.

Captain Abraham Bickham is relieved from duty on the Philippine Division, to take effect upon the arrival of Captain Nones at Manila, and will then proceed to San Francisco and upon arrival report in person to the commanding officer at the Presidio of San Francisco for duty as quartermaster of that post.

Captain William H. Tobin, One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Coast Artillery, has been appointed acting quartermaster for the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain George A. Nugent, who has been temporary quartermaster at the Presidio at San Francisco, is soon to be relieved from duty here and will proceed to his new station.

Leave of ten days' absence is granted Captain Robert W. Barnett, Third Infantry, to take effect upon his release from the Army and Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Captain James W. McAndrew, Third Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, is detailed as camp quartermaster and assistant to the chief quartermaster at the Manoeuvre Camp, American Lake, Washington.

Captain Albert E. Truby, Medical Corps, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, will take command of the one-half of Company B, Hospital Corps, and proceed with it to Murray, Washington, reporting upon arrival to the camp commander.

Captain Ernest G. Bingham, Medical Corps, is relieved from duty at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to Fort Porter, New York, where he will report in person for duty.

Lieutenant G. W. S. Castle, detached from duty in connection with the *Pike*, is transferred to the Pacific Station, sailing on or about July 6.

First Lieutenant Morris E. Locke, First Field Artillery, has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect upon the completion of any duty to which he may be assigned during the manoeuvres.

Lieutenant Martin E. Metcalf, U. S. N., of the *Farragut*, Fourth Torpedo Flotilla, is on temporary duty at Mare Island.

First Lieutenant Ronald E. Fisher has been transferred from the Seventh Cavalry to the Fourteenth Cavalry, Presidio of San Francisco, and will be assigned to his troop.

First Lieutenant Philip W. Corbusier, Fourteenth Cavalry, Presidio of San Francisco, has, by his own request, been transferred to the Seventh Cavalry.

First Lieutenant Parker Hitt, Twenty-Second Infantry, Presidio of Monterey, is relieved from duty at his present station and transferred to Fort McDowell to report for duty.

First Lieutenant James Prentice, C. A. C., immediately after his return to Fort Stevens, Oregon, from his present leave, will proceed to Alcatraz Island for duty, relieving First Lieutenant William P. Currier, P. A. C., who will report in person to the C. O. Artillery District of San Francisco for assignment to a company and station.

Lieutenant Ernest Preacreek, U. S. N., of the *Hopkins* (destroyer), Special Service Squadron, is on temporary duty at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Howard McA. Snyder, Medical Corps, stationed at the General Hospital, will proceed to Fort Rosecranz for temporary duty.

Lieutenant Hiram Phillips, Medical Corps, has reported at the Presidio of San Francisco and will be assigned to duty with Company E, Hospital Corps.

Second Lieutenant John J. Burlleigh, Twenty-Second Infantry, Presidio of Monterey, will, after the departure of his regiment for Alaska, remain on duty at that post until not later than August 15, when he will stand relieved from such duty and join his regiment.

Second Lieutenant Rockwell, Third Infantry, Monterey, will, upon completing his course of instruction in the School of Musketry, proceed to Fort Lawton, Washington.

Second Lieutenant Edmund B. Inglehart, Third Infantry, U. S. A., has received his promotion without being transferred from his regiment, stationed at the Monterey Presidio.

Second Lieutenant James A. Shannon, Seventh Cavalry, upon his arrival in San Francisco will proceed to his regiment at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Ensign N. H. Goss, detached from duty in connection with the *Grampus*, is transferred to the Pacific Station, sailing from San Francisco on or about July 6.

Contract Surgeon George F. Campell, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippine Division and will proceed by the first available transport from Manila to San Francisco for further orders.

Contract Surgeon Charles A. Cattermole, now at San Francisco, will proceed to Manhattan, Nevada, for annulment of contract.

The Sixty-Sixth and One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Companies, Coast Artillery Corps, Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., are relieved from duty at their present station and will proceed to Fort Barry, Cal., for station.

Past Assistant Paymaster J. F. Kutz, when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, will report to the commandant of the Yard for duty.

A board of officers to consist of Major Gustave

W. S. Stevens, C. A. C.; Captain Solomon Avery, Jr., C. A. C., and First Lieutenant Felix W. Motlow, C. A. C., is appointed to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco June 15, 1908, to examine into the qualifications of Sergeant August Meny, One Hundred and Fifty-Eighth Company, C. A. C., for the position of ordnance sergeant.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: From San Francisco—Rev. P. R. Lynch, Rev. J. Harnett, Mr. Leon Blum, Mr. J. Hoyt Toler, William Fletcher McNutt, M. D., William Whelan, M. D.; from Oakland—Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Miss Elizabeth McNear; from Piedmont—Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rickard.

The following are among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, California: Mrs. Ed. Fowler and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Michaels, Miss S. Bradshaw, Mrs. Hickman Nevins and child, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mr. W. W. Haas, Mrs. Charles Fee and the Misses Fee, Mr. Jerome Fee, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Samuels, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kirkpatrick, Dr. A. Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Chapman, Mrs. B. M. Gunn, the Misses Gunn, Miss Beatrice Hewitt, Mrs. F. McAleer, Mr. Joseph Magnin, Mr. M. M. Loyal, Mrs. H. C. Tabrett, Miss Tahrett, Dr. Morris Herzstein, Mrs. S. I. Winslow, Miss Winslow.

Among recent arrivals at The Peninsula, San Mateo, were Mrs. Maurice J. Pope, Miss Martha Smith, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Miss Ellen Pope, Miss Estelle Schwartz, Miss Madeline O'Neil, Mr. D. C. McCabe, Miss M. A. Donnelly, Mrs. J. Pope, Mr. J. J. Swords, Mr. W. R. Johnson, Mr. Louis Jennings, Mrs. L. Gossner, Mr. Grover Magnin, Mr. J. Magnin, Miss Bernice Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Connelly, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Koster, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Peterson, Mr. J. B. McIntyre, Miss Sarah Kingsley, Mr. T. J. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanley, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Robbins, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. L. Porter, Miss H. A. Bachman, Mrs. H. A. Hare, Mr. McKee Sherrard, Miss B. H. Trewitt, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Turner, Miss Triest, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lombard, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Lombard, Mrs. F. Bauer, Mr. J. L. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Gayness.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: From San Francisco—Mr. F. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Lambly, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mr. A. H. Stiegemeier, Mr. Marion F. Wright, Mr. Christine Judal, Miss Ida Goldsmith, Miss Bertha Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Kroger, Miss Frances M. O'Neill, Miss May Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. A. Busse and family, Miss Beatrice Busse, Mr. and Mrs. A. Marks, Mr. D. E. Hayes; from Mill Valley—Mrs. J. B. Stevens; from Berkeley—Mr. V. R. Stout, Mr. R. M. Clarke, Mr. A. E. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Lothrop, Mrs. Edwin Fritwell, Miss Ruth Monroe; from Oakland—Mrs. C. Richards, Mrs. E. Putzer, Mrs. N. C. Noblett, Mr. O. Johnson, Mr. Henry Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Storm.

The following are among the guests who have recently registered at Etna Springs: From San Francisco—Mrs. L. E. Worrell, Miss Adeline D. Worrell, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mrs. J. H. Bullock, Miss W. M. Curran, Mr. Nat Boas, Mr. H. G. Sheideman, Miss Linda B. Russ, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cooper, Mr. Harold J. Cooper, Mr. L. Mack, Mr. M. O. Edwards, Mr. Joseph F. Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigan, Mr. Bush Fennell, Mr. O. L. Towle, Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Schmidt, Miss Gladys Schmidt, Mr. F. H. Keyes, Mr. Erle J. Osborne, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crichton, Mr. Maurice Crichton, Mr. Edward T. Houghton, Mrs. A. A. Stoneberger, Miss S. M. Curran, Mr. Ben Boas, Mrs. A. L. Russ, Mr. Inyo A. Russ, Miss Dorothy J. Cooper, Mrs. Wallace Wise, Mr. E. W. Williams, Mr. M. K. Cole, Mr. Bernard Westlake Cole, Mr. L. C. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Miss Mildred Schmidt, Miss Eunice Frengler, Mr. Jaques de la Montanya, Mr. Roy A. Pratt, Dr. C. E. Pratt; from Oakland—Mr. and Mrs. Felton Taylor, Miss Margaret Taylor, Mr. Donald Tucker Macdonald, Miss Alma R. Hoffman, Mr. Cary Howard, Mr. H. W. Sharp, Mrs. Katharine Russell, Miss S. I. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Mona Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morgan, Mr. Edw. Bullis; from Berkeley—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crowell.

Isabel Irving, who will play the leading feminine rôle in "Mater" with Henry Miller at the Van Ness Theatre, arrived here last Sunday night from London in response to a cable from the actor-manager.

"The Man of the Hour" will be played here in September by many of the same cast that appeared in it last year.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—I'd go to the end of the world for you. *She*—You won't have to go that far, I'm here. —*The Sphinx.*

"Bridget, wasn't that policeman making love to you in the kitchen, last night?" "He thot he was, mum."—*Life.*

"Papa, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?" "A har-tender, son."—*Houston Post.*

Teacher—If you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result? *Scholar*—They'll think they can lick me!—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

He—That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million. *She*—How could he? *He*—Wouldn't let me marry his daughter.—*The Pathfinder.*

Old Gentleman—And if you had five hundred dollars and multiplied it by two, what would you get? *Boy*—Nautmobile!—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Do you think he can afford to keep an auto?" "He ought to. He's been an amateur photographer for three years and that didn't break him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mother (crossly)—Tommy, haven't I told you you must not talk when I am talking? *Tommy*—But, mamma, you won't let me stay up after you go to bed!—*Sketch.*

Mrs. Eastend—You'll not find me difficult to suit. *Nora (the new maid)*—I'm sure not, ma'am: I saw your husband as I came in, ma'am.—*Pittsburg Observer.*

Hewitt—My wife is up to date. *Jewett*—Sheath gown or Merry Widow hat? *Hewitt*—Neither: she asked me this morning if I had any emergency currency.—*Town Topics.*

Mistress—Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner. *Cook*—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble yez again!—*Illustrated Bits.*

Medium (impressively)—It's the spirit of your late husband, madam. He wishes to speak with you. *Mrs. Peck*—It can't be poor Henry; he never had no spirit.—*Boston Transcript.*

Teacher—What is it, Tom? *Tam*—Jimmy's swearing! *Teacher*—What did he say? *Tom*

—Well, marm, if you say over all the cuss words you know, I'll tell you when you come to it.—*Kansas City Star.*

Stranger—Been a cyclone or an earthquake round here recently? *Officer*—Naw—this hyer's a college town, an' one of the students had a hirthday party.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"You say you acted like a perfect lady throughout?" "Sure, yer honor: when he tips his hat to me an' me not knowin' him, I ups with a rock an' caves in his face."—*Houston Post.*

"Could you bring yourself to live in a flat on twenty dollars a week?" "I could, Harold," answered the pampered yet unspoiled darling. "But I do not know just how it would suit my French maid."—*The Tatler.*

"Now, what shall we name the baby?" inquired the professor's wife. "Why, this species has been named," answered the professor, in astonishment. "This is a primate mammal, homo sapiens."—*Pioneer Press.*

"Hubby, the janitor of these flats is unmarried." "What of it?" "I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest daughter." "There you go again with your pipe dreams! Last week it was a duke."—*New York Globe.*

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—This payper says there do be ser-rmons in s'bones. Phwhat d' yez think av that? *O'Hoolihan*—Oi dunno about the ser-rmons, but many a good arguement has coom out av a brick. Oi'm thinkin'.—*Chicago News.*

"I tell you," said Sinnick, "men are getting so deceitful these days that you can't trust your best friends—" "And what's worse," interrupted Burroughs, gloomily, "you can't get your best friends to trust you."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"So," remarked the boyhood friend, "you are in the swim." "Mother and the girls think I am," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But my personal feelings are those of a man who has fallen overboard and ought to be hollering for help."—*Washington Star.*

"Just this way, sir," said the courteous clerk in the railroad ticket office. "Let me show you some summer guides entitled 'Where to Go' and 'When to Go.'" The man with the modest income shook his head. "They don't interest me," he sighed. "What I want to know is 'How to Go.'"—*Chicago Daily News.*

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1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
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Tamalpais only	1:45 P.	Tamalpais only	5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Bryanized Democracy.

In the complete triumph of Mr. Bryan at Denver we have the consummation of a movement begun twelve years ago in the National Democratic Convention at Chicago. This movement has been nothing less than the overslaughting of democracy by populism. The spirit of populism achieved a victory in the nomination of Bryan in 1896. Again it achieved a victory in his nomination in 1900, accompanied by a full indorsement of the radical 1896 platform. In 1904 the more conservative forces of democracy dominated the hour, winning over Bryan at the St. Louis convention. But it was the last stand of old democracy; and with the defeat of Parker its last hope of party dominance and of popular success crept into its grave. Since the overwhelming defeat of Parker, conservative democracy has been a thing without a prospect or a hope. Today Bryanism, which is only a synonym for populism and radicalism, is in complete command of the situation. Of the old-time democracy, the democracy of the day of our grandfathers, the democracy of Cleveland, and—to bring the case up to date—the democracy of Judge Garber of California, of Asahel Bush of Oregon, of President Eliot of Massachusetts, there is nothing left but the memory. He who today calls himself a Democrat

must confess himself a supporter of the whole scheme of extreme policies once named populism, later characterized as Bryanism, and now fairly entitled, since final triumph yields possession, to the name if not the fame of democracy.

The Democratic party of today is not the Democratic party of another time. It is another thing, founded in different conceptions, prompted by other motives, aiming at other ends. It is in truth nothing better than populism in the stolen garments of historic democracy. And since the Democratic party of today is no longer the Democratic party of tradition and of conservative principle, it affords no place or standing room for Democrats of the old fashion. Your conservative Democrat like those we have named must either accept populism, Bryanism, radicalism, or he must seek new political affiliations. He has no choice—he must change his principles or change his party.

Mr. Bryan.

William Jennings Bryan in the year of grace 1908 is a different man from the fire-eyed young disputant who twelve years ago shook the cobwebs out of the rafters of a convention hall at Chicago by a glittering if not brilliant speech. Mr. Bryan was then thirty-six years of age; today he is forty-eight. Then he was an impecunious country politician of second-rate standing at home and no standing at all abroad. His vision was limited practically by local interests and prejudices, for a single term in Congress, where he had no distinction and therefore no opportunity, had not served to lift him mentally or otherwise out of his purely local character. He was the rawest possible sort of a Western spellbinder—the sort of man who in long-tailed coat, tan shoes, velvet waistcoat, and white string tie, with love-locks brushed back, goes from county to county speechifying "under the auspices of the State committee." Of the gift of gab he had enough and too much; of assurance he had all that his questionable trade required; of real economic, political, or social knowledge he had none. He was merely a professional speech-maker with such smatter of uncorroborated information as enabled him to tickle a country audience by pandering to whatever whim or prejudice might rule the hour. He was honest in the sense that he was not dishonest; he was not honest in the sense of having that cold-blooded integrity which does not venture to be positive about any question without having probed it to its bottom.

The Bryan of today, when compared with the Bryan of twelve years ago, is a larger and finer figure. He has lived in the broad world under conditions exceptionally calculated to widen his horizon. He has sustained extraordinary responsibilities of leadership, and this has tended to sober him and somewhat to steady his judgment. The mind of the man, like his clothes, has become conventionalized to a degree. Let it be said to his credit that prosperity with his extraordinary distinctions has not spoiled him. On the personal side he is as high-minded as in his earlier days, cherishing the same admirable standards of domestic and social decency, the same habits of clean living and of straightforward dealing with the world.

None the less, the temper of the man is precisely what it has always been. There is about him the atmosphere of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. It was as a speech-maker that he came to the notice of the world; today he is nothing better than a speech-maker, more polished, better equipped, more adroit, but none the less a speech-maker. For all his pretensions as an economic authority, he is neither a scholar nor a thinker. He lacks the capacity for steady-going processes of mind; he lacks the kind of mental integrity which holds opinion in strict subordination to fact and reason. He has, indeed, a species of courage; he has the kind of moral earnestness to lead a forlorn hope, as, for example, at the St. Louis convention four years ago; but with it all he has not that severe spirit of self-criticism which makes him dead sure to be right

before he goes ahead. While he has it in him to die for a cause, he is just as likely to die for a false cause as for a sound one. He has the melodramatic temperament; he is essentially a man of emotional rather than of mental processes.

There is much in the character and career of Mr. Bryan to challenge admiration if not approval. His is a truly gallant nature and the figure he has made in the world is one to charm the imagination, even though it may not inspire confidence. His poise, his courtesy, his uncalculating courage—these are winning qualities, and they have won for Mr. Bryan a world-wide good will. There are none to deny his charm and his real powers as a champion, although he is far more likely to win approval for himself than to command acceptance for his cause. But there are few even in his own party who feel that he has any real capacity for sober, steady, and severe responsibility.

Mr. Bryan's position before the country has so long been that of a critic or a champion, he has so long been a man of words rather than of deeds, that it is not easy to conceive him as one in responsible authority. His name has long been associated with the presidency and yet it is not easy to think of him as President. And even among those who have a real admiration and affection for him there are many who would regret to see him in office. "He lacks," remarked a personal friend of Mr. Bryan the other day to the editor of the *Argonaut*, "the qualities of insight and judgment essential to success in the presidency." This, the personal estimate of one who knows him well, is in precise line with the instinct of the people of the United States. As the inspiring leader of a party out of authority and in opposition, Mr. Bryan is in his precise element, and that is why he has been so long successful as the foremost figure of the Democratic party in the United States. The qualities which have carried him so brilliantly through the past dozen years are by no means those essential to administrative responsibility.

The election of Mr. Bryan is not likely. The situation is not more favorable than in 1896, when he had but 176 votes to 271 for McKinley. Nor is it more favorable than in 1900, when he had 155 electoral votes against 292 for McKinley. If there be any State which he failed to carry before that he is likely to carry now—leaving the new and relatively unimportant State of Oklahoma out of the question—we fail to see where it is. As before, Mr. Bryan is pretty sure to be beaten, and so far as his own historical repute is concerned, it will be just as well for him. Even if he should be elected, it is difficult to see any chance for promoting his favorite ideas. In the presidency his hands would be tied, since the Senate is overwhelmingly Republican and in the nature of things must remain Republican during the coming four years. Whatever measures or ideas may be presented by the President, whoever he may be, during the next four years, must either fail in the borning or else square themselves with the judgment and the sentiments of a Republican Senate.

An Issue Postponed.

As did the Republicans at Chicago, so did the Democrats at Denver—they balked when it came to the demands of Mr. Gompers for a definite and comprehensive scheme of special privilege for organized labor. At the same time the Democrats went further than the Republicans, pledging to organized labor a definite remodeling of the law of injunction in the line of nullifying its immediate and therefore its most important powers. While the Denver declaration is sufficient to indicate the tendencies of the Democratic party, it hardly goes far enough to emphasize the issue and therefore to put it to the front in this campaign, as at one time seemed probable. In effect the course of the two conventions, suggestive though it be as to the future, postpones the issue. Organized labor in its extreme demands has been neither approved nor denied; it has been told to wait.

On the whole we are sorry for this postponement.

The question must be met first or last, for organized labor under arbitrary leadership has got its mind made up to it. Again the demand will be made and the parties will have to show their hands with respect to it. As usual when radical proposals press upon the country, this issue will find its support in the Democratic party; and as usual (and inevitable) the Republican party will have the task of defending the country against improper and ruinous proposals. We should have been glad to have the fight come on this year. Where things are inevitable there is only worry and demoralization in delay. Pushed to one side in 1908, the demands of organized labor will only be urged with the greater vehemence and confidence in 1912. It will surely come and we may just as well prepare for it.

Organized labor aims at nothing else than political control of the country. It seeks to have the determinations of its "councils" and "amalgamations" made the law of the land. It seeks to have the laws as they exist nullified in so far as they interfere with any purposes within the scheme of organized labor. Since it is impossible and perhaps undesirable even from the labor union standpoint to abrogate the laws against murder, arson, and conspiracy, it is proposed to have them nullified in so far as organized labor may be concerned, to the end that strikes and labor disturbances may be enforced by whatever means may seem good to the strikers and disturbers. In the words of Mr. Gompers, organized labor wants leave, undisturbed by criminal or police regulations, to exercise its "normal activities." In other words, the demand is for license to maim, to murder, to destroy, whenever it may suit the mood of organized labor.

It hardly needs to be said that to grant the demands of organized labor as defined by this insolent foreign agitator would in effect be to abandon the foundation principles of the republic. It would be to surrender practically the government of the country into the hands of a private and sinister association of citizens which persistently declines by formal incorporation to make itself responsible under the law. It would mean to suspend all ordinary legal processes where the interests of organized labor are concerned. It would turn over not merely the governing powers of the country to organized labor with leave to pluck property to its ruin, but it would deliver unorganized labor (declared by General Harrison Gray Otis to be more than nine-tenths of all the labor in the country) bound hand and foot to be punished for its temerity and "disloyalty."

It is hardly necessary to say where the Republican party must stand when this demand comes to be comprehended in its full significance and in its full enormity. Even today, with the issue masked by a hundred artful disguises, a programmed convention has declined to obey the command of a President who had weakly yielded. Even a Democratic convention, likewise programmed and bossed, declined to go to the lengths demanded by Gompers and urged by Bryan. The issue lies so deep, it is so blended with sentiment, interest, tradition, and fixed respect for justice and the integrity of law, that subserviency itself came to a halt and would go no further. But let nobody be deceived; the serpent is only scotched, not destroyed. It will come again—as slavery came again and again and as the cheap money delusion came again and again. And, men and brethren, the Republican party will have to fight it out precisely as it has fought out every other assault upon the integrity of free institutions since it came into existence half a century ago.

Two Conventions.

The events of the year do not tend to respect for the convention system as we have it in American politics. In theory the party convention is an assemblage of delegates for the purpose of comparing principles and formulating policies and of promoting their enforcement through coöperative action. For a long period this theory has worked out fairly well in practice. But we seem now to have attained a stage in political development under which the theory of the party convention is measurably if not completely nullified.

For example, take the recent conventions at Chicago and Denver, representing the two great bodies of organized political opinion in the United States. How, let us ask, did the proceedings of these conventions match the theories or accord with the purposes involved in them? Both conventions were all but completely dominated—perhaps bossed is a better word. For months previous to the meeting at Chicago President Roosevelt employed not only his personal prestige, but the powers of the presidential office to work up a convention amenable to his authority. We have had

a good deal of boss politics in this country, a good deal of trading and bargaining with official patronage as a means of political influence, but nothing quite so thoroughgoing as the work of Mr. Roosevelt. He chose the officers of the convention; he dictated the platform excepting in respect to the labor clause, where even a programmed convention would not follow him; he selected the nominees. So complete was his management of the convention even in details that it has been found necessary in common decency to explain that while he did "read over" the advance transcript of the platform, he modestly did not read those eloquent paragraphs bearing testimony to the virtuosity of his own character and career.

With a different setting and under other circumstances, this record was duplicated at Denver. It was Mr. Bryan's convention as positively and completely as if he had owned it body and breeches. Even our own Theodore Bell, a young man whose political virtue is so great that ordinarily he can accept no advice from any source, had to make the long journey to Lincoln, Nebraska, for instruction as to what he should say and how to say it in assuming the temporary chairmanship. Like the Republican convention at Chicago, the Democratic convention at Denver was a programmed affair, bossed in every detail. It had no freedom, no power of initiative; it was selected to receive and to register the will of William J. Bryan, and it did its work as it was expected to do it.

It will be interesting to see how long an institution which has forgotten its original purposes, and which unless there shall be a revival of older practice must soon cease to have any real dignity or justification, will survive. Under present conditions and in present forms, we think not long. Americans are a practical people and they will not permanently or for any extended period fondle a rag baby. Either the party convention must regain something of its old powers, it must be a thing of real authority and practical account, or it will be cast aside as a thing outworn and useless, to be superseded by something in sounder accord with the requirements of political action.

Old Age Pensions.

Socialism, opportunism, and feminism have at last pushed the old age pension scheme in England to the point of practical consideration by Parliament. Definite proposals have been put forward by the government, and although the bill will of course be amended and modified in committee, the plan in its substantial features will become law.

It has at least the virtue of simplicity. Any one over the age of seventy years and whose income is less than ten shillings a week may present himself, or herself, at the nearest postoffice, show the necessary certificate, and draw the weekly sum of five shillings. The documents will be furnished by local committees, who will interrogate each applicant and verify each claim. When the certificate has once been issued it will remain in force for life unless, or until, it is forfeited by misconduct. As the squire and the parson will certainly figure largely on the local committees, we may assume that poaching and failure to attend the Episcopal Church will now be followed by new penalties, direct or indirect, that are not exactly contemplated by the law. The squire and the parson in unholy combination and with their infinite capacity for petty tyranny are still the masters of Merry England.

From the point of view of the political opportunist the old age pension project is a matter of sheer necessity and to be defended upon no other ground. That it must discourage thrift, habituate the community to pauperism, and produce a vast amount of trickery and perjury is too obvious to be denied. That it will prove an irresistible temptation to competing political parties to buy the votes of its beneficiaries by promising an increase of the weekly pension is clearly foreseen and boldly admitted. Indeed, the initial proposal is itself in the nature of a bribe and to be classed with the surrender to the shrieks of the suffragettes. But the government is between the devil and the deep sea. Confronted with an overwhelming tide of pauperism, it must either grapple with the causes of that pauperism by waging war upon special fiscal privilege or it must drug and narcotize it by gifts and doles. Special privilege is the warp and the woof of the English system, and although there are many members of the present government who know the iniquity for what it is and who would like to equalize the burdens of the people and so to make an independent old age a possibility to the poor, it is the people themselves who shrink from interference with the traditions of taxation sanctified

by a hundred generations. Old age pauperism—and youthful pauperism too, for that matter—is the direct result of a system that compels the whole nation to pay tribute to a narrow and exclusive caste, but the government that proposed to do justice from the roots upward would be displaced just as quickly as the voters could register their wishes. In England a governing caste keeps its place by the will of the people and will continue to do so as long as the people love to have it so.

The aged indigent must therefore have their pension, not because a pension is due them, but because a pension is better than a dangerous discontent that might possibly make a real reform inevitable. The plea that a man is entitled to a pension merely because he is old, that he can thus accept a public dole without loss of self-respect or dignity simply from his physical incapacity to make a return, is not even plausible, but it is now being urged in England with unctuous vigor. That a great many of the aged poor who will be benefited by this measure are individually blameless may be true, and no one would wish to add the stigma of public alms to unavoidable dependence. But when we are invited to regard such wholesale dependence as the fitting and proper lot of old age, when we are asked to accept it as belonging to the rightful order of things and to the legitimate machinery of government, then indeed we marvel at the statecraft that originates such an idea. The social system that makes it hopelessly impossible for the honest and industrious farm laborer, for example, to make any provision whatever for old age, stands condemned as a reproach to civilization, as one of the marks of the failure of civilization, and to attempt to meet such a condition by government pittance of five shillings a week is precisely on a par with the medical science that devoted itself exclusively to the external symptoms of the disease to the neglect of its real nature, its origin, and its cause.

That an old age pension scheme has worked well in Germany for these many years is true, but in Germany the system is in the nature of an endowment insurance and it is worked on a strict actuarial basis. A regular premium is paid during the working years of the beneficiary. He himself pays a third of this premium from his weekly wage, the employer pays a third, and the government pays a third. This is a very different thing from the proposed system in England under which the workman will pay nothing, and will moreover be dissuaded from such thrift as he may be inclined to practice by the knowledge that a benevolent and vote-catching government will look after him and that five shillings a week is waiting for him "at the nearest postoffice."

A Venturesome Word or Two.

It might be going too far to declare that American politics is strictly a man's game. There have been women in considerable numbers with propensity and talent for politics, and feminine opinion and influence have always been things more or less to be reckoned with. But we have never had in this country anything in our politics approaching the part taken in politics by English women. The fact has been creditable alike to our politics and to our women; and there are some of us so old-fashioned in our ways of thinking, and in our respect for womankind, as to wish to see the old rule strictly maintained.

But we see indications suggestive of another intention and probably of another practice. For example, the wife of Mr. Taft has already given forth an "interview" in which she has declared her opinions with respect to a lot of things material and immaterial as related to the campaign. Evidently Mr. Taft has a wife who is not willing to sit in the shadow of her husband's greatness, but who proposes to ply an active oar when opportunity serves. In times past we have had exhibitions of much the same spirit on the part of Mr. Bryan's wife. This estimable lady has that fine aggressiveness born of the Western educational system in which her relationship to Mr. Bryan had its beginning. She was a "co-ed" when he met and loved her, and something of the spirit of the co-ed has endured in her social and domestic attitude. She plays on the typewriter at her husband's dictation and is presumed to have something more than a mechanical part in those public utterances which go forth from Fairview in written form. She has carried the spirit of Western collegianism somewhat aggressively not only into the Bryan domestic circle, but into the broader sphere opened up by Mr. Bryan's public activities.

We have another distinctly over-aggressive feminine figure in the wife of Congressman Nicholas Longworth, whose petulance under observation is only equalled

by her persistence in getting into positions where she may be seen. It could be wished that this young woman's propensities for the limelight were less pronounced, and that the example of public and social manners which she presents were more in conformity with fixed convention and with the standards cherished by people of old-fashioned ideas.

Looking over the field of what we may style political femininity, it is a constant gratification to observe the discretion and taste exhibited at all times and under all conditions by the wife of the President, Mrs. Roosevelt. Whatever criticism of White House manners may be justified, there is nothing to be said that is not to the credit of the Lady of the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt is never on exhibition; she has no public poses; she never by any chance intrudes upon any situation. She brought to the White House an atmosphere of breeding, a certain knowledge of the world in its better phases, which that historical mansion has not always been accustomed to. And she has manifested the fine quality of her mind and character not by any kind of demonstration, but rather by its absence. Mrs. Roosevelt is not in evidence photographically or otherwise; she is never in the newspapers. And yet there is an unmistakable sense of her restraining and refining influence in all the purely social conditions connected with the domestic and social side of administrative life.

The *Argonaut* would be very glad if Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Bryan, likewise the President's daughter and the several types of widowhood of Mr. Bryan's connection, would imitate the fine example set by Mrs. Roosevelt. The wives and daughters of our public men never appear in a light so admirable as when, like Mrs. Roosevelt, they leave politics and all that goes with it to the menfolks of their connection.

Slowly but Surely Seeing the Truth.

It has not been easy for persons and newspapers at a distance to comprehend the true meaning of events in San Francisco during the past two years, particularly in connection with the so-called graft prosecution. What has been going on here has been so industriously represented as a "moral movement," so exploited in those phases calculated to command approval by their very names, so artfully dramatized and staged in ten thousand ways, as to suggest and even enforce false and misleading interpretations. There has been a situation in which one who, like the *Argonaut*, having no private interest at stake and wishing in good conscience to serve only the cause of truth, justice, and common sense, has found it extremely difficult to be faithful to his own standards and character without flying in the face of misconception and distrust. But with progress of time, the inside truth of our situation is beginning to dawn upon a multitude of minds from which hitherto it has been shut out. Many are coming to see that behind the masks of moral pretense, nobility of purpose, heroic self-sacrifice, guilelessness, and moral enthusiasm there lie a multitude of gross, vulgar, and fraudulent purposes. If even yet the bed-rock motive in the whole wretched business has not been uncovered to the popular view, it is coming to be understood that such a motive exists and that it has been sought to be worked out even though in a bungling way. President Roosevelt's amazingly ill-informed, foolish, and impertinent letter to Rudolph Spreckels, which was "secured" as a means of bolstering up a discredited and failing cause, has met away from home something of the amused contempt which greeted its publication here. For example, the following comment appears in the *New York Times* under the heading, "The Tie That Binds":

President Roosevelt's letter to Rudolph Spreckels, exhorting him to keep up the fight and flinch not, will be read in San Francisco with much irreverent mirth. And when laughter has exhausted itself over Mr. Roosevelt's credulous acceptance of the Spreckels fight as a disinterested crusade against men of sin and corruption, it will break out afresh over his words of brotherly welcome to Mr. Spreckels as a fellow-soldier in the war of righteousness and his identification of the San Francisco fight as an integral part of the great battle in which he himself is engaged against wrongdoing.

The San Francisco situation is rather more complex than the President supposes. It has been publicly charged, and the charge has never been satisfactorily answered, that the war upon the Ring and upon the traction chiefs was not quite so pure and lofty in motive as the leaders in the fight ask the public to believe. They belabored the Ring mightily, and that was a public service, but it has been pretty broadly intimated, plainly asserted, indeed, that there were private interests of some magnitude to be served, and this exposure of a worldly motive has inclined San Francisco to listen with grins to the high professions of the Ring smashers.

None of these doubts troubles the President. You and I, he says to Mr. Spreckels, are engaged in a noble work, and it

is of small consequence "whether men think well or ill of us personally." "In their essence, down at the foundation of things, the ties that are all-important are those that knit honest men, brave men, square-dealing men, together." Before tying himself up so unreservedly to Mr. Spreckels Mr. Roosevelt would have done well to examine with closer scrutiny the gentleman at the other end of the tie. Still, there is much in common, there is much of likeness, there are points of striking resemblance. There has been a prodigious amount of noise in both cases, quite out of proportion to the result achieved. The men of the Ring have not been punished as wickedness deserves in San Francisco, and the President's crusade has put no malefactor in jail.

In both cases there has been a great deal of fooling of the people. The South and the West quite lost their heads over Mr. Roosevelt, just as, in the beginning, San Francisco did the same thing over Mr. Spreckels. The inconvenient aspersions upon Mr. Spreckels's motive will probably not visibly diminish the enthusiasm of those who still believe in him. So, too, admirers of Mr. Roosevelt, who have observed without any moral disturbance how he made the Chicago convention the personal instrument of his iron will, interfering and dictating at every turn, forcing upon it his candidate and his platform, are simply annoyed when they are reminded that Mr. Roosevelt is the man who used to protest that "the people are quite capable of managing their own affairs without interference and dictation" from their administrative servants.

To those who remind him of his former views and point out how little his present acts accord with them, Mr. Roosevelt replies with a certificate of election to the Ananias Club, or with allusions to the detestable malice of persons of indigent wealth. He exhorts Mr. Spreckels to do the same thing. The square-dealing men must stand together, he says, and treat detractors as the common enemy. The fun of the situation is missed only by those who accept with unquestioning approval everything done in the name of square dealing.

In the same spirit of doubt and questioning the *New York Evening Post* deals with this same letter:

President Roosevelt's injunction to Rudolph Spreckels not to falter in his effort to purify San Francisco politics will, no doubt, hearten the reformers who have been so sadly disappointed in their efforts to place behind the bars Schmitz, Ruef, and other criminals, large and small. The way the boss and his hase creatures have slipped through the meshes of the law is enough to discourage anybody.

The President is particular, too, to say that the "slander and wicked falsehood" with which Mr. Spreckels and his associates have had to contend are merely the lot of all reformers. He himself has suffered; hence it is with genuine personal sympathy that he calls on Mr. Spreckels "to do the work without flinching, and without losing our good humor and common sense, without becoming angered or losing our heads." The President himself never having berated anybody or lost his temper, or he-adjectived any reactionary, the advice is particularly valuable.

It is only fair to say, however, that many of the men and the newspapers that have criticised Mr. Spreckels and his associates have done so from the best of motives, and not because of a desire to retard justice or shield the wrongdoers. Unless our observation has misled us, there is a growing feeling in the West that some of the methods of Messrs. Spreckels and Heney were as high-handed as any of those of the grafters they have run to cover. In San Francisco, many are laughing at the credulous Roosevelt.

It would be interesting to know what Schmitz would say to this latest letter of the man who entertained him in the White House when he was already under indictment.

The *Philadelphia Ledger* in somewhat milder spirit, as becomes the atmosphere of the community of brotherly love, deals with the President's letter as follows:

Friends of President Roosevelt will hesitate to commend the impetuosity that inspired a letter of fraternal commendation and cheer to Rudolph Spreckels of San Francisco. The letter serves to call attention to an awkward state of facts. It will hardly have the effect of quickening the ardor or upholding the hands of the Spreckels personally conducted prosecution, for this has been doing its utmost, albeit the utmost has been little. The single good result has been the retirement from office of a thieving administration. Such retirement was inevitable after the first exposure.

At one time the people of San Francisco were fired with zeal not only to turn the rascals out of office, but to turn them into jail. Spreckels became the head and front of the movement. As he furnished the money, he directed its expenditure. The animus soon became plain. The prosecution was aimed not toward the vulgar scoundrels whose guilt was open, but against the victims whom these had hied. The status of all enterprise had been fixed. The man with the legitimate enterprise in which he was ready to invest money had to purchase the most ordinary rights or find himself crippled. That he yielded to the situation; that he did not have the hardihood to stand out against the demands was an error, a manifest weakness, and a crime. Yet, for the sake of putting this man in stripes, the prosecution was ready to promise immunity to any malefactor cowardly enough to betray his accomplices. It even promised immunity to Ruef, arch rogue of the whole decadent business, and neglected to keep the promise.

Ruef and Schmitz were convicted, and the higher courts had prepared a favorable response to their appeal before the appeal had been made. Meanwhile the people, observing that the whole strength of the prosecution was being used against men whose standing, socially and commercially, had been at least as high as that of Spreckels; observing also that these men had been successful rivals of Spreckels, and that the pursuit of them was marked by more venom than properly belonged to mere instruments of the law, lost confidence, and then lost patience. They grew to regard the whole performance as persecution. If they did not do this they at least lost faith in the courts, and viewed the continued struggle as a waste of energy

and money. They wanted the thing to end. That is their feeling today. Their admiration for Spreckels vanished first, and then their belief in him.

Thus has arrived the time when there is no reason to think any of the grafters will be punished. Even were they to be convicted, there is, with or without basis, a theory that the courts would let them go. The President may easily counsel Mr. Spreckels not to heed detractors, but reformers, heralding their high and holy purpose in a community made up of detractors, are under serious disadvantage.

There does not appear to the observer from without any adequate explanation of the stupidity and ineptitude that have made possible the present muddle. The crimes were known. The criminals could be called by name. The prosecution, with everything in its favor, failed lamentably. It refused to grasp the small fry of corruption, and had not the ability to reach the class of offenders upon whom it had set its ambitions. Still, Mr. Spreckels may find comfort in the presidential misadventure. And if there is anything he particularly needs it is comfort.

A Social Problem Solved.

Now at last is the axe laid to the root of the tree of marital unrest. A bill introduced in the assembly of Georgia strikes a mighty blow at the underlying cause of divorce. This heretofore insoluble social problem undermining the safety of our country is about to be settled by the Georgia legislature and the whole superstructure of statutory cause sent toppling from its base.

A Daniel from Georgia has come to judgment with the discovery that back of the drink habit, directly responsible for desertion, more insidious than incompatibility of temper, incentive to suicide, lies the art of "make-up." That men have taken to drink after marriage we all know, have even committed suicide or deserted their wives before the honeymoon is over, we are bound to admit, and for the want of a deeper insight into their domestic tragedies these are the men who are branded "brute" by their wives' relatives. The most optimistic of us can not but bear witness to the fact that as many apparently auspicious marriages turn out as disastrously as the mad-cap matches. The columns of our press give daily proof of the failure of marriages contracted under the most promising circumstances, and the court calendar proves the further fact that high and low, rich and poor, wise and otherwise, are ground through the divorce mill in about equal proportions, showing there is no protection through enlightenment or the possession of money to insure against the grind of drudgery.

Right here the Georgian mind, instead of the usual shrug and "You never can tell," has set to work to probe the heart of the marital-unrest evil, and the result is a bill introduced into the legislature. In plain terms this bill, while recognizing the value of artifice as a bait to the unwary man—the sticky-sweetness of the tanglefoot—provides for the drawing of the line of illusion at the psychological moment when attention becomes intention. There must, it is argued, with that logical faculty that induces the framing of the bill, be a sub-cause underlying the direct cause for the revulsion of feeling that induces drink, suicide, and desertion during what ought to be the halcyon days of the honeymoon; and the mighty blow dealt at the root of the matter discloses the rottenness of deception. Therefore whatever artificial aids a woman may employ to add to her seductive charm before marriage she shall cease to use on the hither side of the altar rail. The measure provides furthermore that if a woman should snare a man with the aid of "cosmetics, artificial teeth, puffs, rats, paddings, drop-stitch hose, peek-a-boo waists, corsets, V-shaped lingerie, or other artifice, the marriage shall be null and void." This bill, we are glad to learn, has been referred by the speaker of the house to the committee on ways and means and is assured a careful consideration.

And while this sacred subject rests in the bands of the committee on ways and means, and while we are waiting with bated breath for the result, we may lessen the tension of suspense by trying to grasp something of what the outcome may be if this bill becomes a law. Obtaining anything under false pretenses, whether a husband or a railroad, we admit to be reprehensible. "Cosmetics, paddings, puffs, V-shaped lingerie," and other kindred artifices, we agree with the gentleman from Georgia, are a delusion and a snare. "Little dabs of powder, little daubs of paint," we are prepared to admit, "make a girl's complexion look like what it aint," and in defense of the guileless man, along with dumb animals and birds of plumage, there must be a protecting law. We have laws providing for pure foods, original packages, *et cetera*, making for sincerity in trade, of vastly less importance not only to the individual, but the human race, than a law

viding for an anti-artificial brand of beauty. But in the hands of the Georgia legislature we feel safe, for the bill not only inveighs against all known artificial aids to beauty, "paddings, rats, cosmetics, V-shaped lingerie," *et cetera*, but draws a hard and fast line in defense of the unwary by adding "all other devices," thus covering the whole realm of nutton tallow to soften the hands, milk-weed juice to take off tan, early morning dew to freshen the complexion, and every other device, innocent or nefarious, that shall hereafter be invented for the undoing of unsuspecting man.

It may have been this same gentleman from Georgia, since internal evidence points to his probable authorship, who lifted up his heart and sang:

"He loved her for her lovely hair,
So beautiful and rich,
But when he found that, unaware,
She had mislaid it on a chair,
His train of thought was, then and there,
Wrecked by a misplaced switch."

And it is further possible that the introduction of this bill is the outgrowth of his own bitter experience. But while we welcome progress in every department of our national life and join in hearty sympathy with our brother from Georgia, we distrust the successful operation of this law—if law it is to become—until the marriage ceremony has been revised. That a man who thinks he has married a blooming lass of twenty and finds his dear Product of the Paint Pot thirty at the least, truly has cause for suicide, drink, or desertion, we admit. But until the words "for better, for worse," be stricken from the marriage ceremony, "cosmetics, false teeth, puffs, rats, paddings, drop-stitch hose, peek-a-boo waists, corsets, V-shaped lingerie, and other artifices" seem to stand on impregnable ground.

Editorial Notes.

It is announced that the Equitable Life Assurance Association of New York is to put up a building in that city sixty-two stories in height and overtopping every other structure now in existence or likely to be built. This is to be done not because it will be a profitable investment, but as an advertisement, to the end that the Equitable Company may be kept in the public mind. It is to be recalled that only three or four years ago the Equitable Company was the subject of a national scandal, a scandal so serious that the late ex-President Cleveland felt impelled to withdraw from his retirement and lend his name to an effort to restore confidence. Confidence above all things is what the Equitable and all other associations of its kind most seriously needs. Will a sixty-two-story building, put up in disregard of business considerations as a mere advertisement, contribute to public confidence in behalf of the Equitable Association? We think not. We think the effect will be rather to create an impression unfavorable to the conservatism and stability of the Equitable management. A freak building will be to many investors, policy holders, and men of plain common sense an indication that folly rather than wisdom is at the helm of the Equitable.

The Democratic convention at Denver completed its ticket by naming as its candidate for Vice-President one Kerns of Indiana, a man less known but otherwise about on a par with the Republican nominee. Governor Johnson of Minnesota or Judge Gray of Delaware ought to have been nominated, but the first named flatly refused and the last was not sufficiently urged. Kerns was Bryan's choice. Like the leading lady in a popular drama, he didn't want anybody else on the stage likely to detract from that concentration of interest upon himself which he so dearly loves. Mr. Kerns is described as a respectable man, half politician, half lawyer, whose chief distinction is a close association with Tom Taggart, the Democratic boss of Indiana. The main personal fact about Mr. Kerns thus far developed is the interesting one that he wears a flowing chin whisker and already the caricaturists and paragraphers have hit upon this appendage as affording in the situation as thus far developed a sadly needed element of humor. Mr. Kerns's beard and the size of Mr. Taft's waistband give promise of being much worked in the cause of the gaiety of nations during the coming months.

Mr. Heney continues to enliven our criminal court procedures by a pleasant play of spirit, largely temperamental, no doubt, but perhaps even more largely developed by his career in Arizona, where almost anything goes in court or out of it. His latest contribution to the gaiety of nations is a threat uttered in court to slap the face of the opposing counsel when they should get out of court. Curiously enough, neither this nor any of

the other of Mr. Heney's fierce threats ever come to anything. Being a very busy man, he doubtless forgets his engagements to punch, to shoot, and to slap. Come to think of it, Mr. Heney is in the habit of promising a good deal more than he performs. It is easily recalled that not only once but many times he publicly gave his pledge to put Abe Ruef in San Quentin, all the while Ruef having in his pocket Mr. Heney's secret immunity contract. Possibly these threatenings to shoot and to slap are merely intended to entertain the public, all the same as the threats against Ruef. It is coming to be seen that Mr. Heney is a good deal of a poser and a bluffer.

The Sacramento *Union*, nominally in the spirit of enthusiasm for valor and self-sacrifice, actually in the desire to promote itself in the public esteem, promises each Memorial Day hereafter to bestow a "medal of honor" upon the resident of Sacramento or vicinity who, during the preceding year, has performed the most heroic deed reported in the paper. The trouble about "the most heroic deed" in relation to this reward is that it will not get into the paper. The truest heroism is not that which turns double somersaults in public or which exploits itself in the public prints. The *Union's* medal will probably go to somebody who shall have done a spectacular stunt, calling for a mere temperamental courage. This sort of courage is a vastly different and a lesser thing than the kind of courage which operates in private and which seeks no medals.

Judging by the attitude of the Hearst newspapers ten days or two weeks ago, there seemed reason to believe that Mr. Hearst's Independence League would support the regular Democratic ticket in the coming national campaign. Later indications are hardly so favorable to democracy. The interest, however, is only a minor one, since the Hearst influence has become a much less serious matter than formerly. Mr. Hearst's several personal defeats, combined with his open jugglery in politics has not, to say the least, tended to augment his political prestige.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

Mr. Hearst's repudiation of Mr. Bryan is a little hard to understand except on the ground that it is not in Mr. Hearst's nature to ally himself with any one or to any one. That Mr. Bryan should have brought this rebuff upon himself is a piece of distinctly bad diplomacy. He could have ascertained Mr. Hearst's sentiment by some underground channel, and this would have been far better than openly asking for his support—and not in a very dignified way—and having it openly refused. But as a piece of political ingratitude Mr. Hearst's contemptuous denunciations almost establish a record. When he was fighting for the governorship of New York Mr. Bryan went out of his way to hestow his benedictions and called down upon himself a public censure for so doing. Now that Mr. Hearst has an opportunity to return the compliment he has nothing but a jeer and a sneer to offer.

Mr. Bryan has of course nothing much to fear from a Hearstian opposition. It is Mr. Hearst's friendship that is to be feared and not his enmity. In the field of politics Mr. Hearst never backed a winning horse in his life, and slim as Mr. Bryan's chances are, he may congratulate himself that the New York editor has not overlooked him with the evil eye of his approval.

Mr. Hearst's supporters were few enough and far enough between before the result of the New York recount was made known. His prestige must have dwindled still further since his wearisome campaign of sound and fury has been shown to be baseless. He gained 863 votes only, a truly pitiful showing, after his preposterous claim of election, and a showing by no means calculated to arouse either enthusiasm for the past or confidence for the future.

The negro vote is occasioning some apprehensions in Ohio, although a good many well-informed Republicans believe that the negroes will vote their usual ticket in spite of the disaffection that undoubtedly exists. With the possible exception of Indiana, the negro votes in Ohio exercise more influence as a political factor than in any other State of the Union.

The correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* furnishes some figures showing that the balance of power is very truly with the colored vote:

Whether the negroes will use the balance of power in the districts where they hold it is a question that is sorely perplexing Republican leaders in this State. It is one of the reasons that make many of them so anxious to have Foraker openly and warmly espouse Mr. Taft's cause on the stump. If Foraker stays out of the campaign, the present fear is that many of the negroes will take it as a sign that they are to vote against the Republican nominee.

In six congressional districts in Ohio the success of the Republican candidate depends largely upon the negro vote. In five more districts in the State the negro vote is a potent factor for success or failure. This is exclusive of the First District, represented by Nicholas Longworth, which has a larger percentage of black voters than any other district in the State. In the Third District, represented by John E. Harding, there are 1946 negro voters. Mr. Harding's plurality at the last election was 1730. In the Seventh, or Springfield, District, represented by General J. Warren Keifer, 2923 votes were cast by negroes at the last election, and General Keifer's majority was only 227.

The district of Representative Alvert Douglass of Chillicothe, the Eleventh, contains 1758 negro voters, and Mr. Douglass's majority at the last election was only 320. Representa-

tive Grant E. Mauser's district, the Thirteenth, has 419 black votes, and gave its Congressman a plurality of 273. Beman G. Dawes of Marietta represents the Fifteenth District, which is made up of five counties. His plurality at the last election was 1419, and 960 colored voters were enlisted for his success. There are 796 black voters in the Eighteenth District, now represented by James Kennedy of Youngstown, whose plurality at the last election was 1844.

It will be readily seen from these figures that in all of the districts enumerated the success of the Republican nominee depends largely upon the colored vote.

It rests with Senator Foraker to say the "word in season" that will reassure the colored voter, and there need not be much doubt that he will say it.

It is to be hoped that we shall see no domestic discord in the ranks of the Socialist party. Here at least there should be that ecstatic harmony that will be a foretaste of a Socialist future for civilization. But so far the evidences of harmony are not encouraging. Already there are two candidates in the field, and they are both equipped with the necessary credentials in the shape of a prison record. But Mr. Dehs incurred the penalty of jail for the unimportant offense of contempt of court, whereas Mr. De Leon, who looks down upon Mr. Dehs as an aristocrat, has actually killed his man during a recent strike. It is true that Mr. De Leon is under the constitutional age and that his present term of imprisonment is for twenty-five years, but these are matters of small importance compared with the assertion of a great principle. The favor of the Socialists naturally goes toward Mr. De Leon, and Mr. Dehs's humble claims can hardly be said to be in serious competition with those of a real man-killer in the cause of human brotherhood.

Hobson's anti-Japanese speech at Denver was remarkable for the single fact that he ventured to quote—or to profess to quote—a direct statement by President Roosevelt. Hobson has made many speeches of this kind, some of them even more inflammatory, but this is the first time that the chief executive has been dragged into the fray. Hobson accused the Japanese of coveting the Pacific slope and described the San Francisco school incident as one of the most humiliating experiences of the Anglo-Saxon people. War, he said, was only averted because President Roosevelt was noble enough "to lie down and eat dirt" when it became necessary to do so to avert a disaster.

The New York *Times*, describing the incident, goes on to say:

But more than this announcement the authoritative revelation of special information an incident of the morning session of the convention lends weight to what Hobson had to say. It came toward the close of the speech of Theodore Bell, the temporary chairman, who had conferred with William J. Bryan on the speech which is to be the keynote of Bryan's campaign.

"On the homestead of the Pacific will be enacted the mighty commercial struggles of the future," said Mr. Bell, "and the interests of American commerce will demand that an adequate naval strength be maintained in the waters of the Pacific to protect our expanding commerce. This magnificent Western country of ours has not only proved attractive to our own people and the other white nations of the earth, but it has also proved alluring to the brown and yellow races of the East."

Thus far Mr. Bell was following literally the text of his speech as he had prepared it before consultation with Bryan at Lincoln. But now he went further, and interjected a sentence referring to the passage of the Chinese exclusion act, declaring that there should be also enacted a law for the exclusion of other Asiatics.

It was a direct reference to the demand of organized labor for a Japanese exclusion act, and it was met immediately by cheers from the crowd.

That, of course, is exactly what it was. It was not only a direct reference to the demand of organized labor, but a direct bid for it. That President Roosevelt sometimes says things of amazing and impulsive indiscretion to even casual visitors is one of the commonplaces of the White House, but that he should give to such a frivolous chatterbox as Hobson the chance to repeat a confidence is almost past credence.

The Democrats are early in the field with their campaign literature. The first tract of some 386 pages has been issued. It is bound in green cloth, typical no doubt of the state of mind of those who expect a Democratic success. The tract includes Mr. Bryan's speech "Thou Shalt Not Steal," Judge Parker's vindication from the New York *Sun*, a section specially devoted to labor, and another one full of convincing reasons why the Federal judges should be restrained. Then there is a chapter on the election of United States senators, seventy-eight pages devoted to the tariff and the trusts, and a bulky section on financial conditions. Commenting on this publication, the New York *Evening Post* says:

To appeal to the discontented was ever Mr. Bryan's best play, and the *Commoner*, in its every issue, shows a grave and fitting concern for the empty dinner-pail. Republican extravagance, too, is to be one of the important points to be assaulted. It is the very first subject touched upon in the book, which is not without some skill in arrangement. But if there were a dozen such volumes, in all the colors of the rainbow, it would still be plain that this campaign is once more to turn largely upon personalities rather than principles.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Bryan's newspaper, the *Commoner*, is already arranging for its post-mortem condition in case its demise should be necessitated by Mr. Bryan's election. It has been arranged that in this event the *Commoner* will suspend publication and the business manager is now putting aside a fund to be used in reimbursing subscribers for unexpired subscriptions. A suspension under such circumstances would be unique in American journalism, but the danger is not a pressing one.

New York contains 8000 lawyers, 5000 actors, 3000 actresses, 6000 artists, 10,000 musicians, 15,000 stenographers, 6900 salesmen and saleswomen, 1900 farmers, 1600 undertakers, and 852 female barbers.

A new paper called *Chinese Public Opinion*, written in English and managed by Chinese, has just appeared in Peking.

EXIT THE DIAMOND MAKER.

Lemoine Disappears, to the Regret of the Magistrate and the Rage of His Wife.

So Lemoine, the diamond maker, has vanished and without leaving even a single gem as a pledge of his affections. That is the bare fact, and as there is no tax upon conclusions, we may draw them freely to any extent that we wish.

There was never an alchemist of the Middle Ages who produced half such a sensation as Lemoine. Those who owned diamonds were afraid of him because he said that he would make their sparkling stones as cheap as pebbles upon the beach. Those who had no diamonds looked upon Lemoine with a credulous curiosity. In fact, it is safe to say that most people believed in him more or less, because most people were unaware that he had already been in prison and that his reputation was not a savory one. And why should not people believe in him? The artificial diamond is a fact in science. No miracle was involved. Scientists were disposed to look upon the claim with benevolence, while no less an authority than Lord Armstrong was confident that Lemoine had made diamonds in his presence. The vein of superstition that runs more or less strongly in 90 per cent of the human race gave to Lemoine a place in the popular credulity. Perhaps he would have found nearly the same place had he professed to have discovered the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life. We believe in all these things just as fervently as ever we did, but it is no longer fashionable to confess it. *Voilà tout.*

It will be remembered that Lemoine met his Waterloo in the person of Sir Julius Wernher, who is practically the owner of the De Beers diamond fields in South Africa. Now there was a time when Sir Julius Wernher himself believed in Lemoine, for did he not offer him a price for his secret and even pay a portion of it in advance? It was only when the South African magnate discovered that Lemoine had been in prison that his eyes were opened, although there is no logical connection between a prison record and an inability to make diamonds. But, however that may be, Sir Julius Wernher prosecuted Lemoine for fraud and that interesting adventurer found himself once more amid the familiar surroundings of a prison.

Now it was obvious even to a judge that Lemoine's ability or inability to make diamonds was the one point at issue. If he could really make diamonds, then he had a genuine secret that he had a right to sell. If he could not make diamonds, then he was selling a secret that he did not possess and that still remained the exclusive property of nature. But it was not so evident to the judicial mind that so long as Lemoine was in durance vile it was quite out of his power to prove anything at all, and so there were long interrogations in court, all tending may be to prove that Lemoine was not exactly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life, but leaving his diamond-making capacities exactly where they were before.

Lemoine saw his opportunity and played up to it. He asserted and reiterated with every appearance of conscious and injured rectitude that he could indeed make diamonds, but not, alas, in a prison cell nor from such ingredients as prison fare. "Release me under supervision," he said in effect. "Give me the use of a laboratory and an electric furnace and I will soon show you what I can do. In a prison cell I can do nothing." Evidently Lemoine was no true magician. Cagliostro under similar durance vile in the Castle of St. Angelo and without any appliances whatever made a steel stiletto from a rusty nail.

The plea was so far successful that Lemoine was actually released, in spite of the frantic protests of Sir Julius Wernher. He was not only released, but a laboratory and a furnace were placed at his disposition and a date set for the further hearing, a hearing that should have been enlivened by the production of diamonds, hot, as it were, from the cow. That date was June 17, but Lemoine himself was the only missing feature from the landscape. The magistrate was there, Sir Julius Wernher was there, but Lemoine was represented by an explanatory letter to the judge which may as well be given in extenso:

PARIS, June 16, 1908.

I shall not present myself before you on June 17. I have not obtained in the laboratory at Saint Denis the results that I expected, and, thanks to the manoeuvres of the other side, Mme. Clarke will no longer allow me to use her laboratory. I must therefore go elsewhere to continue my studies. If I succeed I shall bring to you a diamond as the result of my researches. I take this resolution to go in view of the rumor that I am about to be arrested.

In view of the fact that the bird had flown, the only thing to be done was to open the sealed envelope containing the great secret, the envelope that had been guarded by the bank with such jealous care. But by this time the hope of a great revelation had dwindled sadly. If Lemoine himself was unable to obtain from his formula the expected results, what chance remained for any one else? But the envelope nevertheless was solemnly opened and its contents given to the world. Henceforth we can all make diamonds at home so long as the supply of sugar holds out and we have an electric furnace to heat it in. It may be that even the electric furnace is a superfluity and that the common or garden cooking oven would do just as well. But here is the formula itself. Heaven forbid that it should be kept from a waiting world:

The undersigned, Henri Lemoine, declares that the following is the procedure for making the diamond:

- (1) Procure an electric oven.
- (2) Take some pulverized carbon of sugar.

- (3) Place the carbon of sugar in a crucible.
- (4) Place the crucible in the oven and beat it with a current of from 1500 to 1800 amperes under a tension of 110 volts.
- (5) When this temperature is reached apply pressure to the cover of the crucible.
- (6) The diamonds are made. It is only necessary to take them out.

What could be more simple? But simplicity is always derided by the ignorant, and when the formula was read aloud the report says that there was laughter—*on rit.*

The aftermath of this curious affair is not quite so laughable. First of all, the examining magistrate finds himself in serious trouble for the laxity in supervision that has allowed an apparent criminal to escape. Secondly, Mme. Lemoine professes to be unaware of her husband's whereabouts and has even brought an action against him for divorce. Common rumor has it that before his departure Lemoine demanded money from his wife and used violence in order to extort it. That may, of course, be an invention of the enemy, but Mme. Lemoine is certainly in earnest and has entrusted her affairs to a well-known attorney.

And so the curtain descends upon the last of the alchemists. Rather, let me say, the most recent, for as long as human credulity remains at its present undiminished volume, so long will such claimants as Lemoine receive respectful hearing and continue to grow and wax fat upon human folly.

PARIS, June 21, 1908.

ST. MARTIN.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Happy Warrior.

[The most beautiful eulogy written by William Wordsworth was read at the funeral of Grover Cleveland. It was a remarkable coincidence or concurrence in the minds of the three persons nearest to Mr. Cleveland that the poem should be chosen separately and individually by the three as the one human expression most fitting to portray the life and character of the dead. Without any suggestion that a poem should be read at the funeral, the Wordsworth poem was selected by Mrs. Cleveland, the widow; by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the sister of the dead President, and by Dr. Henry van Dyke, who was closer to Mr. Cleveland than any other friend in the last few weeks of the fatal illness.]

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?—
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.—
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:—
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human-kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:—
He who, though thus endued, as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homely pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, whereso'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.—
'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity.—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must he won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause:
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:—
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.
—William Wordsworth.

Coney Island is sometimes visited by 500,000 people a day.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

The municipal elections in Panama, preliminary to the selection of a president of the republic, resulted in a victory for Domingo de Obaldia, the Independent candidate.

It is remarked that Judge Parker showed considerable courage in going to Denver and facing such gibes as that of the Western wit who recalled that, in 1904, Parker was "defeated by acclamation."

Of the members of the two Cleveland Cabinets, ten survive their chief. These are Richard Olney, John G. Carlisle, Charles S. Fairchild, Judson Harmon, W. T. Vilas, Don M. Dickinson, Norman J. Coleman, Hilary A. Herbert, David R. Francis, and Hoke Smith.

It is generally agreed that the salute of forty-six guns, which the President has given the District of Columbia Democrats permission to fire in celebration of Mr. Bryan's nomination from the Washington Monument grounds, will just about express Mr. Roosevelt's personal satisfaction with the choice of the Democratic convention.

Senator Foraker of Ohio delivered an address before the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati and thrilled his audience with the earnestness and eloquence of his tribute to the personality of Mr. Taft. He pronounced the Republican nominee for President "a man who, in character, is all that could be desired." He concluded, however, with this mystifying statement: "But unfortunately there is one fatal weakness in the candidate in that he favors a continuance of the so-called Roosevelt policies, of which we have already had far too much."

The twenty-three delegates to the national convention in New York City of the Socialist Labor Party nominated as its candidate for President of the United States Martin R. Preston of Nevada, who is serving a sentence of twenty-five years in the Nevada State Prison for having shot and killed a restaurant keeper, Anton Silva, a little more than a year ago. The nomination was unanimous and was made regardless of the fact that a convict has no civil rights. The convict, however, with a fine disregard for additional notoriety, has declined the nomination.

One of the victims of the President's order to army officers to ride fifteen miles or retire was Colonel William L. Marshall of the Corps of Engineers, who has done much good work for a long time past in the improvement of New York's harbor. When it was known that he was slated for retirement because of Mr. Roosevelt's order, much pressure was brought to bear, and an exception was made in his behalf. Now the President selects Colonel Marshall to be the new chief of engineers to fill the place caused by the retirement of General Mackenzie.

A Washington newspaper, the *Herald*, has found great consolation and much encouragement in the fact that the hospital ship *Relief*, commanded by Surgeon Stokes, has got along very well since it joined the fleet, has received and treated many patients, and has fallen into no trouble of any kind. All of which is accepted by the *Herald* as triumphantly disposing of the gloomy apprehensions of the line officers, Admiral Brownson in particular, and as justifying the course of President Roosevelt, who overruled Brownson and ushered in Surgeon-General Rixey's experiment.

The presence recently in Bath, Maine, of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, who attended the Bowdoin commencement, recalled that the first meeting of the Maine Press Association was held there fifty years ago. Chief Justice Fuller was then a reporter on the *New Age*, at Augusta, and James G. Blaine was on the staff of the *Kennebec Journal*. Both of these men were present at the meeting and were prominent in the organization of the typographical society, as it was generally styled at that time. The old organization is still in existence.

Murat Halstead, for nearly sixty years a well-known and forceful journalist, died in Cincinnati July 2, aged seventy-nine. Mr. Halstead's father was a North Carolinian and a Democrat, but Murat, born and reared in the Miami Valley of Ohio, early became a Republican, with which party he was always prominently identified, though for the most part of his career a thorn in its flesh. A farmer's son, graduated from a small college near Cincinnati, he drifted into newspaper work, and in 1854 became part owner of the Cincinnati *Commercial* and eventually its ruling spirit. He first attracted national attention by his brilliant and graphic word pictures of the national conventions of 1856, when Buchanan and Fremont were made the standard-bearers of their parties. In 1872 he opposed a second term for Grant, on whom his attacks during the war were reprinted in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* under the headline: "Letters of a Dastardly Scoundrel!" He was only thirty-four years old when in 1863 he wrote articles and letters attacking Lincoln, Sherman, Grant, and other leaders and soldiers, and these opinions of his more youthful days he is said to have largely recanted in his later years. The *Commercial* was consolidated in the eighties with the *Gazette*, and for many years the *Commercial-Gazette*, under Mr. Halstead, was one of the leading party papers of the country. Mr. Halstead was nominated for Minister to Germany by President Harrison in 1889, but because of his attack on his party's leaders in the Senate he failed of confirmation and his aspirations for a diplomatic post failed.

THE HACIENDA HOLDS CARNIVAL.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXII.

The mild winter of the favored coast region was drawing to an end. Alden could scarcely believe that such a season was really winter. There had been no snow, no frost, no hail. There had been many days of sunshine, punctuated with frequent days of rain—not the harsh, biting northern storms of less favored latitudes, but soft, slow-dropping showers borne on mild breezes from the south. The great plain, which a few weeks before was sere and brown, was now richly carpeted with green, while the foothills were of a paler green as they melted into the distant mountains; these were still brown, but purpled by distance as they climbed up from the foothills until at last their soaring peaks were crowned with snow. But there was no snow in the valley.

Arthur remarked to Helmont on the oddity of a winter without ice and snow. "Is this a typical season?" he inquired.

"It is our valley winter. Every ten or twelve years a sprinkle of snow falls in the valley, but it melts when it touches the ground. The rains are never cold—they come on warm winds from the South Seas—from the tropical latitudes of the Pacific."

"And are not your north winds cold?" asked Arthur. "They are chilling winds—peculiar, but not precisely cold. They seem to blow from the Arctic, but in crossing certain desert regions they lose their humidity and thus are less cold. They are dry, desiccating, and electrical."

"This is a highly favored land. We are nearing the end of February, yet you seem to have had no winter. Is March as much dreaded as it is elsewhere?"

"No, it is practically the first month of the spring time. In your Northern States the spring is hoped for in May, but often does not come till June. Here it begins in March."

"I am told that the southern Italians use the word 'April' as we use 'May,'" remarked Arthur, "to typify the springtime of life. Here, by the calendar, spring must be made a month earlier."

"Yes, and apropos of the calendar, the day after tomorrow is the first day of Lent; it is also the 23d of February, the eve of a Mexican independence celebration; and today is the 22d of February, anniversary of the birth of your great patriot, General Washington. I am going to combine these three great days, and celebrate them all in one. We shall have a grand carnival celebration, beginning with a banquet in the *potio*, at which will be served all manner of delicacies strange to your Atlantic palate."

"And my maid tells me that you are going to follow the banquet with a ball!" cried Diana, who had heard his last words as she approached. "Oh, I hope it is true!"

"It is entirely true," said Helmont, smiling at her eagerness, "and what is more, I have secured the famous band of Indian boys who were trained by the padres of Santa Ysabel to play the guitar, the violin, and the trumpet. These 'boys' are no longer very youthful—most of them are over fifty now—but they play excellently, and they know the music of all the Spanish and Mexican dances."

"And only to think that I shall not be able to dance!" cried Diana, "for I don't know the dances. Oh, how I wish I knew them!"

"Your maid Luisa will teach you the ordinary ones in an hour or two, such as the *contradanza*, the *joto*, and the like, which everybody dances. Of course the more elaborate ones, such as the *jarabe*, can only be danced by practiced performers."

"And you really believe I can learn the dances so easily?" inquired Diana, with delight.

"Beyond doubt; the *contradanza* and similar ones are very simple—no more difficult than the quadrilles you Americans dance. But a more serious matter is your costume. Come now, you wouldn't think of going through Spanish dances in anything but a Spanish dress!"

Diana's face fell. "I am afraid I shall have to," she said at last, after a pause, "or else not dance at all."

"But surely you would not really attempt the *Jota Aragonesa*, say, that beautiful Spanish dance, in a prosaic every-day American costume?"

Again Diana was silent. Arthur looked at her with concern and at Helmont with indignation. Arthur was too little experienced in women's ways to know what profound importance even the wisest of them attach to a question of dress. Hence his concern over Diana's distress was only equaled by his indignation over the captain's enjoyment of it.

"There, there!" cried the mocking Helmont; "don't look so woeful, Doña Diana. Cheer up! I have a surprise for you. What would you say if I were to give you a locked chest—a mysterious chest—a cedar chest full of finery made for a carnival dress just like this one, which took place some score of years ago?"

"Oh, you dear good captain!" cried Diana, clapping her hands. "I knew you could not be so cruel as you seemed. Whose was it?"

"The chest belonged to Doña Elena de Kostrominof, wife of the commander of the Russian fortress on the coast."

"And you say it was never worn? Why did she never wear it?"

"When the Russians withdrew suddenly from the coast the chest was accidentally left behind in one

of the buildings inside the Russian fort. I was an intimate friend of the baron and Doña Elena—they gave me all this quaint Russian furniture you see about the Hacienda. The baron also conveyed to me all the land and buildings, hoping that the title might vest in me when the questions between the Russian and Mexican governments should be settled. My servants found the chest when I took possession. I endeavored to send the chest after Doña Elena, but I learned that my friends did not reach their Russian home. The ship on which they sailed was never heard of again."

"And you did not know who were her heirs?"

"No—besides, the chest contained such purely personal belongings of the poor dead lady that I thought it no great harm to leave them here. And here for all these years the chest has remained."

"And where is it now?" cried Diana, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I have ordered it sent to your room, and here is the key."

Seizing the quaint bronze key, Diana gave him an impetuous hug, and darted away.

"It was a very happy chance that you kept the chest," observed Arthur; "just see how much more pleasure it will give now to Miss Diana than to some unappreciative Russian relatives."

"And to us as well, for merely to observe her delight in this ancient finery will give us pleasure too."

"And the carnival, the banquet, and the dance, according to your arbitrary calendar, are to begin when?"

"Tonight, now. As my Mexicans and Indians all believe that Lent should begin with gorging, prepare yourself for a very long bill of fare."

It was long, indeed, the menu which the majordomo had prepared. It lay before the guests of honor. At the places of the *pañonos* it was not laid, nor was it missed. They could not have read it had it been there, and would not have read it had they been able. To their simple minds, the food was there to be eaten—all of it, and all of every dish; to select from such a mass of good things would have seemed to them merely a waste of time.

The table for the captain and his guests was laid on a raised dais across the head of the *potio*, while at right angles to it ran the long tables at which sat scores of *hacienda* servants. Their dark-skinned faces were lit up with expectation, and the decorous silence which prevailed among them as they filed in was only broken when the captain gave the signal for all to seat themselves. At the side of the *potio* was another dais, on which were stationed the musical Indian boys from Santa Ysabel. As is the way among more civilized circles, the guests only waited for the music to begin to attempt to drown it with their talk. The most democratic freedom prevailed between the waiters and the guests whom they served—that is, at the tables below the dais. The guests of honor were waited on by older and more dignified servitors who were under the severe eye of the majordomo.

"There are two kinds of soup offered me, captain," said Mrs. Lyndon, in perplexity, "which would you recommend?"

"You had better take this—this *sopa de tortillas*. It is very much like the French *consommé aux crêpes*, except that the chopped-up pancakes are replaced by maize *tortillos*."

"What is the other soup?" inquired Arthur.

"It is very good, but a trifle too hearty to begin dinner with. It is called here *puchero*, although it is very similar to what in Spain is called *olla podrida*."

"It looks much like the French *bouilli*," commented Mrs. Lyndon.

"Yes; it is about the same—the meat and vegetables of the *pot-au-feu*."

"Doesn't this look nice!" cried Diana, helping herself to a dish proffered by the majordomo; "it looks like jelly roll!"

"Be careful!" warned Helmont. But he was too late—poor Diana had already taken a mouthful, and was forced to cool her burning mouth with water.

"Those are *enchilados*," he explained, "tortillas or pancakes with chile peppers rolled inside and cooked in milk. They look enticing, and they have a bland first taste which is seductive, but they are too fiery for any but Spanish tastes."

"Exactly what is a *tortilla*, captain?" inquired Arthur.

"You speak as if it were identical with a pancake."

"Similar, but not identical; the *tortilla* is a cake of unleavened dough, usually made by beating a ball of dough out thin between the hands. It is a substitute for bread, fork, and spoon; the natives use it as a utensil to dip up meat and gravy, and then eat the utensil."

"So I see," said Mrs. Lyndon, "but why are these *tortillos* of different colors?"

"Those are made of maize, these of wheat flour. The latter, the *tortillas de horina*, are a luxury, which only the well-to-do can afford. Yet, if you will notice, the natives are eating the maize *tortillas* because they are used to them."

"Can it be possible, captain, that this profusion of good things all comes from your rancho?" asked Arthur.

"Nearly everything, although when the dessert and the sweets come on you will see figs and dates from old Mexico. Then there are pomegranates from San Gabriel, and the oranges and lemons come from San Dieguito. We grow oranges and lemons here, but they are not so good as those from the south."

"And you have these tropical fruits, as well as those we grow in the Atlantic States. It is marvelous!"

"Yes, we have, in their season, peaches, pears, cher-

ries, plums, apricots, quinces, and apples—although the apples grown further north are better than ours."

"And the staples of the banquet—after what you told me about the number of cattle on your thousand hills, I suppose there is no lack of beef?"

"Oddly enough, our beef is not good. It is tough and stringy. The cattle are really raised for their hides and tallow. Although this country has lived for years by cattle-raising, beef and milk are the poorest of its products. You had better confine yourself to the fowls—wild and tame. The ducks, partridge, and quail are good, as you know, having often eaten of those which my chef prepares. So with chickens and turkeys."

"That turkey the majordomo is about to carve is a perfect symphony in brown," cried Mrs. Lyndon.

"It looks as if it would melt in one's mouth," assented Diana.

"But it won't—very much to the contrary. You must be on your guard today. My chef is a Frenchman, and ordinarily sends to our table dishes intended for delicate palates. But today he is cooking not a *la francesco* but a *la mejicano*. The turkeys are probably stuffed with green peppers and garlic, the chickens with garlic and red peppers, while those corn-husk things, called *tomoles*, contain chopped-up chicken, so peppery that only a *poisono* could eat one without weeping. Beware!"

"What am I going to eat then?" queried Diana somewhat discontentedly. "I can't eat any more peppery things, for my mouth still burns from the last *enchilado*."

"You will have to wait for *los postres*, or the dessert. But were you not used to the Spanish cookery where you lived in Texas?"

"No; our house servants were all negroes, and the cookery was that of the South."

"I would like to try some of these dishes, captain," said Arthur, "but after your warning I hardly dare. What is this?"

"That you may take safely; it is *colabazitos con queso*, or pumpkin cooked with cheese."

"But this is pumpkin or squash too," said Diana, "for the majordomo calls it *colabaza en tocha*, yet it looks like a sweet."

"So it is—it is made of pumpkin which has been boiled all day in sugar. The Mexicans have a sweet tooth."

"What do I see?" asked Arthur, glaring at a mound of oleaginous-looking brown comestibles, "do I gaze upon the doughnut dear to my childhood?"

Helmont smiled. "You are not mistaken," he said, "they are called *buñuelos*, but they are sweet dough-cakes cooked in hot lard, and just the same as the New England doughnut."

"New England can not claim the deadly doughnut," interrupted Mrs. Lyndon, "it came either from the Dutch of New Amsterdam or the Dutch of Pennsylvania."

"But don't forget that New England gave us pumpkin pie," said Diana to Mrs. Lyndon, but looking maliciously at Arthur. "I don't know what Mr. Alden will take for dessert—the pumpkin has been cooked with cheese, and there is no mince pie. Besides there were no beans."

"Oh, yes there were," interrupted Helmont, "there could never be a Mexican banquet without beans."

"True—I had forgotten the *frijoles*," assented Diana, "but of what avail are beans to a Boston man without their kindred pork? *Frijoles*, *frijoles*, all around, and not a piece of pork!"

"Alden had better not attack the *buñuelos* for his dessert," remarked Helmont. "It is an ancient jest, handed down from a remote past, to put wool or cotton in them at carnival time. The elders of course are warned by sad experience not to eat them then; but the rising generation is always caught by the snare."

"That is odd!" cried Arthur, "we have the same joke in New England—it is called the cotton-batting doughnut."

"Then you are already warned! But you'll find a plenty of other things among the sweets. These *azucarillas*, for example, are sugar biscuits—you melt them in cold water. And there is almost every kind of *dulce* that can be made out of sugar."

"Hark! What is that?" cried Diana, as a song rose on the air. It was a man's voice:

"Tengo yo un pajarillo
Que el día pasa
Cantando entre las flores
De mi ventana."

"That is the song with which they open *el jarabe*, the national dance of Mexico. See—there are the couple selected to dance it, on the dais in front of the musicians. It is a long and complicated dance, with many steps; every now and again the music changes, and between these movements the dancers sing verses—little love-songs, like that you just heard."

The majordomo had temporarily left the head of the table, now that the repast was served, and had taken his position in front of the musicians, holding a long wand. With this from time to time he indicated a couple, who obediently rose, and took their places on the dais for the dance.

"The majordomo has taken on new functions," said Diana.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Lyndon, "he is now the floor manager."

"His title is now *el Bostanera*," explained Helmont, "from the *baston* or wand he carries. He is the master of ceremonies of the *tertulia*, or ball."

"And when does the ball begin?" queried Diana, "for I am dying to dance, and to show off my Spanish finery, to which nobody has paid the least attention."

"There will be three or four more dances by couples—the *zorrito*, the *borrego*, and probably the *fondongo*. After that, the general dancing will begin with the *jota*, which you tell me you have learned?"

"Luisa says I am perfect in it," rejoined Diana triumphantly.

"In that case you may dawn upon us in the dual rôle of the best dancer and the most handsomely dressed lady of the ball. I know of no one who could equal you either in magnificence or in dignity unless it be the majordomo—I beg his pardon, the *bastonero*. I shall go and ask him to lay aside his wand long enough to dance the *jota* with Doña Diana. Will you accept my arm, Mrs. Lyndon, and honor the host by taking with him a *paseo ceremonioso*, or formal promenade, amid his guests?"

Together they left the table of honor and walked slowly down the *patio*, to where the majordomo was posted, in front of the musicians' stand.

"How very unusual this music all sounds," said Arthur; "it is simple, yet most distinctive. I never heard anything exactly like it before."

"Nearly all their music that I have heard has that peculiarity. It is said to come from the Moorish music of old Spain."

"And what are the words they are singing between the movements of the music?"

"Nearly all love-songs—as the captain said," Diana explained, without amplifying.

"But that song the tail *voquero* was just singing to his partner with such intensity that the people began laughing—what was that? I heard you humming the melody—you seem to know the song."

"Yes, it is a familiar Spanish love-song," replied Diana, dreamily, "it runs:

"Por una mirada, el mundo;
Por una sonrisa, el cielo;
Por un beso! Yo no sé
Que te diera por un beso."

"And that, translated, means—"

"The musical Spanish verse is very striking, but it does not sound so well in bald English prose," she replied, half reluctantly.

"But what is it literally?" he insisted.

"It might be translated thus: 'For a glance I would give thee the world. For a smile I would give thee the heavens. For a kiss! Ah, what would I not give thee for a kiss!'"

"Upon my word!" cried Mrs. Lyndon, who had just approached, "it is high time I returned, Miss Diana! Explain these terrible words, and relieve the mind of a perhaps careless but still conscientious chaperon!"

Diana blushed and laughed. "I was only translating for Mr. Alden the words of some of these Spanish songs—at his request," she explained.

"From the few words I heard they seem to be too intense for the frigid Anglo-Saxon. But here is your partner for the dance, Diana." And turning, Mrs. Lyndon led forward the majordomo, who was fairly beaming, partly over his official position and partly over the honor of leading out in the dance his master's beautiful young guest.

Diana rose, courtesied in acknowledgment of the majordomo's deep bow, and gave him the tips of her fingers, as he, with leg bent and foot poised on toe like Malvolio, made as if to dart forward, leading her to the centre of the scene.

But Diana made him pause. "Captain," she cried, "you have not noticed my costume. What do you think of it? Am I correct, or am I totally out of drawing?"

Helmont ran his eyes over her critically. "Hum!" said he. "A yellow satin gown cut décolleté; a black ace bolero jacket, or at least the effect, if not the acket; the hair done high with a tortoise-shell comb; he hands in silk mittens, and the feet in high-heeled black kid slippers. All very well, Doña Diana, except he head and the feet."

"What is wrong with them?"

"Only married women wore the high comb, and the lippers for dancing were always heelless and never of eather, but always of satin."

"There were no shoes or slippers in the chest that I ould wear," protested Diana, "so I had to wear my own."

"The cleverest girl in the world can do no more than he can do, captain," concurred Mrs. Lyndon.

Diana signaled to her partner, and the majordomo roudly led her down the floor, while the *joleo* sounded n either hand.

Arthur gazed admiringly at the beautiful girl, whose uaint dress he had been secretly admiring all the vening. That Helmont should be able to review it oint by point, so coolly and so critically, made im regard that genial gentleman with a species of onder.

But to follow the movements of his satin-clad idol rough the *contradanza* now took his thoughts away rom the unconscious captain. The Spanish dance, he oted, involved the forming of the couples in two lines ke the Virginia reel, but here all resemblance ceased. he music was waltz time, and each of the graceful gures ended with waltzing.

When the majordomo returned leading his pretty artner back to the table of honor, he bowed profoundly, and then, to Arthur's amazement, he leaned rward, and broke an egg on Diana's head. But from there descended only bits of colored paper. Helmont anded her a basket of similar eggs from the table ehind him, and Diana laughingly returned the majoromo's compliment. All around the *potio* similar eggs ere being broken in every direction.

"What does that mean?" inquired Arthur of the cap- tain, "is it some sort of religious observance?"

"They call them *coscorones*; the eggshells are emp- tied, and filled—sometimes with these colored papers or confetti, and sometimes with scented waters. It is a carnival custom you find among all the Latin races, differing only in detail."

The *jota* followed the *controdonza*, and after that came dance after dance, some of them set dances in which many joined, others for single couples, such as the *bomba*, the *borrego*, and the *cobollo*. These were accompanied by much singing and rattling of the casta- nets. Thus the night wore on.

It was long past midnight when the sudden arrival of a messenger at the lower end of the *potio* showed that some news of importance was at hand. Even before he reached the dais where Helmont sat, the messenger's news preceded him. Although Arthur knew little Spanish he could hear the words "el río! el río!" passing from mouth to mouth, and knew that whatever had happened the trouble had to do with the river. The music died away—the dancing stopped. When the messenger had at last made his way through the crowd to where Helmont was, he saluted and briefly delivered his message.

"I feared as much!" cried Helmont, his face cloud- ing.

"What is the matter, captain?" asked Mrs. Lyndon, "has anything serious happened?"

"Word has come from the *embarcadera* that the river, which for two days has been extremely high, has sud- denly begun to rise about a foot an hour."

"Is there any danger?" she asked.

"Pardon me a moment," Helmont replied, and call- ing the majordomo, gave him some hurried directions; the man nodded, and began shouting in a loud voice, and as he spoke the crowd in the *patio* started hur- riedly toward the *portal*.

"I have just ordered all hands to go at once to the river and endeavor to mend the broken levee. Every worker will be useful, whether man or woman. A few minutes of good hard work now may save hours or even days of doubtful labor later on. You ask about danger, Mrs. Lyndon; here at the Hacienda, we are on high ground, and perfectly safe. But with the low- lying valley lands, it is not so; if my people do not succeed in building up the levees sufficiently to check the rising waters the low lands will be inundated. It is not probable that any lives will be lost—all the people in the valley will have time enough to flee to the hills. There may be some cattle lost—there usually are at flood times. But there will be great damage done to the crops, the gardens, the orchards, in the rich valley lands. If the river rises to flood level the water will cover them for days."

"Is it not strange that the river should rise so rapidly?" asked Arthur. "It has been a number of days now since any rain has fallen."

"The swollen waters come from the heavy snow on the high mountains. As I told you, the unseasonably warm weather is melting the snow so rapidly that the choked up river-bed can not carry it away."

"Look!" cried Diana, "the *patio* is deserted. We are the only ones left."

"Yes, they have all gone to the riverside, and by now are working hard at the levees. It will be a very ani- mated scene. Mrs. Lyndon, you and Diana had better accompany me there, probably you would not sleep much if you were to go to bed. I am sorry you can't go, Alden, but after midnight bed is the place for a convalescent. Besides, you would be of no use as a flood-fighter, being on the sick-list."

Arthur rather ruefully admitted the truth of Hel- mont's remark, and bade farewell to the ladies, as they prepared for their trip to the levee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Kingsville, Texas, claims to have as a resident the largest female landholder in the United States. Her name is Mrs. King, and she is a widow. Her possessions aggregate the enormous total of 1,470,000 acres and she lives in a palatial ranch home in Kingsville. But recently she added 190,000 acres to her holdings with as little fuss as the average persons buys a small tract. Most of her land is valued at from \$15 to \$20 an acre, and her total wealth, including cattle and other propertv. is estimated at \$30,000,000. Her estate is managed by her son-in-law, but Mrs. King is consulted about every important matter. Agricultural operations are carried on on an extensive scale, and live stock is raised in great numbers on the vast ranch. Mrs. King inherited a large part of her property from her late husband, but she has been a shrewd investor and has more than doubled her inheritance. During the early days she was one of the settlers who experienced great hardships, the country then being infested with Mexican bandits and all other classes of criminals. There is another Texas woman who owns over 1,500,000 acres of land in the famous Panhandle district, and she also keeps a fine home in London. She is a royal entertainer and always brings with her from Europe mem- bers of the nobility as her guests.

Some of the leading shoe dealers in Chicago predict that many women in that city will wear sandals this summer. Some of the dealers have already laid in big supplies to meet the demand which they expect.

In New York a child is born every four minutes, and a death occurs every seven minutes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Sigismund Tarrasch and Dr. Emanuel Lasker will meet to contest the chess championship of the world next month.

Mme. Helena Modjeska has finished writing her "Memories and Impressions" and they will be brought out in two volumes.

The Kaiser advocates a tax on bachelors and thus joins President Roosevelt in a movement primarily intended to encourage matrimony and family homes.

Tommaso Salvini, the Italian tragedian, will soon reach the eightieth anniversary of his birth, and his countrymen are preparing for a celebration in his honor.

Mrs. Carrie Nation is credited with having made (one could hardly say earned) about \$200,000 going about the country smashing bars and costly saloon fittings with her little hatchet.

John Ericsson, the city engineer of Chicago, has been invited to return to Sweden to become the director of public works at Stockholm. The position pays a salary of \$7000 a year and a house.

Miss Mary E. Miller, a Chicago attorney and coun- selor, has just received a fee of \$30,000 for gaining a suit for the grandchildren of William Bross, for the distribution of his \$3,000,000 estate.

Princess Philippe of Wurtemberg, who was an arch- duchess of Austria, makes rubber stockings and other aids for the wounded, and she receives royalties from several of the war ministers of Europe.

May Murray, a successful actress in New York, has forsaken the theatrical field to control the coat-room privilege in a big hotel, paying \$8000 a year for the business. She expects to receive at least \$10,000 a year in fees and tips.

Lord Wolseley, who has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, has probably had more narrow escapes from death than any other living British officer. In his younger days his lordship was so daring that he earned from the Ashantis the title of "The General Who Never Stops."

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, recently made her appearance as a singer at a concert in Paris. Miss Wilson is a pupil of Jean de Reszke. A fine audience greeted her and her success was pronounced. She will make her début in opera next year.

Professor E. D. Campbell, director of the chemical laboratories in the University of Michigan, lost his sight eighteen years ago through an accident. In spite of his affliction he has taken a high place in education and has made original researches of much value, especially in the chemistry of iron and cement.

Dr. James Augustus Henry Murray, one of the great scholars of England and famous as editor of the Oxford New English Dictionary, has been made a knight by King Edward. Mr. Percy William Bunting, editor of the *Contemporary Review*, who has reached the age of seventy-two, was also made a knight on the king's recent birthday anniversary.

President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University announces with solemnity that college professors must organize for self-protection and boycott all news gather- ers as enemies to academic dignity and weight. He says: "College professors must do something to keep themselves from being made ridiculous. The time has come when a college professor can not act his mouth without being made to look, speak, and open like a fool."

Mrs. Constance Faunt LeRoy Runcie of St. Joseph, Missouri, one of the honorary vice-presidents of the Federation of Woman's Clubs, was the founder of the first woman's club in the United States—the Minerva Club, organized under its written constitution at New Harmony, Indiana, in 1859. Mrs. Runcie is the grand- daughter of the celebrated philanthropist, Robert Owen of New Lanark, Scotland. A woman's club had not been heard of when the Minerva sprang into existence, it preceding Sorosis of New York by nine years.

Thomas Hill, well known as a painter of Yosemite views, died July 1 at Raymond, near the famous valley which he did so much to bring to the world's attention. Although seventy-nine years old, he kept his studio at Wawona, in the Tuolumne big tree grove, and worked there regularly on his paintings. Hill's first work to attract attention was a view of the Yosemite which hangs in the Crocker Art Gallery at Sacramento. He painted the Yosemite in all the seasons, and he also made striking canvases of the Yellowstone, Muir Glacier, in Alaska, and other Pacific Coast scenes. He made a fortune, but lost it in the collapse of Bonanza mining stock.

Selig Brodsky, a Russian Jew, whose father was hunted from Odessa and found refuge for himself and family in the East End of London and who keeps an old clothes store at Mile End, has won the place of "senior wrangler" at Cambridge University, the highest honor in the mathematical tripos. The first to congratulate him was Lord Rothschild. It is a coveted honor at the present time, for next year will see the last "senior wrangler," as the tripos mathematical Cambridge will be brought in harmony with that of Oxford. The distinction has existed ever since the year 1735, and some of the most eminent men of the times have been "wranglers."

IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON.

Owen Wister Describes for Us a National Progenitor of Flesh and Blood.

In his preface to a very choice little volume Mr. Owen Wister explains that his full length portrait of Washington was intended to be within the compass of an evening's reading. That such brevity was beyond his power is a matter for congratulation. His subject would have been marred by too much compression. As it is, we may well wish that his sketch were longer and that he had availed himself even more fully of a bappy vein of inspiration that may have been worked before, but not with such a bountiful yield.

Mr. Wister had no intention to write a life of Washington, but only to reanimate that great figure with the human attributes of which a century of hero worship has robbed it. Irving attempted something of the kind, but he did it with "inferential deprecations." Now the time has come for a further "unfreezing of Washington" and for a better revelation of a man who has been held up to our admiration "rigid with congealed virtue, ungenial, unreal," and for whom our regard has been "without interest, sympathy, heart—or, indeed, belief."

How far the real and human Washington has suffered by that same idolatry against which the Congress of his own day so fanatically protested is made clear enough by Mr. Wister. Even his letters have been tampered with in the effort to remove from them whatever might seem incompatible with the superhuman. When Washington wrote "our rascally privateersmen go on at the old rate" the word "rascally" was edited out of the printing as indecorous. Where Washington says of a contemplated appropriation "one hundred thousand dollars will be but a flea bite" his words are changed to "one hundred thousand dollars will be totally inadequate." And so on, and so on. Mr. Wister says truly that it thrills a true American to the marrow to learn that George Washington, the ideal, was "a man also with a hearty laugh, with a love of the theatre, with a white hot temper," and one moreover who could use iron-clad language upon occasion, as when he said of Edmund Randolph "a damner scoundrel God Almighty never permitted to disgrace humanity."

And so it is to this process of rehumanization that Mr. Wister addresses himself. For his purpose he divides his subject into seven epochs—"Ancestry," "The Boy," "The Young Man," "The Married Man," "The Commander," "The President," and "Immortality."

The curriculum through which the boy Washington had to pass was quite of a nature to develop grace of heart if not of head. His schoolmaster taught civility as a branch of education, just as he taught arithmetic and spelling. Civility is no longer a branch of education and we are tempted sometimes to wonder if arithmetic and spelling are still included. Here are some extracts from Washington's copy-book:

"Be not immodest in urging your friends to discover a secret."

"Wear not your Cloths foul, unript, or dusty."

"Sleep not when others Speak, Sit not when others stand, Speak not when you should hold your Peace, Walk not when others Stop."

"Superfluous Compliments and all Affectation of Ceremony are to be avoided, yet where due they are not to be Neglected."

"Read no Letters, Books or Papers in Company, but when there is a Necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave: come not near the Books or Writings of Another so as to read them unless desired . . . look not nigh when another is writing a Letter."

"Speak not of doleful things in a time of mirth."

"Talk not with meat in your mouth."

"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little Spark of Celestial fire called Conscience."

These are all good and sound rules, although some of them are today more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Of Washington's humor there are many instances in Mr. Wister's book. We are told that his laughter may be likened to a big bell that needs a good, strong hand to make it sound, and then rings out far over the open fields. Of his sense of the ludicrous we have an example in the life of Jeremiah Smith, who was a visitor at Mount Vernon in 1797:

Judge Marshall and Judge Washington (the general's nephew Bushrod) were on their way to Mount Vernon, attended by a servant who had the charge of a large portmanteau containing their clothes. At their last stopping place there happened to be a Scotch pedler, with a pack of goods which resembled their portmanteau. The roads were very dusty, and a little before reaching the general's, they, thinking it hardly respectful to present themselves as they were, stopped in a neighboring wood to change their clothes. The colored man got down his portmanteau, and just as they had prepared themselves for the new garments, out flew some fancy soap and various other articles belonging to the pedler, whose goods had been brought on instead of their own. They were so struck by the consternation of their servant, and the ludicrousness of their own position, being there naked, that they burst into loud and repeated shouts of laughter. Washington, who happened to be out upon his grounds near by, heard the noise, and came to see what might be the occasion of it, when, finding his friends in that strange plight, he was so overcome with laughter, that he actually rolled upon the ground.

Rolled upon the ground! And yet Judge Marshall, who saw this feat, was still able to

testify that he was "never free from restraint in Washington's presence—never felt quite at ease, such was Washington's stateliness and dignity." Mr. Smith says the same thing. "He was always dignified, and one stood a little in awe of him":

"A little in awe"; again that touch, given above by Judge Marshall, and by so many others—in fact, unanimously given. That Judge Marshall, himself a considerable man, should have seen Washington roll on the ground with laughter, yet after that still never feel quite at ease in his presence is wonderfully significant of the majestic figure that Washington must have become after bearing our young country on his shoulders through so many years of its weakness and need. The truth is, a great man can not do great things without in a way growing apart from his fellows, little as he may desire such a result. For somewhat the same reason the sight of a huge flood, or a deep chasm, or a high mountain, inclines all save stunted spirits to silence, and personal greatness distils inevitable constraint, and draws around itself unknowingly a circle of isolation that is not without its sadness. In Washington's very last years, we read that during a dance of young people at Mount Vernon, he came out of his study to take pleasure in looking on, when a quiet spread over the gaiety of the party. It was explained that his presence caused it, and then they saw that tall, weather-beaten figure go back to his solitude from the lights and the laughter whose brightness he was unwilling to dim.

But there were depths of burmorous possibilities in Washington and that sometimes they broke out refreshingly upon the surface is evident enough. Perhaps if the records were fuller it would be still more evident:

It is likely that Washington's familiar talk with his friends (in those rare moments when they were not all obliged to be debating the gravest possible matters) was not infrequently relieved by touches of that sedately expressed fun which occur now and then in his letters, such as the passage about General Braddock and the potted woodcocks. Indeed, we know that he could be jocular in the very heart of a crisis. On that memorable night of Trenton, in the midst of the icy, dangerous Delaware, he turned to Henry Knox with a rough joke that still lives upon the lips of men. But to men's lips it must be confined; a printed page is not the place for it, any more than a china-shop is the place for a bull, who is an object as excellent in the fields as Washington's speech was excellent on the Delaware, in the presence only of Knox and the hostman. His enjoyment of hunt-dinners, and of those songs and jests which come after them is well known, and his fondness for theatrical shows, and shows in general, was life-long, as was his pleasure in dancing. He danced during war, as well as in peace, and up to within three years of his death—that is to say, when he was sixty-four years old.

There is another picture that Mr. Wister truly says is worth selecting from among those that have survived. A visitor at Mount Vernon who was suffering from a heavy cold lay coughing on his bed, unable to sleep, when he became aware of the looming, night-clad form of Washington approaching his bedside. Washington was bringing him a bowl of tea which he had got out of his bed to make himself for his guest's relief.

Of Washington's invariable kindness to those dependent upon him there are very many examples, mainly taken from his letters to Mount Vernon. Thus upon one occasion he writes:

"You will be particularly attentive to my negroes in their sickness; and to order every overseer positively to be so likewise; for I am sorry to observe that the generality of them view these poor creatures in scarcely any other light than they do a draught horse or ox . . . instead of comforting and nursing them when they lie on a sick bed. . . ."

"Doll at the Ferry must be taught to knit, and made to do a sufficient day's work of it. . . . Lame Peter, if nobody else will, must teach her. . . . Tell house Frank I expect he will lay up a more plentiful store of the black common walnut."

But withal he is not to be readily imposed upon. Upon another occasion he writes under the strong and probably well-grounded suspicion that malingering was not an unknown vice among his bands:

"I find by the reports that Sam is, in a manner, always returned sick; Doll at the Ferry, and several of the spinners very frequently so, for a week at a stretch; and ditcher Charles often laid up with a lameness. I never wish my people to work when they are really sick . . . but if you do not examine into their complaints, they will lay by when no more ails them than all those who stick to their business. . . . My people . . . will lay up a month, at the end of which no visible change in their countenance nor the loss of an ounce of flesh is discoverable; and their allowance of provision is going on as if nothing ailed them. . . . What sort of lameness is Dick's? . . . and what kind of sickness is Betty Davis's? . . . a more lazy, deceitful, and impudent huzzy is not to be found in the United States. . . . I am as unwilling to have any person, in my service, forced to work when they are unable as I am to have them skulk from it when they are fit for it."

Perhaps even oblivion would have been better for Betty Davis than to be handed down to posterity by the father of her country as the most lazy, deceitful, and impudent huzzy to be found in the United States. It is to be feared that Betty Davis had a numerous progeny.

Mr. Wister has confined himself to some two hundred and fifty pages of large type, but his good things are so numerous that an expansion to twice the size would have been well justified. That he succeeds in his object no one can question. Under his adroit touch

the vastness of Washington becomes more impressive. It is only the man of infinite genius who can direct his mind with the same energy and precision toward the small things of life, its details, its humors, and its quaintnesses as toward the great world movements that it directs and sustains. It is magnitude and not elevation that awes us, that "leaves us silent with wonder."

"The Seven Ages of Washington," by Owen Wister. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

Art patrons may profit by a French exposure of an ingenious trick. A dealer ordered a Dutch inn scene. The picture was excellent, and the artist had painted the signature "Jan Steen, 1672," on it, as he had been instructed, after a fac-simile contained in a museum catalogue. But the dealer said: "The picture is so beautiful that you ought to put your own name to it." The signature "Jan Steen" was covered accordingly with the signature of the artist. As his work, the painting was shipped to a well-posted New York dealer. At the same time the New York customs office received an anonymous letter conveying the information that upon a certain steamer a Jan Steen, worth 200,000 francs, was to be expected, but that a false name had been painted over the signature in order to avoid the duty. The customs officer examined the painting and detected the signature Jan Steen under the covering. The picture thus became authentic, its authenticity being certified by the customs papers. The New York art dealer had to pay 20 per cent duty and 50 per cent fine, together with 140,000 francs. And three days later he sold the Jan Steen for 250,000 francs.

Jonas Lauritz Edemil Lie, the Norwegian poet and novelist, died at Christiania July 5. He was born in 1833. As a boy Lie showed a fondness for the sea and his parents feared for a time that he might turn to the sailor's life. At eighteen he entered the University of Christiania, and after receiving his law degree he started practice in Kongvinger, a small town in the south of Norway. Few writers have described a sailor's life as well as Lie. The first collection of his poems appeared in 1864. His most widely known novel, "Lodsen Og Hans Hustru" (The Pilot and His Wife), was published in 1874.

George M. Cohan, the young playwright, composer, and vaudeville star, should add another to his many titles, for he is certainly one of the princes of publicity. He was the leading spirit in the committee of arrangements for a monster benefit performance to be given July 17 at the New York Polo Grounds for the Home of Destitute Crippled Children, and his programme included among other drawing features the presence of Secretary Taft, a song-writing contest in public, and Lillian Russell as the umpire of a baseball game between prima donnas and sourettes.

Joel Chandler Harris, editor of *Uncle Remus Magazine*, died at his home in Atlanta, Georgia, July 3, after a short illness. Mr. Harris was sixty years of age. He had quit many years of toil as an editorial writer for the *Atlanta Constitution* and had settled down in his West End home to follow his own peculiar literary fancies.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Agnes Repplier, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Our Great-Grandmother's Novel," reminds us of how rapid has been our progress since the day when the male characters in fiction had limbs but not legs, and when the female characters moved in some way unknown and even unguessed at in polite society. Perhaps the morals of our great-grandmother's novels were no better than in the fiction of today. They were certainly no better than they should be, but then they were wrapped in such chaste circumlocution of language, so very much was left to the imagination, that they could be read without offense and without calling a blush to the cheek of modesty.

We have certainly changed all that, and if the cycles of time should ever bring a return of the hashfulness of a century ago we may well wonder what our great-grandchildren will think of us when they read some of the fiction that finds a place among the best sellers. Certainly there is very little left to the imagination, nor do we waste time by covering up our meaning under clouds of words. As Mr. Marsh says in the *Bookman*, much water has flowed into New York Bay since the days of our great-grandmothers. We have learned the ways of the tripe of Maryacane and "we are not so easily shocked as we once were."

Religion and Medicine, by Elwood Worcester, D. D., Ph. D., Samuel McComb, M. A., D. D., and Isador H. Coriat, M. D. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

We are told that the object of this hook is to describe the work in behalf of nervous sufferers which has been undertaken in Emmanuel Church, Boston. That is all well and good. If the Christian churches believe that they can alleviate bodily pain they have the best possible warrant for trying. Most of our diseases arise from errors of conduct, which in turn spring from errors in thought, and the connection between religion and thought habits is too evident to need indication.

But to the further statements that the work of Emmanuel Church "bears no relation to Christian Science, either by way of protest or imitation, but it would be what it is had the latter never existed" it is necessary to enter a protest. Indeed, such a claim appears to be hardly honest. The authorities of Christian Science and Emmanuel Church both agree in seeking to alter bodily conditions by changing the polarity of thought, by rendering it automatic in a new direction. In essentials they are nearly identical. They differ in non-essentials and in the particular form of the incantations to be used. To apply an ancient simile, Emmanuel Church seems to have caught the Christian Scientists in bathing and to have run off with their clothes.

Nevertheless the hook is a good one and a valuable elucidation of what may be done by the aid of the finer forces of nature. Such terms as "auto-suggestion" and "subconscious self" are, of course, used as glibly as usual and not always with recognition that they are terms for the almost wholly unknown. Theories are formed and sustained by the simple expedient of ignoring all phenomena that do not square with them, but that is a common failing of the modern psychology. But the fact remains, and it is a fact indisputable, that the forces employed seem to have vast remedial efficacy and the more we know of them from reputable and sincere investigators the better it will be for us. The authors of this book are doing a useful work of which the future value will depend upon their own mental freedom from theological and scientific prejudices and preconceptions.

Purple and Homespun, by Samuel M. Gardenhire. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This story is a somewhat clever blending of the extremes of social life. We oscillate between the east side of New York and the British embassy at Washington, and that the author is able to weld such diverse elements into a unit speaks much for his ingenuity.

"Purple and Homespun" belongs distinctly to the higher grades of fiction. It introduces us not only to definite types of individual character, but also to the varieties of class consciousness that constitute the real problem of the statesman. In Jacob Roth and in Rose Letcher of the East Side we see the spirit of aggressive Socialism and of a Socialism that we can not afford to ignore, because it is energized by intense conviction and inflamed by supposed injustices. The picture of the Socialist meeting and of Rose Letcher's eloquence is not soon to be forgotten.

At the other end of the scale we have Lord Wemyss, the British Ambassador, and his daughter Victoria. Senator Marshall Treemon, who has acquired rank and fortune by a remarkable combination of personal qualities, may be regarded as the link between East and West. He is man enough to recognize and acknowledge the claims of his own lowly origin as soon as he discovers that he himself was an East Side child, and he is also man enough to recognize that worth is a matter of individual attainment alone. If he

wishes to marry Lady Victoria—personally we should make some other choice—he is entitled to try and we are unfeignedly glad when he succeeds.

Upon a canvas so large some inartistic spots are almost inevitable. We are a little sorry to see the rapid waning of Rose Letcher's interest in her public work as soon as she is discovered by her wealthy relatives, and we are still more sorry when she marries that very rapid young man, Captain Travers, who originally led her astray when she was a girl in England. The ugly and unnecessary fate that befalls Maggie Beechy, whose winsome kindness compensates for her lack of brains, is also a deplorable feature. The author is, indeed, stronger with his men than with his women, but he has none the less given us a striking story, one that was worth writing and that shows conscientious labor as well as imaginative ability.

The New American Type and Other Essays, by Henry D. Sedgwick. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.50.

All these essays are suggestive and delicately written. That on "The New American Type" was suggested by an exhibition of American portraits new and old and a study of the gradual change of type that has been wrought during a hundred years. Very felicitous is the essay on "The Moh Spirit in Literature" and the mental contagion that produces the phenomenal circulation of the "best sellers." The initial cause of the contagion that sweeps over the "reading mob" is obscure. It is not so much a case of merit as of a "condition of receptivity" and of an insistent eagerness that spreads from mind to mind, gathering force as it goes. It is an instance of the collective consciousness that moves by suggestion and that is irrational.

Other valuable critical essays are on "Mrs. Wharton," "Charles Russell Lowell," and "Mark Twain," the latter being of a marked and discriminating insight. The concluding extravaganza on "The Coup d'Etat of 1961," and describing the "circumstances under which the present imperial dynasty mounted the throne of the Americas" might perhaps have been omitted, but it does at least enable us to close the hook with a smile. The volume contains twelve essays and their nearly uniform merit is unquestionable.

Princess Nadine, by Christian Reid. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

The Princess Nadine is half Russian and half American. She is engaged to Prince Maximilian, who hopes, by the grace of Russia, to be King of Serabia. But the cousin of the princess, Count Alexis, has compromised himself with the revolutionary movement, and when the princess undertakes to guard his treasonable documents she is threatened by Russia with the loss of her fiancé and of her throne. As it happens she has no use for either, having now fallen in love with Mr. Leighton, an immensely rich South American politician, who rescues her from her perplexities and helps her to defy her enemies.

The story has undeniably good points, but the princess is not so fascinating as she is intended to be, while the assumption that the French government—the scene is laid in France—would arrest or molest Russian conspirators is incorrect. A Russian revolutionist is as safe in France as in Colorado, and always has been.

The Gentlest Art, edited by E. V. Lucas. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Perhaps letter-writing will once more become a cultivated grace when time has other than a money value. It is well described as the "gentlest" of all arts, the art that is the truest reflection of mind and heart, the best mirror of friendship and of sentiment.

The author has made his selections with admirable care. We do not miss a single old favorite. He has given us all that is best in letter-writing and the classification under such heads as "Children and Grandfathers," "The Familiar Manner," "The Grand Style," "Humorists and Oddities," is everything that can be desired. Altogether he has given us about one hundred and fifty letters that deserve a high place in literature and that may well be studied by those who wish to acquire a graceful but a well-nigh forgotten art.

The Iliad of the East, by Frederika Macdonald. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

The Western mind has shown itself of late years to be singularly receptive to Oriental thought, and this fine hook should do much to show that a search into Indian literature will not go unrewarded. "The Iliad of the East" is a selection of legends drawn from Valmiki's Sanskrit poem, "The Ramayana," and the selections are not only judicious, but they are rendered in fitting language. There is perhaps no better corrective for the littleness of modern life than a glance at the grand imageries of Oriental literature, and whoever makes these generally available is doing a public service. The illustrations, being by J. Lockwood Kipling, are of unusual artistic merit.

New Publications.

Duffield & Co., New York, have published "The Reflections of Ambrosine" and "Beyond the Rocks," by Elinor Glynn. Price, \$1.50 each.

A little hook of some suggestive value is "The Heavenly Life," by James Allen. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price, 15 cents, paper covers, and 50 cents, cloth binding.

"My High School Days" is a blank hook intended presumably for diary purposes and therefore for the use of girls. Each page is prettily decorated. It is published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "Adventures of Pirates and Sea Rovers," by Howard Pyle, Rear-Admiral Upshur, Paul Hull, and others. The tales are culled from history, but with all the attractive dressing of fiction, while the illustrations are good. Price, 60 cents.

"The Lady in the Car," by William Le Queux, is the story of a series of thieving ad-

ventures by a band of plausible scoundrels under the leadership of "Prince Albert of Hesse-Holstein," who relies for his success upon the influence of a title and a resplendent motor car. The book is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and the price is \$1.50.

"The Gourmet's Guide to Europe," by Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, is written for the purpose of giving "information to traveling Anglo-Saxons, of both sexes, who take an interest in the cookery and food of the countries they pass through, and are not content to dine and breakfast every day at the hotel in which they may happen to stay." It is published by Brentano's, New York.

From the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, comes a volume of "Sermons Which Have Won Souls," by the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D. The title is a little unfortunate and suggests a crude orthodoxy, but we are pleasantly surprised to find a series of intensely sincere appeals for the right life rather than for creeds, appeals that can hardly have failed in results of the best kind. The price of the hook is \$1.40.




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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"If I Were King," Justin Huntly McCarthy's dramatization of his own novel of the same name, will be the Alcazar's offering next week, commencing Monday evening, with White Whittlesey in the rôle of François Villon, which was created by E. H. Sothern. In the cast are forty-five speaking people and many silent auxiliaries, and each of the four acts demands a most elaborate setting.

The story of the play, briefly told, is an incident in the turbulent career of François Villon, the vagabond rhymester who amused France when Louis XI was king. The scene opens in a Paris wine shop, where Villon recites a poem recounting what he would do to enhance the glory of his country if he were on the throne, and among the motley throng that applaud his sentiments is Louis himself, in disguise. His majesty promptly takes the poet at his word and appoints him king for one week, warning him that unless he wins the love of Katherine de Faudelles, who had flouted the monarch, he will be guillotined. The remainder of the play is taken up by Villon's endeavors to prove himself a model ruler, but at the end of the week he has seemingly failed to touch the heart of the prudish Katherine, and he is about to be consigned to execution when she discloses her affection for him and saves his life by offering to take his place on the scaffold.

Mr. Whittlesey will be seen as Villon, Miss Barriscale as Katherine, and the remainder of the Alcazar players and many extra people will have well-fitting rôles.

The hill at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will have for its chief attraction the Four Fords, who are unequalled in this country as dancers. The two sisters, Deborah and Mahel, give an exhibition of energetic dancing that is really a revelation. The Tom Davies Trio from the London Coliseum and New York Hippodrome will make their first appearance in this city and introduce their cycling novelty, "motoring in midair." Tom Davies is the world's champion cyclist and the sensation which he and his female assistants perform is simply astounding. They have a saucer-like structure of strapped lathes and encircling it with dizzy rapidity they pass and repass each other until their red, white, and blue costumes suggest the prismatic changes of a revolving top. Martinette and Sylvester, who style themselves "the boys with the chairs," are also new to us. They are exceptionally clever tumblers and amusing comedians. With this programme Katie Barry, La Vine Cimaron Trio, Fred Singer, Barry and Hughes, and that splendid actor, William H. Thompson, and his company will close their season here. A new series of motion pictures will terminate the performance.

The attractions at the Princess next week will be a double bill consisting of the two-act musical mélange, "The Bridal Trap," and the travesty on the Conried-Hammerstein grand opera war, "The Song Birds." "The Bridal Trap" is the musical composition of Edmond Audran and the text is the work of Sydney Rosenfeld. Its action takes place during the period of the regency in France at a picturesque village near Orleans. It tells a pretty story set to sparkling music of a lord of high degree who loved a lowly peasant girl and sought to wed her despite the opposition of friends and relatives and who successfully baffled their schemes and won the maiden of his choice. The cast will be an excellent one and will introduce to the audiences of this theatre Evelyn Frances Kellogg, a prima donna of great Eastern renown, who will appear as the heroine, Rosette, the village helle. Zoe Barnett will be cast as another rustic beauty, while Sarah Edwards will have impressive and dignified opportunity as the Marquise de la Haute. Arthur Cunningham will be in his element as Andre, Count de Flagnac, and the remaining characters will be allotted as follows: Gavandan, Frank Farrington; Martial, Oscar C. Apfel; Bel-Agur, captain of the patrol, Robert Z. Leonard; Lancelot, Mayhelle Baker; Marcelin, Grizella Kingsland; Theodule, Gertrude Alzora; Arnold, Edna Carpenter. In "The Song Birds" William Burress will repeat a great triumph as Oscar Hammershine, while Miss Kellogg will appear as Mme. Tappalezini, and Monsieur La Vigne as Alessandro Bouncey. Oliver La Noir will be Eddie de Rest Cure, Charles E. Couture, Robinson Caruso; Arthur Cunningham, Peter Pantson, and Sarah Edwards as Emma Screams. The remaining rôles will be suitably cast. The run of "The Bridal Trap" and "The Song Birds" will be limited to one week. "It Happened in Nordland" will be played for the last time this Sunday night.

The Henry Miller Associate Players, who have come across the continent direct from the Savoy Theatre, New York, to present "The Servant in the House," arrived Thursday. They include Tyrone Power, Walter Hampden, Galvy Herberth, Edmund Kennedy, Arthur Lewis, Gladys Wynne, and Edith Wynne Matthison, of "Everyman" fame. The author, Charles Mann Kennedy, will accompany these players. The seat sale will begin at the Van Ness Theatre this morning and there is every indication that this curious attraction will prove to be one of the great sensations of the year in this city. Its Eastern hit has been nothing

short of phenomenal, and that Mr. Miller, in his special feeling for San Francisco audiences, should have decided to bring this piece from coast to coast while its New York run was still at its zenith adds redoubled interest to the event. A new company will in a few weeks take up the interrupted New York run, while this original cast will go to Chicago to begin its engagement there. Matinees will be given at the Van Ness on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"The Great Divide" will be presented for the last time this Saturday night at the Van Ness Theatre by Henry Miller and his company.

During the remainder of the Henry Miller season at the Van Ness Theatre matinees are to be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays in order to meet the inquiry for afternoon performances from people out of town who wish to take advantage of the Miller offerings.

Isabel Irving will have a really fine rôle in the Percy Mackaye comedy, "Mater," which Henry Miller will stage at the Van Ness Theatre two weeks hence.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Two very attractive anthologies are "Poems for Travelers" and "The Poetic Old World," which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will issue on the 18th. The former is compiled by Mary R. J. Dubois, and covers the Continent in some three hundred poems. The latter, compiled by Miss Lucy H. Humphrey, covers Europe, including Spain and the British Isles, in some two hundred poems, some thirty of which, not originally written in English, are given both in the original and in translation. The volumes are in the same general style as the popular "The Open Road" and "The Friendly Town" compiled by E. V. Lucas.

For the first time an authoritative and complete description of the Bohemian Club Midsummer Jinks is to appear in print. With the permission of the club, Mr. Porter Garnett has written and will shortly publish an exhaustive treatise on the forest plays presented by the Bohemians in their redwood grove on the Russian River. The volume deals with the setting, history, and development, origin and analogies—the relation of the plays to other forms of stage art, particularly the Elizabethan masque—and synopses of seven grove plays, including that of 1908, which is to be given August 8. There are to be twenty-four full-page illustrations, depicting every phase of the Bohemian encampment, and an appendix consisting of a chronological list of all jinks since 1872, with their titles and the names of their sires and musical directors.

Of interest to booksellers and bookbuyers alike is the announcement by the publishers of Louisa M. Alcott's works of a special edition, limited to 100,000 copies, of her most beloved story, "Little Women," at a popular price. During the life of the author, Frank T. Merrill, one of the best known of book illustrators, made over two hundred drawings for the book. These illustrations appeared, together with a picture of the home of "Little Women," in a handsome edition originally published at \$5, and it is this edition which Little, Brown & Co. will reissue early in July, with an attractive new cover design, at a low price.

Although Mr. Gillette's delicious impersonation of "The Private Secretary" has been absent from the American stage for some years, the German version of the comedy, Von Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," is read annually by American students in hundreds of colleges and schools. Its popularity, in fact, seems to be growing, and to meet the demand for a good edition for class use, Professor H. A. Farr of Yale University has prepared a vocabulary edition which will soon be published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

Mrs. Emily E. Woodley, who was said to be the only woman ever regularly commissioned as an officer in the United States army, died the other day in Philadelphia at the age of seventy-three. She was the last of the thirty-five young women from Philadelphia who enlisted as nurses in the Civil War. She was a widow of twenty-six when she offered her services as a nurse in 1861, and for her bravery and good work President Lincoln conferred on her a commission as captain in the army. She was later decorated with a gold medal by Secretary of War Stanton. For a number of years she was president of the National Association of Army Nurses of the Civil War, which she organized, and was the only woman member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

At last the sheath gown has a defender, by inference, at least. Mrs. Daniel Knefler, president of the St. Louis branch of the Women's Trade Union League, denounces the rustle of the silk petticoat as a menace to feminine morals. The latest fashion, wherever adopted, compels the discarding of swishy lingerie that has so long delighted the heart of woman and tantalized the ear of the sterner sex. Now there is a prospect that the much-discussed director costume may win moral approval.

CURRENT VERSE.

Sailor's Song.

When the good ship plows through the crested wave,
And the salt breeze follows fast,
When the straining cordage creaks and groans
In the van of the bellowing blast,
Then up! my boys, and all on deck!
No land upon our lee!
While beneath we feel our quivering keel,
We'll burrah for the life at sea, Yo Ho!
For the sailor's life at sea.

Oh, what can the landsman know
Of the life on the roaring main,
When the stiff nor'easters blow
O'er the miles of our watery plain?
For him is the hazing heath,
And his child upon his knee;
But the sailor's home
Is the ocean foam,
And the salt and the swell of the sea, Yo Ho!
For the salt and the swell of the sea.

Oh, the sea is the sailor's love.
For her the storms we brave;
And who would a coward prove
When the winds and the waters rave?
Then up! my lads, and all on deck!
No land upon our lee!
While beneath we feel our quivering keel,
We'll burrah for the life at sea, Yo Ho!
For the sailor's life at sea.

—The Tufonian.

When You Are Old.

When you are old, and I am passed away—
Passed, and your face, your golden face, is gray—
I think, what'er the end, this dream of mine,
Comforting you, a friendly star will shine
Down the dim slope where still you stumble and stray.
So may it be; that no dead yesterday,
No sad-eyed ghost, but generous and gay,
May serve you memories like almighty wine,
When you are old.

Dear heart, it shall be so. Under the sway
Of death the past's enormous disarray
Lies hushed and dark. Yet though there come no sign,
Live on well pleased; immortal and divine,
Love shall still tend you, as God's angels may,
When you are old.

—William Ernest Henley.

A Summer Love Song.

Dews of the morning and stars of the night,
Sunsets of gold and noon's dazzling bright,
Billowy clouds against heavens of blue,
Sunlight and starlight and gladness and you.

Waters that ripple and forests a-swing,
Star-gleaming insects and birds on the wing,
Soft breezes blow from horizons of blue,
Wind-song and brook-song and bird-song and you.

Roses of crimson and lilies of white,
Bloom-burdened gardens all fragrant and bright,
Bees that go buzzing the scented beds through,
Beauty and brightness and sweetness and you.

Thoughts full of gladness and hopes that aspire,
Thoughts that cling round you with eager desire,
Love that is ardent and changeless and true,
Turning to, longing for, pleading with you.

—E. E. Miller, in the Bohemian Magazine.

The Defeated.

Because it was good to be fighting, to put forth
my strength,
To endeavor myself to the utmost, the failure at
length

Is never less bitter and hard, or lighter to bear
Because all the glorious memories of battle I
share

With the victors who pass me on horseback (good
fellows who won!)

With stern, ardent faces fixed forward and fronting
the sun.

No, failure is comfortless, arid. When battle
again

Is joined I shall fight all the harder—at last not
in vain!

Though my courage was solid and speckless, my
arm good before,

This pure hitherness strengthens and betters me;
no failure more!

At last I shall win, and that victory pure shall
redeem

All the mighty lost effort and hope, all the dis-
approved dream.

And out of the depths of my knowledge of bitter
defeat

I shall know to the utmost that minute how
triumph is sweet.

—S. H. Kemper, in Metropolitan Magazine.

King Edward has recently shown that he takes interest in every phase of his people's life by the announcement that he has approved a special order of merit for cricketers who achieve the highest ambition of all cricketers—selection to represent England against other countries. The "hodge to be worn on a dark blue cap" will in the future hall-mark the international cricketer, and it will be made the object of strenuous endeavor.

The cigarette did not reach England until after the Crimean War, in which the English officers adopted it from the Turks and Russians. Many people give Pellegrini, the "Ape" of "Vanity Fair," the credit of introducing the cigarette into England, and, at any rate, his example did much to popularize it.

England has just been mobilizing her warships in home waters, contriving to muster a total of 301 ships with an aggregate complement of 68,000 officers and men. In the face of these figures the parade of our Atlantic Fleet does not appear quite so imposing.

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SOME PLAYHOUSE PROBLEMS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

What dire punishments often fall upon... What dire punishments often fall upon for pardonably committing the mistakes...

So Ruth Jordan was proof against the pure and manly love of the poor doctor, who, if she had accepted him, would never have left her...

But in such a case the play would never have been written, and we would never have been thrilled to the marrow of our bones by the tremendous scene in the second act, which was furnished the subject for so many discussions during the past two weeks.

I have often, when occupying any of the seats under over-hanging balconies, noticed how we are obliged actually to grope our way into adequate comprehension of a play which, being cast in one's own language, is, presumably, perfectly comprehensible.

As we all know, cause important consequences to hinge on such apparently trifling happenings as a dropped handkerchief, a misplaced letter, or a door left ajar.

Mr. Moody has shown the greatest skill in the technical manipulation of his great scene, which is full of just such carefully considered minutiae, when it is all over, and the curtain has fallen, I fear that he would suffer acute chagrin if he could hear the ensuing conversation from the hopeless spectators under, and, indeed, sometimes over, the sound-muffling balcony.

Says A to B, or C to D, or E to F, as the case may be, after the first outbreak of excited comment over the scene of the act: 'Didn't you understand that Stephen Ghent ought off the two Mexicans?'

B—Mexicans? Were they Mexicans? Why, I thought they were all three Americans. They seemed to be.

A (doubtfully)—Let's see the programme. Here it is. These two chaps must be the ones—Dutch and Pedro. I didn't hear the names, but Dutch is probably the tall fellow. He must be a Dutchman, and not a Mexican. Well, the point is, since Ghent bought them off, what was the row about outside?

B—Why, I didn't catch all that was said. In fact, I lost a good deal. I didn't know why they got out their shooting-irons outside, after their financial settlement inside, and lots of other things got me off the track. For instance, why did Ghent say to Pedro, 'Leave everything on the table as it is?'

A—That stumped me, too. (Meditates.) I'll tell you. They fixed it up, you know, bent and the girl, that their fitting was to seem like an elopement, and he wanted everything in the room to look just as usual—to show no signs of a scrimmage.

B—No, that won't do. That deal came afterwards. Don't you remember that they had been throwing dice? Ghent cheated, you know, so as to get the girl.

A—Cheated? Why, I didn't take that in? B (confidently)—Yes, he produced one from his sleeve, and doctored the deal. It might have had something to do with the dice-throwing, but what he meant about the things the table gets me.

A—That reminds me that I didn't twig when Ghent tackled the lock of the door with hammer! What was he up to?

B (thoughtlessly)—He was smashing it, of course.

A—No you don't! They smashed it when they broke in. [They fall into an animated argument from which they emerge with the hardly-won theory that the lock of the door was being repaired in order to lend color to the idea of an elopement. Calmed by this conjecture, they abandon this subject to go to the more congenial subject of Polly Jordan's charms.]

A—Me for Polly! What's the matter with Sawbones that he chose the other one?

B—Why, you wild man of the woods, who do you suppose Polly is?

A (flippantly)—Old man Jordan's darter, aint she? Name of Jordan?

B—That's just what she aint. (Crushingly, in a tone of superior knowledge.) She is Mrs. Philip Jordan.

A—And who the dickens is Phil—(looking at his programme). Oh! The deuce you say! (disapprovingly). You don't mean to tell me that that jolly little girl is the wife of old grumpy?

B—That's just what! But she got sick of the whole outfit, and was heading for Yankee-land.

A—Well, well. I thought she was the frivolous sister, or the visiting cousin, or something on that order. I really wonder at her taste.

B—You see she had the sense to light out. By the way, was Ghent inviting the girl to kill him, or herself, when he left his pistol so handy?

A—It was a case of you pays your money and you takes your choice.

B—Great scene, wasn't it? A—Great.

[Curtain goes up. At the end of the second act, A and B turn to each other, charged to the muzzle with questions.]

A—You're right, old man. Pretty Polly is Grumpy's bride. But if you hadn't told me, I'd have thought she had been school-teaching there in Arizona, and had nabbed Jordan in the interim. Lots of things are hard to understand in a play, though. Now where the deuce did that same string of nuggets turn up from?

B—That's just what I was going to ask you. Seems to me that players swallow half their words, nowadays, with their gosh-durned realism.

A—The realism's all right. But I'll take it in the third row, thank you. And the next time you get seats back here, you can have mine for your seventeenth best girl. About that nugget-necklace, Ruthie mumbled something concerning a Mexican on the trail who seemed to be mixed up with it.

B (animately)—That so? I didn't catch that, but I heard something about her buying something with the proceeds of something that she made.

A—After that, I think we'd better go out and have one more something.

[Exeunt. Curtain rises as both reappear pocketing their handkerchiefs and looking refreshed. In the third act there is too much talk and too little action to suit men, and both relax their ear-strain, especially as the players suddenly become quite intelligible.]

A (listening disapprovingly to Stephen's colloquy with his mother-in-law)—What a lot of gah. Now that I don't care so much, I can hear every word.

B—What a bum bow Steve is making to the old lady! What's the matter with Henery?

A—Why, you duffer, that's a fine point in acting. Awkward frontiersman, etc.

B (unconvinced)—Well, I don't like it any better than I like his fit of weeps at the end of the second act. He's piled it on too thick. [Both remain silent until affairs are wound up.]

A (as curtain falls)—Of course she gives in. Girls always do. But I don't envy him. I'd just as soon be married to an ice-pick. Come along and get some of the fellows to settle all those first-act conundrums.

[Exeunt, surrounded by murmurs of "Wasn't it grand!" "Great!" "I don't like her." "She's fine." "He's splendid!" "Never did care for Miller." "What a queer play." "Did you hear such and such?" "Can you tell me what so and so said when—" etc. "I lost half of it." "Why I heard everything."]

"Isn't she pretty?" "Isn't she plain?" "Isn't he fat?" "I don't see that he's gained such an awful lot." "Miller looks as young as ever." "Miller looks ten years older."

Since I've seen the play I have had an opportunity to test the realism of part of the first act, having talked with an Arizona ranch-woman, young, comely, of unusually bright and well cultivated mind, and therefore, presumably, of inconveniently susceptible imagination, who has many a time and oft spent a solitary night at her ranch on the lonely plain, five miles distant from neighbors, when imperative circumstances compelled her husband to be away.

The first occasion came finding her entirely unprepared. Her two women servants, sisters, were called away by sickness in the family. She found herself unexpectedly alone. She at once turned with a sort of relief to caring for her horse—she had just returned to the ranch after a lengthy absence—and did other tasks while resolutely chasing away thoughts of the imminent solitude of night. Remembering how, in the dark, the desert levels swallow up the outlines of a house, she dispatched her evening meal before the necessity for using betraying lights arose. When bedtime came, and she lay down with the night before her, she said to herself, "I must drive away all thought of fear, or I will lie awake." Her next coherent thought was a sudden recognition of the morning sunshine. The night had gone like a breath, "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" had come, and her experience was peacefully repeated for forty odd nights before her husband, learning by pure chance of his plucky wife's solitude, returned from carrying out an important business venture elsewhere to break it.

Reverting to the matter of unintelligibility of players, I was this week struck, as with the force of contrast, by the cheerful loudness of the voices of actors in the vaudeville playlets at the Orpheum, of which there were two on the programme. "A Night on a Houseboat" I do not suppose can be regarded, even in the tolerant world of vaudeville, as a play. It is what is usually described as a melange, a kind of vacuous mixture of chatter and tunes, the sort of thing that makes one fold one's tent like the Arab, and quietly but firmly steal away, which is perhaps why they place it last on the bill.

When I last saw Mr. Fred Bond it was in the Daly company. On that occasion he perpetrated a tee-hee-ish sort of a kind of an idiotic giggle that took with the audience, and started echoes. I heard him give that self-same vocal giggle at the Orpheum, the other day, which shows how mannerisms stick, even with the passage of years.

Mr. Bond's playlet is as silly as the giggle, but it, too, took. It has its merits—from the vaudeville point of view—and the unashamed gusto with which the big, blonde, babyish-looking actor plunges into the ocean of mother-in-lawed retribution which engulfs the chicken-hearted stage son-in-law eventually wins hearty laughter and toleration even from those who sit in the seat of the scornful.

The Beane family's playlet is really an exposition, from a humorous point of view, of the various symptoms and stages of delirium tremens. The authors of vaudeville playlets, as you perceive, do not go far afield in the search of ideas. Delirium tremens as the subject of humorous drama is not any more startlingly novel than a mother-in-law. But as Mr. Beane is as lively and clever a player as his placid matrimonial partner is the reverse, the play wins high favor, especially as Baby Beane—I couldn't help wondering if the Beanes, prompted by the press agent, were fooling us, and their parenthood was authentic—was a most entrancing urchin in his night-pajamas and tiny Roneos.

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VANITY FAIR.

London always sees a rush of fashionable weddings between the end of Lent and the beginning of May. It is a little hard to understand why we must not be married in Lent and it is still harder to understand why May should be unlucky. In a manner of speaking, all months are unlucky so far as weddings are concerned, on the same general principle that made a certain man avoid rice for the rest of his life on the ground that it was indissolubly associated with the one tragic and overshadowing incident of his career. But it is no use asking fashionable people for whys and wherefores. Lent and the month of May must be avoided, and as a result the intervening ten days are so overcrowded with events that even the society scribe has to curtail his raptures in order to get them within the stern limits of the newspaper column.

What do these weddings cost? Not, it seems, a very great deal, if we exclude such elastic items as trousseau and presents. There is naturally no limit to the amounts that can be expended in finery, jewels, and testimonials of affection and good will, but the actual cost of the ceremony is not a large one. A full choral service at a fashionable London church, with choir, organist, anthem, and a boy soloist, can be arranged for about \$50. Then there are the church arrangements, including police, carpets, awning, verger's fees, etc., which will cost about \$30 more. The clergyman will be quite satisfied with a fee of \$50, and if we estimate about \$100 for floral decorations and a small sum for sundries we shall still be well within \$250.

Of course there are other expenses, while the attendance of high church dignitaries would mean a corresponding increase of fees. Then, again, if the bride should be florally inclined she may want to spend a lot more than \$100. On the other hand, and in view of the more substantial and permanent nature of the blessings at last within her grasp, she may be satisfied with less.

The main items of expense seem to be attached to the subsequent reception. The London *Daily Mail* has been into the matter with some care and has prepared a schedule of cost which may serve as a warning to those who are contemplating a fashionable wedding in London. The best of all advice is "Don't," but then this, as *Punch* once pointed out, is applicable to all weddings, fashionable or otherwise. Here is the estimate as prepared by the *Daily Mail*, but it can, of course, be modified almost indefinitely:

Wedding cake	\$150
Caterer's charge for cutting and dispatching the cake, afterwards to the guests...	50
Refreshments for 150 guests at 5s. per head	185
Marquee, floored, carpeted, lighted, heated, with alcove for musicians.....	150
Band to play during the reception.....	50
Champagne for 150 guests (5 doz. bottles)	110
Taking charge of presents.....	10
Arranging and repacking presents.....	50
Flowers for house decoration.....	75
Bride's bouquet	25
Bridesmaids' bouquets	25

In spite of financial depressions and boogies of this kind, it is a little strange that wedding presents have been more expensive than usual this year. A prominent London jeweler says that people have been buying the once more fashionable bull tortoise shell "blotters" at \$50, vanishing liqueur tables at \$100, fitted dressing bags at \$500, tiny watches set in jewels on rings for wearing outside a glove at \$100, and watches suspended as pendants from pearl set neck chains at \$375. Evidently the financial stress has not been allowed to interfere with these sentimental tokens, if, indeed, sentiment has still something to do with the giving of presents to people for whom we may have very little real feeling.

There will be no startling innovations when Mrs. Taft becomes the mistress of the White House. There will be no fads to be exploited, no reforms to be inflicted under the guise of hospitality, no sensational departures from domestic precedent. Mrs. Taft is not one of those women who like to be talked about, and her virtues are none the less conspicuous because they seek the shade rather than the sunlight.

Hospitality with the Taft family has always been a matter of spontaneity rather than of acquired art. It is of that rare and informal kind that sends the visitor away with the sense of having given pleasure by his visit. For example, Mrs. Taft makes a practice of accompanying informal visitors to the front door, so that their parting impression may be that of the hostess herself. Perhaps it is a small thing, but then courtesy is made up of small things. Those who are most charmed by Mrs. Taft as a hostess might find it a little hard to say wherein the charm lies, but its explanation is in fact very simple. Mrs. Taft is more interested in her guests than she is in herself, she would rather hear them talk than talk herself, and she has the happy faculty that comes only from innate courtesy of finding out the mental tendencies of others and trying to gratify them. That Mrs. Taft is popular with young people is a sure proof of

her grace of heart. She can talk baseball with the boys and evening parties with the girls, and from their own level.

Mrs. Taft is not entirely a stranger at the White House. Her father was the law partner of President Hayes, and she spent the greater part of each year at the White House, although she was of course only a child at the time.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* uses the Platt divorce case as a text upon which to preach a sermon on the international marriage. The case in question is not one to be handled without gloves, nor, it may be said, without vomiting, and perhaps the *Ledger* does well to summarize the proceedings in terms that are brief but not unpointed. The *Ledger* says:

At the age of seventy-five he is defendant in a suit which, even as it ended, is plainly disgraceful. The senator presents a painful spectacle of hesitation, of evasion, of tottering senility, with glimmerings of a sly and crafty imbecility. His nurse attends him and hands him about like a baby, and on the brink of the grave he stands a disgrace to manhood and to the American public.

For the purpose of comparison the *Ledger* cites the case of the Duc de Chaulnes, who married one of America's rich young women. Now the rule *de mortuis* is a good and kindly one, but we need not, upon that account, keep silent as to the Duc de Chaulnes. He was young and not without his full share of the follies of his years, but there was every reason to believe that his future would have made amends for a not well-spent past. At least his father-in-law, one of the hardest headed business men of America, had confidence in him. Now when the marriage was celebrated we were treated to the usual cacklings and brayings from the Pharisees of the press, with the customary inferences that because the Duc de Chaulnes was a Frenchman therefore France was evidently a dying nation, there being no instances of foolish young men to be found elsewhere. There was no recognition of the fact that the duke did not represent the French nation, that he and all his kind were repudiated by that nation, that they were outcasts, hangers-on, and incompetents, mere cumberers of the ground, despised and rejected by their own people. It was enough that the duke was a Frenchman and that he had fallen somewhat short of those rigid and puritanic virtues, that whole-souled devotion to public interests and private holinesses that invariably distinguish our own gilded youth. France had produced the Duc de Chaulnes and therefore France was decadent, effete, and dying. And now comes the moral as drawn by the *Ledger*:

In our own case the situation is exactly reversed. France never elected De Chaulnes to office, but we free Americans, in the great, rich, intelligent State of New York, under the guidance of a new republic, at almost the outset of our glorious career, with no evil traditions holding us back, with no residuum of the poison of a wrong system in the blood, deliberately choose and elect to a position of power and responsibility T. C. Platt. Which nation suffers by the comparison?

The population of New York is over seven millions or nearly one-tenth of the population of the United States. To foreign eyes, to French eyes, New York City and New York State stand as representative of the American nation. Probably three-fourths of our foreign visitors never see anything else of America. And when these seven millions of people are called upon to elect a statesman to occupy the highest position of legislative power and influence within their gift, when they are invited to choose their wisest and their best in the full light of day and with complete knowledge of antecedents and records, their choice falls upon—Thomas Collier Platt. France never did anything like this. No country has ever done anything like it unless we go back to Judea of old when the crowd, with one accord, demanded the release unto them of Barabbas.

It is no longer within the power of the King of England to order his adversaries to instant execution. Temple Bar is no longer decorated with the heads of those who have been so unfortunate as to incur the royal displeasure, while the headsman's axe has retired to an honorable, or dishonorable, desuetude in the Tower of London. But it need not be imagined that his majesty is thereby deprived of all power of offense and defense or that he can no longer inflict agony of the most excruciating kind upon those who have fallen beneath his frown. He can refuse to invite them to the Royal Garden Party.

That is exactly the fate that has befallen four unlucky wights of the House of Commons. There are over six hundred members of the house and they were all invited except four. The precise reasons for the exclusion are wrapped in mystery, but no great skill is needed to guess at them. First of all there was Keir Hardie, the Socialist and Labor member. The king has certainly no objection to Socialists, because there are a great many of them in the house, and with this exception they were all invited and they duly wore the garb of every-day life and the red tie of their political faith. Mr. Asquith, by the way, often wears a red tie, and so indeed does the king himself. But Keir Hardie has made himself peculiarly offensive. During his recent visit to India he talked to the natives of a frenzied democracy that is one of the com-

monplaces of London, but that very nearly plunged India into the unthinkable horrors of rebellion. Keir Hardie's offense in India was not against royalty or against government, but against humanity.

Another of the excluded four was Arthur Ponsonby, and Arthur Ponsonby is just as much of an aristocrat as Keir Hardie is a democrat. Ponsonby was private secretary to the late Campbell-Bannerman and the son of Sir Henry Ponsonby, who was secretary to Queen Victoria. The wise ones say that he was excluded because he protested against the visit of the king to the Czar. But for the protest that was made in the House of Commons this ill-starred visit might have passed

almost unnoticed by the country, which is well used to the king's diplomatic wanderings and takes little notice of them. Now the king is extraordinarily sensitive to public opinion. He hates to be censured, and in this case the censure was emphatic. The king was practically told and in unmistakable words that any recognition of the Czar, any show of friendliness for this despicable ruler, was an abomination and an affront to the people, and although the visit was duly made, the king was deeply wounded and probably deeply incensed at the immediate cause of his discomfort. If this is not the true reason for Mr. Ponsonby's rebuff, there is at least no other in sight.

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Furniture for
Verandas and
Summer Homes

Van Ness and Sutter

Kitchen Specials

To introduce our new Kitchenware Department on the gallery, we will offer some extraordinary values in genuine Agateware. We now have the largest Kitchenware Department in the City, filled with a great variety of labor-saving devices.

NATHAN DOHRMANN COMPANY

1520-1550 VAN NESS AVE.



BACK EAST

EXCURSIONS

ROUND TRIP RATES

Atchison, Kas.....	\$60.00	Kansas City, Mo.....	\$60.00	Omaha, Neb.....	\$60.00
Baltimore, Md.....	107.50	Leavenworth, Kas..	60.00	Pacific Junction, Ia.	60.00
Boston, Mass.....	110.50	Memphis, Tenn....	67.50	Philadelphia, Pa....	108.50
Chicago, Ill.....	72.50	Mineola, Tex.....	60.00	Sioux City, Ia.....	63.90
Council Bluffs, Ia..	60.00	Minneapolis, Minn..	73.50	St. Joseph, Mo.....	60.00
Duluth, Minn.....	79.50	New Orleans, La....	67.50	St. Louis, Mo.....	67.50
Houston, Tex.....	60.00	New York, N. Y....	108.50	St. Paul, Minn.....	73.50
				Washington, D. C..	107.50

On Sale July 21-22-23-28-29. August 17-18-24-25. September 15-16.

Colorado Springs, Colo., \$55.00; Denver, Colo., \$55.00; Pueblo, Colo., \$55.00.
On Sale September 14-15.

Montreal, Que., \$108.50; Toronto, Canada, \$94.40.
On Sale July 21-22-23-28-29, August 17-18-24-25.

Let me make your sleeping-car reservation early and explain details.

F. W. PRINCE, C. T. A., 673 Market Street

J. J. WARNER, 1112 Broadway, Oakland

It appeals to particular people because it is particularly good

Old Gilt Edge Whiskey

Rye or Bourbon

MENNE'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, on mail order receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 108 Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908; dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **CHARLES CARPY**, President.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 4 per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **WM. A. BOSTON**, Cashier.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared on all deposits in the savings department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908; dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. **B. G. TOGNAZZI**, Manager.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Clubbing List.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.40
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut...	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.75
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Farum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut...	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.40
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut...	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	4.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.00
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The prodigal son wrote the old man as follows: "I got religion at camp meeting the other day. Send me \$10." But the old man replied: "Religion is free. You got the wrong kind."

The twins were being congratulated upon the arrival of a small brother when the neighbor inquired, "Well, how did you boys like the boy?" "Oh," answered Howard, nonchalantly, "we thought it was all right; but mamma would rather have had an automobile."

A Billville jury, slow in arriving at a decision, and feeling the keen demands of appetite, sent the following note to the judge: "If you don't send us somethin' to eat quick, we'll have to find the defendant guilty; but if you'll send us three meals a day we'll stay here till he's innocent."

An Italian went to the civil service commissioners' rooms to be examined for a laborer's position. He answered most of the questions correctly. Finally they asked him if he had ever been naturalized. He seemed a bit puzzled, but at last his face lighted up. "Ah, I know whata you mean. Scratcha de arm. Yes, lasta week."

The lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?" "Yes," answered the attorney. "On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" asked the man of law. "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."

Mrs. Maloney was before the judge, charged with assault on Policeman Casey. She had been unusually attentive throughout the proceedings, and now the judge was summing up the evidence. "The evidence shows, Mrs. Maloney," he began, "that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey." "It shows more than that, yer honor," interrupted Mrs. Maloney; "it shows that Oi hit him!"

A young man had been calling now and then on a young lady, when one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were. He turned very red and was about to stammer some incoherent reply when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs: "Mamma, mamma, that is not the one."

The cragged hachelor and the aged spinster sat suffering in the concert hall. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman; but when the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was begun, he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not strong on these classical pieces, but that's a good 'un. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

One evening last summer on the farm, a little slum child, a country weeker, was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life. The setting sun gilded the grass and flowers of the old-fashioned garden, and on a little stool he sat, under a tree, hent with its load of ripe peaches, beside the cook, who was plucking a chicken. He watched that plucking operation gravely for some time. Then he said: "Do ye take off their clothes every night, loidy?"

Richard Carle, the brilliant actor-playwright, discussed polar expeditions at a dinner party in New York with a charming young matron—Mrs. Asterisk. "As for me," said Mrs. Asterisk, "I can not understand why so many cultured men are willing to abandon civilization and its blessings, and spend a lifetime pole-hunting amid the bleak terrors of the Cold White North!" Mr. Carle shook his blonde head and smiled. "Ah, madam, but you must remember," said he, "that all men are not hessed with such wives as Mr. Asterisk."

The attendant was showing the lunatic asylum to the visitor, and opened the door to the first cell. Inside was a man sitting on a stool and gazing vacantly at the wall. "Sad story," said the attendant; "he was in love with a girl, but she married another man, and he lost his reason in grief." They stole out softly, closing the door behind them, and proceeded to the next inmate. This cell was thickly padded, and the man within was stark, staring mad. "Who is this?" inquired the visitor. "This," repeated the attendant, "this is the other man."

A lawyer once asked a man who had at various times sat on several juries, "Who influenced you most—the lawyers, the witnesses, or the judge?" He expected to get some useful and interesting information from so inexperienced a jurymen. This was the man's reply: "I tell yer, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I'm a plain man, and a reasonin' man,

and I aint influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor hy what the witnesses say, no, nor hy what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the docks and I says, 'If he aint done nothing, why's he there?' And I brings 'em all in guilty."

An Indianapolis man, wintering in Spain, lunched at the monastery of the Benedictines. After lunch he took out his cigar case. "I don't suppose you object to smoking here?" he said to the white-clad monk attendant. "Yes, sir, we do," the monk answered. "There is a law against smoking in the refectory." "Then where do all the cigar and cigarette stubs come from that I see about me?" "From gentlemen who didn't ask about the law," the monk replied, mildly.

Just before the adjournment of Congress, Senator Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan and William J. Bryan met in the marble room of the Senate at the capitol. "Let me see, senator," said the man from Nebraska, with a grin, "I believe that you are in favor of the election of senators by the direct vote of the people?" "Yes," said the statesman from the Wolverine State. "I have been in favor of it for a number of years." "Well, senator," said Mr. Bryan, "it is not often that I find myself in accord with a Republican, but I certainly agree with you on that proposition." "Your approval, Mr. Bryan," said Mr. Burrows, quickly, "almost makes me doubt the wisdom of my course. I guess I'll have to look into the matter further!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Sad Words.

Of all sad words
These are the worst:
"Back to the bench!
You're out on first!"
—Washington Star.

A Passing Flame.

There was an old Miss of Antrim,
Who looked for the leak with a glim.
Alack and alas!
The cause was the gas.
We will now sing the fifty-fourth hymn.
—Ralph A. Lyon.

The Chill that Don't Come Off of Us.

Full many a man, both young and old,
Has gone to his sarcophagus
By pouring water, icy cold,
Adown his hot esophagus.
—Dr. H. W. Wiley.

A Chanson.

"Tell me a story, pa, tell me a story,
Tell me of knights and of kings and their glory;
Tell me of princes out of the fairy-book.
How does the queen appear? How does the princess look?"
"The queen is as fair as the golden sun,
The princess is even fairer.
The prince is a gay young son-of-a-gun,
And the king—is a holy terror."
—The Sphinx.

The Man with the Spade.

"What are the chickens laughin' for?" said Suburbs with a spade.
"To see you dig, to see you dig," the City Cynic said.
"What makes 'em wait, what makes 'em wait?" said Suburbs with a spade.
"They're waitin' for the seed you plant," the City Cynic said.
For they love a country garden, with room to scratch and play;
They hope you'll keep on diggin' and a-rakin' clouds away,
An' when you start to plantin' vegetables they'll be gay,
For they're ready to start scratchin' in the mornin'!

"What are the roosters crowin' for?" said Suburbs with a spade.
"And hear the hens a-cacklin'!" "Oh, yes!" the Cynic said;
"They're glad to see those packages of seed you brought from town,
An' so they're sendin' tidings of the good times up and down!"
For they know you'll never see 'em when another sun shall rise,
Although it's growin' weather and the summer's in the skies;
It's buyin' feed for chickens every seed a fellow buys,
For they're ready to start scratchin' in the mornin'!
—Benttown Bard.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation. "Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?" "Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "'E was a 'Merican gen'ral." "Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?" "Iss, sur. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth."

"Poor man! Have you always been blind?" "No, mum," answered Tired Tiffins unthinkingly. "Last week I wuz lame, but dere wuzn't enuff in it."—New York Globe.

A. Hirschman.

For fine jewelry and silverware. 1641-1643 Van Ness Avenue.

BANKING

Security Savings Bank

316 MONTGOMERY STREET
San Francisco, Cal.

Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital - 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 313,000.00

4% Interest Per Annum

Interest at the Rate of 4 per cent. per annum was paid on Deposits for Six Months ending June 30, 1908

DIRECTORS

Wm. Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, Fred W. Ray, J. A. Donohoe, Jacob Stern.

French Savings Bank

The French Savings Bank Building, 108-110 Sutter Street.

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK occupies offices in the same building.

OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, Vice-President; Alphonse Bousquet, Secretary.

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Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital \$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds. 1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908. 34,474,534.23
Total Assets 37,055,263.31

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

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The National Bank ROLL OF HONOR

The title "Roll of Honor National Bank" is a distinction of which any financial institution in the United States may be proud. As is well known a "Roll of Honor Bank" is one possessing surplus and profits in excess of capital. A place on the Roll of Honor can not be bought, it must be earned. This bank has for a long time been known as a "Roll of Honor Bank" among banks and bankers.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Berkeley
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY
A. W. NAYLOR, Pres. F. M. WILSON, Vice-Pres.
F. L. NAYLOR, Cashier. F. C. MORTIMER, Asst. Cashier.

THE BERKELEY NATIONAL BANK
United States Depository
Berkeley, Cal.
HOUSEHOLD AND COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS INVITED.
DIRECTORS—George P. Baxter, Pres.; J. W. Richards, Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Bangs, Vice-Pres.; Louis Titus, Dr. Thomas Addison, A. G. Freeman, Duane McDuffie, Perry T. Tompkins, F. L. Lipman, W. J. Hotchkiss, and Whitney Palache. P. H. ATKINSON, Cashier.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD

Total Assets \$5,817,423
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,118,394
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
518 CALIFORNIA STREET
San Francisco

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO

U. S. Assets.....\$2,493,154
Surplus 483,989
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO
J. J. KENNY, Manager W. L. W. MILLER, Assistant Manager

S. F. and North Pacific 5%
Market St. 1st Con. 5%
Cal. Central Gas and El. 5%
Sacramento El. Gas and Ry. 5%

And OTHER HIGH GRADE BONDS

SUTRO & CO. BROKERS

412 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.
We have a Direct Wire to N. Y.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

With the departure of the fleet from Pacific waters has closed a notable epoch in our social history. Dinners and receptions on board the hattleships were a new form of entertainment that brought with them the zest of over-seas and put the keen edge of novelty on even simple phases of naval hospitality. Now, however, brass buttons and epaulets must fade into sweet memories, while the every-day tennis flannels and golf sweaters resume their old places of importance. Many of the well-known San Francisco families who have remained in town or at near-by resorts in order to dispense the hospitality of their homes to officer friends and their families are now closing their houses and preparing for the remainder of the summer in the country.

Mrs. George Halsey Meigs has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Lucille Meigs, to Lieutenant-Commander L. C. Bertolletti, executive officer of the U. S. S. *Vermont*.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall entertained a number of friends at dinner at the Burlingame Country Club last week. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Emily Carolan, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Gordon Armshy, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Last Sunday Lieutenant D. A. Weaver entertained a number of friends at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. flagship *Connecticut*, his guests being Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. S. Sperry, Miss Helen Sullivan, Mrs. F. J. Amweg, Lieutenant-Commander R. McLean, and Lieutenant-Commander S. F. Fullinwider.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was hostess at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club given in honor of Miss Sara Drum, whose engagement to Mr. John Gill of Redlands has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle entertained at dinner recently. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Irving Scott, and Mr. Sidney Pringle.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Tobin gave a theatre party and supper last week in honor of Mr. John Ruckman, son of Major Ruckman, entertaining Miss Marie Lundeen, Miss Marjorie Ruckman, Miss Virginia Tobin, Miss Dickenson, and Mr. Howard Tobin.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon at the Fairmont last week in honor of Mrs. Marguerite Le Breton and Miss Le Breton, who are soon to sail for Honolulu. Among the other guests were Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Miss Florence Breckenridge, and Mrs. Fred Sharon.

Lieutenant W. F. Bevan, United States Marine Corps, was host at a charming dinner on board the U. S. S. *New Jersey* last Sunday evening. Mrs. Amweg chaperoned the party, consisting of Miss Clarisse Lyons, Miss Ethel Pippy, Miss Ethel Amweg, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave an informal dinner at their home in Menlo Park recently, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis, and Mr. Frank Owen.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio are planning another of their delightful informal bops for the 18th of July, to be given at the Officers' Club.

Lieutenant-Commander Thompkins and other of the officers of the U. S. S. *West Virginia* gave a launch party Friday to a number of their friends from Mare Island and this side of the bay.

Captain and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the Fairmont before the sailing of the fleet. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayre, Jr., who recently arrived from Washington, D. C., were their hosts.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weatherhose are planning a month's outing in the Tahoe region.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Richardson Clover and their daughters are planning to spend the summer at their country place in the Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan have taken the Francis Carolan house at Burlingame for the summer.

Rev. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt and Miss Helen Leavitt are in the Tahoe region for the summer.

Miss Patricia Cosgrave is visiting Mrs. Henry Winship at Ross Valley.

Mrs. Oscar Fitzallan Long has returned to her home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Albert Gerherding and her little daughter Beatrice have returned home, after several years' residence in England.

Mrs. Walter Dean is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman are at their country place in Napa County.

Miss Cora Smedberg is the guest of her

sister, Mrs. Melvor, at the Presidio of Monterey.

Miss Constance Barrows is the guest of Mrs. Gaston Ashe at her country home, Tres Pinos.

Mrs. Russel Wilson and Miss Emily Wilson have gone to New York, from whence they will sail for Europe.

Mrs. Charles Fee and her daughters are at Tahoe.

Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman has returned to town, after her visit to Miss Elisabeth Livermore.

Mrs. W. E. Norwood and Miss Evelyn Norwood are spending the summer at Los Gatos.

Mrs. George C. Perkins has sailed for a visit to Honolulu.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Swinhurne were the guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at their country place, Stag's Leap.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayre, Jr., have returned to town, after their visit to San Rafael.

Miss Jennie Blair, after her extended absence, has returned to her home and is planning a trip to Bartlett Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister have returned to their home, after their stay at Del Monte.

Miss Linda Cadwalader is the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard has opened her cottage at Inverness for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn expect to sail in a few weeks for a European tour.

Mrs. George McNear, Jr., is a guest at the Miramar, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent are entertaining Miss Charlotte Lund of New York.

Miss Marian and Miss Elisabeth Newhall have been guests during the past week of Miss Florence Hopkins at her home in Menlo Park.

Miss Carrie Gwin is one of the summer guests at San Rafael.

Mrs. Edwin C. Long has returned from a visit to Los Angeles, where she has been the guest of her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crissman.

Miss Julia Langhorne is the guest of Mrs. William Irwin in Paris.

Mrs. Coyle and her daughters, Misses Maisie and Angela Coyle are planning a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. A. J. Le Breton and Miss Marguerite Le Breton are guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Whitney at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Miss Merritt Reed is the guest of Mrs. Covington Pringle at Menlo Park.

Miss Grace Baldwin is visiting friends at Los Angeles.

Mrs. George Howard and Miss Frances Howard have returned to their home, after their visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. H. P. Young is expected soon on a transport from the Philippines and will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Voorhies.

Mrs. Kenneth Castleman has sailed for Honolulu to join her husband during the stay of the fleet.

General R. C. Taylor sailed on the transport *Thomas* for Honolulu.

Miss Maud and Miss Celia O'Connor have returned from Europe and are at the Fairmont.

Miss Augusta Foute is planning a visit to Miss Florence Breckenridge at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown have returned to town from their visit in Menlo Park.

Mr. George Cameron has sailed for a trip to Europe.

Miss Alice Owen has been spending several weeks in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, after their trip to Bolinas Bay, have returned to their home in San Rafael.

Miss Mary Josselyn has been the guest of Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mrs. J. E. Lewis, wife of Commander Lewis, was a passenger on the out-going transport en route for the Orient, where she will meet the fleet.

Mrs. Kossuth Niles, wife of Captain Niles of the *Louisiana*, is visiting friends in Napa County.

Mr. Clarence Follis has returned from New York and is at San Rafael for a few weeks.

Miss Margaret Casserly has returned from her trip through the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop are at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg were guests last week of the Horace Blanchard Chases at their country seat, Stag's Leap.

Baroness von Schroeder and her daughter, Miss Janet von Schroeder, have opened the Von Schroeder country place, Eagle Ranch, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Frank Norris is spending a few weeks in the Tahoe region.

Mrs. Bullock of New York is spending the summer with her family at the Vendome in San Jose.

The Misses Rodgers have been visiting Miss Ida Bourn at her St. Helena home.

Mrs. Russel Wilson is planning an early departure for Europe.

Miss Harriet Alexander is the guest of Mrs. Frank Brigham at Los Gatos.

Mr. Douglas Alexander is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, at Burlingame.

Miss Edith Pillsbury, who for the past few

years has been in Europe, is expected to return to her home in this city within a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are in London and will proceed from there on their motor trip through the Continent.

Mrs. John M. Orchard, wife of Commander Orchard, sailed recently on the transport *Thomas* to follow the fleet to the Orient.

Miss Newell Drown was recently the guest of Miss Elisabeth Livermore at her home in Napa County.

The Misses Hayes, who have been the guests of Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Bennet, are soon to return to their Eastern home.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge has taken the Sidney-Smith home in San Rafael during the absence of the Misses Sidney-Smith in Europe.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Tobin are spending the month of July in the Yosemite Valley.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Theo F. Jewell have gone to Del Monte, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Stearns and Miss Kathleen Stearns of Los Angeles, who have been in the East for the past year and one-half, are now at the Fairmont, en route to their home in the south.

Mrs. James Louderman, Miss Bertha Rice, and Miss Antonia Marin came up from Santa Barbara for a few days' visit in town this week. They stopped at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George H. Howard, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, at Hotel Del Monte for the past month, has returned to her home at San Mateo.

Mr. F. J. Stanton and family, who left the Fairmont for a few days' outing in the Yosemite, are again in their apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney of Rocklin have taken a house in Pacific Grove for the summer. Mr. Whitney's sister, Mrs. T. H. Graydon, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney at Del Monte.

Mr. C. W. Dorsey of the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture will be in California for some time and is making the Fairmont his headquarters while in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhhs went to Del Monte last Wednesday, where they will spend the balance of the summer.

President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler are at Del Monte for a fortnight's stay.

Captain N. H. Hall, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Hall have been guests of the St. Francis for the past ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kidder of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who have been visiting Mrs. Phebe A. Hearsat at her home at Pleasanton, have gone to Del Monte, where they will spend several weeks.

Among the guests now at the Fairmont is Miss Lataillarde of Santa Barbara.

Mr. Joseph Eastland came up to the city a day or so ago and took rooms at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, will go to Del Monte the first of August to remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Holton have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Colorado as well as California is famed for its climate and resorts, yet a glance over the Fairmont register will usually show some visitors from the Rocky Mountain State there. Among those at present are Mrs. W. N. W. Blayne, Mr. R. S. Sumner, Mr. George A. Blaisdell, all of Denver.

Mr. Gaspar G. Bacon of Westbury, Long Island, N. Y., has been a guest of the Fairmont for the past ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Noyes and party of Napa motored to Aetna Springs for a few days' stay.

Mrs. C. D. Jameson, Mr. W. M. Jameson, Dr. Roland Pope, and Mr. Parke W. Pope compose a party of Colorado Springs society people who are stopping at the St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. Ira P. Trevitt of Buffalo, New York, are at the Fairmont during their stay in San Francisco.

Mr. W. J. Pierce of Los Angeles was a guest at the St. Francis during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chapin of Sacramento are at the Fairmont for a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels and Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Dimond of San Francisco are guests at Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain of Hanford are at the Fairmont.

Among the visitors to San Francisco now at the Fairmont are the following from Los Angeles: Mrs. A. M. Gindenger, Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham, Mrs. Enoch Knight.

Among those who are registered at Aetna Springs are Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Reed and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Taylor of Oakland, and Mrs. Charles J. Okell and Mrs. Louis James of Alameda.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Normandie are Mr. H. G. Sonnenberg, Los Angeles; Mr. J. H. Schwabacher, San Rafael; Miss M. Jacks, Monterey; Mr. H. Rodgers, Berkeley; Miss E. McFarland, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. Closset, Mrs. Brohel, Portland.

Among the navy men at the St. Francis this week were Mr. D. Beecher, Dr. E. V. Reed, Mr. A. K. Shoup, Mr. H. E. Collins, Mr. L. C. Farley, Mr. N. L. Cuthbertson, Mr. C. F. Cooper, Mr. S. R. Nicholson, Mr. J. F. McCallin, Mr. H. R. Keller, Mr. E. A. Aheny, Mr. M. C. Shirley, Mr. Cassius B. Barnes, Mr. B. H. Dorsey, Mr. E. F. Buck, and Mr. William A. Merritt.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Commander F. E. Beatty, U. S. N., is detached from the U. S. S. *Charleston* and assigned to the *Wisconsin*.

Commander E. Lloyd, Jr., is detached from duty as inspector of the Fifth Lighthouse District, Baltimore, Maryland, and ordered to the Pacific Fleet, sailing from San Francisco about July 25.

Colonel Duncan, Colonel John Bellinger, and Lieutenant O. P. M. Hazzard are detailed on a tour of inspection of the grounds at Atascadero Ranch.

Leave of absence is granted Colonel George B. Smith, chief paymaster of this department.

Major John W. Ruckman, Captain Daniel Ketchum, and Lieutenant William T. Carpenter of the Presidio of San Francisco are appointed a local board of examiners to report on qualification for promotion.

Major Guy L. Edie, U. S. A. Medical Corps, is ordered to report to Washington, D. C., for promotion.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Washington for promotion.

Leave of absence for two months with permission to apply for an extension is granted Major Parker West, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Beverly Reed, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed from Manila on the transport *Sheridan* for San Francisco June 15.

Captain W. Bjornstad, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, for temporary duty.

Captain Theodore Schultz, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is assigned to temporary duty at the local army headquarters.

Leave of absence has been granted Captain James F. Brady, Coast Artillery Corps, to take effect on or about August 31.

Extension of fifteen days' leave of absence has been granted Captain George H. Estes, U. S. A.

Captain Harold Hammond, assistant paymaster, sailed on the transport *Thomas* for Manila.

Captain William H. Tobin, Coast Artillery Corps, has been appointed acting quartermaster at the Presidio of San Francisco, pending the arrival of Captain A. S. Bickham.

Captain Edward R. Schreiner, M. C., Captain Charles L. Foster, M. C., and Captain William A. Duncan, M. C., are appointed a board of medical officers to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco for the physical examination of such candidates as may be authorized to appear before it to determine their fitness for appointment as second lieutenants.

Contract Surgeon Charles A. Cattermole will proceed to Manhattan, Nevada, to report to the surgeon-general for annulment of his contract.

Contract Surgeon George B. Jones, U. S. A., having reported his arrival at San Francisco in compliance with orders heretofore issued, will proceed to Fort George Wright, Washington, and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty.

Leave of absence for one month and fifteen days has been granted Lieutenant Norton E. Woods, Field Artillery, to take effect on or about July 31.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Brown, Twenty-Seventh Infantry, Presidio of Monterey, is ordered to proceed to the arsenal at Benicia to report to the chief ordnance officer for duty.

Lieutenant Earle, U. S. N., is detached from duty on the U. S. S. *Maine* and assigned to duty at the Naval Station at Cavite.

Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to the commanding officer of the School of Musketry at the Presidio of Monterey.

Leave of absence for fifteen days is granted Lieutenant Guilielmus V. Heidt, Eighth Infantry.

Leave of absence for two months and fifteen days to terminate not later than September 15 is granted Lieutenant Truman W. Carrithers, Twentieth Infantry, Presidio of Monterey.

Lieutenant W. T. Conn, Jr., U. S. N., and Ensign W. H. Lassing, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Mare Island, will proceed to the U. S. Naval Medical School Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Second Lieutenant William C. Russell, Eighth Infantry, Presidio of Monterey, now on leave of absence, is detailed for duty at the national match for 1908, and at the proper time will proceed to Camp Perry, Ohio, to report in person for duty accordingly.

Second Lieutenant Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., Fifteenth Cavalry, is detailed for duty in connection with the camp of instruction to be held at Fort Riley, Kansas.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

The following are among the registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado: Mr. James H. Fannin, Mr. Walter S. Gray, Mr. F. W. McDonald, Mr. T. K. Stateler, Dr. Barkan, Mrs. Barkan, Miss Barkan, Mr. E. G. Coldevey.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: From San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Mr. Frank H. Buck, Jr., Mr. Leonard W. Buck, Dr. George W. Terrill, Mrs. C. L. Shainwald, Mr. J. S. Benedict, Mr. Henry Leap, Sir Henry Heyman, Mrs. C. F. D. Hastings, Miss Ethel Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Murphy, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow.

The following guests from San Francisco are registered at Aetna Springs: Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mrs. H. E. Monroe, Mr. M. Hart, Mr. W. H. Crim, Mrs. C. H. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wayland, Mr. R. E. Houghton, Mr. J. W. Orr, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dixon, Mr. W. H. Burt, Mr. Charles Stallman, Mr. F. J. Cooper, Miss Mildred L. Woodruff, Mr. S. H. Woodruff, Mr. Murray Innes.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: From San Francisco—Mrs. H. A. Jones, Mr. Frank Winslow, Mr. Robert Thompson, Miss Mary Morte, Mrs. Kirk Harris, Mrs. P. J. Ward, Miss Agnes Dillon, Miss Maria Dillon, Miss Anna Anderson, Mr. Lamhart Levy, Mr. E. H. Stock, Mr. Henry Jacob, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mr. Emil Lowenberg, Mr. Robert B. Rothchilds; from Oakland—Mrs. E. Baldwin, Miss Jessie Moore, Miss Eva May Fossing; from Berkeley—Miss Grace Partridge, Miss Gladys Partridge, Mrs. J. N. Odell, Mrs. A. M. Carr, Miss Clara L. Carr, Mr. H. Morse Stephens, Miss Lillian Abbott Smith.

The following are among the guests from San Francisco registered at Hotel Rafael: Dr. Francis F. Knorp, Miss E. Meyerfeld, Mr. and Mrs. A. Repsold, Mr. and Mrs. Howsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Volkman, Miss E. Schilling, Mrs. A. Simon and children, Mrs. A. Franklin, Mr. H. Leslie Comyn, Mrs. A. L. Billing, Mr. and Mrs. I. Greenebaum, Miss A. Greenebaum, Mr. A. C. Stannard, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Downs, Mrs. E. J. Manlove, Mr. Alfred Weil, Mr. A. C. Blumenthal, Mrs. Schloss, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Cecelia O'Connor, Mr. C. Gardiner, Mr. M. E. McLoughlin, Mr. S. R. Marvin, Mrs. C. H. Woodruff, Mr. Samuel Rosenheim, Mrs. S. Rosenheim, Miss Golda Meyer, Mr. L. Schwabacher, Mr. George Reid, Mr. E. J. Vogel, Mrs. Spencer Ashlin, Mrs. I. Hertz, Mr. W. D. Keystone, Dr. K. J. Billing, Mrs. J. R. Sheehan, Miss Sheehan, Mr. M. H. Long.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"So you were successful in your first case, doctor?" "Er—yes, yes; the—er—widow paid the bill."—*The Tatler*.

Church—Did you ever work for a railroad company? *Gotham*—Well, yes; I've tried to open the car windows.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Little Wife—Granddad, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring? *Grandfather*—The woman.—*Philadelphia Enquirer*.

Wife—I've invited one of my old beaux to dinner. Do you mind? *Husband*—Mind! Heavens, no! I always love to associate with lucky people.—*Life*.

"What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley, fondly. "I don't know," replied Darley thoughtfully. "Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Elsa—The paper says that the bride was unattended. *Stella*—That notice was written up in advance of the wedding, but it was a good guess; the bridegroom failed to show up.—*Puck*.

"Do you want employment?" "Lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you means well, but you can't make work sound any more invitin' by usin' words of three syllables."—*Washington Star*.

"Hubby, won't you go shopping with me today?" "Nix, nixey, and again nix." "There is going to be a demonstration of this new sheath skirt, and—" "Sure, I'll go."—*The Mirror*.

"My wife," said the first clubman, "always mixes me a cocktail when I go home feeling frazzled." "You're in luck," declared the second clubman. "The best I get is a chin fizz."—*Pioneer Press*.

"Did you write to papa, George?" "Asking for your hand?" "Of course." "Yes, I wrote." "That's strange. I supposed papa would be terribly angry. You know he doesn't like you." "Yes, I know. But I fixed it all right. I—I didn't sign the letter."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Hiram—Who is that little runt that kem up in buggy wagon to see Miss Flip, the new boarder? *Silas*—He's what them city

folks calls her "fiasco." *Hiram*—Her fiasco—oh, you mean her fiancée.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Pop! What is a pantomime?" "A pantomime is a piece in which no one speaks." "I shouldn't think a piece with no women in it would be interesting!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

First Deacon—Our new pastor must be a vegetarian. *Second Deacon*—Why do you think so? *First Deacon*—There doesn't seem to be any meat in his sermons.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Mrs. Hix—I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands. *Mrs. Dix*—Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way.—*New York Globe*.

"You call this a summer resort, I believe," said the sarcastic visitor. "I am unaware of any place to which summer resorts more regularly," returned the Philadelphian stiffly.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"But," protested the wayward son, "you should make allowance for the follies of youth." "Huh!" growled the old man. "If it wasn't for the allowance you get there would be less folly."—*Chicago Daily News*.

The congressman was leaving Washington for his own town. "Well, good-bye," said a friend. "I suppose the citizens will be out in force to meet you?" "I—I'm afraid they will," replied the congressman.—*Times-Democrat*.

"This will be a memorable trial," declared the New York lawyer. "I certainly have gotten together a competent cast." "Good!" "All that remains is to see the district attorney and submit our dialogue and scenario."—*Sketch*.

"Louder! Louder!" shrieked the delegates. "Gentlemen," protested the presiding officer, "I can assure you that the disappointment of those who can't hear isn't a marker to the disappointment of those who can."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"Why can't I have eggs for supper?" "You can't have eggs for supper," answered the landlord of the Plunkville House, "because an affinity gentleman is going to lecture on affinities at the town hall tonight. You have some public spirit, I persoom?" He had.—*Washington Herald*.

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9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
11:45 P.	8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
	9:45 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR. DAY	11:15 A.		2:45 P.	SATUR. DAY	1:40 P.
Tamalpais only	12:45 A.		4:40 P.	ONLY	3:10 P.
	1:45 P.		5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
	3:45 P.		Tamalpais only	9:50 P.	6:40 P.
	14:45 P.		Muir Woods only		8:15 P.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Sorrows of a Queen.

The invincible repugnance of the young Queen of Spain to the Spanish national sport of bull-fighting is likely to result seriously in the sense of destroying her popularity. She is thoroughly an English woman, bred to the standards of English sensibility and of English manners, and although she has tried to overcome an instinctive aversion to scenes of cruelty in which the Spanish delight, she has not been able to do it. Urged by the king and by the palace officials, she has again and again lent her presence to the bull-ring; but every such appearance has been an agonizing ordeal, ending in illness and depression. Upon a recent occasion marked by uncommon ferocity, with pitiful carnage of men, horses, and bulls, she almost lost control of herself and finally retired from her box. From the English and American standpoint this is entirely to her credit, but it grievously offends the Spanish people, whose delight in bull-fighting increases with the horrors of the sport, and who have no sympathy or understanding of a squeamishness foreign to their own sensibilities. To the Spanish mind Victoria's detestation

of the bull-ring is an exhibition of timidity, marking her as one without the hardihood which becomes a queen and the mother of a line of Spanish kings.

The marriage of Alfonso to an English princess was never a popular one in Spain, but the youth and spirits of the young queen soon won over the populace, and when a year after her marriage a prince was born, she became for the moment a universal favorite. But the English temperament is not the Spanish temperament, and as time goes on and as it becomes manifest that the queen is still an English woman in her ideas and sympathies, the affection of the people turns away from her. The bull-fight is not the only point at which her tastes run counter to Spanish ideas. She detests and resents the limitations upon her freedom of action imposed by tradition, which sends her to bed at ten o'clock every night, which keeps her so surrounded by ladies and lords in waiting that she may never do the smallest thing for herself, and that never leaves her an untrammelled or private moment. Again, although as a matter of form she accepts the national religion of Spain, she is at heart a Protestant, and she has not been able to conceal her weariness with ceremonies which mean nothing to her and her hostility to the persistent counsels of church functionaries.

On the score of these multiplied incompatibilities, trouble has long been brewing, and it has at last broken out into open discontent. Among other irritations, the queen's mother, Princess Battenburg, who was Beatrice of England, and who has her own mother's taste for domestic administration, has most unwisely sought to make things better for her daughter by insisting upon English ideas in relation to palace affairs. In consequence Alfonso and his mother-in-law have quarreled and the latter some time ago packed her trunks and went home with threats never again to return. Instead of offending the Spanish people, this rather pleases them; and while the queen has discreetly taken her husband's part in the family quarrel, it has not tended to make her position a pleasanter one. In the sphere of royalty, troubles like these are not adjusted summarily. There is no formal breaking of ties, although not uncommonly there is a tremendous bending of the conventions. Probably the next stage in the Spanish domestic troubles will be a complete estrangement of husband and wife at the point of sympathy, with the usual scandalous accompaniments. Alfonso's father was hardly a social or domestic model, and prior to his marriage Alfonso himself was a grievously spoiled boy. It is not in his blood to be consistent or faithful; therefore it is not difficult to guess what is likely to follow.

The Line of Battle.

There always comes a period of reaction after the noise and fury of the convention season. It takes time for the delegates to get home, sober up, and report just how it all happened. It takes time for the public to brush up its memory of former political seasons and to make the comparisons essential to a settled feeling with regard to the immediate situation. Then the candidates must have time to get their bearings and prepare the addresses which mark their formal acceptances. The campaign managers, too, must be chosen, and, having been chosen, must have time to select their assistants, confer with party leaders in the several States, and formulate their plans. It is usually a full month after the conventions adjourn before all adjustments are duly made and the campaign actively launched.

We are now in the midst of this season of conference and preparation, which will probably last until the first or possibly the second week in August. It is a quiet time, but its calm is by no means that of inaction. Under the surface momentous issues of organization, policy, and tactics are being determined; and those who will take pains to observe closely can hardly fail to discern the tendencies which are to dominate the campaign and of which no indication is presumed

to reach the public until the candidates shall declare themselves in formal utterances.

On the Republican side things are more forward than on the Democratic side, due to the fact that the convention was held earlier and that the machinery had been put in fair running order before the nominations were made. Mr. Hitchcock, late of the Postoffice Department, is to be Mr. Taft's campaign manager for the country at large, Mr. Vorys having been sidetracked in the management of affairs in Ohio. Just how Mr. Taft contrived to solve this delicate problem, nobody has been able to find out; but the fact that he has solved it and that his rival managers, so recently hating each other cordially, are now working pleasantly together, is suggestive of diplomatic power. The problems of nations and of States are as nothing compared with those which develop on the basis of personal vanities when two men with equal claims to favor insistently demand the same thing.

The Argonaut is not overmuch pleased with Mr. Taft's choice. We think the selection of a mere tactician for the headship of the Republican party rather tends to cheapen the party character. Republicanism is or ought to be a political faith; the head of the party ought therefore to be a man who stands for ideas, likewise a man of representative character. Mr. Hitchcock hardly fills the requirements. He stands for nothing excepting skill in the political game. He stands for politics as a trade rather than for politics as a system of moral or political ideas. The dignities of the situation, we think, would have been better sustained if the chairmanship had been bestowed upon some national figure like ex-Senator Spooner or Governor Herrick, with Mr. Hitchcock in the relatively subordinate post of active campaign manager. It may be argued that this is making much of a trifle, but we maintain that the matter is not a trifling one. Everybody knows that it matters much to a professional firm, to a newspaper, or to a business house what manner of man stands at its head. Likewise it matters much to a party that in its organization there shall be some positive suggestion of its character and tone. With a managing politician at the head of the Republican organization, it will not be surprising if there are those to assume that the Republican party has come to be more regardful of the game than of the principles lying back of it. This criticism could not be made if the dignities of the chairmanship had been reserved for established dignity of character. Of course the real head of the party is its candidate for the presidency, and in estimating the tendencies of Republicanism the eye of judgment will rest upon Mr. Taft rather than upon the very capable young hustler who now assumes the nominal headship of the party organization.

The Democratic campaign manager has not been chosen as we write on Wednesday; but from the strength of the hand played at Denver by Tom Taggart of Indiana it is not out of bounds to guess that he will retain the chairmanship and organize the work. Mr. Bryan is the head of his party even more definitely and peculiarly than Mr. Taft, for behind Bryan there is no dominant personality corresponding to Theodore Roosevelt. Whoever may be chosen as the nominal campaign manager of the Democratic party, Mr. Bryan will be the real manager; and no matter where nominal headquarters may be established, the real headquarters will be under Mr. Bryan's hat. In former years Mr. Bryan has gone actively upon the stump pleading his cause with the people. This year, it is said, he will stay at home and receive delegations at his Fairview farm. But this is conjectural. The breath of Mr. Bryan's political life is his talking power, and somehow, whether at home or abroad, he will find a way to do a world of talking. Mr. Taft is also a very effective talker, and it is not to be doubted that from Brother Charlie's home in Cincinnati, where he

ected to spend the campaign season, he will be heard from daily.

Already it is manifest that the Denver convention made a serious mistake in its treatment of the conservative element in the party. We do not so much refer to the complete overriding of conservative opinion in the making of the platform, or to the failure to nominate Judge Gray or some other man of his type for the vice-presidency, as to the scant respect accorded to the conservative delegates personally and as well to the name and fame of Grover Cleveland. The conservatives expected to be overridden in the making of the platform, and they did not seriously want the sop of a vice-presidential nomination, but they did expect a gentlemanlike consideration, and they were profoundly shocked at the open disrespect shown in the convention and out of it to the name of Mr. Cleveland. That there will be anything like an organized defection from the party on the part of the conservatives is not likely; none the less nothing is more certain than that many hundreds and thousands of old-fashioned Democrats will quietly abandon the party. The Eastern party papers are practically all disaffected. The *Brooklyn Eagle*, a leading organ of conservative Democracy, has positively repudiated the party candidate. He has, the *Eagle* declares, no qualifications for the presidency, besides he stands upon a platform which no true Democrat can approve. "The *Eagle*," it declares, "prefers Mr. Taft and will oppose Mr. Bryan." Another exponent of conservative Democracy, the *New York Evening Post*, remarks that "it is necessary for all who regard as we do the election of Mr. Bryan as highly undesirable to look the facts in the face." The *New York Times*, likewise a conservative Democrat, declares "we know that public policies will be executed by Mr. Taft reasonably, with calmness, with sanity, and we know nothing of the kind about Mr. Bryan. We do know that his mind is unsteady, his principles unsafe." The Hearst papers are, of course, not to be classed as organs of serious opinion with the journals above quoted, much less are they to be accredited as attached in any way to conservative principles or ideas; at the same time they are chiefly circulated among Democrats and their disaffection is a fact by no means to be left out of the estimate. It means something when these papers declare "we have lost confidence in the Democratic party. We have lost confidence also in William J. Bryan. A platform made by the Democratic party and indorsed by Mr. Bryan is not worth the paper it is written on." These excerpts, selected from among many, sufficiently illustrate the attitude of the Democratic press in the East towards the Bryanized Democracy. These papers would not hold the tone they do if the sentiment among those who read and support them were not widely unfavorable not only to Democracy as revolutionized and recast to suit Mr. Bryan, but to Mr. Bryan personally. The truth is that Bryanized Democracy, regarded as a system of political ideas, is a thing wholly foreign to the opinions, standards, and instincts of the old-fashioned type of Democrat, of the type of man who found himself in close sympathy with the late Mr. Cleveland. There is positively no place in the new Democracy for men of this stamp; and while they are not likely to be wholly satisfied with Republicanism, they are likely to come nearer to supporting their ideas in voting for Taft than for Bryan.

Those shallow critics who have been declaring that there has ceased to be any serious line of difference between the great traditional parties have not been able to offer convincing arguments; in fact, they have only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous. For the very moment we cease comparing the temporary aims of politics as declared in party platforms and turn to the principles and the history of politics, we see that the two parties are as wide apart as ever they were. And the main line of division is the same as that which has marked and separated political groups from the beginnings of the republic. Fundamentally Republicanism is the successor of Federalism in its adhesion to the theory of a strong central government. Democracy, harking back to Jefferson, is founded in those theories which limit the national powers and therefore weaken the hand of central authority. The tendencies of the two parties unfailingly follow the wide-reaching logic of their opposing theories. The platforms put forth at Chicago and Denver are in many respects similar; both deal with expedients in the spirit of diplomacy; both aim by the process of coddling to catch votes. None the less, every citizen of intelli-

gence understands that in voting for Taft he will vote for a government which in emergencies will exhibit a strong hand, and that in voting for Bryan he will vote for a government which, to say the least, would be uncertain of its powers and slow to exercise them in the forms of positive and definite action. Let riot break forth anywhere as it has done again and again during the past quarter-century and you will find Mr. Taft as President reaching over the head of State government to subdue and quell it precisely as Cleveland did at Chicago twenty years ago. But with Mr. Bryan in the presidency, we should, beyond question, have timidity and hesitation, with quibbling over the rights and dignities of the States, with no action at all or with action so qualified and delayed as practically to be of no effect.

In spite of mere superficial resemblances due to the mere diplomacies of an immediate situation, there is no more real likeness between the two great parties today than in former times. The fundamental differences are precisely what they were in the day of Hamilton and Jefferson: the resemblances which to a certain order of mind appear so absolute are temporary, accidental, trivial.

No close observer of social and political conditions has failed to note the tendency, in the Central and Western States especially, of the past few years towards radicalism. It has been vastly promoted by Roosevelt, and even before the day of Roosevelt it had found powerful champions in men of the Bryan, La Follette, Pingree, and Tom Johnson type. The political effectiveness of this new radicalism is illustrated in unnumbered instances of which the political condition of Wisconsin may be noted as especially suggestive. It may be seen in Oregon, where it has dissolved the party system and turned the State over to a stupidly irresponsible system little better than chaos. It may be traced even more definitely in the organization of the new State of Oklahoma and in the political manners which have been produced by it. Even here in California we see positive evidences of it in the proposal to substitute something like the Oregon system for the orderly and practically efficient even though not ideal system under which we have been working; and further in a noisy effort to tear down everything that has been worth respect in State politics without substituting anything of known efficiency or even of possible efficiency for it.

What we may style the Western radical movement has been vastly stimulated by an irresponsible and sensational journalism, including the cheap muck-raking magazines, which has systematically sought its own profit through the cultivation of popular distrust in anybody or anything. Continual prating in the tones of prejudice and crimination, done with studied effort to unsettle the public mind, has undoubtedly had its effect.

Whatever real hope there may be in the Bryan candidacy must rest upon this widespread movement towards radicalism in political opinion and aim. We can see no evidences that the movement is deep and broad enough to alter the political attitude of any State, nationally speaking. In other words, we do not think of any State which has habitually voted for Republican presidential candidates that is likely now to give its voice for Bryan. But this is only an individual opinion; the movement towards radicalism may possibly have gone further than superficial appearances would indicate. It must be confessed that there are suggestions to this effect in the recent Oregon election, wherein, in a State nominally and strongly Republican, the popular voice was given in support of the senatorial candidacy of a well-known Democrat. And it is further to be confessed that in more strictly local elections throughout the West during the past three years there have been many indications of disaffection from established habits of political action.

It is, we repeat, in connection with this wave of radicalism that the candidacy of Mr. Bryan finds its best hope. And a candidate better fitted by nature and by individual accomplishments to make the most of a radical foment could not be imagined. He is personally magnetic and winning. He makes the impression of absolute sincerity and honesty. His mind, at once shallow and shifty, automatically adjusts itself to the mood of the hour. His convictions are never deep enough or permanent enough to afford resistance to whatever forms of policy the moment may require. And when to these qualifications there is added an imposing presence, a charming personality, and a glittering and showy declamation, we have a figure precisely calculated to gather up and turn to voting

account the loose sentiments and the vagabond delusions of the time. Nevertheless, let us say again that we see no reason to believe that any State which voted for Roosevelt in 1904, excepting Missouri, will vote for Bryan in 1908, but frankly we are not so sure about it as we should like to be.

Another uncertain element in the situation is the labor vote, if, indeed, there be any such definite quantity in our politics. We have heard a good deal of the labor vote in times past, but nobody has ever been able to trace it as an organic force in national or State politics. The *Argonaut* seriously questions the existence of any such political element, in the sense of an organized and biddable force. There are laborers who are voters by the million, but there is no more reason to believe that they think as a class or that they will vote as a unit than in the case of so many merchants or bankers or farmers. Certain noisy agitators, men of the Gompers and McCarthy type, are forever talking about "the vengeance of labor," but experience has proved that their talking is done mostly through their hats. The practice of these agitators is to point to the statistics of organized labor and then to assume insolently that the votes of these men are subject to their control. No grosser lie was ever uttered. It may be, indeed, that the ulterior purpose of the Gomperses and McCarthys who style themselves the field marshals of labor is political; but the purposes of the rank and file of organized labor are quite another sort. It is possible that a time may come when great numbers of citizens, working men or others, acting in concert, may surrender their political initiative to a trafficking and bargaining dictator. But that time is not yet, and it will never be so long as there remains in the general citizenship of the country, including the labor element, which is as independent and as worthy as any other, a spark of traditional American spirit.

Mr. Gompers, while failing to get what he demanded from the Democrats at Denver, nevertheless declares himself satisfied. Pretending individually to be a Republican, he will nevertheless "direct" the forces of organized labor to support Bryan. And in the effort to enforce this policy, he will go from city to city to personally commend Bryan to whomsoever will listen to him. He will do this because he has the cunning to see that with Bryan in the presidency and with Democratic traditions and theories back of him, there will be less resistance to his own aggressive demands than if the government shall remain in Republican hands. It is in the stars that in the great conflict for industrial freedom which plainly lies before us the Democratic party is the surest hope of agitators like Gompers. The limitations upon definite authority and upon promptitude of action involved in its States rights theories, with its dependence upon the less positive and resolute elements in our citizenship, and its necessities at the point of conciliating votes—these considerations combine to make Democracy the natural ally or instrument of politico-laborism. Gompers, who though a good deal of a knave is no fool, sees this plainly. He sees further that Republicanism is the natural and inevitable dependence of those fixed principles which deny absolutely to him and his kind the special privileges which they demand. When the Republican convention at Chicago, subservient as it was in other respects to the will of Mr. Roosevelt, balked at his proposed concessions to organized labor, declining to yield even under the swish of the Big Stick, then and there it was borne in upon Gompers that he need not look further to Republicanism to aid him or his cause, but that on the other hand he must permanently find in it a resistant force to be reckoned with.

The *Argonaut* knows personally a great many labor unionists. Since the Chicago convention, and with direct reference to its action on the so-called labor issue, it has questioned scores of unionists as to their political attitude; and it has not found one man so craven of spirit as to think for one moment of surrendering his initiative as a citizen and a voter to the judgment or the authority of Mr. Samuel Gompers. Therefore we say that the boast of Mr. Gompers of his power to control the "labor vote" is mere buncombe. Working men, like other men of the country, will come to their own determinations and regulate their political action without respect to the trafficking or the blustering of the self-elected and loud-talking "leader of labor." We do not believe that the support of Bryan by Mr. Gompers will serve to affect the voting decisively or even notably in a single State. We do not believe that the labor issue, so called, will cut an important figure in the coming campaign. The future

may, indeed, tell another story, but it is the present with which we have to deal.

In relation to the coming campaign there are some curious correspondences between the position of the two parties and that of the two candidates which may be depended upon to cancel each other. For example, both conventions were ignominiously subject to a personal authority; in plain words, both were shamelessly bossed. On this score neither may venture to reproach the other; neither may appeal to the favor of citizens who condemn and resent the whole rotten system of illegitimate personalism in politics. Again, both candidates have declared themselves for the fullest publicity in the matter of campaign contributions and expenditures. Here again the policy of one matches the policy of the other.

In the final analysis the judgment of those who are not dependent upon party authority as a guide in political action will rest upon the traditions and the history of the two parties and upon the character and the record of the two candidates. There are more than a hundred days to come in which thoughtful men may ponder these considerations. And upon this view of the situation there appears to the *Argonaut* but one possible outcome.

Mr. Heney and the Bear's Tail.

The *Argonaut* frankly confesses itself unable to analyze or define the precise status of the Ruef case. It is now nearly two months since the last fiasco, and although date after date has been fixed for proceeding under some other of the seventy-or-eighty-and-odd indictments against the culprit, action is regularly and as it would appear automatically postponed. Ruef, knowing full well that time works steadily against his prosecutors, is always for delay. And the prosecutors seem willing enough to meet his wishes. At the same time certain minor branches of procedure continue to occupy the attention of one of the police courts without developing anything of real importance.

In the meantime, Mr. Heney is lending his services to the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League, traveling with amazing diligence from one one-night stand to another, dealing out that sort of rhetorical thunder which comes easily from one trained in the school of Arizona politics. He has much to say about the great crusade, but he does not explain how it is that while he has time enough for peripatetic political agitation, he can not find time to try the unnumbered criminal indictments which he has been instrumental in bringing in this State and in Oregon, much less to proceed legally against those whom he has sought to smirch with a foul-dealing tongue. Time was when Mr. Heney delivered himself in these questionable respects before collegiate and "civic" audiences; time was when he was invited upon the basis of his moral pretensions to speak in churches and before groups of morally inspired enthusiasts. But times and conditions are altered; he now hunts up his audiences, makes no disguise of his political motives, attempting no embarrassing explanations.

At San Diego, on the 14th instant, in the course of a general round of the southern counties, Mr. Heney spoke in Germania Hall in special condemnation of what he termed "railroad politics," the assumption being that the Republicanism of California is so poor a thing as to be completely subservient to a concentrated and masterful dictation. He championed especially that system of political action whose beauties have been so signally illustrated in the breakdown of organized and orderly politics in our neighboring State of Oregon. In the course of this address he finally got around to his experiences as a prosecutor in San Francisco, and in this connection he disclaimed any intention of extending the sphere of his operations. On the contrary, he said—we quote the full and apparently accurate report of the San Diego *Union* of the 15th instant—"I liken myself to a man with a hold on a bear's tail; if any one will help me let go, I will never take hold of it again." From this remark it seems fair to judge that Mr. Heney is getting tired of his job and would like to find a way to give it up. Really, when we consider the amazing complications into which his false purpose, his illegal grants of immunity to confessed criminals, his gross bargaining for "evidence," his shameless falsehoods, his legal blundering, and his repeated failures have led him—when all this is considered, there appears reason enough why he should wish for surcease of his troubles.

It is not alone in connection with his San Francisco

activities that Mr. Heney is in the depths of discomfort. At Portland last week a jury in the United States court returned a verdict of not guilty against J. H. Booth, one of the famous Heney cases—and this in face of the fact that the defense offered no evidence whatever. The only serious witness against Booth was Frederick A. Kribs, a notorious timber shark and a self-confessed briber, who has become attached to Heney under his notorious policy of immunity to grosser criminals for the sake of getting "testimony" against persons of business or social recognition. Booth's attorney simply stated that he did not think it necessary to combat the testimony of a known scoundrel who appeared upon the stand as a witness under an immunity bribe.

Commenting on this decision, the *Portland Spectator* attributes it to lack of confidence in Mr. Heney and his associates in the prosecution. We quote:

What has caused this change in sentiment toward the land fraud cases? The people are as honest today as they were last year; they abhor crime and hate criminals now as they did then. They know that government can not long exist in which men are either too insignificant or too powerful to be punished for their offenses. To change the views of the people toward crimes committed against themselves, some strange influence must have worked. The methods of the prosecution wrought the change. The prosecution threw out its dragnet, and indicted indiscriminately; when it did not indict, it issued statements. It tried men on the street corners, at lanquets, in hotel corridors, and in newspapers; and in those fine, free courts of justice it found its victims guilty, and beggared and disgraced them, drove them from the profits of their private undertakings, or forced them out of public life. It made fish of one and flesh of another and fowl of a third; it gave the briber immunity, that it might "get" the bribed, whose pull or personality displeased. It gave the crime-producer and the criminal-maker pardon, that it might "reach" some one against whom it had a grudge.

The *Oregonian*, commenting on the outcome in this same case, spoke as follows:

The acquittal of James H. Booth is not surprising. It was, indeed, expected. The testimony failed to sustain the gravamen of the indictment. Moreover, the verdict of the jury is one more proof that public sentiment does not sustain the method of the prosecution, which puts men under indictment, and then holds the charge over them for years before bringing them to trial—giving out meantime every kind of insinuation against them and against others, too, who are constantly threatened and maligned, but never even indicted. This sort of thing not only has become wearisome, but kindles indignation and resentment. It does not please the people of Oregon that these trials have been delayed for years, for pursuance of spectacular objects elsewhere, which, however, also has failed. Binger Hermann has been under indictment here for years, yet never has been brought to trial and never will be. All sorts of charges have been thrown out against Charles W. Fulton, yet there has been nothing but gas and wind on which to base them. No wonder the public patience is exhausted.

Really, it is not surprising that Mr. Heney should cry aloud for somebody to help him let go of the bear's tail.

His Name Is Dennis.

Hats off when, at sunset gun, the regimental band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner!"

To this order no one has ever given a more ready response than one Second Lieutenant Gordon A. Dennis, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A. But while serving out the sentence pronounced upon him by court-martial, young Dennis is spending his time revising the line:

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Because he knew himself to be a brave man, and thought himself a free man endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are the pursuit of happiness, Second Lieutenant Dennis proceeded to act upon his convictions. It was May in Monterey. The dashing lieutenant, impelled by the lusty blood of youth, sauntered beyond the pickets of the Presidio, exhilarated to the extent that makes for the extreme of the poetic and romantic mood. Given a jaunty young lieutenant, the month of May, one of Monterey's glorious days of blue and gold, and you have your idyl of the spring ready made—lacking only "that not impossible she." Young Dennis, a king by the divine right of the grape-leaves in his hair, seeing his idyl so nearly complete, paused to listen for the frou-frou of petticoats. Scouting the parade, Second Lieutenant Dennis made straight for Ordway's, a drug store, where we doubt not ice-cream soda is dispensed.

The "perfect music unto noble words" appeared promptly around the corner spic and span in a peek-a-boo waist and a white parasol—Tableau! For once the world was his, and the lieutenant, having been trained in his country's service to prompt action, seized the psychological moment.

"All the world is full of spring,
Full of swallows on the wing,"

the soul of young Dennis sang, and such a trifling discrepancy as the lack of an introduction did not for an instant disturb his serenity. To show there was no hard feeling between them so far as he was concerned, the gay lieutenant beamed confidently upon the treble note in his *pastorale*, and, although the charge does not specify it, gave the damsel a glance which plainly meant "two straws with but a single glass." But despite the merry month of May, the blueness of the skies, the dashing second lieutenant's large-minded generosity, it was not to be. Unmoved by the poetic setting of the situation, unmelted by the glory of the Monterey sunshine, this climax of his hopes ruffled her feathers, so to speak, and summoned a policeman. His dream of fair women proved to be a nightmare, from which the lieutenant awoke in the guardhouse. Before a general court-martial which convened at the Presidio of Monterey, pursuant to paragraph 4, Special Orders No. 125, current series, these headquarters, was arraigned and tried Second Lieutenant Gordon A. Dennis, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., for "making eyes." Measuring a flight of the poetic temperament by the sordid standards of the articles of war, the lieutenant was charged with "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in violation of the sixty-second article of war," with the specification: In that Second Lieutenant Gordon A. Dennis, Twentieth Infantry, did appear while dressed in the uniform of his grade, in broad daylight, on a public street of Monterey, California, in the presence of enlisted men of his command and make goo-goo eyes at the ladies. The court-martial with the power vested in it by the United States government pronounced sentence on Lieutenant Dennis, "To forfeit fifty dollars of his pay and to be confined to the limits of his post for one month."

Ergo for one month the maids of Monterey are free to order at Ordway's what they may choose without further interruption from Second Lieutenant Dennis. And while a nation drunk with power and a soulless War Department concur in the decision that "making eyes" is in violation of army regulations, an officer of the United States regular army, deprived of his liberty, ponders the meanings of the words "free" and "brave."

But, while Lieutenant Dennis languishes a prisoner within his post and the example of his punishment enforces the order "Eyes front" for all the other gallants of the Presidio, the spirits of feminine Monterey are at half-mast. Second-best peek-a-boos are good enough now, white parasols are left at home. Who cares for freckles or tan, and who needs protection against goo-goo eyes? Nobody takes the trouble to go to Ordway's any more. What's the use?

"But the sea, so they tell us, is grand,
And the sky is magnificent too,
And they rave their devotion
To sky and to ocean
In political hullabaloo.
But what do we care for the sea,
And why should we care for the shore?
With no man by the ocean
Expressing devotion
The whole horrid thing is a bore!"

Thus say actions that speak louder than words at lonely and gloomy Monterey.

Editorial Notes.

The latest suggestion for a national mark of honor for the name and memory of Abraham Lincoln is for a broad highway to be called the "Lincoln Road" connecting the national capital with the Gettysburg battlefield. This reminds us of an incident at Portland a few years back in connection with the erection of a monument to some twenty or more Oregon youths killed in the Philippines. A considerable fund had been raised for a memorial and suggestions as to the form it should take were many and diverse. To an enthusiastic lover of animals came the happy thought of turning this fund to merciful and beneficent account not inconsistent, according to his own ideas, with the general purpose in view. His proposal was nothing less than the setting up in the heart of Portland of a magnificent horse-trough with the names of the heroic dead whose deeds it was sought to commemorate deeply carved in its granite sides.

Before we estimate too severely the cruelties of the Spanish bull-ring, we would do well to take stock of the growing taste in our own country for those "thrilling" spectacles and sports which appeal to the public on the score of the dangers involved in them—and which do not appeal in vain. The automobile loop-the-loop, for example, is about as demoralizing,

thing as can well be imagined. In every instance the man—or more commonly the woman—who consents to be strapped to a machine while it turns a somersault in the air, runs a frightful hazard, and almost unfaillingly every such "performer" comes to a tragic end. The most serious part of the business, however, lies in its nervous and moral effects upon those who turn to such "sport" for amusement. If the bull-ring has been an evil influence in Spain, sports of the loop-the-loop type are bound to be mischievous here. It is inevitable that those who have become accustomed to amusements whose interest lies in the hazard assumed by the performer will lose all taste for natural and wholesome entertainment. They are certain to develop a kind of abnormal craving which is not to be satisfied with normal things. We have not much faith in law as a means of regulating popular conduct, much less popular taste. But if there be any way by which the youth of the country may be saved from the demoralizations which accompany intense and unnatural sports, it ought speedily to be found. Grownups, perhaps, have a right, stupid and foolish though they may be, to amuse themselves with nerve-racking spectacles; but surely it is a public duty to safeguard children against such abominations.

The death of Charles Webb Howard, which occurred at San Rafael on Friday of last week, removes from the life of San Francisco not only a man of large affairs and high character, but a singularly charming and lovable figure. Mr. Howard at the time of his death was in his seventy-eighth year, but up to the period of his fatal illness he never seemed to grow old. His interest in life was perennially fresh, and despite the vicissitudes from which none can ever be exempt, he got out of life very much. He gave freely of sympathy and affection and as freely were sympathy and affection returned to him. Few who pass out of the world under the full measure of years granted to Charles Webb Howard are so grievously missed as he will be. Mr. Howard was a native of Vermont and was born January 23, 1831. He came to California as a very young man early in the '50s, and practically his whole life was spent here. His business activities were many, including the development of the great Shafter-Howard land properties in Marin County, the administration of the Spring Valley Water Company, of which he was the president for approximately thirty years, the development of the Natoma vineyards in Sacramento County, with a multitude of other projects. He belonged by natural propensity and the circumstances of his life to the upbuilders of the commonwealth, and in the history of pioneer California his name will stand associated with those of Ralston, Sharon, Babcock, Allen, Parrott, and others of their day. It was Mr. Howard's fortune to live far beyond the period of his immediate generation and thus to associate himself with two eras in the life and development of California.

It is indeed curious that those who ostentatiously undertake a reformation of politics usually fall into practices worse than those against which nominally they contend. The exposures of the week in connection with the activities of the Spreckels-Burns-Heney outfit, now masquerading in the name of Lincoln-Roosevelt League, sufficiently illustrate the case. Here we see, done in the sacred name of reform, a series of attempts at bribery with political employments, more gross—more "raw" in the terms of the game—than the things ever dreamed of by political professionalism. The public has the right to expect that those who enter the political arena with loudly acclaimed purpose to cleanse and purify it will proceed by means in the spirit of their professed intentions. In other words, it is reasonable to expect and it is not unreasonable to demand that the reforming politician shall be a better man, proceeding by better courses, than those whom he seeks to push aside in the name of morality. The trouble, we fear, in the political end of the Spreckels game is precisely that which has destroyed the legal phase of the Spreckels movement. There is opportunity in plenty for reform in California; but whoever proposes to establish better conditions owes it to good faith and to common honesty to proceed by proper methods. A "reform" which at bottom is nothing more than a scheme to transfer the leadership in politics from the established organization to Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, a man of no politics, to Mr. Francis J. Herby, a Democrat, and to Mr. William Burns, a professional criminal hunter from nowhere, is no reform at all. It is not worthy of respect, because it is instinct with fraud and humbug. There is, we repeat, abundant

opportunity for reform; but if reform is to be respected and effective it must give assurance of honest purposes and of a decent working capability. Furthermore, reform in the Republican party, when it comes, must come through Republicans and through persons who have a reasonable stake in the State. The mere name of reform will not serve to carry an illiterate and scheming money-bag with his staff of political non-descripts and paid servants into public confidence and into political authority.

The state of the money market and the status of the credit of Los Angeles are both duly exploited in a contract under which twenty-and-odd millions of Owens River water bonds have just been marketed through the bond houses of Kountze Brothers and A. B. Leach & Co. of New York. The terms of the contract were arranged upon the basis of a compromise, the syndicate finally paying more than was at first offered. The purchasers agree to take \$2,204,000 of an issue bearing interest at 4½ per cent at 100¼. Full payment for this issue is to be made by October 15. Another issue of similar amount and upon similar terms is to be taken in February next and payment completed by June. The syndicate also takes options on the balance of the bonds, which, in effect, it agrees to take at the rate of \$816,000 every sixty days, but not more than \$5,000,000 in any one year, except the last, when it will take the \$6,000,000 remaining. The first two years the premium is to be one-fourth of one per cent, the third year one-half of one per cent, and the last year one per cent.

The *Argonaut* has not been able to convince itself that there is anything more worthy of consideration than a yellow sensation in the Claudianes "exposures" which have gorged so many newspaper columns during the past week. Possibly the Claudianes boys, under the direction of Felix Pauduveris, all Greeks of a low and criminal type, had something or everything to do with the explosions which wrecked the Gallagher houses. Apparently and probably, Pauduveris has been associated with Abe Ruef in the latter's political activities, and therefore in such sympathy with Ruef as to be subject to his influence, or at least to be willing to do him a service. That Ruef actually inspired the explosion is possible, but not probable; for, while he is all kinds of a scoundrel, it is not easy to believe him a reckless and cold-blooded assassin. He is no fool, and even if he were disposed to the most desperate of villainies, he would not be likely to do a thing which could not in any possible way be of use to him. Possibly Pauduveris, under a general retainer of coöperation and friendship with Ruef, caused these crimes to be committed upon a crank theory that they would help Ruef out of his difficulties. Of course, the story of John Claudianes must be taken with large doses of salt. One "confession" might possibly be taken seriously even from one who is manifestly capable of any deception, but many confessions, inconsistent with each other, tend to suspicion. That the man is a reckless liar is the plainest demonstration of his maudlin chattering. The freedom with which he incriminates anybody and everybody at enmity with whomever he happens to be talking indicates a looseness of mind and an ease of conscience against which safeguards of wholesome doubt may well be maintained. Through the detention of Claudianes, and of those with whom he has been associated, we may ultimately have the truth of this dastardly business. But that we have it in any definite or dependable form through John Claudianes's "confessions" the *Argonaut* has no faith.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

There seems to be little opportunity to write of President Roosevelt's disappointment over the results of the Chicago convention. This is his letter on the subject:

MY DEAR SENATOR HOPKINS:—Let me thank and congratulate you as chairman of the committee on resolutions for the excellent platform presented to the convention. It seems to me that from every standpoint we have reason to be gratified with the work of the convention.

Again thanking you for your part in connection with it, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Too sweeping a renunciation of possible future honors will not aid Mr. Bryan, if the summing up by the Springfield *Republican* is accepted as a clear view of the Democratic candidate's dilemma:

Mr. Bryan perhaps should seriously consider the suggestion that he pledge himself not to be a candidate for the presidency again not only if he should be elected, but if he should be defeated. There are conservative Democrats who might be won to him in this campaign if he would make such a declaration, but, on the other hand, there are conservatives who would as surely turn in and pile up defeat for him in the exultant expectation that that would finish him. As a question in tactics, Mr. Bryan's procedure in this matter may have its difficulties.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Justice David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, though seventy years old, by his speeches throughout the country did much to thwart the third-term movement for Roosevelt.

The first and only ballot at the Denver convention for nominees for the presidency gave Bryan the commanding and decisive total of 892½ votes, or 221 more than enough to nominate. Gray had 59½ votes and Johnson 46.

It is said that the work of driving mail-order swindlers out of the metropolis has been committed to Inspector James G. Cortelyou, brother of Secretary Cortelyou, who is an acknowledged expert in that field of inspection.

Ex-Speaker John G. Carlisle attended the funeral of ex-President Cleveland and later, at Washington, was asked if he would support the Denver ticket. He refused to say and as positively declined to be interviewed on the subject.

Algernon Sartoris, the grandson of President Grant, has entered the diplomatic service through appointment by President Roosevelt to be secretary of the legation at Guatemala in place of William P. Sands, who was transferred to Mexico City.

Secretary of the Interior Garfield has decided to decimate the ranks of the regiment of women in the departments at Washington. At least in the Department of the Interior the higher class of women clerks must give way to men, it is said.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland was defeated for membership on the National Democratic Committee at the formal caucus of the Ohio delegation. It was already slated that H. C. Garber of Columbus was to succeed Mr. Johnson, but the Cleveland mayor put up a hard fight.

Thomas E. Watson, in a speech at Atlanta, Georgia, accepting the Populist nomination for President, classed many millionaires, whom he mentioned by name, as criminals, and denounced corporations and trusts as the merciless enemies of the people, which had caused the financial distress of last fall.

Constantin Brun, the Danish minister to the United States, will be transferred from Washington to London in the autumn to succeed F. E. de Bille, who retires from the diplomatic service. Count Carl von Moltke, the Danish minister to Italy, whose wife was Cornelia Van Rensselaer Thayer, daughter of Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, will succeed Mr. Brun at Washington.

Henry Clay was three times an unsuccessful candidate for President. Three times Andrew Jackson was a candidate for President and twice he was elected. In 1824 the election went into the National House of Representatives, and John Quincy Adams was chosen. Grover Cleveland's record equaled Jackson's. James G. Blaine was an aspirant for the nomination for President at the hands of the Republicans three times, but won the prize only once.

John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, recently called at Sagamore Hill accompanied by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sanderson. Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, who have recently returned from a hunting trip in the wildest portions of Africa, told Mr. Roosevelt of their experiences with lions, elephants, and gorillas. A great portfolio containing photographs taken in Africa of the haunts of big game was examined.

The San Jacinto Valley in California will hereafter be known as the Cleveland National Forest. It has been so renamed by President Roosevelt in honor of the late President, under whose administration the first national forests were created. In 1897, in honor of Washington's 165th birthday anniversary, and upon the recommendation of the National Academy of Sciences, President Cleveland created thirteen national forests, containing about 23,000,000 acres. The San Jacinto forest was one of the original thirteen so created.

Although he worked unceasingly for the renomination of President Roosevelt, Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, does not hesitate to criticize the methods employed to encompass the nomination of Mr. Taft. "Anxious for the perpetuation of his policies," said Senator Bourne, "President Roosevelt has introduced an element of danger into our political life. As a result of the methods employed to nominate Secretary Taft, the residuary legateeship in the White House is more imminent, having this precedent, than perpetuity of dynasty in a monarchy where natural causes operate to extinguish families."

In its comments on Mr. Sherman, the Republican nominee for the vice-presidency, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* found nothing more serious to allege than a lack of confidence in the candidate's facial adornment. This is the paragraph: "There is no appeal to the common people in the personality of the side-whiskered politician. He is foredoomed to failure from the beginning. In business, we respect the side-whiskered man for the money he has made. As the head of a financial institution his mutton chops sort with the ruffles or plaits of his shirt and the starch in his collar. In the pulpit he may command attention and win affection. There is nothing to be said against the mutton chop *per se*. There is no hope for it at the present time in politics."

SALOME IN NEW YORK VAUDEVILLE.

Gertrude Hoffmann Imitates Maud Allan's Semi-Nude Dance for Hammerstein's Patrons.

Vaudeville has not only reached for the inspiration of Oscar Wilde and Richard Strauss, but has actually taken it, and the perverted art that made the scriptural incident of John the Baptist's decapitation the basis of an operatic movement is now serving to satisfy the sensation-craving habitués of the roof-gardens. William Hammerstein is the enterprising manager, Gertrude Hoffmann is the daring poseur, and the Victoria Theatre and Roof Garden are the birthplace of the spectacle. It is not an original act, and Manager Hammerstein frankly gives credit to the real originator. He saw Maud Allan's performance at the Palace Theatre in London some time ago and tried to engage the dancer for appearances in New York, but without success. On his return he planned to have Gertrude Hoffman cross the Atlantic, observe Miss Allan's dance carefully, and produce a studied and exact imitation of the London sensation here. His project has been well carried out, and, so far as one may judge from reports, the imitation is not unworthy of its original.

As in London, the act is entitled "A Vision of Salomé." At the Roof Garden it is the fifth number on a vaudeville programme, but it easily wins first place in the regard of the spectators. A big but not unusual audience assembled Monday night, though it must be admitted that opera-glasses were more in evidence than on ordinary occasions. It had been freely announced that brevity of costume would be one of the distinguishing features of the "vision," and most of those present appeared with the determination to gather ocular evidence rather than to depend upon general descriptions. There was unanimous disapproval—by the courteous sex—of some towering samples of millinery that resisted the desperate attentions of the ushers, and in time they were lowered and hundreds of eyes took their first view of the stage. In the orchestra Max Hoffman, the husband of the dancer, stood at the leader's desk, and in response to his baton the brasses drowned the strings in the burst of aggressive music that preceded the dance measures.

Purple velour curtains parted revealing Salomé posed upon a terrace in the courtyard of Herod's palace. The scene painter, stage manager, and electrician had done their parts well, for the settings and blue and red lights were harmonious and attractive. But the feminine figure was dominant in the effect. The dancer stood with her hands raised above her head for a moment, then came slowly down the steps and began the sinuous movements of the dance. Her costume was certainly not elaborate. Above the waist, two jeweled plates and several ropes of gems; then, abbreviated white trunks and a spangled skirt of transparent black gauze. No swathing of veils, seven or less, but an ideal toilet for comfort on a summer evening. It is said to be a faithful copy of Maud Allan's raiment in the original, and though perhaps a little unconventional, it is æsthetic and artistic. The most squeamish will commend it as preferable to the fleshings and half-length stockings with rolled tops affected by the ladies of burlesque. Naked as the feet, limbs, and torso are, the idea of exposure is not insistent or accented.

So far as the dance itself is concerned, there is little to say. It is Oriental, and, aside from the accessory of the severed head, neither especially alluring nor repellent. At the end of the first part of the dance Miss Hoffman caught up the charger on which lay the head draped with netting, and gloated over it. Then she set it on the ground and casting herself down before it performed symbolic convolutions and spasmodic writhings. Again she took up the imitation head, kissed it, flung it into the well, and then fainted. The curtains dropped and met and the scene was ended. It may be such an exhibition as stirred the blood of King Herod, but the monarch of scriptural history was not a sophisticated youth or sated old man of Manhattan. This imitation Salomé appears before more critical judges. She must win, if at all, by her beauty, her grace, or her personal magnetism, for her dance has little of the real dancer's art in its poses or serpentine undulations. There are attitudes and turnings in it that are reminiscent of Loie Fuller, but of Mlle. Genee's thistle-down lightness, bird-like flights, and sprightly advances and retreats there is not the slightest suggestion.

At the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Theatre there is another Salomé dance, and that, too, is drawing crowds. The dancer is La Sylphe, and she wears fleshings and slippers, but is still a sensation. As a dancer, La Sylphe is entitled to serious consideration. She has studied and practiced long and assiduously. When a mere child she began dancing at a New York theatre, but the S. P. C. G., that super-serviceable organization which has assumed the guardianship of public morals and youthful industry, objected and little Miss Lambdelle was driven away. She was taken to France by her mother and in Paris took lessons in the classical dance. Her natural aptitude was demonstrated, for in time she became the premier dancer at the Folies Bergeres. It was there that she first did the Salomé dance, with the wax counterfeit head, long before Maud Allan achieved a triumph with the same sort of performance in London. La Sylphe, as she is known now, came back to America and danced through a long engagement over the Orpheum circuit without winning more than passable

success. Last week at Keith & Proctor's she gave her Salomé dance and at once wormed herself into popularity.

Hammerstein's production is the more ambitious, so far as artistic investiture, subdued lights, and appropriate music are concerned, but neither of the two exhibitions has enduring vitality. It is doubtful if either would score in any but a metropolitan playhouse. With the accompaniments of grand opera, and an artist like Mary Garden in the Salomé rôle, it is easy to imagine a real and sustained interest. But the atmosphere of these vaudeville productions is not one that conduces to admiration of the near artistic or heavily audacious.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

At Best.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Douglas Gordon.

"Row me o'er the strait, Douglas Gordon,
Row me o'er the strait, my love," said she.
"Where we greeted in the summer, Douglas Gordon,
Beyond the little kirk by the old, old trysting tree."
Never a word spoke Douglas Gordon,
But he looked into her eyes so tenderly.
And he set her at his side,
And away across the tide
They floated to the little kirk,
And the old, old trysting tree.

"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,
Just a word of pity, O my love," said she,
"For the bells will ring tomorrow, Douglas Gordon,
My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me.
They told me you were false, Douglas Gordon,
And you never came to comfort me!"
And she saw the great tears rise,
In her lover's silent eyes,
As they drifted to the little kirk,
And the old, old trysting tree.

"And it's never, never, Douglas Gordon,
Never in this world that you may come to me,
But tell me that you love me, Douglas Gordon,
And kiss me for the love of all that used to be!"
Then he flung away his sail, his oars and rudder,
And he took her in his arms so tenderly,
And they drifted on amain,
And the bells may call in vain,
For she and Douglas Gordon
Are drowned in the sea.

—Frederic Edward Weatherly.

The Two Friends.

I have two friends—two glorious friends—two hetter could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlisle thieves ten years ago in Spain.
The second drowned near Alicante—while I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land is leading a lordly life,
The second has married a mermaid—a beautiful water wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea—with a few,
I trust, on high—
'Tis a matter of small account to me the way that I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is all the same to me.

—Charles Godfrey Leland.

The British House of Lords has passed the second reading of the old-age pension bill, thus insuring its becoming a law. In the course of the debate of the pension bill Lord Rosebery and Lord Cromer both attacked the measure on the ground of its socialistic tendencies, both predicting that it would eventually involve the country in a policy of protection. Lord Rosebery described the measure as the most important bill submitted to Parliament in forty years, and cited the pension system in the United States as an example of what such a bill might lead to. He declared that it was the first duty of the country to prepare for the European conflict which probably would be forced upon Great Britain before many years. He thought that the bill, by entailing a protective policy, would tend to widen the breach between Great Britain and foreign nations and thus increase the danger of war.

While the grading of Main Street, Manassas, Virginia, was in progress recently the workmen discovered that their picks went to a depth that indicated a subterranean cavity. Upon investigation it was discovered that a trench to the depth of three feet had been dug, and a number of barrels of flour put therein and concealed from the enemy on the evacuation of Manassas by the Confederate troops. A large quantity of barrel staves and a white substance resembling decayed flour were exhumed.

In 1885 New York had only twenty-eight millionaires; now it has over 2000.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Ellen Tompkins has just won the Curins prize for oratory at the State Presbyterian College, Hastings, Nebraska.

Mrs. E. E. Teape and her daughter, Mrs. Mackelvie, recently accomplished the feat of a 4000-mile trip in an automobile from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, without the presence or assistance of men.

Count Sergius Witte is not only no longer at the helm of the Russian government, but stands almost alone even in the council of the empire. Nevertheless a strong feeling prevails that Count Witte's day is not done, that he will be recalled in the first emergency.

Charles A. Keath, who holds one of the American Rhodes scholarships, recently returned to Philadelphia to join the St. Louis baseball team of the American League. He has put in one year at Oxford and has two more ahead of him. Keath said the only practice he could get at Oxford had been with other American Rhodes men.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, New York, who is to give a series of lectures at the universities of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania, was received with honor on his arrival in Paris. He visited the Palais Bourbon as the guest of Baron D'Estournelles de Constant and met a cordial reception from the French parliamentary arbitration group which went to the United States last year.

Miss Ethel Roosevelt will celebrate her seventeenth birthday next month by a small house party of girl friends. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have decided to present her to society at an unusually youthful age for a débutante in order that she may be a White House bud. It is expected that she will make her bow to society at a ball in the East Room, like her elder sister, Mrs. Longworth, who was also presented at an early age.

Dr. William J. Holland, the director of the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg, has returned from a trip to Germany and France on behalf of Andrew Carnegie to present life-size plaster casts of the diplococus, the mammoth skeleton found in Wyoming. In recognition of his services to science, the German emperor conferred upon Dr. Holland the Order of the Crown, while President Fallières bestowed upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Signora Rina Monti has just been appointed professor of zoölogy and comparative anatomy at the University of Sassari, Italy. After the death of Professor Maggi of the University of Pavia, she taught comparative anatomy in that institution, and then for two years at Siena, but it is only recently that she has had a university professorship conferred on her. Although the wife of Signor Augusto Stella and the devoted mother of a handsome boy, she keeps her maiden name in her scientific work.

The birth recently of a son and heir to the Duke of Norfolk was treated in England as an event of almost national importance. The Duke of Norfolk is a man of mark in many ways. He is the most important lay member of the Roman Church in Great Britain, and acts to all intents and purposes, when occasion arises, as British ambassador to the Vatican. He is also the premier peer of Great Britain, and the birth of a son insures the continuance in the direct male line of the ancient family of Howard, which stands next to the blood royal at the head of the English peerage and traces its descent back to Saxon times.

The study of the stars has appealed to many women, yet among astronomers of her sex Maria Mitchell, for many years professor at Vassar, has remained without a peer. She was born in Nantucket in 1819, and the people of the town have dedicated a memorial observatory in her honor. The telescope which was presented to Miss Mitchell by the women of America has been mounted there, also the Alvan Clark instrument which was presented to her by a number of women in Massachusetts. Her valuable library has been given over to the association that bears her name, and has also been located in the building. Miss Mitchell shares with Margaret Fuller the honor of being the only woman whose names are inscribed on the tablets in the Boston Public Library. Her most famous discovery was that of the comet of 1847.

At the recent celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary Oberlin, the first college in the United States to admit women, conferred on the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell the honorary degree of D. D. Sixty-odd years ago when Antoinette Brown applied for admission into the theological school of Oberlin the faculty was astonished, but because the charter of the college expressly provided that women should be admitted to all departments she could not be kept out. Lucy Stone, who was a student in the academic department of the college at the time, became a great friend of the one girl divinity student and is reported to have told her repeatedly that she did not believe public opinion would ever permit women to be ministers. On the Sunday of the recent commencement Mrs. Blackwell walked in the academic procession among all manner of dignitaries in cap and gown. Later she had a prominent seat on the platform in the chapel among delegates from thirty-six colleges, including Harvard, and was solemnly invested with the degree of doctor of divinity. The Rev. Dr. Blackwell is now in her eighty-fourth year and is a Unitarian.

MAROONED.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXIII.

Early the next morning Arthur received a message from Diana's maid, saying that after breakfast her mistress would be waiting to drive him to the river. From this he guessed that the flood was not so bad as had been feared. Dressing rapidly, and taking the cup of thick Mexican chocolate which was the simple breakfast at Plancha Grande, he hobbled to the *porial*. There he found Diana awaiting him with a light trap in which she had several times driven him over the valley since his improvement. It was a skeleton buckboard, drawn by a pair of American harness horses, for the native mustangs were poor draught animals.

"Oh, Mr. Alden," called out Diana, "would you not like to drive down to the *embarcadero* and see the people working at the levees? They are like so many ants! It is well worth seeing."

"I shall be delighted to go, but I hope you have not been there all night. If so, I shall have to scold you."

"Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain," cried Diana gayly. "You, who have spent the night comfortably in bed, have no right to criticise us honest people who have been working at the river."

"No, but seriously—tell me—you have not really been up all night!"

"No—Mrs. Lyndon and I stayed an hour or so, until it was evident that man had prevailed over the elements, and then we came away, and went to bed. It was a weird sight, that great crowd working by moonlight. Even now it will be interesting. And I was so sorry you had to stay behind last night that I determined to take you down there early this morning if you care to go."

If he cared to go! Arthur thought of saying that if he did not care to go, with her to take him, he ought to be condemned for life to mop back mighty Amazons with penny brooms. But on reflection he feared this might sound absurd, so he merely murmured "It's awfully good of you," which, on further reflection, seemed to him trivial.

But Diana had already taken the reins from the *mozo*, and Arthur slowly climbed into the buckboard. Toward the river they went at a spanking trot, and in a few minutes they were at the *embarcadero*. The scene was indeed curious. Up and down the river bank, for a long distance above and below the *embarcadero*, some hundreds of men and women toiled away, fighting against the inrush of the water. Most of the women were engaged in filling bags with sand. A dozen or so among them at open fires near the river bank were cooking breakfast for the toilers. Scores of men were chopping down willows and alders, of whose branches they were building cribs, while other laborers were carrying sand-bags to the levees as fast as the women filled them. Among the workers was Helmont, who was the centre of the busy scene.

"How goes the battle, captain?" asked Arthur, as they approached him.

"We are beginning to prevail at last, I hope, but it has been a hard struggle. I never saw such a flood in all the years that I've been here. If you'll look across to the other bank of the river you may see what this side would have looked like if we hadn't fought the flood in time."

"But I don't see any opposite bank," said Diana.

In truth, looking to the westward nothing was to be seen but a vast sheet of water.

"You can detect the other bank by the fringe of willows, now partly covered by the flood. The water has run over the river bank into the low land beyond it, for there is no levee there. I have a levee to protect my own land, but it will not help the owner on the other side of the stream."

"But your levees will protect the owners below you, and their levees will prevent the water from backing up to your land," remarked Alden.

"Where they have levees—yes," said Helmont dryly.

"We are going to take a drive along the river," added Diana, "and we'll report how things look up the stream."

"Be careful you don't get cut off anywhere," warned Helmont. "You can't imagine the rapidity with which the water pours in on the low valley lands through an unexpected break in the levees."

"We'll be careful," said Diana. "I don't think the flood waters could move rapidly enough to overtake these fast trotters of yours, captain;" and with a smile and a nod she and Arthur left the busy scene, and drove up the valley.

For some miles they kept to the road which paralleled the river bank. It was with a strange sensation that they found themselves looking up over the leveed banks to the brimming river. A great river running through low lands has a curious effect when it is high. When a river has built up its bed and the riverine owners have built up its banks the floor of the valley looks as if it were lower than the bed of the stream. Thus, near the Delta of the Mississippi, one apparently walks up to the level of the river, and one looks up to the boats and barges on the surface of the stream. So it seemed to Diana and Arthur as their horses trotted briskly along—the vastness of the volume of water, restrained only by the frail dike, almost appalled them. Its seeming volume was added to by the absence of any levee on the opposite bank, which was indicated only by the ripples curling around the trees, rushes, and wild vines there. It seemed to them as if they were

at the edge of a great lake, or rather reservoir, whose mighty waters were held in check by a frail and inadequate dam.

"O-o-o-o!" cried Diana, "I am going to turn off to the right. The sight of that silent, resistless mass of water makes me feel creepy!"

"It is a trifle uncomfortable to look at. Besides we have gone far enough to report to the captain that his levees are sound."

"I had intended to drive to where the Rio Nacional joins the great river. But I think we have gone far enough on our investigating tour. Let us go eastward toward the hills." And so saying, she swung her horses around into a well-beaten trail which was almost a road.

"Do I imagine it, or do these horses seem relieved, now that you have left the river?"

"It is not your fancy merely," she replied, "you are right—they were restless and nervous all the way up; now they are going much more quietly."

"What could have alarmed them, do you think?"

"I scarcely know," she replied, thoughtfully; "it may be that they were once terrified by a flood breaking suddenly through a leaking levee like that we have just left. Or it may be that they never saw so much water before."

Arthur laughed. "You are not in earnest, are you?" he said quizzically.

"Indeed I am. You must not forget that in this country many animals on the range see no water from year's end to year's end except the little spring or water-hole at which they drink. Much of Texas is waterless, and colts born there and taken elsewhere frequently show alarm at the sight of running water. They will often make a high leap to get over a little rivulet across a road."

"Such animals would not be very useful for fording streams," went on Arthur, in the same quizzical tone.

"They have to be trained to the sight, sound, and feel of running water, just as to any other unfamiliar thing," replied Diana, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"But how about the floods?"

"Captain Helmont says it is six years since the last flood, and these colts are four-year-olds. But here we are approaching a little higher ground—the valley seems to lie in terraces, as the foothills are approached. Shall we go back?"

"It is very pleasant to go on," said Arthur, reluctantly assenting, "but the day is advancing, and perhaps we had better turn. It seems a little selfish for us to be driving purely for pleasure when our generous host and all his people are so much concerned."

"But you must not forget," corrected Diana laughingly, "that this is only secondarily a drive for pleasure. We are on duty, which is to inspect the river banks and report all breaks in the levees. Whoa, there! What's the matter, girl?"

One of her team, a spirited filly, had suddenly begun to snort, and to dance uneasily.

"I wonder what is the matter with her!" speculated Diana, "she acts as if she had heard a rattlesnake. Do you see anything to frighten her?"

Arthur looked ahead and around. "No," he replied, "nothing unless it is that little runnel of dust-covered water there—it wriggles almost like a snake. You say that running water sometimes frightens them."

"Water!" cried Diana, in a startled voice, "there should be no water here. Why, so there is—the South Fork levee must have given way!" And she checked her horses and looked fixedly at the little trickle of water which was making its way bravely, almost lost in the thick dust.

"Surely such an insignificant stream can mean no great damage to the levee!"

Diana shook her head. "We are a long distance from either river," she replied, "this is merely the forerunner of what I fear may be a big break." And she urged on her horses toward the west, where lay the main stream and the road which they had quitted an hour or two before. But scarcely had they gone a quarter of a mile when they found that the road, which before had been distinct, like a grayish ribbon running through the green, was no longer visible—the valley was slowly disappearing beneath the yellow water.

Diana paused irresolute.

"Surely, there is no danger!" cried Arthur. "The water is very shallow—it is only a few inches deep. You can easily drive your horses back the way we came, even if the ground is covered with water."

Diana shook her head. "I am afraid the water will rise more rapidly than we imagine," she replied, "but even if it did not, and even if we were to attempt to drive back by the road, the horses will not go. See!" And she urged them toward the shallow, creeping flood. But the terrified animals plunged and reared so wildly that there was danger of their breaking the pole.

"Perhaps we can skirt to the eastward, and by driving rapidly keep to the head of the advancing water," suggested Arthur, after a pause.

"We can at least try it," she assented, "and perhaps the horses may get used to the sight of the water, and at last be willing to try a short cut and ford the flood."

Along the floor of the valley they drove. There was here no road, not even a trail. Although the valley seemed level, it was not so, for they found it very rough riding. And time and again as the head of the advancing flood seemed to dwindle they would try to cut across its pathway. But like the mountain-climber, who as he ascends sees ever a higher peak, so the advancing flood seemed to have no head. And at last Diana, finding that they were being gradually forced further and further to the eastward, said:

"I am afraid there is more than one break—another stream from the backwater down the river has poured into a low basin in the valley here, and has met the stream from above."

"Then we are cut off from the Hacienda," exclaimed Arthur.

"I fear so," replied Diana. As she spoke a patch of the yellow water swirled around the wheels and under her horses' feet. With a rear and a bound the frightened animals recoiled.

Diana let them have their heads. They would not even try to ford the shallow flood—she could not force them to it—possibly they were wiser than she. Instinctively the horses made for higher ground. They were ascending one of the slight terraces with which the valley rises toward the hills. In effect, not far away was one of the curious isolated "buttes" or peaks, of which there were a number in the valley. Toward this the horses made their way, and Diana let them go.

It was perhaps well she did so. For a number of minutes their faces were turned away from the westward, whence came the resistless but silent flood; when at last, on fairly high ground, Diana turned her horses' heads, and they gazed out over the valley, both she and Arthur started, so sudden was the change. The ground over which they had been traveling, only a few minutes before, was now a great lake; the dike along the river's rim they could no longer see, but a fringe of willows, of cottonwoods, of sycamores, marked where it had been. On little elevations here and there were groups of horses, cattle, sheep, and mules, huddled forlornly together. And far off in the distance they could see the mighty mound on which lay the Hacienda, with its many buildings, safe and high above the flood, like an island in an inland sea.

Long they sat there in silence, gazing at the land slowly changing into a lake. At last Arthur spoke:

"We, too, seem to be on a kind of mound like that on which the Hacienda lies, although a much smaller one."

"Yes, and our island is so high that it is quite safe—the water can never rise to its top."

"There is a hut up there," said Arthur pointing.

"Evidently some one lives here."

"It must be some of Captain Helmont's people, for we are still on his land. Let's drive up and see."

But when they reached and hailed the hut, Arthur in English, and then Diana in Spanish, there was no reply. Diana gave the reins to Arthur, alighted, and entered. In a moment she came out.

"It is evidently a herder's hut," said she, "and it is occupied, for there is a partly prepared meal on the table. But there is no one here."

"They must have hastened to the river bank to assist in mending the levees."

"There is no one here," repeated Diana, as if she had not heard him.

Her tone was so peculiar that Arthur grew surprised. "But we are in no danger!" he exclaimed. "You say there is food in the hut, and the water can never rise to the top of this hill."

Diana looked at him. Could it be possible that he was thinking only of the bald, material conditions?—of the distant danger from starvation?—of the remote possibility of the flood rising over the hill on which they were? Did he not realize that she was alone with him, and fated to remain alone with him for how long they could not tell?

Diana's brow contracted as she looked at him. "Food! Danger!" she cried scornfully. "I said nothing of hunger or of danger!"

"Then if we are in no danger of drowning and do not lack food we shall only have the inconvenience of waiting," said Arthur philosophically, "by tomorrow we shall be safe at the Hacienda."

"Why do you say tomorrow?" flamed out Diana.

"Why can they not find us by tonight?"

"But they will find it as difficult to come from the Hacienda here as for us to go from here to the Hacienda," he demurred.

"Not at all," retorted Diana, with such heat that Arthur looked at her in wonder. "They will have no difficulty in coming here—there are plenty of boats at the *embarcadero*."

"It may be," assented Arthur doubtfully, "but how will they know where we are?"

Diana did not reply. Again she looked at him, and then averted her eyes. His failure to see how trying was her situation seemed to her incomprehensible. They were in a country around which still clung the Spanish traditions of the woman being ever guarded from the man; a country where the lover was never allowed to meet his sweetheart alone save at her window with an iron grill between them; a land where the natives looked on the innocent freedom with which American maidens walked or rode with men as food for toothsome scandal. And here, in such a calumnious land, she was forced by fate to spend a day and perhaps a night on an islet in this waste of waters alone with him.

She tingled from head to foot as she thought of it. She dug her nails into the palm of her strong hands, as she strove to devise some way of ending their imprisonment. But there was no way—none. There was nothing to do except to wait. And he—the man so calmly looking over the yellow flood would suffer not at all; he could not even understand her unendurable position; he could think of nothing save food and "inconvenience."

When Diana made no reply, Arthur felt dimly that his remark was displeasing to her, and said no more.

She busied herself with taking out the horses, curtly rejecting his offers of assistance, which, truth to tell,

were largely conventional, for his movements were so slow that he could have helped her little. She noddled the horses, and turned them out to graze. Then she seated herself on the ground, and gazed wistfully out over the waste of yellow water. When Arthur slowly came over and seated himself by her side, she alleged a desire to look after her horses, and left him. He gazed after her in perplexity, but she did not return for a long time. When she did come back, she went into the hut without speaking to him, and busied herself with preparing a meal. It was necessarily a simple one, for the herders lived apparently on jerked beef and beans. When she had prepared a savory stew of this, Diana brought it to Arthur, who proposed to join her at the table in the hut.

"Thank you, no," she replied coldly, "I have already eaten my supper." And with no further words, she left him again.

As the evening wore into night, there was no further speech between them. Diana brought out a roll of blankets to Arthur, which she laid on the ground at some distance from the hut—a mute intimation that he was to lodge under the stars—no hardship, by the way, in that climate, when the night was fair. The hut she evidently considered as her castle. But Arthur, who slept but little, was concerned to see that she also took but little rest, for far into the night he saw her continually appearing at the door of the hut, and gazing across the water, in the direction of the Hacienda. More than once he thought he heard her weeping. Poor girl! All through the long night she was hoping to hear shouts, to hear the sound of oars, to hear voices calling across the water, to hear anything that would reveal the presence of a searching party from the Hacienda. She did not realize how difficult was such a search—how impossible it was for a rescuing party to guess in what direction they had gone. And in truth it was daylight when she first heard the welcome sound of oars and of shouts resounding across the water.

In not many minutes a boat had grounded on the shore of their temporary island, and Diana and Arthur were soon on their way back to the Hacienda. There was no one in the boat save Spanish-speaking servants; he explained to Diana that Captain Helmont's party had gone further to the north, and that there were two other parties out in search of the missing ones.

As they sat in the stern-sheets the oarsmen gazed at them with the inquisitive Indian stare; occasionally they made grinning remarks to each other in their native tongue, but sprinkled with Spanish words. When they did so, Arthur noticed that Diana would vince. He strove to engage her in talk, but she replied in monosyllables; he tried to catch her eye, but she avoided his. He cudgeled his brains to divine how he could have offended her, but he could think of nothing he had done. And even when they were at the Hacienda again, being hailed with greetings, Diana did not unbend toward him. When she withdrew with Mrs. Lyndon, her icy farewell struck him almost like a blow.

The next day Helmont met him with the salutation: "More bad news."

"Not an increase in the flood I hope?"

"No—the river is falling. But our guests have gone."

"Gone?" echoed Arthur. "Where? Why?"

"Down to the capital city, Mrs. Lyndon told me, at Judge Tower's request. As the senatorial fight is about to begin there, he would like to have her prepared to reside over his establishment, for the judge will probably do much entertaining. The Wyley forces will keep open house. Tower is a warm advocate of the reelection of Senator Wyley, I suppose you know."

"Yes, so I have heard," assented Arthur.

Only a day before, he had felt no interest in the senatorial fight, and considered himself still unfitted for legislative duty. But now he felt that his convalescence must end speedily, and he experienced a violent desire to exchange the hospitality of Helmont's Hacienda for the uncertain mercies of the Sacrosanto hotels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Professor Roy, the French Esperantist, is urging the establishment of an independent Esperanto State in Europe. The site he has selected for his experiment is in a neutral strip of territory which lies on the frontier between Germany, Belgium, and Holland, five miles from Aix-la-Chapelle. This territory is known as Ioresnet, is situated in a pleasant valley, and has a population of 3000 inhabitants. Esperanto is to be the official language of the place. The expenses of the State are to be borne by the subscriptions of Esperantists all the world over. The scheme includes an Esperanto theatre, a daily official Esperanto gazette, and a sort of Esperanto parliament, which will meet periodically to discuss the affairs of the little State.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was the guest of honor at a banquet given in Toronto on June 16. In the course of his speech Sir Thomas referred to the fact that just twenty-six years have passed since his arrival from the United States to assist in the management of Canada's new transcontinental railway. The influence of that line on the development of Canada is beyond estimate. England has recognized the service rendered to Canada by this Milwaukee-born American railroad man, and it would be hard to say how much has been done for the United States by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and by that other American-born railway builder, Sir William Van Horne.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN LONDON.

Leaders in English Society Who Have Won Their Position by Tact and Grace.

Two reasons can be found for a change in the attitude of English society toward American women. The first, of course, is that ever since King Edward came to the throne he has manifested his approval and admiration of them. Time and again he has pointedly demonstrated his desire that they should be included in all court functions and smart society affairs. At house parties where he has been the guest, when the list of those invited has been submitted to him for his approval he has suggested the addition of some American names. Naturally society has adopted the king's policy, till now the American woman is a recognized factor in English social life. The other reason is the benefit which the clever American has been to English society. The majority are ready to admit that the invasion of the American woman has brightened and animated it with the leaven of vivacity and gayety. It is this American leaven (declares the London correspondent of the *New York Sun*) which has made the present season one of the most brilliant London has ever known, a wonderful series of festivities marked by magnificence without excess.

The greatest favorite among American hostesses is Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, widow of the late duke and daughter of Antonio Yznaga. She is generally acknowledged to be the most brilliant conversationalist America has sent to England. She is also a gifted musician and speaks French, Italian, Spanish, and German fluently, so when foreign royalties are visiting here she is always included among those presented to them. Both the king and queen feel the deepest friendship for her and the king is often her guest at informal bridge parties and little dinners. Lady Lister Kaye, her sister, is also a popular and brilliant hostess whose entertainments are much appreciated.

The wife of the present Duke of Manchester was Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati. She and her husband are not much in London, but this season they have stayed in town longer than usual. Mr. Zimmerman purchased Kylemore Castle in Connemara a short time ago and presented it to his daughter, so the young duke and duchess spend most of the time on that estate with their two sons and baby daughter.

Next to Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, in popularity is the Duchess of Marlborough. She is always interested in all charitable organizations and gives her time and money unsparingly to relieving distress and poverty whenever she is called upon. Always exquisitely dressed and a gracious hostess, she is greatly in demand, but of late years has largely devoted herself to her children and her charities. Her two sons, the Marquis of Blandford and Lord Ivor Churchill, who are eleven and ten years of age, are much like her and are her inseparable companions.

Sunderland House, which Mr. Vanderbilt built for her in London as a town home, is a barrack-like affair outside, but magnificent in its interior decorations and furnishings. This season the Duchess of Marlborough has only given some dinners and small receptions for her Vanderbilt relatives who are in town, and rumors of the ball at Sunderland House have not yet materialized.

The Duchess of Roxburghe was Miss Goelet; she is a very brilliant woman, a great reader, and is also much interested in riding and driving. She has no children, but is very much loved by the younger set in society, and her invitations are eagerly sought. She is one of the royal hostesses, as they are called, which means that she sometimes entertains the king and queen.

There are two American marchionesses, Mary, Marchioness of Anglesey, who is a widow and not much in London, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who was Miss Davis of New York. Lady Dufferin entertains largely, and just now is greatly interested in the new Anglo-American Club, of which she is one of the founders and promoters.

Among the American countesses are Lady Tankerville, Lady Essex, and Lady Suffolk, all of whom have entertained lavishly this season; the Countess of Orford, whose charitable work has made her famous throughout England; the Countess of Craven, who with her mother, Mrs. Bradley Martin, has given many smart dinners this spring, and Cora, Lady Strafford, who is one of the most beautiful of the American women here. Her daughter, Miss Colgate, is handsome also, and they have both been in great demand this year.

Helen, Lady Abinger, is well known for her house parties at Inverloch Castle in the Highlands and her other country place, Redford House, in Surrey. Her town residence is only used for a few weeks at the height of the season, as she is one of the American women who prefer country life in England. She is the daughter of Commander G. A. Magruder of the United States navy and the widow of Lord Abinger.

Lady Barrymore is the daughter of General James Wadsworth and was first married to Arthur Post of the United States army. She is a great favorite in society here and is very clever and witty. Her daughter, Nellie Post, is an exceedingly pretty girl and is one of the great friends of the Princess Patricia of Connaught. The princess, with Nellie Post, Jean Reid, and Anne Breese, before these last two were married, formed a quartet of girlish beauty and charm that made London bow before them. They went everywhere together.

Mrs. Harry Higgins with her two daughters, Lady Willoughby D'Esresby and Lady Alastair Innes Kerr, formerly Eloise and Anna Breese, are at the height of social favor and have given successful dinners and dances within the last few weeks.

Lady Bache Cunard was Miss Maude Burke of California. She and her husband travel a great deal, but they manage to have at least a part of the season in London, where Lady Cunard is always to be noticed for her extremely beautiful costumes.

Among the wives of statesmen and diplomatists are many Americans. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who was Miss Endicott of Salem, Massachusetts, has always been very popular, and her devotion to her husband during his present long and trying illness has endeared her to her English friends, though it has kept her from any part in society for many months.

Lady Newborough and her sister, Mrs. Chauncey, are two handsome Americans who know every one and go everywhere. They are daughters of the late Colonel Henry Carr. They spend much time in Paris.

Princess Hatzfeldt, formerly Miss Huntington of California, makes her home now in England, and is a member of the hunting colony at Melton Mowbray, as well as an ardent motorist. This season she has given several beautiful dinners.

Lady Paget and Mrs. Cornwallis West were social pioneers over here and are looked upon as English. Lady Paget is a great favorite with the king and queen, and this season she has been able to entertain again, having fully recovered from the effects of her accident.

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Grosvenor was a Miss Padelford, daughter of Mrs. Ernest Cunard. She is one of the brides of the season. Mrs. Frederick Guest, Mrs. Napier Lawrence, Mrs. Arthur Glasgow, Mrs. George Montagu, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Adair, Mrs. Ridgeley Carter, and Mrs. Drexel are all American hostesses who are now adding their quota to the festivities of the London season.

Mrs. Ronalds's musical Sunday afternoons, Mrs. Almeric Paget's bridge parties, Mrs. Potter Palmer's dinners, Mrs. John and Mrs. Frank Mackay's balls have made these hostesses famous, while the entertainments of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor at Cliveden on the Thames are magnificent.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has probably entertained more lavishly than any other hostess in England this season. Dorchester House is the scene of constant dinner parties, dances, informal teas, and formal receptions. A great ball preceded the wedding of Miss Jean Reid, and the reception following the marriage was on a scale which royalty itself would find it hard to excel. At first there was criticism of this magnificence and display on the part of America's ambassador, but royal approval once more turned the tide of feeling, and there are no more popular women in London today than Mrs. Reid and her daughter, now Mrs. John Ward. Mrs. Reid has presented many American girls at court and to English society. This year she has had a debutante niece in Miss Jennie Crocker of California.

Besides all these notable Americans, there has been the usual influx of those temporary hostesses and guests who intersperse the summer gayeties of Newport and the autumn ones of Tuxedo with a few weeks of the London season.

Of the progress of negroes in this country Ray Stannard Baker says, in the *American Magazine*: "It is not short of astonishing, indeed, to discover how far the negro has been able to develop in the forty-odd years since slavery a distinct race spirit and position. It is pretty well known that he has been going into business, that he is acquiring much land, that he has many professional men, that he worships in his own churches and has many schools which he conducts—but in other lines of activity he is also getting a foothold. Just as an illustration: I was surprised at finding so many negro theatres in the country—theatres not only owned or operated by negroes, but presenting plays written and acted by negroes. I saw a fine new negro theatre in New Orleans; I visited a smaller colored theatre in Jackson, Mississippi, and in Chicago the Pekin theatre is an enterprise wholly conducted by negroes. Williams and Walker, negro comedians, have long amused large audiences, both white and colored. Their latest production, 'Bandanna Land,' written and produced wholly by negroes, is not only funny, but clean. Many other illustrations could be given to show how the negro is developing in one way or another—but especially along racial lines. The extensive organization of negro lodges of Elks and Masons and other secret orders, many of them with clubhouses, might be mentioned. Attention might be called to the almost innumerable insurance societies and companies maintained by negroes, the largest of which, the True Reformers, of Richmond, has over 50,000 members, and to the growth of negro newspapers and magazines (there are now over 200 in the country), but enough has been said, perhaps, to make the point that there has been a real development of a negro spirit and self-consciousness."

William Redmond, the Irish leader in the British House of Commons, recently in a genial mood and in playful allusion to the birthday honors list asked whether "as a matter of general convenience and in order that honorable members might know how to address their colleagues with becoming respect it could be arranged that honorable gentlemen who had joined the titled classes should wear rosettes for at least one month after the conferment of the title." No minister was bold enough to answer.

SALONS OF ROYAL FRANCE.

Frank Hamel Writes a Fine Account of Great Frenchwomen.

Still another hook on the French salon. Such a revival of interest "in the most renowned social gatherings that the world has ever known" is not without its significance at a time when the dominance of women is likely to become quite as real if not quite as salutary.

But in the handling of an engrossing topic Mr. Hamel has developed a line of his own. He finds that the French salons were capable of division into groups each with its own characteristics, and with the distinctive tint given to it by its most representative woman leader. There is the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the Salon of Manners; La Grande Mademoiselle, the Salon of the Court; Madame de Sévigné, the Salon of Friendship; Ninon de Lenclos, the Salon of Gallantry; Madame de Maintenon, the Salon of Satire; Madame du Deffand, the Salon of Wit; Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, the Salon of Philosophy; Madame de Staël, the Salon of Politics; and Madame de Récamier, the Salon of Literature. The classification is justified. Although we may find a continual overlapping and a frequent inclusion of sheep in the wrong fold, there was a natural tendency for like to seek like and for each group to take on the complexion of the distinguished woman at its head.

The author's treatment leaves nothing to be desired. He is evidently saturated with his subject and he never fails in felicitous discrimination or in vivacious narrative. His book contains some three hundred and fifty pages, but it might have been longer without risk of wearying his reader, and although his ground has already been well worked, he finds plenty of material for novel and vigorous presentation.

A good example of his anecdotal style is to be found in the chapter on "The Hôtel de Rambouillet." The proceedings at the famous salon were usually literary and decorous. Authors brought their manuscripts to be read and literary games were much in vogue. But sometimes there was a fall from grace:

Romping and practical jokes were not entirely eliminated, and some of the latter, though harmless enough, were not particularly refined. The Comte de Guiche, later Maréchal de Grammont, was an excellent butt for a certain style of humor dear to the précieuse. One day at dinner dish after dish was served to him of viands which were his special aversion. Now the Comte de Guiche was a gourmand, and when he saw that he was likely to get nothing at all to eat his face fell and he looked somewhat reproachfully at his hostess. The latter burst into laughter and said jeocularly to her attendant: "M. de Guiche is not getting what he likes. Serve something else." The affair had been arranged beforehand, and when the joke had gone far enough, a menu of entirely different courses was offered him. Another time he indulged rather freely in mushrooms. During the night his clothes were stolen and the seams sewn up so that he had great difficulty in getting into them when dressing next morning. "How bloated you are," said M. de Caudebonne on seeing him, and others made similar remarks, expressing themselves in different degrees of horror. The poor Comte de Guiche hastened to a mirror and on seeing his figure cried out, "Ah, it is a fact! I must have been poisoned by the mushrooms." There was a general stampede in search of remedies, but at length M. de Caudebonne brought a written formula which he declared he had seen used with unfailing success. He handed it to the victim, and the latter, unfolding the paper, read, "Recipe: get a good pair of scissors and slit up your coat." The Comte de Guiche laughed as heartily as any one. He was completely cured.

A sort of natural depravity causes us to turn with interest to the section on Ninon de Lenclos, that strange heauty whose fascination must have rested upon more than physical charms:

Pleasure was openly the aim of all at Ninon's house: learning, discussion, criticism, were vetoed, and gay conversation, sparkling wit, filled the quickly passing hours. At last the frivolity of her receptions caused a scandal and her name became a by-word in society. As Scarron wrote of Ninon in his "Adieux au Marais":

"Tant est vrai que fille trop belle
N'engendre jamais que querelle."

The outcry reached the ears of the queen regent, who desired the offender to retire into a convent. No mention was made of any particular house, however. Appreciating the fact that she was allowed to choose her own retreat and expressing her willingness to accede to the request of her royal mistress, Ninon sent a pert reply, naming the Monastery of the Grand Cordeliers. Fortunately when this answer reached Anne of Austria's ears, the Dues de Candale and de Montemart were present and joined Condé in pleading Ninon's cause, and assuring the angry queen that the delinquent was but jesting; and the matter was allowed to drop. The affair might have injured her reputation still more irretrievably had not Condé just at this time showed her a particular mark of admiration and respect. Whilst driving in the Cours, the fashionable promenade where the fine world displayed its toilettes and its equipages, he stopped his carriage, stepped out, and deliberately went to greet her before an astonished crowd. This act of courtesy silenced a rumor spread by her enemies that she was to be sent to the Filles Républices.

"That would have been very unjust," declared the Comte de Baurru, when he heard of it: "elle n'est ni fille, ni repentie!"

But Ninon de Lenclos had her virtues. In the "Saint Simon" says that "apart from her

indiscretions" she was virtuous, and that she was disinterested, faithful, secret, safe to the last degree, and remarkably honest. Hospitality was a fine art with Ninon and her success as a hostess was due as much to her kindness as to her beauty:

The Abbé Gédéon also bore testimony to her charm as a hostess and to the value from the social point of view of her receptions. "The house of Mlle. de Lenclos (the celebrated Ninon)," wrote the Abbé d'Olivet in the preface to Gédéon's "Oeuvres Diverses," "was the meeting-place of all the polished and esteemed intellects of court and city. Women of the highest virtue encouraged their sons, on their entry into the great world, to visit Ninon on account of the social advantages accruing to any one admitted into such amiable society, regarded as it was as the very centre of good company. Abbé Gédéon had but to appear to be appreciated, and there he formed friendships which were the means of greatly advancing his reputation and his good fortune."

Perhaps the Marquis de la Fare was the most eulogistic of all writers when describing her salon. "I never saw her at her best," he wrote in his *Mémoires*, "but I can assure you that at the age of fifty and until she was seventy she had lovers who were most devoted, and the highest in the land were among her friends. Moreover, until she was eighty-seven years of age she was still sought after by the best society of the time. She died in full possession of her faculties, and even with the charms and attractions of her wit, which was superior to that of any other woman I have known." Dangeau, too, historian and courtier, who visited Ninon's hôtel frequently, made an entry in his journal at her death which reads, "Mlle. de Lenclos has died in Paris. Although she was very old she preserved so much wit and charm that the best company in Paris was to be found daily at her house."

A woman who could retain her lovers at the age of seventy years must indeed have had the secret of perpetual youth. Unfortunately we are left without indication of its nature, unless we seek it in an unfailing geniality and in a disposition that we must believe to have been unselfish to a fault.

Mme. du Deffand ranks high among the women of the salons, although there have been some who thought that she was eclipsed by her protégé, Julie de Lespinasse. But Mme. du Deffand was unquestionably the greater figure of the two, greater in mind, keener in wit, and more robust in all those qualities that meet and conquer the world. The relations between Mme. du Deffand and Mlle. de Lespinasse, at first warm to the point of effusiveness, became gradually strained until in 1763 it was clear that their friendship was on the point of breaking:

Undoubtedly the climax of this disagreement was brought about through the actions of Mlle. de Lespinasse, who, usurping the intellectual sovereignty which Mme. du Deffand guarded with the utmost jealousy, profited by the old lady's habit of sleeping through the day and late into the evening to establish a small reception of her own, an hour or so before the large one, in her private room. D'Alembert was the first to encourage this "petit salon de contrahande." Evidently he saw nothing in it unfair to Mme. du Deffand, or if such a doubt existed in his mind he preferred to ignore it. He was in full sympathy with Mlle. de Lespinasse, drawn closely to her by like accidents of birth and fortune. His example was followed by Turgot, D'Usse, Chastellux, Marmontel, and others; and they undoubtedly culled by the aid of Mlle. de Lespinasse the most sweet-scented and the freshest blossoms from Mme. du Deffand's own bouquet of news and wit. Such artifice—it must be held to be more than a trifling art—could not remain forever undetected. Growing suspicious of something that was taking place behind her back, Mme. du Deffand made an early opportunity of discovering for herself what was going on. She entered her *soi-disant* companion's room to find there an animated assembly of her own guests; a usurpation so insolent, an ingratitude so perfidious, a rivalry so menacing, was laid bare to her at one glance. "It was nothing less to her mind than treachery," said Marmontel; "she uttered loud outcries, accusing the poor girl of stealing her friends, and declaring she would no longer warm that serpent in her bosom."

Thus the arrangement which had lasted for ten years ended instantaneously, for, struck by a blow to her righteous pride, to her egotistical demands, her habits, and her affections, Mme. du Deffand conducted herself with inexorable severity and implacable dignity, and hunted down the woman who had abused her credulity and confidence. By the line of action she chose, she was enabled to regain an authority which had been severely endangered and which pardon would certainly have compromised forever.

Who can doubt that Mme. du Deffand was in the right? Julie owed to her everything that one woman could owe to another, and she repaid it by an act of domestic treachery that is not to be excused because it sprung from an overmastering mental conceit.

The chapter on Mme. de Staël adds little to our knowledge, but it is none the less fascinating for that. Her connection with Benjamin Constant is delicately but unmistakably told:

This autumn, too, she was fated to make the acquaintance of Benjamin Constant, who of all men influenced her life the most. She was then twenty-nine years of age, Constant being twenty-seven. Barras in his *Mémoires* gives an account of him as a young man, "a tall, affected, and foolish-looking youth. Fiery fair hair which malicious people would have called reddish-brown, small eyes which one would have believed to be of the same color, had not the spectacles sheltering them prevented their being seen, a delicate, ironical mouth, seeming to make game of everything, even its owner, and which would have liked to be still more mocking were it possible"—not a very taking picture, but Barras was prejudiced because Mme. de Staël begged him for

favors on account of Constant, whom she introduced, dragging him by the hand like an unwilling child. "The virility of her form, face, and carriage," declared Barras of Mme. de Staël, "her manner of wearing her clothes, the strength of her intellectual conceptions, her exuberant vigor and energy, all, in short, would have led me to believe that she belonged rather to our sex than to the other." A liaison between Constant and Mme. de Staël was quickly established. A few weeks after he had made her acquaintance he wrote to Colombar, "It is the second time that I have met a woman who could replace the whole world to me." The progress of their connection is told in his *Journal Intime*. It was a rule that he should leave her house by midnight, but one evening he pulled out his watch to prove to her that the hour of parting had not yet arrived. In disgust at the flight of time he smashed the unoffending watch upon the floor, but wrote next day exultingly: "I have not bought another watch. I have no longer any need of one." If he imagined that conquest lay all on his side, his cousin Rosalie was gifted with clearer vision, and discerned Mme. de Staël's love of adoration. "She would die," she wrote, "if she had not a crowd around her. In the absence of cats she would hold a court of rats, and even a court of insects would be preferable to none at all," and then she drew a spiteful picture of Mme. de Staël, upon whom she called when M. de Tracy, Adrien de Meun, and Constant were in her drawing-room. "I found her surrounded by the fox, the little cat and the other," she said; "she was resting one of her elbows against the chest of the first, and toying with the head of the second, while the third stroked her neck and called her his 'dear little kitten.'"

Excerpts from this charming hook might be multiplied at length. It is engrossing all the way through, and whatever pictures we may have formed of the women of the French salons must be enriched by the artistic shading of this fine work. There are twenty illustrations of unusual merit.

"Famous French Salons," by Frank Hamel. Published by Brentano's, New York.

An Indian or a Persian shawl used to be considered one of the finest feminine possessions in the world, and they were handed down from mother to daughter as prized heirlooms. But now if you gave a young woman even a very elegant shawl, costing possibly hundreds of dollars, as many did, she would turn up her beautiful nose at it and if she used it at all would make a point of giving it for her cosy corner. She would never think of wearing it, even if it were the only thing she had.

Edwin Stevens, the character actor and comic-opera comedian, lately here at the Princess Theatre, was engaged by Henry W. Savage to create the part of the Devil in an adaptation of a German play, "Der Teufel," written by Franz Molner, which was first produced in Hartford, Connecticut, recently. It has been arranged to try three different endings of the play, to discover which is best suited to American taste.

Mme. Tetrizzini achieved a triumph in Rossini's "Barber of Seville" at Covent Garden a few days ago. Adelina Patti was present and applauded the singer. Sig. Bonci was the tenor. It was the first time the opera had been given at Covent Garden since 1833, when Patti was the Rosina.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Halfway House, by Maurice Hewlett. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Whether Mary Middleham was really and truly a nice girl must be left to the judgment of the discriminating reader. Perhaps comparisons with Becky Sharp will rise unbidden to the mind, and perhaps we shall look upon the fascinating Mary as wholly the victim of circumstances.

Certainly her lot was a hard one. We find her in the position of a governess in an English village subject to the admiring patronage of the curate and the lofty and insolent condescension of the vicar's wife and the local gentry. When the vicar's wealthy brother, Mr. Germain, looks approvingly upon her in spite of his advanced years and wishes to make her the mistress of his estate, it is perhaps small wonder that the fascinated Mary should hasten to discard her small army of lovers, honorable and otherwise, and seize such an opportunity to become a rich man's wife—if only in name.

The results have hoary precedents behind them. Mary tries to do her whole duty and her husband is an honorable and high-minded man, but nature, having ineffectively forbidden the bans, still asserts herself in her usual way. Mr. and Mrs. Germain are resisting the irresistible, and when some of the discarded but still hopeful lovers appear once more on the horizon it is no more than was to be expected. Perhaps it is just as well that Mr. Germain dies so opportunely. Otherwise—*quien sabe?*

Mary's character is a strong one, and if there is a certain nebulosity in her virtue, it is not inartistic. But we are really grateful for the picture of Senhouse, gentleman, artist, and tramp, with his wise and delicate philosophy, his honor, and his chivalry. We are not sure that Senhouse did wisely at the end, but having seen one marriage that was not "happy ever after," we are disposed to believe that years of ineffable bliss follow close upon the last page.

Mr. Hewlett has chosen a background of unpleasant people and of a type almost unknown in America. We might have wished for some kind of Homeric justice to fall upon them other than oblivion, but such justice is rare and the ugly type is truly drawn. If the book has its failings, it still remains one of the masterly productions of the year.

Persia: The Awakening East, by W. P. Cresson, F. R. G. S. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$3.50.

This book comes opportunely at a time when democratic institutions in Persia are being weighed in the balances. It certainly helps us to understand the wave of reaction that seems for the moment to have set the hands back upon the dial and in a great measure to have restored the autocracy of the Shah.

Some time ago the author journeyed to Persia by way of Southern Russia. From Teheran he traveled by caravan along the old Bagdad trail, passing across Western Persia and Mesopotamia to the shores of the Persian Gulf. He thus had abundant opportunity to observe and to study, and that he used the opportunity to good effect is proved by this fine book.

The author has given us something better than a presentation of political conditions and the greedy ambitions of the great powers. He has studied the people themselves, their habits of mind, and their superstitions. What he tells us, for instance, of the mendicant priests is peculiarly useful, inasmuch as these gentry supply much of the reactionary force upon which the Shah has depended for his *coup d'état*. It is, after all, in national character that we must look for the prime causes of national movements. Tradition, prejudice, and religion are the forces that change and modify the conditions of a people, and only by some intimate knowledge of the man in the street can we forecast the immediate future or predict the results either of internal development or of external aggression. This is precisely the information that Mr. Cresson gives to us, and it is impossible to read his book without appreciation of the light that it throws upon current events. Forty-seven illustrations from photographs are a valuable feature of a valuable book.

Present-Day Problems, by William H. Taft. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

It is evidence of no small amount of candor that such a book, covering as it does nearly the whole field of national affairs, should be published at this particular political juncture. The fifteen addresses of which the volume is composed were delivered in the course of a long term of years and to audiences widely differing in mental development, in political complexion, and even in nationality. They are now given to us without material revision, without any of the caution which a lesser man would allow to interfere with the free expression of opinion, without any reluctance to go upon positive record on the great disputed questions of the day. Mr. Taft's views on labor and capital, for ex-

ample, or on criticisms directed against the Federal judiciary, are broadly the same as they were years ago, as unmodified by personal aspirations as their expression is unaffected by the petty diplomacies and prudences that would be all powerful with a man of smaller calibre.

The fifteen addresses are as follows: "Inaugural Address as Civil Governor of the Philippines," "The Inauguration of the Philippine Assembly," "China and Her Relations with the United States," "Japan and Her Relations with the United States," "An Appreciation of General Grant," "The Army of the United States," "The Panama Canal," "A Republican Congress and Administration and Their Work from 1904 to 1906," "The Legislative Policies of the Present Administration," "The Panic of 1907," "Southern Democracy and Republican Principles," "Labor and Capital," "The Achievements of the Republican Party," "Recent Criticism of the Federal Judiciary," "Administration of Criminal Law."

Mr. Taft always gives the impression—undoubtedly a true one—of a thorough mastery of his subject, of firm intention and deep conviction, and of a warm human sympathy in his relation to the movements of the day. Nowhere is there a trace of prejudice or of a failure to preserve the judicial temperament. His speech on the Panamal Canal is a masterly array of facts selected for their direct bearing on the problem and without reference to particular policies or their defense. The addresses on "Labor and Capital" and on "The Federal Judiciary" are the utterances of a strong man who looks courageously at the inevitable developments of modern tendencies and who is not afraid to warn us against the effects of caste and class discrimination. As a survey of modern problems and of the solution offered by conservative statecraft of a high order, Mr. Taft's book is opportune and unique.

The Physical Basis of Civilization, by T. W. Heineman. Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago; \$1.25.

The contention elaborated by the author with ingenious argument and illustration may be briefly epitomized as follows:

Civilization, with the superior intelligence that accompanied it, is due to the erect attitude assumed by man as distinct from the non-erect brute kingdoms.

The erect attitude followed upon a variation in the entocuneiform bones of the posterior extremities and a shifting of the occipital foramen magnum to a position a little back of the centre of the base of the skull.

Superior intelligence then became necessary in order to compensate for the physical disadvantages attending the erect posture and for the largely increased vulnerability that followed upon the new attitude.

The anatomical variations producing this momentous change were so small in their nature that it is almost thinkable that they might have occurred in the transmission from one generation to another, producing immediately the aforesaid disabilities, perils, and infirmities. Our earliest brute ancestors must therefore have been similar to ourselves physically, while mentally they were like the brutes related to the quadrumana. The development of a compensating intelligence then became essential to their preservation from the dangers to which they were exposed by the erect attitude.

A theory so remarkable can hardly be criticized except at considerable length and after serious study. That it commends itself to many eminent scientists is, however, its protection against neglect or a too summary judgment, as also is its able presentation by the author.

Charles the Bold, by Ruth Putnam. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

The appearance of this book is a reminder of a series of high historical value. The "Heroes of the Nations" series now contains forty-three volumes and there are nine more in preparation, all of them presenting the lives and work of representative historical characters who have, in the majority of instances, been accepted as types of the several national ideals. These books are popularly written and the illustrations are good.

So far, only one woman, Jeanne d'Arc, finds a place in the list, and there are no others in sight. But is not Queen Louisa of Prussia, for example, more worthy of this pantheon than Molke, and Queen Elizabeth of England than Marlborough?

Literary Criticism in the Renaissance, by J. E. Spongarn. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This valuable treatise was first published in 1899 and was translated into Italian in 1905. It is a study of the history of literary criticism in the Renaissance, of the reawakening of literary doctrine after its paralysis by religious influences. The development came first in Italy, passing thence into France, England, Spain, Germany, Portugal, Holland, and Scandinavia, each country furnishing its own cast, although that of France ultimately triumphed. The author traces the steps of the movement with great care and sufficiently establishes the debt of the modern literary world to Italy.

New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories," by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow Leung, in the popular series of Eclectic Readings. Price, 40 cents.

"Santa Lucia," by Mary Austin, is a story of college life in California from the professorial standpoint. It is earnestly written, but the characters are singularly drah and uninteresting. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A very pleasingly written book of travel is "Quicksteps Through Scandinavia, with a Retreat from Moscow," by S. G. Bayne, that has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The numerous full-page illustrations in tint are well selected and well reproduced.

From the Neale Publishing Company comes a volume of peculiar interest to the sportsman. It is by Alexander Hunter and it is entitled "The Huntsman in the South." Consisting entirely of personal narrative, the book has all the interest of a novel and too much

can hardly be said in praise of its vivacity and the practical information that it embodies. The price is \$1.50.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published a volume of "Selections from Schiller's Ballads and Lyrics," edited with notes and vocabulary by Lewis Addison Rhoades, Ph. D., with questions by Berthold Auerbach Eisenlohr, A. M. Price, 60 cents.

Those who are anxious to shine as short story writers should read "Stories New and Old," selected with introductions by Hamilton Wright Mahie and published by the Macmillan Company, New York. The selections are by William Austin, Charles Dickens, John Brown, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. Henry Short-house, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James Lane Allen, and Owen Wister. The critical introductions are valuable and there can be little doubt that such a course of study as is indicated by this book would enable some at least of the great army of short-story writers to leave the worn-out rails of dullness and banality.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Princess Theatre habitués, and they are to be numbered by hundreds, were glad this week to see and hear Arthur Cunningham and Sarah Edwards in singing rôles once more. "The Bridal Trap," which is an abbreviated English version of one of Audran's lightest efforts, served that good purpose and some others. It introduced a new prima donna, Evelyn Frances Kellogg, who is plump and pleasing in appearance and who sings with pianissimo charm. It gave Zoe Barnett the opportunity that even the slightest part seems to offer her, to prove that her study is always sympathetic and sincere, her expression invariably distinct, her voice never failing in its appeal. It also furnished Frank Farrington with a comedy rôle that is not beyond his budding ability.

The revival of "The Song Birds" again gave prominence to the finished art of William Burruss. In the impersonation of Hammershine, the manager, he is far removed from the joyously incapable long-lost brother of "It Happened in Nordland," though the dialect of the two parts is the same. His method is quiet but always forceful, and there is an infinity of detail in each delineation. Oscar Apfel is hardly less happy in his rôle of Herr Con the Conried. The chorus is, as ever, powerful in pulchritude and harmony.

Beginning next Monday night, the New York musical comedy hit, "The Chaperons," will be brought out with the care and lavish appropriation that marks all Princess Theatre productions. William Burruss will appear as Algernon O'Shaughnessy, studying rapid transit in Paris, and May Boley will have a congenial rôle as Amaranthe Dedincourt. Evelyn Frances Kellogg will be Violet Smilax, and Oscar C. Apfel will personate Adam Hogg. Arthur Cunningham will have lyric opportunity as Signor Ricardo Bassini, proprietor of the Parisian Opera Company, and the remaining characters will be distributed as follows: Phrosia, Zoe Barnett; Jacqueline, a prima donna soprano in Bassini's company, Christina Nielsen; Hortense, contralto in Bassini's company, Sarah Edwards; Augustus, Walter de Leon; Schnitzel, Walter Catlett; Tom Schuyler, Charles E. Couture.

At the Van Ness Theatre "The Servant in the House" (reviewed at length in another column) will continue all next week.

White Whittlesey has proved a very popular star in the two costume plays presented during his engagement at the New Alcazar Theatre, and next week he will appear in modern costume, as "Raffles" is to be given. The play is in some respects even more striking and impressive than those in Mr. Whittlesey's repertoire that have preceded it, and it will undoubtedly try the seating capacity of the theatre. The star will appear in the rôle of the philosopher who steals for the love of the sport as much as for love of the spoils. Bessie Barriscale, Will R. Walling, Louise Brownell, Howard Hickman, John B. Maher, in brief, all the Alcazar favorites will be suitably cast, and the play will be given a fine treatment throughout.

The bill at the Orpheum next week contains several of the best acts in vaudeville. Ben Welch, the favorite comedian, will be the chief new feature. He introduces to his audiences the rough low caste but extremely witty and interesting Hebrew who belongs to the lower east side of New York, but is recognized in every locality, and the Italian laborer who is beheld working in the streets every day. Both impersonations are amusing, with a touch of the pathetic to add color and contrast. The Basque Quartet will also assist in the success of the coming programme. Their repertoire consists of songs from popular French and Italian operas. Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker will appear in a musical skit, entitled "The Girl and the Pearl." Miss Walker is an attractive actress and Mr. Mack is a versatile comedian who sings with expression several songs of his own composition. Fentelle and Carr will introduce an original act, Sadie Sherman will return for one week only with her skit, "Fun at the Photographers." Next week will be the last of the Tom Davies Trio in their act, "Motoring in Mid-Air," Martinette and Sylvester, and of the dancers, the Four Fords.

For the fifth week of his season at the Van Ness Theatre Henry Miller will make his appearance in the new comedy entitled "Mater." It is from the pen of Percy Mackaye and will receive its first production here. Isabel Irving has been specially engaged to play the leading feminine rôle.

Paul Bleyden, an American tenor, whose professional career has been spent in Europe, recently joined Savage's "Merry Widow" company in New York. Mr. Bleyden sang the rôle of Danilo in one of the companies presenting the operetta in Vienna, and has recently been the leading tenor at the Stadt Theatre, Berne, Switzerland. He sent from Europe to Mr. Savage a phonographic record of his rendition of a solo from "Faust," and on the strength of this record he was engaged to come back to his native country.

The scene of "Mrs. Tantalus," the light comedy which Phoebe Davies bought for her

own use while abroad, is Constantinople; but the characters, save two or three incidental servants, are all either English or American. The title rôle is that of a well-born English woman, married to a prodigal young American, the volatile and reckless son of a two-fisted, hard-headed Western ranch owner. What is called in diplomatic cant an "international complication" is precipitated by the young husband's irreverent attitude toward Moslem customs.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Forty-eight of the artistic photographs taken by Arnold Genthe before the fire are reproduced to make up the illustrations for "Old Chinatown," a volume to be brought out soon by Moffat, Yard & Co. The descriptive text is by Will Irwin.

A volume of Caruso's clever sketches and caricatures of well-known people of the musical world has been brought out by *La Follia di New York*, a prominent Italian weekly paper.

It is suggested that President Roosevelt's story of his hunting adventures in the jungle will, of course, give him the 1910 Nobel literary prize.

The chapters of "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" published in the midsummer holiday number of the *Century Magazine* will deal entertainingly with the experiences and observations of a visit to Japan in 1894, during the war with China. The visit to Japan was part of a trip around the world, by way of New York, Vancouver, San Francisco, and Victoria.

T. P. O'Connor, the Irish parliamentary leader, has made an engagement to deliver a course of lectures in America during the coming season.

The preliminary fall announcement of the Macmillan Company promises a posthumous novel by "Ouida."

Alice Stopford Green is receiving high praise for her recently published history, "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing: 1200-1600." Mrs. J. R. Green is to be thanked for her studies and their result. She writes with the same eye for living and picturesque detail that makes her husband's great work the most popular of all histories of the English people. Her industry is amazing, as the footnotes referring to the abundance of material she has sifted and assimilated show.

Tolstoy has completed a new novel, "After the Ball," the fundamental idea of which is the regeneration of love. The work is not to be published till after the writer's death.

On the recent occasion of the eighty-ninth birthday celebration of Julia Ward Howe the only one of her children who was unable to be present was Maud Howe Elliott. After spending two years in Spain with her artist husband, John Elliott, Mrs. Elliott is at present in Rome, where she is completing a book on Spain, which Little, Brown & Co. announce for fall publication.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney have sailed for Europe, where they expect to spend a vacation of three months. In October Thomas B. Mosher expects to bring out a volume of love songs by Mr. Cheney, entitled "In the Time of Roses."

The house in which the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich lived during his boyhood, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has been opened as a memorial museum under the auspices of the Aldrich Memorial Association, restored to its former condition. This is the old "Nutter House," the scene of the poet's famous book, "The Story of a Bad Boy." The house looks now exactly as it did at the time of Mr. Aldrich's earliest associations with it, even to the most minute arrangement of the queer, old-fashioned furniture, which the book describes. In addition to this restoration, a fireproof building has been erected, in which have been placed the poet's collection of relics, autographs, and first editions.

Fifth Concert at the Greek Theatre.

The fifth of the series of popular concerts in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley will be given Saturday evening of this week, with the Third United States Artillery Band again playing the programme. Professor William Dallam Armes, chairman of the musical and dramatic committee of the University of California, under whose personal direction the concerts were arranged and have been given, has been warmly congratulated for having provided this ideal summer season of music at popular prices. The response of the public has shown that his idea was timely.

The programme for the concert this week is one of especial merit. Among other numbers it will contain the "Oberon" overture by Weber, a selection from "La Traviata," the prelude to "The Deluge," and Paderewski's famous minuet. The classical selections will be alternated with popular numbers, and during the evening another stirring descriptive piece, entitled "The Indian War Dance," will be played. Bandmaster Armand Putz will again lead the concert. The advance demand for seats indicates a large audience.

The Wind that Shakes the Barley.

There's music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields so far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the uplands drenched with dew
The sky bangs soft and pearly,
An emerald world is listening to
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Oh, still through summers and through springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

The Cabinet, an informal organization of prominent public men that was one of the features of old San Francisco, has been revived, and now holds its jolly meetings at a round table in the café of the Hotel St. Francis every day at luncheon. Prominent among the members are James H. O'Brien, Samuel Shortridge, Charles Shortridge, Postmaster Arthur Fisk, Theodore F. Bonnet, Garrett McEnerney, Louis Rosenthal, John J. Barrett, John Drumm, Frank Drew, Jeremiah Burke, Charles Heggerty, Edward H. Hamilton, and ex-Governor James H. Budd.

On Friday evening, June 24, there will be given a musicale at Hotel Del Monte, and among those now on the programme are Mr. Charles Trowbridge, tenor, who sings in the Trinity Church choir of San Francisco; Miss Agatha Grey Cummings, contralto; Mrs. Emeretta Sybrant, lyric soprano; Mr. Harry Lawrence, bass; Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, soprano; Miss Adele Davis, accompanist. This with the regular weekly dance on Saturday night is sure to prove enjoyable to those from the city who go down for weekend vacations.

A Paris journalist has devoted his energies toward perfecting statistics to show where the theatre is most popular. His figures show that—which is no surprise—the land of unbounded possibilities comes first. In New York, the American metropolis, the theatres have a seating capacity of 123,795. Then comes London, with 120,950, and Paris takes third place, with 83,331.

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"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The green curtain was down. I knew it would be. I felt it in my bones. And for why? Because some people had heard those fearful words, religion, righteousness, spirituality. And people in the mass prefer skirt dances, the topical song, and the jest evoking that particular kind of loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.

Society was absent. The helles and the beaux whose names appear in the columns of fashionable gossip did not turn out in their gala fuss and feathers. And again, for why? Because there is something in "The Servant in the House" about the brotherhood of man. And society doesn't care a fillip of its little finger for the brotherhood of man. As a general thing, nobody does, save the brother that is down in the dust of defeat.

But this is cynicism, cheap cynicism, and one should not be cynical after seeing "The Servant in the House." It is a play that would make excellent reading, but it is really a marvel that it ever won its way on the stage before the irreverent, jest-loving American public.

Well, it is quite evident, in spite of all our laughter, our jests, our frivolities, that we love moral cleanliness, and the Christ-like spirituality and purity that does not turn an averted face sternly away from the struggles of the muck, "the drain-men" who must do the world's menial work.

"The Servant in the House" is not a sermon, but it is an allegory cast in dramatic form that amounts to one. Then there are no exhortations in it, but "Manson"—you perceive the inference to be drawn from the name—when he is moved by the spirit of righteous wrath toward hypocrisy and time-serving, draws for the deaf ears and purblind eyes of the grasping Bishop Makeshite a word-picture that is truly eloquent of the great church to be builded for all humanity, whose music is the heart-throbs of the people. For this play, that won its way in the East, and captured typical audiences accustomed only to the rapid and the sentimental style of drama, exalts the lowly, and shames those placed on high. It advocates brotherhood, true brotherhood, the kind that makes comrades of the menial and the master, when their souls are in harmony.

It sounds heavy and solemn, and rather alarming. "Everyman," I remember, which is also an allegory of spiritual meaning, was very impressive, but scarcely calculated to convey the idea of cheerful entertainment. The audience, weighed down and oppressed by a consideration of the conventions which usually prevail in a religious house, would not permit themselves to applaud. But in "The Servant in the House" there is many a hearty laugh possible. The author has handled with a superior comedy sense and a splendid insight into the hearts of the toiling half of humanity the scenes between the reverend but ill-revered hishop and the surly drainman, who offers, as his excuse for the perversion of his naturally good instincts. "You can't be very sweet and perlitte on eighteen hoh a week."

Yes, the laughter may have his laugh; a sound, wholesome one, that does his heart good. And a hearty ringing one, that springs from a sense of amusement so deep as even to spill over into the succeeding scenes. There are even oaths in "The Servant in the House," good, resounding ones. Indeed, I think that quite the funniest swear I ever heard swore was when Smith impetuously seized the hishop's ear-trumpet, disrespectfully blew through its sacred channel in travesty of its owner's pompous fussiness, and said "Did you ever 'ear of 'ell? H, E, double L, 'ell? Then go there!" and abruptly left the episcopal presence.

But the dominating motive of the play is that of a sacred presence, come to help struggling souls, by clearing away hypocrisy, lies, and the arrogant prejudices that obscure the way to true brotherhood. The whole idea is allegorically presented, but the dramatic form in which it is cast is so superior, the scenes so well cast, and the story so moving and so appreciative of the needs of humanity, that no one need dread churchly severity or religious solemnity.

The idea of the waning brotherhood of man is conveyed by the separation and division of interests that have arisen between three brothers of obscure origin. One, the Bishop of Benares, comes as "the servant in the house" to the home of his brother, the vicar. Dressed in the Indian costume, with flowing

robes and sleeves, his hair curling freely around his head, and his thin, bearded face full of wan shadows, there was more than a suggestion of a resemblance to the pictures of Christ. Those who saw James O'Neill in the "Passion Play" during its brief and law-interrupted run of a week a-many years ago used to say that the actor played his part with a sense of deep reverence.

Walter Hampden, too, I fancy, feels a sense of reverence for the sacredly symbolical character he portrays. Actors are deeply susceptible, sensitive, and impressionable, else bow, indeed, could they act? Mr. Hampden has also an unusually fine, musical voice, and the kind of articulation that can make itself perfectly distinct even when the speaker's back is turned. His impersonation was most praiseworthy, and there were times when he rose above his usual level, as when he raised his hand in sorrowful blessing above the head of the woman who repents of her worldliness.

Still, while one can but commend work that is so highly commendable, I do not think that Mr. Hampden is sufficiently inspiring for the rôle. He is a thought too measured, the cadences of his fine voice are too consciously employed. In comparing him to Tyrone Power as the laborer, I find that the latter seemed more the true man than Mr. Hampden seemed the true priest—or, to speak more exactly, the human representative of a divine authority. But, truly, his work at all times is so excellent that criticism seems like hypercriticism. Perhaps if the shape of his head, the outline of his chin, better satisfied one's æsthetic standards by conforming more to classical ideals, if the real physiognomy, under the stage make-up, would not at times bring its reminder of mere mortality, thus blurring the picture, criticism might be muzzled, so easily is it diverted by mere beauty. Nevertheless, physically and spiritually, the actor gave a striking, consistent, and what will prove popularly satisfying conception of a beautiful rôle. What was the best thing in his portrayal was his ability to win the audience to a completeness of acceptance of the Benares hishop as that of a sacred, or semi-sacred, character. Toward this result the author, Charles Rann Kennedy—who, by the way, was present and made a brief speech of thanks—also assisted by the excellence of the lines that belong to the Indian hishop. There is always perceptible the spirit of brotherhood, the righteous wrath toward hypocrisy, worldliness, and greed, and the absence of cant and pretense.

The two other leading male characterizations, those of Tyrone Power and Arthur Lewis, were absolutely perfect. With his splendid height and hrawn, his thick, tumbled hair and strong features, Mr. Power seemed the epitome of the rude, unlettered strength of the toilers. He omitted not a detail of the outward appearance and manner of the laborer: his uncouth attitudes, his explosive earnestness, his roughened voice, his illiterate speech.

In wonderful contrast was Mr. Lewis's Lancashire hishop, the unctuous, money-grasping hypocrite, blind and deaf to all the noble possibilities in the hearts of his sorrowful brothers. A remarkable characterization it was, so remarkable that, as occasionally happens, the actor was able, for a time, to make us forget that the dignitary before us was not, in truth, the most reverend, the Lord Bishop of Lancashire.

A most delightfully acted scene was that in which the lord hishop sat affably down to breakfast with Smith the drain man, in his purblind folly mistaking the latter for his brother the vicar. With these two consum-

mate actors working the scene out, the blind hishop with his ear-trumpet turning every utterance to suit his natural conception of things, the workman blowing out rumblings and snorts of defiance and insult, the effect was so fundamentally and richly humorous that even across the calm, ascetic countenance of the Benares hishop a wan, fleeting smile could be seen.

For the author has won his way to hearts by just such hits of realism as that. He does not put the inferred divinity of his main character upon a high shrine and approach it kneeling, but makes it a part of the daily life and daily service represented.

The Benares hishop, entering the house of his brother as a servant, gives perfect service. He gives food, counsel, and a brother's encouraging hand-clasp to his unrecognized brother. He smiles, sadly, it is true, but with human appreciation, at the spectacle of the humors that must and will arise in every human happening. He catches the page-hoy stealing jam, and administers a rebuke to that bewildered youth, who, cleverly acted by Galwey Herbert, typifies the smug, self-satisfied portion of humanity which, being well fed and sheltered, is satisfied with its conventions, and outraged when they are disturbed.

Edmund Rann Kennedy, presumably a brother of the author, acted, well at times, and too stably at others, the vicar whose soul is struggling toward the light.

The only two female characters were beautifully acted by Edith Wynne Matthison and Gladys Wynne. From the resemblance of voice it is evident that these two charming actresses are related. Edith Wynne Matthison won her first American spurs as Everyman. The acclaiming East then held her, and she did not come out this way with the Ben Greet players. The voice and elocution so often and so highly praised deserve it well. Miss Matthison is also a sympathetic actress, of excellent presence, and gifted with unusual grace of attitude and gesture. Her sister—I suppose—has also a beautiful voice of clear silver, and her delivery of her lines is as if every syllable were cut in crystal. It isn't her Englishness, because—well, look at Edith Oliver. I wish a few of the New York favorites would take pattern from the delightful speech of these two gifted women, who so beautifully contribute to the success of "The Servant in the House." Miss Wynne, as Mary, was like a fragrant flower of childhood. No doubt she is a grown woman, but she is so simple, so girl-like, so uninsistent of personal charm, that she was able to make us forget it.

The last scene forms a fitting climax to the spirit of such a play, and brings the healing dew of wholesome sympathy to the eyes. The poor workman, who has hartered away "the immediate jewel of his soul," has it again pressed to his heart. Brothers are clasping the hands of brothers, worldliness has doffed its vesture of scorn, and with tear-shining eyes looks on with sympathy at the helpful union of the lofty and the lowly.

If you looked aloft you might have seen here and there that there were young workmen in the audience who wept. They, too, perhaps, like Robert Smith, had known the bitterness of working at foul drains, and in unclean places and had found it hard to be "sweet and perlitte on eighteen hoh a week." Their tears were an indication of how deeply the audience were moved—so deeply, in fact, that they lingered in their seats to relieve their hearts by a demonstration which was unusual, not only from its being made at all at such a time, but from its extreme heartiness.

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VANITY FAIR.

How deliciously direct are some of the methods employed by effete Europe of disposing of its surplus stock of marriageable maidens. Of this commodity there is a surplus stock everywhere. In the great cities it is partly absorbed by business and in the various avocations that women are making their own, but at what a cost in maternal yearnings and in the starvation of more seemingly and more natural aspirations.

In some of the villages of Belgium the young women are still so unspoiled by the conventions of civilization that when they want to be married they are not ashamed to say so. At Ecaussines-Lalaing, for example, they hold an annual fair, a sort of reception, at which the marriageable young women are the hosts and the would-be Benedicts of the country are the guests. A great many men who have no intention to be married come also, actuated no doubt by the possibilities of fun, but they are like poor, foolish flies who flutter around the light just to see what it feels like. They little know the charms of the maidens of Ecaussines-Lalaing or the compelling power of imitation or contagion. All too many of them come to scoff, but alas they remain to pray or rather to return to their homes accompanied by substantial samples of the finest produce of the little Belgian village.

At least twenty thousand people attended the fête that has just been held. Five thousand of them were bachelors, said to be impressionable, and while the final trade returns are not yet to hand, it is said that the catch was a record one. At least, there was "more enthusiasm" than ever before.

We do not see how there could be anything else than enthusiasm. Fancy being met at the train by a bevy of young girls, all of them open to eligible offers, all of them clothed in village modesty and their best behavior, eager to show the sights of the town, with special emphasis on the town-hall, where so many maidens have been married as a reward of enterprise, without doubt to live happily ever afterwards, or at least to suppress all evidences to the contrary. And if the pilgrimage of sight-seeing under such auspices is not enough, if there should still be reluctance, then there is the feast of truly Arcadian simplicity that should surely loosen the avowal that must be already trembling on the lips. After the luncheon there was a speech by the eighteen-year-old president of the Spinsters' Society, a speech extolling matrimony in such glowing phrases that he who would resist its charm must surely have a heart of adamant. That the fair orator had no practical knowledge of her subject mattered not at all. She was good to look upon, and when she finished she was overwhelmed with flowers—and it may be hoped—proposals. And then there was the evening ball, and that must have completed the rout of the male heart. It must have been a case of abject surrender, and so indeed it was in very many cases, for the fortunate maidens were in no way backward in making known their success, but not, let us hope, with any malice for those who had drawn blanks and for whom we may wish a "better luck next time."

The present Duke of Wellington, whose financial embarrassments have been reported from London, is in the unfortunate position of having inherited a title—indeed, many titles—without the wherewithal to sustain them. When the first Duke of Wellington overthrew Napoleon he did a very good thing for himself as well as for his country. He was awarded the sum of \$2,000,000 by the nation or rather by the government of the day, and he was also presented with the estate of Strathfieldsaye and a pension of \$25,000 a year. The soldiers, who were not without their share in that "famous victory," were rewarded on a less liberal scale, if, indeed, they were rewarded at all.

But the pension was not granted in perpetuity. It was limited to three generations, and that the present duke happens to be the fourth generation is a sufficient explanation of his present impecuniosity. The title also should have been limited to three generations, and the latest holder of the title could then have sunk back into the ranks of the "great unwashed" and we should not have been distressed by the spectacle of a real live duke in distress for lack of money. It is true those of lesser estate are often in the same predicament, but a great title is usually associated with wealth, and it is distressing to see them thus divorced. But, after all, it was not the present duke who overthrew Napoleon nor does it seem that he has done anything else especially to endear him to his nation.

But he is by no means an insignificant figure. Quiet, modest, and unassuming, the Duke of Wellington is a scientist of no mean order. His love of chemistry drew him into intimate association with Lord Salisbury, who was himself a practical chemist of high attainments. The Duke of Wellington has never done anything to lessen the prestige of the name that he bears, and if he has now fallen upon evil days he will meet with a hearty sympathy from those who know him best.

There is a curious obligation laid upon the Duke of Strathfieldsaye. With each anniversary of the battle of Waterloo he must present to the king a French flag such as was carried by Napoleon to that disastrous field,

and the ceremony has never been neglected from that day to this. Curiously enough, the tenure of Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, who married Consuelo Vanderbilt, is subject to a like condition. A flag must be presented to the king upon every anniversary of the great fight.

Another remarkable ceremony attaching to the hereditary Duke of Wellington is the right to remain covered in the presence of the King of Spain. This right was recently exercised by the present duke, although it is very certain that the first of that title never availed himself of the privilege, or indeed any other privilege that involved participation in rites and ceremonies—if he could possibly keep out of them.

The fact that the Prince of Wales has lately been the guest of the Duke of Northumberland has attracted some attention to the story of a great, aristocratic house popularly supposed to contain the bluest of all the blue blood to be found in England. If there is anything more exclusive, more typical, of the "old nobility" than the family of Percy, we have yet to hear of it.

But a little examination of the archives brings with it a sad disillusionment. The house of Percy is indeed an ancient one, but where now are we to find the house of Percy? When Josceline, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, died in Turin, in 1670, he left no male heir, and by all right and reason the line became extinct.

But the earldom of Northumberland was too good a thing to be lost in that way. Charles II, by those truly royal favors dispensed by him with such a lavish hand, had many children who were horn without those rigid formalities demanded by the Puritanism of earlier and later days. Among them were the three sons of the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland, and as some provision had to be made for royal, if tainted, blood, the third of these three sons became the Duke of Northumberland. He had not, of course, a single drop of the original Percy blood. He was an illegitimate parvenu and one of the many outward and visible signs of the lowest point ever reached by an English royal family.

But the line again became extinct in 1716, and, to make a long story short, it was again revived in 1749. By this time, it will be seen, we are getting down to very recent years and the "old nobility" has suffered sadly in the process. In the year 1749 the title was given to Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet, and as the worthy Smithson knew a good thing when he saw it, he promptly changed his name to Percy and became Duke of Northumberland, Lord Lovaine, and Baron of Alnwick. He was by no means a had sort of man, but that is not the point. The point is that he had no more hereditary right to the name of Percy or to the dukedom of Northumberland than the present writer.

George III knew the exact value of the title in his day, and he made no secret of his knowledge. When the so-called duke asked the king for the Order of the Garter his majesty demurred, and was reminded by the petulant claimant that it was the first occasion that the Garter had been refused to a Percy. "True," replied the king, "and it is the first time that a Smithson has asked for it."

The hereditary privileges of the Dukes of Northumberland are not confined entirely to this life. They have also the right to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and if we could but see their innermost convictions we should probably find among them a certainty that a specially reserved seat in immediate proximity to the Throne of Grace is also among their privileges.

It seems that the present year is the centennial of waltzing, and as such it is to be duly honored by a grand celebration at the Paris Opera House. Just a hundred years ago the soldiers of Napoleon found the peasants of Thuringia dancing a dance quite strange to the capitals of Europe, but that commended itself to those gallant warriors because of the close contact between the partners. The Frenchmen had never seen such a thing as that before and it did not take them long to learn the new movement. When they returned to Paris the waltz came with them and its introduction to Europe was an accomplished fact.

But it would seem from inquiries made by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* that the waltz has an older European history than that and that its arrival in Paris a hundred years ago was its second appearance. So at least says Charles Malherbe, the archivist of the Paris Grand Opera, who avows that the waltz is entirely French and of an unmeasured antiquity:

"In the twelfth century," says Malherbe, "the waltz was known in Provence—and called the volta. Then, it was not only danced, but sung while dancing. The song was the ballada; and we must admit it to have been pompous and slow, with as much of the minuet as of the waltz as we know it."

"Under Louis XII (year 1500) the waltz-volta was brought up to Paris, where it remained in vogue at the court all through the sixteenth century. Would we recognize it as the waltz? I think so. Certainly its music was in waltz time."

At the beginning of the article in the

Times-Democrat we find a reference, the elucidation of which is reserved for the conclusion. We are told that the French patriots are no more willing to admit that the waltz originated in Germany than are those of Boston to admit that "The Boston" had its rise in San Diego, California.

Does such an honor really belong to the southernmost city of the State? It would seem so, and certainly San Diego is beautiful enough to be the mother of all beautiful things, including beautiful dances. Here is the story as given by the *Times-Democrat*:

It may be put down for certain that the waltz-story is to have a very American ending—whose beginning is to be in San Diego, California, because no one connected with either the Paris Grand Opera or high Parisian society is ignorant of the high works of our own Washington Lopp! Some thirteen years ago the late Henri Plucque, then régisseur of the Grand Opera ballet, wrote to his confrère of the Metropolitan, New York, for some one to teach his coryphées step-dances in view of "La Kerrigane," whose wooden-shoe dance lasts twenty minutes.

In reply from New York there arrived Mr. Lopp, . . . who taught the lovely creatures clogs, jigs, hornpipes, and sand-dances in variety through a whole year.

By the time his Grand Opera ballet lessons were over, the young American had caught the Paris fever. At first his private pupils were mostly professionals, like Otero, Cléo de Mérode, Muria, and Guerrero. Then came half a dozen Paris dancing masters and mistresses to learn to teach the Newport, the waltz-lancers, the Washington—and, above all, the Boston, danced and talked of continually by the Americans of the colony.

Then came the children of Americans and English; and when they brought word back to their parents that this nice young Mr. Lopp was the inventor of the Boston, both the colonies and high Parisian society began to pile in on the classes, until today all the swell youth of the gay capital has passed through them, from the children of the Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild to those of the late Casimir-Périer, from those of the young Duchesse d'Uzès to the Princesse Colonna's, the Duchesse de Grammont's, the Princesse de Wagram's, and the kids of the British embassy.

Mr. Lopp is today proprietor of the million-dollar Washington Palace, just off the Champs Elysées, where come off nightly some of the swellest functions of the capital. Rich French, Americans, and English rent it, complete, for a

hall, with its vast dancing floor, its many salons, dressing-rooms, supper-rooms, and ultra-modern kitchens; and while it would not be seemly for such a private enterprise to get advertisement from the Grand Opera's Waltz-Centennial, M. Messager swears that he will put in the Boston dip and the historic San Diego incident, as all Parisian society believes it.

"The Boston as danced in Parisian society," says Mr. Lopp, in a recent interview, "is not the Boston dip, of course, you know. When quite a young fellow, I ran off and joined a minstrel company. At San Diego, where it stranded, I set up a dancing class—and there we, I and my pupils, evolved the Boston as I have taught it in Paris."

Here, then, is fame for San Diego, California, if, indeed, San Diego needs any more fame than its own matchless natural graces have given to it.

A physician makes the following suggestions for the benefit of ladies afflicted with the summer sale complaint:

- (1) Eat a moderate but substantial breakfast, and take your time over it.
- (2) Ride, if you can, to your first destination. Start the fray fresh.
- (3) Don't try to visit thirteen shops in a single day. Leave one or two for another week.
- (4) Remember lunch.
- (5) Take a hot bath on your return home, slip on a dressing-gown and eat only a light supper.
- (6) Don't talk "sales" to your husband for more than an hour.
- (7) Be philosophic, be patient, and be kind. Remember there are other pebbles on the beach.

"The learned counsel for the defense," said the plaintiff's attorney, "appears to be afraid of losing his case. Otherwise, why isn't he ready to go on?" "I've got a good excuse," replied counsel for the defense. "Nonsense! Ignorance of the law excuses no one."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Have you ever been arrested for speeding?" "No," answered the chauffeur. "But I think it's because the police in the town where I worked had a grudge against me and wanted to keep me from ever getting a job running a swell car for a real sport."—*Louisville Herald*.

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SUMMER FURNITURE

Old Hickory,
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Summer Homes

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EXCURSIONS

ROUND TRIP RATES

Atchison, Kas. \$60.00	Kansas City, Mo. . . \$60.00	Omaha, Neb. \$60.00
Baltimore, Md. 107.50	Leavenworth, Kas. . . 60.00	Pacific Junction, Ia. . 60.00
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Chicago, Ill. 72.50	Mincola, Tex. 60.00	Sioux City, Ia. 63.90
Council Bluffs, Ia. . . 60.00	Minneapolis, Minn. . 73.50	St. Joseph, Mo. 60.00
Duluth, Minn. 79.50	New Orleans, La. . . . 67.50	St. Louis, Mo. 67.50
Houston, Tex. 60.00	New York, N. Y. . . . 108.50	St. Paul, Minn. 73.50
		Washington, D. C. . . 107.50

On Sale July 28-29. August 17-18-24-25. September 15-16.

Colorado Springs, Colo., \$55.00; Denver, Colo., \$55.00; Pueblo, Colo., \$55.00.
On Sale September 14-15.

Montreal, Que., \$108.50; Toronto, Canada, \$94.40.
On Sale July 28-29, August 17-18-24-25.

Let me make your sleeping-car reservation early and explain details.

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ITS QUALITY UNEQUALED EXCELLENCE UNSURPASSED



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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well) distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Sole Agents for United States.

S. F. and North Pacific 5%
Market St. 1st Con. 5%
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Chopin hated playing at social festivities. To a lady who, after the dinner, asked him to play he melancholically answered: "Is it really necessary? I only ate so little."

Few possess the quickness of thought and action characteristic of the costermonger's wife who exclaimed: "She said I wasn't a lady, she did, and the next minute I 'ad 'er 'ead in the gutter."

The automobile halted before the general store of the village. The owner-chauffeur alighted and accosted a drowsy clerk. "I want a linen duster," he said. "I am very sorry," said the clerk, "but we are just out of linen dusters. I can let you have a nice feather duster!"

Once that genial comedian, the late Peter Dailey, consulted an oculist about his eyes. His nose was small and he couldn't keep on the glasses with which the oculist was trying to fit him. "You are not used to glasses, Mr. Dailey," said the oculist. "Oh, yes I am," replied Mr. Dailey, "but not so high up."

A Scotch laboring man, who had married a rich widow, exceptional for her plainness, was accosted by his employer: "Well, Thomas," he said, "I hear you are married. What sort of a wife have you got?" "Well, sir," was the response, "she's the Creator's handiwork, but I canna' say she's His masterpiece."

A man once asked Thackeray to lend him five shillings, which he would convert into £20,000. Asked how, he explained that he knew a young woman with £20,000 who he knew would marry him if he asked her, but he had pawned his teeth, and wanted five shillings to redeem them, in order to propose effectively.

Some navvies in a railway carriage were once in loud conversation, swearing hoisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent. "My friend," said another passenger in shocked tones, "where did you learn to use such language?" "Learn!" cried the navy. "You can't learn it, guv'nor. It's a gift, that's wot it is."

A splenetic Englishman, trying to hadger a Scotchman who was something of a wag, declared that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. "Tastes differ," replied the Scot, suavely. "I'll take ye to a place in Scotland not far frae Stirling whaur thretty thousand of your countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

A meek-looking little man with a large pasteboard box climbed on the car. As he did so he humped slightly into a sleepy, corpulent passenger with a self-satisfied look and two little dabs of sidewiskers. As the car rounded a curve the box rubbed against him again and he growled: "This is no freight car, is it?" "Nope," returned the meek little chap with the box, "and when you come right down to it, it aint any cattle car either, is it?"

Governor Oglesby once visited the State penitentiary at Joliet to hear complaints of prisoners and inspect the premises. The governor stopped before a cell containing an unusually ugly man. "My man," said Governor Oglesby, pleasantly, "how did you get here?" "For abducting a girl," growled the man. Governor Oglesby looked him over critically and then said: "Well, I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield. You could not get a girl in any other way!"

There was a suburban lady whose house, one summer, was quite overrun with moths. A tramp told her that, in return for a square meal, he would give her an infallible moth cure. She set a square meal before the tramp, he devoured it, then he said: "All ye need to do, ma'am, is to hang yer moth-filled clothes and carpets and things on a line and heat 'em with a stick. Good-by to yer moths then." "Will that kill them?" asked the lady. "Yes, if ye hit 'em," said the tramp.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, arrested in Pittsburg, said that she had been arrested thirty-three times. "I try to do good," she told a reporter. "In trying to do good I take life hard. Some folks, most folks, in fact, take it easy—as easy as the new hired girl wanted to take her new place. 'Everything goes by clockwork here,' the mistress said to this girl. 'By clockwork, mind you. You get up at 6, you dine at 12, and you go to bed at 10.' 'Well, if that's all,' said the girl, with a smile, 'I think I can manage it.'"

He was a collector for an installment house, new at the business and sensitive about performing an unpleasant duty. He was particularly embarrassed because the lady upon whom he had called to perform this unpleasant duty was so exceedingly polite. Still,

the van was at the door, the lady was in arrears in her payments, and he remembered his duty. "Good morning," said the lady. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" "Beautiful," he agreed. "Won't you take a chair?" she said. "Er—no, thank you, not this morning," he stammered. "I've come to take the piano!"

This is the rebuff of a housekeeper who had rather a small stock of patience and went into her kitchen one day to direct the preparation of dinner. She found George, her Japanese cook, poring over a book. "What are you reading?" she asked. "Schopenhauer," George replied. "Do you think you can understand such philosophy?" the mistress inquired. "Yes, honorable madam. I understand it; I apply it. When you come to tell me how to cook, it is good to remember what the white man says about women. I read here, then I not mind what you say."

The manager of a touring baseball team records this incident of a Southern trip: "We hit Palm Beach one spring to play a couple of exhibition games and the hotel was packed. It was so crowded that they doubled us all up in one room and before night the management had to fix hunks in the church connected with the hotel and send a lot of men to sleep there. Along about five o'clock the next morning the church bell began to ring furiously and finally the clerk chased one of the bellhops over to see what the matter was. 'What's the trouble?' asked the clerk, when the coon came back. 'Gennulman in pew 17 says he wants a cocktail, suh.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Cherful Mary.

Mary sat upon a pin,
But showed no perturbation;
For part of her was genuine,
But most was imitation.

—The Sphinx.

Spring Shopping.

It was the busy hour of four
When from a city hardware store
Emerged a gentleman who bore
6 screens, 50 feet of garden
bosc, 1 rake, 1 wheelbarrow.

This gentleman with air distraught
A big department shop then sought
And there invested in, or bought,
40 yards mosquito netting,
1 hammock, 1 croquet set.

His business next our hero leads
Unto a place which retails seeds.
It takes to satisfy his needs
24 packages assorted annuals,
10 rose bushes, 1 peck mixed
bulbs.

The sun was low behind a hill
When he got to Lonelyville.
And then his wife in accents shrill
Pointed out that he'd forgotten
the sprinkling can, the pruning
shears and the lawnmower!

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When She Comes.

My love may come when roses bow
Or when the leaves are sere;
My love may come with cheeks aglow
Or filled with sudden fear;
My love may come with golden hair
Or tresses dark as night;
No matter when, no matter where,
The day will be divinely fair,
The world superbly bright.

My love may come when I am old
Or ere youth's fancies flee;
Before this day's last hour is told
My love may come to me;
It may be on some mountain high
Or on some placid shore;
No matter when or where or why,
I'll know her when she comes, as I
So often have before.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

From the Sad Sea Waves.

In autumn, when the days are cool once more,
And you fit out to luncheon from the store,
You note the blonde who hollers "Pie and
milk,"
And murmur, where have I seen her before?

Your brain harks back; you sit beside the sea;
The chair, veranda, and the vagrant sbe
All come to mind, and then you recollect
The whisp'ring widow, your beach affinity.

—Boston Traveler.

Grover Cleveland once declared that he was an optimist, but not "an if-ist." "An if-ist," said Mr. Cleveland, "is a person who is a slave to the little word if, whereas an optimist hopes for the best in a sane manner. The if-ist is never quite sanc. I once knew an if-ist who was lost in the Maine woods with a companion on a hunting expedition. As night came on they made camp, hut, although they were hungry, they had shot no game, and had nothing to eat. With a perfectly serious face this fellow looked at his companion and said: 'If we only had some ham, we'd have ham and eggs, if we only had some eggs!'"

A. Hirschman.

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4% Interest Per Annum

Interest at the Rate of 4 per cent. per annum
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Branches—1020 Van Ness Avenue, Mission and Sixteenth Streets, San Francisco

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Guaranteed Capital\$ 1,200,000.00
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Deposits June 30, 1908..... 34,474,554.23
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N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome

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TORONTO
U. S. Assets.....\$2,493,154
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1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO

J. J. KENNY, W. L. W. MILLER,
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Word comes from all the out-of-town resorts of golf and tennis, automobiling, and boating with which the summer months are flying. But even these exciting out-door sports have not successfully rivaled the winter's fondness for bridge. Many card tables in shady veranda nooks attest the survival of the vogue of this popular game, and some elaborate card parties are being given at the hotels and country houses.

Another attractive feature of the near-by places is the week-end dinner dances that enable the men who must be in town all week to run down into the country and enjoy a round of gayety between business hours.

Mrs. C. G. Noble announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Cara Pickens Noble, to Mr. Victor Kohnk of Hamburg, Germany.

Mr. George H. Strong has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Georgia Strong to Mr. Charles Parker Hubbard.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maude Payne, daughter of Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, to Mr. Russell Bogue.

Mrs. Lucy H. Quimby has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Helen Quimby, to Captain Henry Minett, U. S. N., retired. Miss Quimby is the daughter of the late Captain and Brevet Major William M. Quimby, U. S. A.

The marriage of Miss Claire Chabot and Mr. Leou Boqueraz will be celebrated Tuesday, July 28, at Mrs. Chabot's country place, Villarémi, Napa County, in the presence of the family only.

A wedding of much interest on both sides of the Bay will be that of Miss Constance Dixon, youngest daughter of Mrs. H. St. John Dixon of Sausalito, and Mr. Charles Duncan of Seattle. The date of the wedding is set for the first week in August.

Mrs. Llewellyn Jones has issued invitations for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Grace Llewellyn, to Mr. Robert Gibson, Jr., to take place Saturday, the 15th of August, at Trinity Church. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson will be at home after the first of November in their New York house.

The marriage of Miss Anna Foster and Dr. Lawrence Draper will be an event of the late summer. The ceremony is to be solemnized at "Fairhills," the Foster home in San Rafael, early in August.

A marriage planned for the early autumn is that of Miss Grace Baldwin and Mr. Russell Selfridge. An extended tour of the Eastern cities will follow the wedding, after which they will return to this city to reside.

The wedding of Miss Louise Hollister Cooper and Mr. Hewitt Davenport took place Monday of last week. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry Morgan and was witnessed by only the closest relatives and friends of the families. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport expect to make their home in Spirit Lake, Idaho.

The marriage of Miss Emily Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Orville C. Pratt was solemnized last week.

Colonel and Mrs. Marion P. Maus of the Presidio of Monterey gave a dinner at the St. Francis last Monday in honor of Colonel J. W. Duncan.

Misses Evelyn and Anna Van Winkle have been entertaining a bouse party at their home at Brookdale the past week. Among their guests are Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Marie Landers, and Miss Frances Pierce.

Miss Florence Breckenridge was hostess a few days ago at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont. Her guests of honor were Miss Augusta Foute and Miss Mary Keeney.

Misses Marian and Jeannette Wright were hostesses last week at their Scott-Street home of an informal card party given in honor of Miss Betty Angus, whose engagement to Mr. St. George Holden has recently been announced. Their guests were Dr. and Mrs. Converse, Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, Miss Ethel Hartson, Miss Holden, Miss Thompson, Miss Christine Judah, Mr. Roussi, Mr. Woods, Mr. Clerk, Mr. Torney, and Mr. Moulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott recently entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. Thomas Sherwin, who is soon to take his departure for Boston.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio gave one of their popular dances Friday evening in the Officers' Club, which was largely attended by many of the younger set from this city and Mare Island.

Miss Elisabeth Mills gave an informal tea last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Maude Payne, whose engagement to Mr. Russell Bogue has recently been announced.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott are enjoying a motor trip through the Tahoe region.

Miss Jennie Crocker has returned from

London, where she was the guest of the family of Minister Whitelaw Reid, and is at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon are at their home at Menlo Park.

Commander Charles A. Gove and Mrs. Gove have returned to town, after a visit in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker are en route to New York, whence they will sail later for Europe.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens intends to return to Washington in a few weeks, where she will join her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin are at The Peninsula, San Mateo, for the remainder of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla are at Paso Robles for a few weeks.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Tristan and Miss Marie Christian de Guigne have returned to Paris.

Miss Bessie Scott of Baltimore, who has been the guest of her uncle's family, the Henry T. Scotts, has returned to her Eastern home.

Mrs. C. B. Alexander and her daughters have recently arrived from New York and are at the Fairmont.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl at their country seat, Idlewild.

Miss Katherine Martin of Santa Cruz is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown.

Miss Ardella Mills is planning to go to New York within a few weeks, whence she will sail later for an extended European tour.

Miss Janet Coleman, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jennings, at Washington, D. C., has returned to her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have been entertaining Mrs. Rosenstock during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray are at their Menlo Park home for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Evelyn Norwood, who has been in Los Gatos during the summer, is planning to return to town the first of the month.

Miss Madeline Clay is motoring with a party of friends through the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dean are expected to return within a few days from their travels abroad.

Brigadier-General and Mrs. Henry E. Noyes have returned to town, after several weeks' stay at Santa Barbara.

Miss Maud O'Connor has returned from a visit in San Rafael, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Frank S. Johnson.

Mrs. O. P. Jackson has sailed for Honolulu, where she will make a short visit before sailing to Japan to join the fleet.

Mrs. George Howard has returned to her home in San Mateo, after a visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury are spending a few weeks in Napa County.

Mr. George Cameron expects to leave in a few days for Paris.

Miss Ethel Hartson of St. Helena is the guest of Miss Betty Angus.

Miss Sara Drum is the guest of Mrs. Hitchcock at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin are spending the summer in the Napa Valley.

Mrs. William P. Morgan has been entertaining Mrs. Porter at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Frances Martin of Ross Valley is entertaining Miss Dolly McGavin.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanley Dollar are spending a few weeks at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Miss Frances McKinstry is spending several weeks in the Tahoe country.

Mrs. Uriel Sebree, wife of Admiral Sebree, has returned from her trip to the southern part of the State and has gone to Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Miss Elisabeth McNear are at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll have returned to Burlingame, after several weeks in the mountains.

Miss Madeline Bohrmann is the guest of Mrs. Evan Pillsbury.

Mrs. A. B. Cook was a passenger on the last out-bound steamer for Honolulu. After a visit at Honolulu Mrs. Cook will join her husband in Japan upon the arrival of the fleet.

Mrs. Walter Dean has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Frank Hicks.

Mrs. Richard Bayne has returned from her trip to Yosemite.

Mr. Charles Bull has been the guest during the past week of Dr. Walter Chidester at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver are at their cottage at Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle are at Agua Caliente for the summer.

Miss Minnie Houghton has been the guest for a few days of Mrs. Robert Nuttall.

Mrs. James P. Langhorne has recently been the guest of Mrs. William Bourne at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney are at Pacific Grove for the summer.

Mrs. William H. Howard is at Paso Robles for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willar have leased

their Sausalito home and are in town for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty have been entertaining Lieutenant-Commander Yates Stirling, Jr., at their country home near Pleasanton.

Mrs. Charles Foster and the Misses Foster are planning to spend the month of August among the Italian lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Miss Gallois are at Lake Tahoe for several weeks.

Miss Jean Lawlor is the guest of Mrs. William Crocker at Burlingame.

Judge Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet are at their cottage at Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin are at El Cerrito for the summer.

Mrs. Charles Sperry, wife of Rear-Admiral Sperry, has returned to her home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dean have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Metcalf have returned to their Berkeley home, after a visit in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Dimond are guests at Aetna Springs.

Captain G. A. Pond, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pond are in town and are registered at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Worthington Ames is expected to return from a European tour early next month.

Miss Mary Carrigan was a passenger on the incoming transport *Sheridan* last week.

Miss Carrigan has been the guest of her brother on his hemp plantation in Negros.

Mr. Lyman Grimes and Mr. Thornton Grimes are visiting friend at Brookdale.

Miss Mabel Toye has returned to town, after a visit in the southern part of the State.

Judge and Mrs. Henshaw are among the summer guests at Tahoe.

Mrs. Christian Reis of San Mateo is entertaining Miss Brice, daughter of Captain Brice, U. S. N.

Miss M. E. Williams returned from the East last week and is in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Winkle and the Misses Van Winkle are at their home at Brookdale for the summer.

Miss Gibbons has returned home, after a visit to Captain and Mrs. Edward Shinkle at the Benicia Arsenal.

Miss Isabel Brewer of Mill Valley is entertaining Miss Margaret Doyle.

Mrs. H. P. Young, wife of Captain Young, has arrived from Manila on a visit to her mother, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies.

Mrs. John S. Rodgers has gone to the Bremerton Navy Yard, where she will join her husband, Rear-Admiral Rodgers.

Mrs. Dudley Wright Knox, who has been visiting friends in this city and San Rafael, expects to leave shortly for the Orient, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Knox of the U. S. S. *Nebraska*.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper are guests at Vichy Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King are motoring with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bronlon in the National Park of Washington at the base of Mt. Rainier.

Mrs. James Sydney Peck, who has been at the St. Francis since her arrival in San Francisco, will visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hubbard, at Bremerton, before returning to her home in the East.

Pears'

There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

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The highest attainment in modern hotel building and hotel keeping
Single rooms \$2.50 and upwards
Every room with bath

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8:15 A.	8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:45 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	11:15 A.		2:45 P.	SATUR- DAY	3:10 P.
Tamal.	12:45 A.		4:40 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
pais	1:45 P.		5:45 P.	ONLY	6:40 P.
only	3:45 P.			ONLY	8:15 P.
14:45 P.	14:45 P.				

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral W. T. Swinburne, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet on board the U. S. S. *West Virginia*.

Colonel George L. Anderson, U. S. A., inspector-general of the Department of California, is officially relieved from duty, but will be retained indefinitely on temporary duty.

Colonel J. W. Duncan, U. S. A., is to be relieved from duty at Army Headquarters, San Francisco, August 1, and will report to the chief of staff at Washington, D. C.

Major E. Evelyn Winslow, U. S. A., office of the chief of engineers, Washington Barracks, will proceed to San Francisco and assume command of the First Battalion of Engineers, whence he will proceed with Company A and the headquarters of that battalion to Honolulu.

Captain George D. Moore, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., recently graduated from the Army School of the Line, is detailed for instruction in the Army Staff College.

Leave of absence for two months is granted Captain Oren B. Meyer, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., to take effect upon his relief from recruiting duty.

Captain Clark W. Dudley, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant James H. Burns, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Paul W. Beck, Signal Corps, U. S. A., are detailed as members of the general court-martial appointed at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain James F. Brady, U. S. A., is appointed to assume the duties of post commissary during the absence of Captain Ferguson from the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Charles D. Rhodes, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Second Lieutenant Harry T. Hodges, First Cavalry, U. S. A., are detailed for duty at Atascadero Ranch.

Contract Surgeon Thomas S. Lowe, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Vancouver Barracks to report in person for duty.

Assistant Surgeon M. E. Higgins is detached from duty on the U. S. S. *Illinois* and ordered to report to the commander of the Third Squadron, Pacific Fleet, for duty.

Leave of absence for one month and ten days, to take effect August 1, is granted Lieutenant Ralph T. Ward, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., Fort Mason.

First Lieutenant Stephen O. Fuqua, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for duty at Atascadero Ranch September 25. Lieutenant Zerah W. Torrey, U. S. A., has received his promotion and is ordered to appear in person to the commanding general of the Philippines for assignment to duty.

First Lieutenant Rowland B. Ellis, squadron adjutant, U. S. A., is detailed as acting regimental adjutant during the absence on detached service of Captain J. McL. Carter, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Charles S. Kerrick, U. S. N., is stationed temporarily at Mare Island with the *Truxton* (destroyer).

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., San Francisco, in addition to his present duties is temporarily appointed division engineer of the Northern Pacific Division.

Lieutenant Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., of the submarine *Pike* is stationed at Mare Island temporarily.

Company C, First Infantry, is to be relieved from duty at Vancouver Barracks and will proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty at the School of Musketry.

Leave of absence for two months is granted Second Lieutenant Arthur Hickson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Assistant Naval Constructor E. C. Hammer is detached from the Second Torpedo Flotilla and assigned to the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

At the Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Young, Mr. C. Wilfort, Mr. A. J. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Richardson, of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include Mr. I. V. Armstrong, Mr. M. H. Avery, Mr. Edward Mallory, Mr. Porter de Arce, Mr. J. Galahor and family, Miss Blanche Silverberg, Mrs. A. G. Bristol, Miss M. K. Bristol, Mrs. Clarence Duncan, Mr. H. W. Lohb, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, Mrs. M. E. McCartney, Miss Henrietta Olson, Mrs. A. Lezynsky, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. Charles W. Haas, Mr. William L. McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. Hacker, Mr. L. Ryone, Mr. A. A. Brown, Mr. William Adams, Miss E. Johnson, Miss J. Volkman, Mr. H. A. Schmidt, Mr. W. G. Volkman, Mr. D. G. Volkman, Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Bogue, Mr. Malcolm Bogue, Dr. Hirschfelder and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mandel, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Normandie are Mrs. C. Baum, Miss H. H. Baum, Miss A. B. Browning, Mrs. J. E. Sackrater, Colusa; Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wolf, Mr. R. F. Armstrong, New York; Mr. H. G. Howard, Reno;

NeV.; Mr. C. H. Dunton, Placerville; Miss L. M. Williams, San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Menlo; Mrs. H. S. Deming, Miss D. Deming, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. A. Enke, Miss H. Mayer, Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at Aetna Springs include Mrs. Margaret Deane, Miss Deane and maid, Mr. I. C. Emmons, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Seaton, child, and maid, Mr. W. J. Tahor, Mr. F. J. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Basford, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Crim, Mr. Carl H. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Nippert, Miss Nippert, Mr. M. M. Rohmett, Mr. Charles W. Sutro, Mr. J. Baumgarten, Mrs. M. E. Eaton, Mr. J. W. Harhour, Mrs. M. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Ward, of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais include Mr. A. M. Keating, Mrs. A. M. Kaiser, Mr. Daniel McHenry, Mrs. M. A. Butler, Mrs. F. A. Landy, Miss M. K. Landy, Miss D. S. Boucher, Miss M. Gleason, Miss Anita Gleason, Miss A. F. McDonnell, Mr. J. Zederman, Mr. E. V. Sanders, Mrs. L. N. Randolph, Mr. E. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sands, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilburn, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Regg, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Jost and family, Miss J. Rich, Miss B. Kramer, Mr. A. Schmitenhaus, Mr. Herman Loest, Mr. J. C. Frank and family, Mr. Charles S. Aiken, of San Francisco.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Foster and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Lombard of Los Angeles have been spending the past few days at the Fairmont. Among other guests registered from the City of Angels were Mr. John H. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Neefus, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Neefus, Mr. E. R. Baldwin, Mrs. J. E. Ferrall, Mrs. Fred Dorr and Miss Dorr, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stanton with their two daughters and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stearns. Guests from Sacramento include Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Terry, General J. B. Lauck, and Mr. A. W. Bradbury.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Charles Levy, Mr. Edwin Utley, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. George Hewlett, Mrs. Ellon, Mrs. Z. Foregner, Mr. Palmer B. Hewlett, Mrs. Arthur Bachman, Mrs. J. Broughton, Mr. E. Greenbaum, Mr. Will Sparks, Miss Dora Winn, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mrs. David Samson, Mr. R. O. Hakelief, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Badt, Mr. E. G. Wheeler, Mr. Alfred L. Weil, Mr. Walter R. Heyneman, Mr. F. J. Rodgers, Mr. Charles F. Hoey, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lande, Mr. George C. Boardman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Martin S. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hollman, Mr. and Mrs. George Lawrence Kayes, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Luening, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhs, Mrs. A. L. Tuhs, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Heyneman, Mrs. L. S. Greenebaum, Mr. Max L. Rosenfeld, Mr. A. L. Holt, and Mr. Pierre C. Moore, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at The Peninsula, San Mateo, were: Mrs. J. C. Phillips, Butte, Mont.; Mr. H. M. Hyde, San Jose; Mrs. G. W. Gibbs, Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hodges, Waterloo, Ohio; Mr. Oscar Grauh, Paris, France; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Munger, Washington; Miss Foster, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mr. J. M. Thompson, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. McHoey, San Diego; Mr. G. G. Thompson, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kramer, Miss O. Kramer, Eureka; Mr. G. W. Davis, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. L. Honigshberger, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. F. W. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Ottenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Newbauer, Mr. R. E. Mulcahy, Mr. F. J. Maroney, Mrs. E. B. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shea, Miss Janet Jacobi, Mr. H. D. Bradley, Mr. J. A. Sanhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King, Dr. and Mrs. U. G. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, San Francisco.

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Patience—That Miss Bellow is going to sing. *Patrice*—Oh, is she? What shall we talk about?—*The Tatler*.

Knicker—Did she cultivate her voice? *Bocker*—Yes, and now the neighbors are trying to move the crop.—*New York Sun*.

Prospective Country Boarder—Is the water you have here healthy? *Landlady*—Yes, sir. We use only well water.—*Boston Transcript*.

Junkeeper—That man over there who hegan with venison has just ordered some roast mutton. Now we are in for it.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mrs. Henpeck—You were talking in your sleep last night, Henry. *Mr. Henpeck*—I beg your pardon, my dear, for having interrupted you.—*Stray Stories*.

He (at the end of fishing story)—My word, it was a monster. 'Pon my soul, I never saw such a fish in my life! *She*—No. I don't believe you ever did!—*Punch*.

Sillicus—What do you consider is the proper time for a man to marry? *Cynicus*—Oh, I suppose when he hasn't anything else to worry him.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Departing Guest—We've had a simply delightful time! *Hostess*—I'm so glad. At the same time I regret that the storm kept all our best people away.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"One star differeth from another star in glory," he quoted poetically. "Of course," she assented; "but look at the hum methods of some press agents."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"We can live on bread and cheese and kisses." "That seems economical enough." "And if the cheese be Limburger, we can even dispense with the kisses."—*Pioneer Press*.

Mrs. Bacon—This paper says that a man's hair turns gray about five years earlier than a woman's. *Mr. Bacon*—That is because a man wears his hair all the time.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Elderly Uncle—Spent your entire patrimony, have you, Archibald? Gone through everything? *Scapegrace Nephew*—Yes, uncle; everything but the bankruptcy court.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Faddist Visitor—Are you allowed in this prison any exercise beneficial for your

health? *Convict*—Oh, yes, ma'am. By advice of my counsel I have been skipping the rope.—*Baltimore American*.

"If I were you," said the old bachelor to the benedict, "I'd either rule or know why." "Well," was the reply, "as I already know why, I suppose that's half the battle!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Dawson—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife were you governed by her chin? *Spenslow*—No; but I have been ever since we were married.—*Boston Globe*.

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."—*The Reporter*.

Niece—Uncle, they say that there are more marriages of blondes than of brunettes. Why is it, I wonder? *Uncle Singleton (a confirmed bachelor)*—H'm! Naturally, the light-headed ones go first.—*The Mirror*.

Country Editor (out West)—This has been a lucky day for me. *Faithful Wife*—Has some one been in to pay a subscription? *Editor*—Well, n-o, it wasn't as lucky as that; but I was shot at and missed.—*New York Week*.

"And how do you like newspaper men?" he asked the little maid in a most condescending tone of voice. "I don't know," she replied, artlessly; "the only one I know is the one who brings our paper every morning."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Farmer Barker—I want to get a present to take back to my wife on the farm. *Elegant Clerk*—How would she like a pie knife? *Farmer Barker*—Good land, young man! Aint you never been told you musn't eat pie with no knife?—*New York Times*.

Grubb—I hear your last novel has already appeared in its sixth edition. How did you manage to become so phenomenally popular? *Scrubb*—Very simple. I put a "personal" in the papers saying that I was looking for a wife who is something like the heroine of my novel. Within two days the first edition was sold out.—*Tit-Bits*.

Judge—Have you been arrested before? *Prisoner*—No, sir. *Judge*—Have you been in this court before? *Prisoner*—No, sir. *Judge*—Are you certain? *Prisoner*—I am, sir. *Judge*—Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before? *Prisoner*—I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Taft's Speech of Acceptance.

Mr. Taft's formal speech of acceptance may fairly be characterized as a sound and strong discussion of public issues; and it may as fairly be criticised as too voluminous and as lacking in personality. It is a case where the candidate has failed to overcome the judge. A man of keener popular sense, of better instinct for effect, would have said more about his own views, and less about Roosevelt's, taking care at the same time to interlard his matter with phrases of vivid color and high carrying power. Mr. Taft, we think, has to some extent misconceived the function of the formal address of acceptance. A lighter and more personal view of its obligations would have enabled him to make a more effective speech, and at the same time to have reserved for other occasions a wide range of subjects.

The address, none the less, easily bears scrutiny. It commits Mr. Taft in definite terms to the administration policies, and yet it makes it plain that he sees the line of justice and that he is conscientiously disposed to preserve intact the rights of all, and at the same time to maintain conditions favorable to production and business. On the labor question the address is particu-

larly straightforward and admirable. Nobody has ever laid down the principles underlying the whole labor question better than Mr. Taft has done in this address. His positive statement of principle, and his judicially fair arguments, are timely and important. They are in precise line with Republican tradition, and will tend further to hold the party in that conservative attitude towards the labor question which, in the nature of things, it is bound to maintain.

On the whole, while we think Mr. Taft might have made a more effective address, it would hardly have been possible for him to have made one sounder in its matter, or tending more to commend him to thoughtful men who regard politics not as a game, but as serious business in which serious responsibilities are embodied.

Sounding Brass and a Tinkling Cymbal.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan is said to have begun his public career at the early age of twelve years. His father, being a candidate for a local office, addressed a public meeting and when he was done the lad who sat at his side was called upon to make his bow and say a word or two, which he did with such stunning effect that he was thereafter in demand as a "boy wonder" on all public occasions. This precocious gift of gab was still further cultivated during his career as a college student; and still later in every political campaign, great or small, until the "cross-of-gold" speech at Chicago won Mr. Bryan his first presidential nomination. Since that time he has been continuously a speech-maker in season and out of season. It is his trade, for he speaks not so much in the promotion of causes as to charm and entertain people and so get money. His habit is to go about the country not as a statesman and leader instructing and persuading the people, but as a lecturer at so much per head. The story is told that when in California some two or three years ago Mr. Bryan was invited to address the students at one of our universities. He consented to do it upon condition that announcement of his college address should not be made until after he had had the opportunity of first delivering a pay lecture in the same town. Thrifty soul that he is, he wanted a "whack" at those who might be willing to pay before letting it be known that he might be heard gratis. What would be thought of President Roosevelt or Mr. Taft or the late Mr. Cleveland or of any other man with pretensions to personal dignity and to statesmanship who should take such a position before the public? Mr. Bryan's attitude as a peripatetic lecturer, inconsistent as it is with his pretensions as a statesman and his claims to political apostleship, is perhaps justified by the fact that speechmaking, public agitation, is his trade.

It is Mr. Bryan's instinct as a public entertainer and agitator that leads him unvaryingly to take up with any novelty calculated to please or amuse his patrons, the radical public, and which as unvaryingly leads him to drop any issue or cause the moment it ceases to engage his public interest and attention. As an entertainer and agitator—as one whose most serious study is to engage and please the public—he deals only with those things with which the public is immediately interested—with "hot stuff," so to speak. He has no sense of obligation to any principle or cause which prompts him as a matter of conviction and conscience to stay with it through times good and times bad, to preach it in season and out of season because it is a thing of faith. On the contrary, he turns deftly away from the advocacy of any principle the very moment it ceases to bring dollars into the box-office and takes up with something else in which the public is for the moment more interested and which, therefore, is better calculated to jigger dollars from their pockets.

Mr. Bryan first came into national notice in connection with the financial issue. He was for the double standard of coinage under a fixed ratio and he preached the doctrine of sixteen-to-one with extraordinary

emphasis and even fervor. After his defeat he traveled broadly over the country, lecturing on the double standard, sustaining it to his own satisfaction—and to that of his box-office manager—by economic, social, and moral arguments. But when the financial issue ceased to interest the public, when sixteen-to-one with echoings from the cross-of-gold address ceased to charm dollars into the box-office, Mr. Bryan, without conscience and without shame, dropped the money issue and cast about for something newer and fresher. It was at a time when the Philippine policy of the government was gravely questioned in certain quarters; here was "hot stuff" for the professional critic and agitator and Mr. Bryan made the most of it. He went up and down the country with something of the fury of a raging lion, waving the banner of anti-imperialism, calling upon high heaven to blast the wicked hands that would enslave the Filipino race and turn the government at Washington into an agency of tyranny and oppression. But when it became necessary for the government either to fish or cut bait, then did this same ranting agitator go to the national capital and give his personal influence to acceptance of a treaty with Spain confirming American authority over Philippine territory. So slight a thing, indeed, was that "conviction" which had inspired his public tirades with respect to Philippine policy that he put it all aside the very moment when there came a call for national action. Then, as if to illustrate the elasticity of his mental and moral make-up, he promptly flopped back upon his anti-imperialist platform and proceeded to harangue the public from ocean to ocean as long as there were those to pay fifty cents per head to listen to him.

Mr. Bryan's most recent attempt to develop a new issue to sustain his general career as lecturer and agitator was immediately following his return from his famous trip around the world. In tones religiously solemn he declared at New York before an audience that had come to welcome him home his fixed conviction that public ownership of the railways of the country was essential to the economic and moral adjustment of things. Before this deliverance he was urged to revise his views or at least to restrain their utterance. But he would have none of it; it was a matter of conviction, he said, and being a matter of conviction it became a point of moral principle, and so he formulated and presented the doctrine which, beyond a doubt, he expected to become a basis for national discussion, with W. J. B. as chief discussor at fifty cents per. But it was a case where the result did not match the calculation. The public was not even interested; it did not care to listen, much less was it willing to pay. Did our fire-eyed prophet proceed at his own cost to enlighten and persuade the country, to bring it to his own sacred "convictions"? Not he. On the other hand, he dropped the whole matter, and, in default of hotter stuff for his lecturing tours, patched up his theories about miracles and other remote, obsolete, and abstract themes not calculated to offend any political element, and proceeded to mark time, so to speak, on the lecture platform during the off season—as usual at fifty cents per head.

Now we find Mr. Bryan again a candidate for the presidency on a platform which takes no stock in any one of the great "principles" which at one time or another he has so lustily championed. He has dropped sixteen-to-one, he has dropped anti-imperialism, he has dropped public ownership of railroads—not only these, but every other of the "issues" which from time to time he has employed to the end of maintaining his position as an agitator, admission fifty cents per head. The plain truth about Mr. Bryan is that he is sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. He is by trade an agitator. He sets up an "issue" precisely as lecturers on woman's suffrage contrive always to have a constitutional amendment somewhere in process, to the end that there may be a basis for agitation. We will not say that Mr. Bryan is not sincere; sincere he doubtless is in a certain temperamental and shallow way.

His sincerity now is precisely what it was when at twelve years of age he stood up and pleaded for his father's election to a county office. He wanted the woodchuck. He wants it still.

In this connection we can but recall a story told of Mr. Bryan twelve years ago, when he was everywhere styled the "boy orator of the Platte." He was so called, so the story ran, because the Platte is a thousand miles long, a mile wide, and six inches deep.

The Standard Oil Case.

Some justification of the confusion manifest in the public mind with respect to the famous Standard Oil fine is afforded by the circumstance that we must characterize the reversal of this judgment as the most important development of a busy week. Legally regarded, the point at issue in the Standard Oil case is not whether or not the great Standard Oil monopoly shall on general principles, so to speak, be punished for its sins, but whether or not judgment in a certain narrow and specific case shall accord with reason, justice, and common sense.

The original case before Judge Landis of Chicago was a charge against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, a minor corporation affiliated with the larger organization commonly known as the Standard Oil Company, of accepting a concession in a specific railroad rate and thereby violating a law which prohibits alike the granting and the acceptance of discriminating rates in transportation.

The points at issue relate not only to the interests of the Standard Oil Company and its subsidiary companies, but to that of every shipper of any and every product the country over. Determination of the points at issue, therefore, has an interest and importance entirely apart from, however it may affect, the Standard Oil Company. Judicial determinations are or ought to be made abstractly—that is, with reference to the legal principles involved rather than with respect to how such determinations may affect special or particular interests connected with any immediate case. The decision just made by the United States Court at Chicago, reversing the judgment in Judge Landis's court, is made under this principle. It does not pretend to go into the merits of the case; it does nothing more or less than to review the Landis judgment and to determine three points of law in which that judgment is held to be an error. This reversal leaves the case open for retrial upon its merits—leaves it, in fact, precisely where it stood at the beginning, and with no reflection of prejudice either one way or the other.

The first point at which the Landis judgment is held by the appellate court to be an error relates to information concerning established transportation rates. The law requires that schedules of rates shall be published by posting in railroad stations, such schedules, of course, being subject to changes which the Interstate Commerce Commission, commonly sitting at Washington, may make at any time. The Landis judgment assumes that a shipper is bound to be informed as to the legally established rate, albeit such rate may be involved in schedules and classifications so elaborate as to be difficult of comprehension to anybody not a technical expert. Under the Landis judgment one who ships a box of eggs or a crate of grapes from Ashland, Oregon, to Sacramento would be liable to heavy penalties if he accepted the rate quoted to him by the station agent, provided such rate happened to be lower than the legally established rate. Every shipper, therefore, great and small, to save himself against possible violation of the law with the penalties attached thereto, would have personally to possess expert knowledge not only of the schedules of rates posted on the station walls, but of any changes which might possibly have been made between date of issue of such posted sheet and the date of shipment. No shipper would be safe in merely asking the agent how much there was to pay, and letting it go at that. No passenger, likewise, would be safe in buying his ticket from a point in one State to a point in another without first acquiring definite knowledge of the printed rates and of any possible subsequent changes therein by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The decision of the appellate court knocks the nonsense out of this phase of the judgment by exposing the impracticability of shippers having such technical information and the injustice of adjudging guilty one who may accept less than the published rate but who has no intent to violate the law. Inferentially it is held that a shipper is justified in accepting as the legal rate that rate which a station agent may quote to him.

The second point in the judgment of reversal is based upon the fact that Judge Landis's court construed

each carload shipment in the specific case—there being something more than fourteen hundred carloads all told—a separate offense subject to the full penalty attached to the violation of the law. There is no established legal rule in the premises; and the measure adopted by Judge Landis's court is characterized as arbitrary and without any legal basis.

The third point in the judgment of reversal relates to the magnitude of the fine imposed by Judge Landis. There is nothing in the record, says the appellate court, to show that the defendant corporation before or after conviction had ever been guilty of an offense of this character; and yet, although its entire assets are not shown to be in excess of one million dollars, there was imposed a fine of \$29,240,000. In the view of the appellate court, the amount of the fine is out of proportion and out of reason. Significantly this question is asked: "Would a cab-driver, convicted of violating the city law against excessive cab fares, be sentenced to pay a fine that would take his horse and cab, then leave him bankrupt many times over, unable to pay anything but the least proportion of his debts to his other creditors?" And with equal significance it is added: "It may be safely assumed that but for the relation of the defendant before the court [the Standard Oil Company of Indiana] to another corporation not before the court [the general Standard Oil Company] the court would not have measured out punishment on the basis of the facts just stated."

The mind of common sense and of common honesty will follow this reasoning with absolute approval. Possibly the general Standard Oil Company—the Oil Trust, in other words—is guilty of ten thousand offenses against equity and morals; but in this specific instance the Oil Trust was not on trial. Judge Landis's court evidently labored under a certain confusion of mind in relation to the defendant, failing to discriminate between the case in hand and the case as it would like to have had it. Judge Landis apparently was of the same mental temper as was made manifest by the overwhelming magnitude of his fine. Something of Judge Landis's spirit we have recently seen in San Francisco in the case of Judge Dunne, whose gross partisanship and manifest malice, combined with ignorance of the law, have tended most viciously to the miscarriage of justice.

The government is now very properly to take up the case against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for retrial. And it is profoundly to be hoped that in this second effort there will be less passion, less confusion of mind and of law, with a truer sense of proportion and with care to get such a judgment as may be sustained by the courts of ultimate authority. There appears to be no question about the guilt of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana; and this being so, there ought to be no serious difficulty in getting a conviction and in defining a punishment adequate to the crime.

Mr. Hearst's Convention.

As we write on Wednesday the so-called Independence party, which is so far from being independent as to belong body, soul, and breeches to Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the yellow newspaper proprietor, is holding what it calls a national convention at Chicago. It is almost needless to say that this convention is a convention only in name and that it is national only in its pretensions. It is not in an honest sense representative of all the States or, indeed, of any of them. It is nothing more nor less than a gathering of political non-descripts, ne'er-do-weels, and nobodies, who under one influence or another, prompted by Hearst or his agents, have come together.

It hardly needs to be said that there is, in truth, no such thing as the Independence party. The little group at Chicago has been gathered together by Mr. Hearst to provide a pretext for his peculiar system of political discussion, and as a possible means of his ultimate political promotion. Ridiculous as it appears, Hearst seriously aspires to the presidency. His chances are on a par with those of Eugene Debs, James B. Weaver, and the Rev. Anna Shaw; none the less he aspires and continues to aspire. And, having under his hand a string of newspapers of wide circulation, and having prodigious wealth to draw upon, he has established a "party" all his own. Of course, no such political movement ever has succeeded or ever can succeed. The thing is futile and absurd from start to finish.

That Mr. Hearst's "party" will seriously affect either the Republican or the Democratic party in the coming campaign is unthinkable. Possibly it may present an "electoral ticket" in three or four States, but surely not in a greater number. Mr. Hearst is lavish up to a certain point, but he knows when to quit. He will

finance his political movement to the point where it will serve his purpose, but no further. Nobody, therefore, need seriously regard a movement which has no logical or moral basis and which has no popular acceptance. As a political factor it looms lighter today than it will at any future time in the campaign; indeed, it would not loom at all if Mr. Hearst had not in his string of yellow newspapers the means of his own exploitation.

The Campaign.

The period of uncertainty which in presidential years always precedes active campaign operations seems more protracted than usual. It is now full five weeks since the nomination of Mr. Taft and not even yet are the lines of campaign discussion definitely laid down; nor is the plan of operations on either side sufficiently developed to make clear the general character of the coming fight. Only two things are assured, first that it is to be an economical campaign, for both sides are committed to a financial policy bound to restrict contributions for campaign uses; second, the concentration of effort will be in the West. Bryan practically abandoned the East when he consented to the nomination of Kern, discreetly choosing to make his contest in those States where individually he has least to combat and where his ideas meet the largest degree of hospitality. It will be no new thing for Democracy to enter a campaign shy of funds, since that has been its chronic condition time out of mind. Nobody knows better how to make a little money go a long way than Mr. Bryan. He may be said to be an expert in the work of forced marching under short rations, his most brilliant exploits having been in precisely this kind of campaign warfare. In recent years the Republican campaign chest has always been a full one, and it remains to be seen if the party tactics may effectively be modified to meet the new conditions.

It is, of course, not to be assumed that the Republican campaign will be wholly resourceless, since brother Charles Taft is several times a millionaire, and since, furthermore, his hopes and vanities are profoundly involved in Brother Bill's candidacy. It is said that he will finance the campaign at all points where it is proper and becoming that the brother of a candidate should assume that responsibility. In this connection, however, it is recalled that there was some grumbling when the bills came in on Taft headquarters account at Chicago, and that Brother Charles then and there declared that nobody—nobody—was authorized to hire automobiles, set up two-bit cigars, or open champagne on his account. This circumstance would seem to indicate that while the Taft family proposes "to see Brother Bill through," there is no disposition to lavish about it.

An economical campaign means less brass-banding less fireworks, fewer private trains. It means probably more effort on the part of the candidate themselves, something after the fashion set by Bryan in his former campaigns. We shall have both candidates practically on the stump during the next three months, each pleading his own cause. In this sort of warfare Bryan will be strictly at home, for above all else he is a speechmaker. Mr. Taft, while a ready and straightforward talker, is by no means an orator. His long experience on the bench, combine with his natural propensities, have given him what may be termed the judicial method as a speaker. His style is deliberate, thoughtful, compact; he wins respect and approval, but he does not, like Bryan, charm the multitude. As a campaigner, Mr. Taft wins favor by his directness and graciousness of manner, by a certain assurance of bigness of mind and temper as well as of body. In truth, he is rather a hand-shaker than a speaker, although he always speaks with respectable effect and unflinchingly says something worth remembering—at this point differing from Bryan, whose frolic outgivings are more profitably forgotten than cherished.

Mr. Bryan has found it exceedingly difficult to organize his campaign staff, and in truth the problem has not been a light one. It has seemed impossible to select for the chairmanship of the national committee a man who is willing to serve and whose name would not give offense in one quarter or another. The job was offered to William L. Douglas of Massachusetts, Ollie James of Kentucky, John E. Lamb of Indiana, James E. Campbell and Tom Johnson of Ohio, M. Wade of Iowa, and nobody knows how many others without an acceptance. The final choice of Norm E. Mack of Buffalo, a man of no special standing nationally or otherwise, was made not because Bryan

really wanted Mack or because Mack really wanted the place, but because he was the only man not at odds with the ruling political forces of the West on the one hand or with "Fingy" Connors and Tim Murphy of Tammany Hall on the other. The spectacle of the Democratic candidate for the presidency submitting name after name to the Tammany leaders only to be turned down again and again has certainly not been an edifying one.

On the Republican side Chairman Hitchcock makes no secret of his purpose to concentrate the campaign effort in the West; and in addition to a campaign headquarters in Chicago, where he will spend much of his own time during the summer, he will establish offices at Denver and Salt Lake for the distribution of literature and for the direction of general campaign forces. Mr. Hitchcock is above all things a hustler, and he proposes by the middle of August "to have things going" actively in the whole region between the Mississippi River and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. With his assistants, he is now engaged in getting campaign literature into shape and enlisting speakers. His activities are very similar to those of the manager of a circus, and something of the circus spirit, including its promptitude, will no doubt mark his conduct of the campaign. Mr. Mack is as yet too new in his responsibilities to have formulated working plans; but there can be no question as to his general policy. It will be the same indicated in so many ways by Mr. Bryan. It will disregard the East to the extent of dealing with that section of the country only in a perfunctory way, and concentrate its efforts upon the West, where, according to Mr. Bryan's theory, the radical sentiment is strong enough to break down the traditional Republican majorities.

Political figurers are busily at work, but their tabulations have absolutely no value excepting as they indicate the expectations of those who formulate them. The record of former elections is, of course, overwhelmingly favorable to Republican hopes. Democratic hope rests solely upon the theory that the wave of radicalism which has been sweeping over the country has revolutionized political sentiment and will turn majorities, everywhere in the West at least, away from Republicanism to Democracy. There is, of course, no possible way to test this theory. It is wholly a matter of opinion. Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut*, while recognizing that the spirit of radicalism is abroad in the land, can discover no evidences of its political effectiveness to the extent of threatening political revolution. In California, for example, there is unquestionably a considerable body of radical sentiment, but it is unorganized, practically without voice or leadership, and there is not one chance in ten thousand that it will carry the State away from its traditional support of Republican policies and candidates. In our neighboring State of Oregon radicalism has gone a step further than in any other State, excepting possibly Oklahoma; but nobody familiar with conditions there and intelligent with respect to the mental attitude of the people has the slightest expectation that the electoral vote of Oregon will be given to Mr. Bryan. Looking over the field broadly, we can see no indications of revolutionary political sentiment, no reason to believe that there will be a sufficient defection from Republicanism in any State hitherto definitely Republican in its allegiance to turn its vote to Mr. Bryan. Our own observation accords with that of General Warren Keifer, veteran congressman and ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, that nothing short of a miracle can carry Mr. Bryan into the White House. This may account for the fact that in the course of a recent talk before a church audience at Lawrence, Kansas, Mr. Bryan dwelt at length upon the subject of "Miracles."

Feminine Sensibility and Masculine Ease.

One day last week when the thermometer stood at 96 degrees on the north porch at Sagamore Hill President Roosevelt took off his coat, hung it over the back of a chair, and settled down to an afternoon of solid comfort with his books. There is no record that the women of his family bombarded him with sneers and reproaches, but there is every reason to suspect that their approval was not given to this free-and-easy hot-weather adjustment. It has not been discovered that a woman who on a summer's day will make herself comfortable from morn to dewy eve in a shirt waist can ever see rhyme, reason, or decency in a man's coming down to shirt sleeves. She will tolerate it in a college boy, but in a husband and father—never! It may be

that when one gets to be President of the United States he may be a law unto himself as to the clothes he may wear or not wear on his own back porch, but we doubt it. From what we have observed of the domestic female in her administrative relations to the domestic male, she respects nothing and will concede nothing and will not be deterred from having her say about it, not though the heavens fall. Not even the example so bravely set forth by President Roosevelt is likely to save the average man from those whips and scorns of feminine contempt which invariably hail the easy arrangements by which he instinctively adjusts himself to high temperatures.

Mr. Roosevelt is by no means the first President to exemplify the convenience and comfort of shirt sleeves. Mr. Lincoln used frequently in the White House and elsewhere to go coatless; and among the most charming memories of one still living is the simple unconsciousness with which Lincoln, walking in the outskirts of Washington on a hot day, removed his coat and carried it on his arm. President Grant was fond of shirt-sleeves, and not even the frowns of a devoted wife somewhat given to public correction of his social manners could restrain him now and again from taking off his coat and making himself comfortable. Mr. Cleveland likewise gave himself license in this respect, and it is of record that once at least he received an official visitor sitting at his desk coatless and in full enjoyment of that unbuttoned ease which Emerson has so happily exploited.

But despite these illustrious instances, we are apprehensive that the weight of feminine disapproval will still interfere with the perfect freedom of man; and we must admit that however highly recommended the shirt-sleeves habit may be, there clings about it a certain suggestiveness—enough to mark the point in that best of all Chicago stories: Young Mr. Packer, visiting a cousin at Boston and being asked about the summer weather, remarked, "Well, now, Cousin Minerva, not mor'n half of all this talk about it's bein' so blamed hot out our way is so. Here it is the end of August, and durin' this whole season I don't remember havin' set down to dinner mor'n two or three times without my coat on."

"The Examiner" and Mr. Heney.

For more than a year there has been floating about a story connecting Mr. Francis J. Heney with a questionable financial transaction in conjunction with the Contra Costa Water Company. More than once this story has been brought to the *Argonaut* by some overzealous friend with the idea that this newspaper would be glad to "get something" that would personally discredit Mr. Heney. But the *Argonaut* is no scandal-monger; it has never had any wish and it has no wish now to make an issue of the character of any mere hired servant of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels or of anybody else. Whether Mr. Heney is drunk or sober, whether he killed one man or ten in Arizona, has not interested the *Argonaut*. It has preferred to consider Mr. Heney solely in his character of prosecutor and only in those phases of his conduct directly related to his public responsibilities and duties. But the story above referred to—or part of it—has been given to the public through the *Examiner*, and has, therefore, become a factor in a general contention now before the public and one which can not be ignored, however much we may wish to avoid handling an unclean thing.

The *Examiner* story is nothing more nor less than an exposition of a fact, attested by a formal receipt which it publishes in *facsimile*, that in the year 1905 Mr. Heney gave his personal receipt to the Contra Costa Water Company for the sum of \$30,000 on account of "legal services." It is developed further that closely thereabout Mr. Heney received other sums in checks from the Contra Costa Water Company aggregating \$12,500. Thus, on the face of things, Mr. Heney received within a brief time the sum of \$42,500. The significance of these figures is large, when it is shown that the principal lawyer in the case, Judge John Garber, a man of much higher professional standing and repute, and who, as the record discloses, did the larger part of the legal work involved, received only \$2500. The *Examiner* points out that there is a tremendous discrepancy between these payments and it has asked Mr. Heney to explain. His answer to this request, not unreasonable under the circumstances, was an outburst of rage and a violent assault upon the reporter who in the line of his work had called to interview him.

The contention of the *Examiner* is that a man who assumes to act as a public prosecutor in connection

with a movement of high moral pretensions should come to his work with clean hands. It therefore has asked Mr. Heney to explain (1) how it came about that so large a sum was paid to him, (2) that \$30,000 of it was not (as it appears) paid in the usual form of checks, and (3) what he did with the money. Let it be granted that inquiries of this kind addressed to a purely private person about his purely private affairs would smack of impertinence. But Mr. Heney is not a private person and so large a transaction with a public service corporation can not be fairly characterized as a private matter. It is no more a private matter than Mr. Calhoun's dealings with Abe Ruef or Mr. Halsey's dealings with the boodling supervisors. It belongs, in truth, to the same category of transactions; and is properly subject to inquiry under the prosecutor's own theories. Mr. Heney ought to explain; and if the transaction were one which he could explain creditably to himself, he would undoubtedly do it. With all his temperamental vices, he still knows how to be bland and candid when it suits his purpose. That he flares up in anger and talks about fighting when this transaction is brought to his attention comes pretty near being a confession that there is some rottenness back of the *Examiner's facsimile* receipt.

Now, the *Argonaut* has no intention of joining the *Examiner* in this muck-raking stunt. In its dealings with Mr. Heney it leaves his personal character out of the account, excepting in so far as his habits of boasting and lying, his insufferable dilatoriness, his courtroom vulgarities, and his professional blundering limit the operations of justice. But since the point has been raised, we will say that we think Mr. Heney ought, if he can do it, to show that his hands are clean. Let us say frankly that we do not believe his hands are clean. We do not believe that Mr. Heney in fact ever received on personal account the \$30,000 for which he receipted. We do not believe that he can show that he received this money legitimately and used it legitimately. We suspect that the money was used either by Mr. Heney or somebody else in some disreputable way in promotion of a selfish interest. We suspect that Mr. Heney coöperated in some corrupt transaction, at least to the extent of giving his personal receipt for fictitious services as a voucher to cover an expenditure which as a matter of bookkeeping could be justified in no other way. We suspect that Mr. Heney's services in this whole matter were "legal" only under a very generous interpretation. All the circumstances indicate that his relations to the matter in question were not so much those of a lawyer as of a handy man willing to sell his name, if not in direct furtherance of corrupt practices, in concealment thereof. This is how the case looks on its surface. If Mr. Heney can make a better showing for himself he ought to do it.

Editorial Notes.

The Fresno *Republican* reads a lecture at once timely and sound to those who at Stockton are petitioning on some technicality for resubmission of the "wet or dry" issue to popular vote. Stockton voted for a "dry" Sunday and it ought to accept the result and try out the principle involved in it. Too frequent elections, the *Republican* points out, make a serious political evil. The defeated minority must submit, for "unless this is done it is not popular government." "If," the *Republican* goes on to say, "there is to be an election every few months the town will be in a constant turmoil. The people should understand that an election means something—that its results are not lightly to be set aside." This is good advice and it ought to be heeded. A community which submits its differences to the ballot must in good faith submit to the determinations of the ballot. Any other course is childish and silly.

Official inspectors whose business it is to take stock of the public health report that out of every hundred Chicago babies under twelve months of age nineteen died during the first twenty-two days of July. This is truly a frightful record and it may well prompt the city physician to the discussion of causes, which he has just given to the public. It was expected, he says, that in Gault Court, an Italian district, deplorably unsanitary in every rational respect, the showing would be a desperate one. But the record proves directly the reverse. Crowds are there and dirt is there, but, strange to say, the babies of the district are unaccountably healthy and strong. "Almost all of them were found feeding on breast milk—in marked contrast to where cow's milk and canned milk are the uni-

diet of infants." Nature knows her business, and when nature is denied she punishes with a certainty and a swiftness which tends mightily to increase the mortality rate. It is with man precisely as with beasts of the field—those who live by the plainly written laws of nature survive and flourish in health, while those who live by artifice, die the death. Cattle highly bred, richly nourished, and carefully groomed are everywhere infected with various forms of tuberculosis, whereas these diseases are absolutely unknown on the ranges, where there are no attempts to assist nature, where the suns of summer and the blasts of winter know no mitigation. In California and throughout the United States where horses are scrupulously cared for, blanketed, and housed, splint, spavin, ringbone, and kidney distempers are universal. On the range, where nature is the sole caretaker, likewise the unassisted guardian of equine health, these disorders are all but unknown. Nature, we repeat, knows her business.

Without being especially significant, it is none the less an interesting fact that Mr. Taft's daily mail brings him a grist of letters from Democrats in various parts of the South pledging friendship and support. From Georgia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina there come letters from men of character and judgment maintaining that there are unquestionable prospects of Republican success in these States. In estimating the value of these letters some allowance must be made for the sanguine Southern temperament. Undoubtedly there are those in the South who are coming to see the folly of a political practice founded in obsolete issues. The Solid South will break up in time, but the time, we think, is not yet. While Bryan is in rank disfavor in many parts of the South, he may, nevertheless, safely count on every electoral vote beyond Mason and Dixon's line.

If Georgia were not so absolutely rock-ribbed in its social as well as its political foundations there would be some reason to hope for its defection from the too-long solid phalanx of a united South. Georgia is the seat of a very considerable manufacturing industry and therefore in sympathy with general Republican policies. Furthermore, Georgia contains the foremost commercial city in the South. There is intense feeling throughout the State against the radical policies fathered and enforced by Hoke Smith and which have resulted in a general paralysis of industry and business, with the natural accompaniment of universal distress. Bryanism and Hoke Smithism are duly recognized by the more intelligent elements as one and the same thing, but it is hardly possible that this knowledge is sufficiently general or the sentiments engendered by it sufficiently intense to overcome a political habit ingrained in the people of Georgia. Georgia may be likened to a man looking for work and all the while praying God that he may not find it. Georgia will vote for Bryan, but will throw up its hat when Taft is elected.

A letter from Olympia, Washington, states that the feeling grows against the direct primary. At first it was approved by the public and opposed by the politicians; but as time goes on and as the demerits of the system are demonstrated in practice, the feeling of disapproval and opposition is spreading to that large body of citizens whose interest in politics is that of getting good men in office. It is found that under the direct primary system first-class men are disinclined to enter the political field, abandoning it wholly to tricksters, traders, and self-seekers. Among other objections, the expenses of an individual campaign are enormous; and the public has learned that no public services are so costly as those provided by officials who have paid dearly for their whistles.

The personal and political attitude of Governor Hughes of New York affords an interesting contrast to that of Mr. Bryan. Governor Hughes has not wished for reelection; when he took office he abandoned absolutely his professional practice, dismissing his clients and closing his offices. The sacrifice was great, for he is relatively a poor man; furthermore his taste is for private and professional rather than for public and official life. Some months ago Governor Hughes announced that he would not be a candidate for reelection; and this statement was repeated with emphasis when he consented to allow his friends to put forward his name in connection with the presidency. But a condition has arisen in which his name is identified with the political championship of a great moral cause. For this reason, in the face of propensity

and inclination, at serious sacrifice of comfort and at very considerable financial sacrifice, he now consents to renomination for the governorship. He makes his position very plain. He does not want the office for any personal reason; he would be far better off and much happier without it. But for the sake of a cause with which his name stands identified and in obedience to what is presented to him as an imperative duty, he will continue to bear the burden of public responsibilities if the people will have it so. At the same time he will not cheapen his office or cheapen himself by entering into any sort of intrigue or scramble for the nomination or for an election. It would be a mighty good thing if we had more political figures of this type in the United States, with fewer self-seekers, tricksters, and demagogues.

It is only a little while back that that particular type of jackass who throws rice in people's faces at weddings was soundly and properly horsewhipped in an Oregon town by one whose dignities had been offended. Now there is reported from the same State another and similar instance of righteous punishment for an unbearable offense. At a resort called "The Oaks," near Portland, a few nights ago, a smart youth in pursuit of what he doubtless thought a good time thrust a handful of confetti in the face of a well-behaved woman who was minding her own business, whereupon her attendant thrust forth a stiff right arm and smashed the confetti-throwing jackass full in the face. The incident has amazingly pleased every person of social decency in Oregon and is destined to wider approval. The principle involved in this case might be applied profitably in other spheres. Possibly the college youth who fires pistols and yells unceasingly in public places on football day and his feminine counterpart who blows a horn in your face are less entitled to punishment than the confetti-throwing fool, but something is coming to them.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

That Populism, once a live organization, is now merely a reminiscence is the view of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*:

What Mr. Watson represents in the present campaign is obscure to the wisest political soothsayer. The rates of decline between 1892 and 1904 would point to a vote of insignificance in 1908. In any view it is safe to predict that the Georgia historian and statesman will not seriously affect the balance of power between the Republican and Democratic parties. His speech accepting the Populist nomination for President did not disclose a partiality of bitterness as between the two, though the Republican party, having had charge of national affairs for twelve years, presented more objects of Populist dislike and Watsonian rebuke. To the extent of his influence in the campaign Mr. Watson will help Bryan, though it may be that the discontented vote may take from Bryan most of the strength it gives to Watson. The election figures of November will place Watson little higher than he stood in 1904, and will show him at the head of a party that is hopeless and helpless.

It was inevitable that the Hobson incident at the Denver convention should receive attention in Japan. A correspondent of the *New York Sun* summarizes general comment in the empire concerning the topic:

The Japanese press comments guardedly upon the exclusion plank in the platform of the Democratic party at the Denver convention. The plank is generally construed as directed against the Japanese, although the wording, as received here, is somewhat general, referring to "Asiatic labor."

That there is not a more general manifestation of violent displeasure at the introduction of the plank may be attributed to the general belief here that the Democratic party in the United States is not particularly sincere in this pronouncement and that the clause was thrust into the platform mainly for the purpose of satisfying the clamorings of the labor party.

The *Nippon Shimbu* in an editorial says that it regrets that Bryan's repeated defeats have turned him into a mere ranting agitator. The *Tokio Asahi*, whose position is typical of that of the leading journals, says: "We refrain from commenting at length upon the exclusion plank adopted by the American Democratic party owing to the fact that what we might say would probably result in fanning the popular ill feeling against the United States. We wish, however, to emphasize this one fact—that the attitude of the clause amounts to a denial of Japan's sincerity in the various statements and protestations which she has made to the American government relative to the emigration of her subjects to the American States."

Too much may easily be made of the Oyster Bay influence in the coming campaign, but it seems certain to have frequent mention. This is from the *New York Evening Post* on the subject:

Loyalty to one's superior, to one's political creator, is ever an engaging trait. Mr. Taft has it to a notable degree. He has publicly declared that he loves Theodore Roosevelt from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He is also under no illusions as to whom he owes his nomination. Hence, it is but natural that he should journey to Oyster Bay to receive the presidential sanction for the views he is to express on being notified of his nomination. That way may be gratitude, but there lies also the certainty of offending many voters who will go to the polls to ballot for Taft with mingled feelings of discouragement and disgust. These are not trust magnates nor Wall-Street gamblers, as the President and the press of the West are so fond of insinuating, but thoughtful American citizens who have been repelled and alarmed by the centralizing tendencies, and the high-handed methods of the Roosevelt administration. Their votes would have made probable the success of any candidate like Johnson or Gray. They will vote reluctantly for the ex-Secretary of War, in the hope that he will stand on his own feet and be his own master. In all friendliness to Mr. Taft, he should be made to understand that it will take only a visit or two to Oyster Bay to make him a dose a trifle too strong for these men to swallow.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Taft a Better Radical Leader than Bryan.

NORDHOFF, CAL., July 26, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I note with interest your contention that the two great parties have preserved intact their fundamental distinctions. But the argument seems to consist in a mere pointing back to the well-known traditions, with the assumption that nothing could really disturb the line of inheritance. I confess to a feeble reverence for political continuity, and I am shallow and ridiculous enough to believe that the old party fences are hopelessly out of repair.

There are few thoughtful men in either party today who do not understand the importance of a due balance between the central powers of government and the reserve functions of the States; few who do not know that Jefferson and Hamilton were joint contributors to the national structure. And the most thoughtful, irrespective of party alignment, understand also that the strongest independence of State action in State affairs does not "weaken" but greatly strengthens "the hand of central authority."

It is notable that the old Democratic hero, Jackson, was the most famous defender of central authority against the mutiny of States, and you rightly designate Cleveland, in his energetic dealing with local rioting, as the model whom Taft is likely to follow in a like contingency. That Roosevelt has sometimes seemed to forget his constitutional limitations is due to the idiosyncracies of a powerfully hristling temperament rather than to any doctrine that centralization is Republicanism.

The hope of a Taft victory does not rest in a stiff resistance to radicalism. It rests rather in the persuasion of the voters that Taft is a better radical leader than Bryan; that he accepts their general belief that it is possible to change things fundamentally and for the people's advantage, and that he will move sanely and effectively to that end, while Bryan would waste opportunity by lack of intellectual power.

It is my hope that the election may show that a great part of those who have called themselves Democrats have perceived the shallowness of Bryan's endowment. There is more sense among the people than is shown at the party conventions. And Mr. Bryan has been on exhibition a long, long time.

Republican—Democrat, the terms mean much, historically, and also, doubtless, to you who have fought consistently and prominently under one of these standards. But many of us are thinking more about things that need doing, now and hereafter, and are somewhat careless of nomenclature.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD S. THACHER.

The New Miracle Play.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I would like through the medium of your paper to ask why the public has fallen prone and with uplifted hands has acclaimed "The Servant in the House" as the miracle play of modern times. Miracle—Why? Modern? Yes! The author has given us a familiar bit from the drama of life, in which ordinary characters live their lives in the ordinary way and one day awoken to the fact that their way is not Christ's way. In orthodox parlance these characters undergo a "change of heart." All this is very clear, logically led up to, and quits in keeping with our modern thought and habits.

But it would seem that Mr. Kennedy so far insults our intelligence as to think we require the Bishop of Benares disguised as the Christ to those who can see, the butler to those who can not, ready at hand to stand at the elbow of each character so that we may understand that his or her conscience has been awakened, that God has entered his or her soul.

And thus a thoroughly modern play, conveying in conventional, modern garb a perfectly clear moral lesson, is all at once clothed with mysticism, because the author has chosen to borrow an inspiration from allegorical dramatic entertainments of past centuries, and has introduced the Christ, or the symbol of Christ, or whatever else the Manson may be called, solely, we are led to think, that the world may rise up and say: "Behold the miracle play!"

I fail to see any other reason, as, through the introduction of the Christ, the moral of the play is made no clearer. I would like to add, if "The Servant in the House" is a miracle play, it is one shorn of all the poetry, the simplicity, and deep feeling which characterized the religious dramas of old. The moral of those plays was pointed through the medium of symbols; the moral of Mr. Kennedy's play requires no such medium. It reaches us through our knowledge of the ethics of the day.

Why then the Christ! However, Mr. Kennedy has succeeded. The world clamors for the unusual; he has given it to them. This is merely a protest. Very sincerely,

A FIRST-NIGHTER.

With the spirited bidding for President Roosevelt's future writings comes the suggestion that he may turn his popularity as an author to even greater remunerative account. The *Boston Transcript* follows out this line of speculation: "What fitter field for the activities of a man of President Roosevelt's varied capabilities and naturally editorial mind than the headship of a periodical devoted to subjects with which he is conversant and upon which he delights to write, such as, for instance, politics, domestic science, finance, hygiene, morality, sanitation, the divorce question, travel, race suicide, big game hunting, taming the horse, the habits of the cow puncher, observing the Sabbath, ornithology, the glacial period, the United States Senate, indoor athletics, the rich malefactor, the army and navy, architecture, forestry, motherhood, camping out, and one hundred others. There is, in fact, almost no subject save the tariff upon which President Roosevelt is not ready to speak or write entertainingly at a moment's notice."

Congressman Burton will be a candidate before the next session of the Ohio legislature to succeed J. B. Foraker in the United States Senate. Mr. Burton has as yet issued no formal statement as to his attitude, but he has indicated to his friends that he would make a strong bid for the honor. Myron T. Herrick, former governor, it is understood will not be a candidate at this time.

SIR ROBERT HART'S GOOD-BYE.

Impression Left in Peking by His Unique Personality and Quiet, Effective Methods.

No non-political event for years has so affected China in general and Peking in particular as the departure for Europe of Sir Robert Hart, the veteran Inspector-General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. A familiar landmark is missing now that he is gone; a niche is emptied of its unique personality.

Of his reputation the world knows a great deal, of his work perhaps less, still something, but of the man himself nothing at all. He was always so mysterious, this slight old man with his bright eyes, his grizzled hair, and his pointed beard, who sat at his desk for nearly half a century with unremitting industry—always at the same desk, for he hated change. I know he took a whimsical pride in pointing out to me once two dates, "1854-1908," written in his fantastic hand in the wood and underneath a verse of which he was particularly fond:

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby cleared firm footing for today,
Whatever clouds may dark tomorrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

An infinite capacity for taking pains was certainly the particular form of genius which he possessed, and this very talent was probably one of the reasons why he was so mysterious to the world in general. He had no time, even had he had the wish, to advertise himself. Besides, the whole lesson of Chinese life and society—and he certainly was greatly influenced by his surroundings—is towards self-effacement, not self-glorification in personal matters. A man's reputation should not be made by the newspapers—but strangely enough by the talk of his servants. It speaks well for his moderation, his lack of *chi* or excitability, and his good temper, that, after being in his household for nearly thirty years, all his domestics gave the inspector-general an excellent "character." "We have found you a very satisfactory master," said they—which sounds strange in our ears, but is the Celestial way of doing things.

He had the most simple tastes of any man I ever knew. He ate less than even Horace Fletcher, and drank nothing but one claret glass of whisky and soda in a day. Waste was always abhorrent to him, and if a guest at his table left a glass of wine untouched or a course uneaten in his plate, the I.-G.—as he was familiarly called—was annoyed. Not that he was in the least miserly—far from it. He gave away a fortune during his long life in China, but his generous spirit disliked to see useful things go unused.

The one extravagance he permitted himself was a private band of Chinese musicians, who, under the able leadership of a Portuguese bandmaster, played Wagner and rag-time with equal understanding and spirit. This band, founded in the late '80s, was the mother of half the bands in North China. Yuan Shih Kai's military band, and I do not know how many more besides, were organized by musicians lent by Sir Robert Hart. The Boxer outbreak in 1900, however, scattered his men temporarily. Of one, the chief cornet-player, a very pretty story, as true as dramatic, is told. During those terrible weeks after the siege was over troops poured daily into the Chinese capital. Soldiers of all nationalities, come to renew the little garrison of diplomats, remained to plunder the prostrate city. A party in search of loot one day broke into a big dwelling-house. These plunderers were none too gentle in their methods, and as soon as the gates were burst in the Chinese women fled to throw themselves down the wells and the men retreated as fast as they could. Suddenly, in the midst of the panic and confusion, a bugle call rang loud and clear on the air. The European soldiers, recognizing the "retreat," which they thought meant a superior force descending upon them, left the place in haste. It was, however, only the I.-G.'s cornet player, whose presence of mind had saved the situation.

Peking society rather irreverently called Sir Robert Hart's musicians "the Cotton Wool Band," because they were never allowed to play later than twelve o'clock at night. However good a time dancers might be having, they found themselves without music at midnight, and no amount of persuasion would bring an "extra." This hard and fast rule was really due to Sir Robert's consideration for others. He had such a horror of asking too much from those he employed that he was far too lenient with them. I myself have overheard his servants say to one another, "What shall we do when master goes? We have had too easy a time ever to take another place." The old huter, a Cantonese, who had been with the I.-G. for almost fifty years, who had visited Chinese Gordon with him, who had waited on Li Hung Chang, and gone home to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, would remark proudly when asked what his duties were: "Morning time my brush master's clothes; evening time my bring him his whisky and water." Ah Fong was nearly as much of a curio as his famous master, and Sir Robert used to remark with a sigh when a letter of introduction was handed him, "Here's another globe-trotter to see the Peking curios."

These letters of introduction were sometimes a tax on a busy man, and especially on a man who worked in a regular routine and could not bear to be put out of it. People who live in the stress and hurry and bustle of a big American or European city can scarcely realize what a hold habit takes on a man who lives in the Far East. Sir Robert, particularly, was the slave of habit.

His daily walks in his fine garden—the one green spot in dusty Peking—his early hours, his uninterrupted work, meant a great deal to him. Even his tea could only be drunk from one particular cup. Globe-trotters consequently he sent with one of his juniors to see the sights he himself had never seen. "I have always meant to go about Peking," he would say, "but I have never had time." The beautiful Temple of Heaven, which travelers cross an ocean to look at, he would not enter. "The foreigners forced an entrance there after 1900," he often remarked; "the Chinese never wanted us to go in and defile the most sacred place in the empire—and I for one do not care to go where I am not wanted." He always strongly disapproved of polo being played in the park there, but his protest was overruled by those less careful of the sensibilities of others.

What he did for the Chinese can not be over-estimated, and it is pleasant to write that they were grateful. The empress-dowager herself said to him when she received him in audience after the siege: "But for you we would not be here today." Her words were literally true. It was he who, seeing the danger of inaction, induced Prince Ching to return in 1900 and treat with the foreign ministers. It was he again who never rested until the emperor and the empress-dowager returned to their empty thrones. "Urge the court to come back," was the substance of his advice from the first. "The people at this crisis need their sovereign." Also—though this is little known—it was he who arranged that food be sent into the palace for the wives of the three emperors who had been left behind in Peking and who were threatened with starvation because the allied generals were afraid to enter the palace, largely because of their jealousy of one another.

His personal wishes he was accustomed to sacrifice to his idea of duty. Thus for thirty years he never felt free to return to Europe, and for more than a quarter of a century he did not see his wife and children. Finally, insomnia forced him to lay down the burden of affairs. Like Gladstone, who suffered in the same way, he had overtaxed his brain.

I shall never forget, nor will any one else who was present, the day he left Peking. It was a beautiful bright morning with a typical north China sky, cloudless and of dazzling blue. The railway station was a blaze of color. Every nationality had sent a guard of honor—a compliment almost unprecedented in the case of a private individual and a civilian. There were his own nationals in the central position—a company of splendid Highlanders with pipers, and stretching away down the platform there were American marines, Italian sailors, Dutch marines, and Japanese. And of course there were Chinese, three detachments of them looking very well in their new khaki uniforms. Two of the detachments brought their bands, and Sir Robert's own band had come of their own accord to play "Auld Lang Syne." Besides there were a score of high Chinese officials, and every diplomat in Peking, as well as the inevitable correspondents and camera fiends. At the head of the platform his sedan chair was put down and he stepped out looking so small and pale and thin and ill. The ordeal before him required moral courage, and those who stood watching him feared that the strain might be too great for him. Think what it meant—a break with a lifetime's work and habits, a good-bye with all the finality that seventy-four years inevitably puts into a parting. One moment he stood beside the chair with a puzzled, half-frightened look on his face, then he turned to the commanding officer, and, saying "I am ready," walked steadily down the line of saluting troops while the bands played "Home Sweet Home." Just as quietly he said good-bye to the Chinese officials with whom he had been associated for years; then turned to the Europeans whom he had known, to all of whom he had done many kindnesses and few of whom could say "bon voyage" dry-eyed. At last he stepped on to the train and slowly drew away from the crowd, bowing again and again in his modest way, while those left behind felt it a privilege to have known a man who could at the same time be great and simple. CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, June, 1908.

General Felix Agnus, publisher of the *Baltimore American*, has recently received credit for a friendly service, accomplished at the expense of much trouble and money, which had been a secret for years. At the time of the Sampson-Schley controversy, General Agnus took a deep interest in the affairs of his friend Schley, and hearing that President McKinley was about to take official action recognizing superior merit in the commander who was absent and merely constructively a participant in the battle off Santiago, he entered the lists to prevent any slight to the man who stayed and fought. He sent out a force of special writers to gather all the information possible about Sampson and Schley, had their articles put in type, and printed a single copy of the matter as an issue of the *American*. The sample issue he carried to the President and it was Mr. McKinley's consideration of this presentation that resulted in justice to Admiral Schley. There was only one copy printed of the special edition.

The German Ministry of Marine has begun preparations for the complete fortification of Heligoland, for which £1,500,000 has been granted by the Reichstag.

The transient hotel population of New York is figured at 250,000 people a day. The hotel properties are valued at over \$80,000,000.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Generals Stoessel and Nebogatoff are now confined in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul, together with the naval commanders Grigorief and Lischin.

Ettore Ferrari of Rome, the foremost sculptor of Italy, whose greatest work is the equestrian statue of Victor Emanuel, has completed a statue of Verdi, which will stand in Fairmont Park, Philadelphia, the gift of Italian residents of that city.

Henry L. Palmer, president of a Milwaukee life insurance company for thirty-four years, has resigned his position at the rare old age of eighty-nine, and in such full possession of his faculties that it is proposed to give him an advisory position as chairman of the board of trustees.

Miss Evelyn Longman of New York, who made the great Winged Victory that surmounted the dome of Festival Hall at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, has won the \$14,000 prize for the design for the bronze doors of the Annapolis Naval Academy chapel. Thirty-three men were competitors.

Commander Robert S. Peary sailed July 17 from Sydney, N. S., on the steamer *Roosevelt* on another attempt to reach the North Pole. His last remark was that he expected to accomplish his purpose. The *Roosevelt* steamed away to the north with the pennant of the New York Yacht Club at her foremast and the United States ensign at her stern.

Prince Sidkyong Tulku, heir-apparent of the Maharajah of Sikkim, a principality of Tibet, recently arrived in New York on a tour around the world. He will some day succeed his father as ruler of Sikkim, which is a small but powerful country between Nepal and Bhutan. It is the chief entrance to Tibet, and therefore of value to the English. The prince is a student of Pembroke College, Oxford, and his friends call him "Sikkim."

Two of Tolstoy's grandchildren, Count Loulou Tolstoy, a black-eyed, charming little boy of five, and his sister, Sonia, aged perhaps seven, are at present staying in England. Their mother has lived in England for some time, and the children speak English and Russian equally well. It is an odd fact that none of Tolstoy's children seem to have any marked literary gift, although all of them have wayward strains of genius, manifesting itself mostly in a talent for music.

Isaac Charles Johnson, the inventor of Portland cement, is still living in Gravesend, England, and active, at the age of ninety-eight. He was born in the year 1810, when George III was king and Jefferson was President, and when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power. Mr. Johnson won an education under many difficulties, as his parents were poor. In early manhood he became an architect, and a house which he built in the Elizabethan style is still standing at Swanscourt in Kent. It was at this time that he first invented Portland cement, which was first introduced into this country by Levi P. Morton.

Dr. Bernard Moses, professor of political science in the University of California, has been appointed by Secretary of State Root one of the commission representing the United States at the Scientific Congress at Santiago, Chile, which meets next December. Professor Moses will also be the representative of the University of California at the Pan-American Congress, with Dr. Heber D. Curtis, astronomer at the Lick Observatory. Professor Moses has been abroad since May and is now in Paris. He is one of the most widely known professors of the university and is a recognized authority on the governments of South America.

Two princesses, representatives of the only real American royalty, descendants of that Massasoit whose word was law to thirty villages and 30,000 red men, are living in poverty on the shores of Lake Assawampsett, Massachusetts. They are Teweelma and Wootonekanuske. An effort is being made to secure for these last of the royal blood of the Wampanoags a material recognition of their rights and of the services which their ancestor, the mighty sachem Massasoit, performed for the pioneers of New England. For without Massasoit's friendship and protection the struggling colonists would have been swept from the land.

Menelek, "King of Kings of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah," has chosen as his successor his young grandson, Lig Eyassu or Yasu, the son of his younger daughter, a lad now about twelve years old. His father is Ras Michael, a powerful prince and governor of the Provinces of Wollo, Barona, and Aussa. Youths mature early in Abyssinia, and Lig (more properly Lij, a title equivalent to esquire) Yasu has apparently shown such qualities as justify his selection as the future ruler of the turbulent Abyssinians. Menelek is now sixty-four; he has been ruler of Abyssinia nineteen years; he has greatly consolidated his power, and doubtless felt that the time had come when the uncertainty as to his successor should be put at rest. His only son has been dead several years. Since 1841 no sovereign of the old royal line has occupied the throne. Theodore, John, and Menelek himself all won the throne by the sword. Unlike Theodore and John, Menelek, however, is of royal lineage. His ancestors have been kings of Shoa since that country was conquered by the Moslems at the close of the seventeenth century. Moreover, he claims kinship with the old emperor, traditionally descended from the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

A THOUSAND DRINKS PER DAY.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXIV.

For two years, ever since Daniel Burke had taken the legislature by the throat and choked it into submission, the State political pot had been in constant agitation. William Wyley, being the only senator representing the State in the national capital, had retained absolute control of the Federal patronage. It was his to parcel out the political loaves and fishes. It was his to make or mar each petty great man in each rural bailiwick. And now the stubborn Burke—who if not elected had at least defeated all of his other rivals two years before—was prepared to measure swords with Wyley. It was to be a battle of giants.

For days before the official opening of the legislature, the lieutenants of the two chieftains were on hand at the capital.

"Headquarters" were prepared, where open decanters, open boxes of cigars, and open-handed hospitality were the rule. In fact, the legislature had scarcely been more than two or three days in the capital when an observant newspaper statistician computed its alcoholic consumption at one thousand drinks per day. It was therefore at once dubbed by the people the "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks."

It was fitting that so mellow a legislature should be convened by a governor who was neither a Puritan nor a purist. The governor was reported to have a leaning toward the convivial glass, while his weird grammar was also believed to have advanced his political fortunes. He had a passion for proclamations; he was inordinately fond of making speeches; when the legislature sat he had a daily flux of messages. As he always began his many proclamations with the phrase "I, John Jackson, Governor of the State," he was universally known as "I John."

The governor was a bachelor—no lady had as yet conferred her hand upon his excellency, nor had him confer upon her the title of "Mrs. I. John." Thus, lacking a lady executive, the governor had enlisted the wife of his colleague, the lieutenant-governor, to assist him in receiving at festive times.

The small official group, headed by the governor and Mrs. Lieutenant-Governor, received the guests with that curious mixture of cordiality and gloom characteristic of our official-social affairs. At times the governor would recognize a crony, and, forgetting himself, would cry "Hello, Jim!" But suddenly bethinking himself of possible impairment of his dignity, he would grow solemn, and shake the confused crony's hand stiffly and formally.

There were many among the guests who continued to arrive and present their respects to his excellency, the women subsequently seating themselves unaccompanied by the men, who made haste to flee from the fair ones and to group themselves in the doorways. A decorous hush pervaded the assemblage; all conversation was conducted in a low tone, as if the gathering momentarily expected the arrival of the remains. It was not until the first notes of the "Grand gubernatorial March" were heard, and the men began making their way to claim partners for the first dance, that a certain timid gayety began to develop on the ball-room floor. The phrase "on the floor" is used advisedly; certain of the gentlemen present—mainly married—had paid their rapid respects, briskly dumped their wives, and made haste to the smoking-rooms, where with unlimited punch, wine, and cigars, they felt they could defy the boredom even of a ball. Here gayety was unconfined; here mirth and jollity, poker and politics reigned from the earliest to the latest hour.

When the strains of the "Governor's March" had died away the dancers hastened to take their places for the "State Quadrille." In the set adjoining this collection of notables was Eugene Yarrow, who had solicited the honor of Sophia Lucretia's hand for the first dance. He did not tell the lady so, but he had only asked her when he observed that Diana Wayne, for whose arrival he anxiously looked, had not yet come. Also, he had noted with some surprise that Burke, on entering, did not hasten to Miss Leigh's side, as was his custom, but had bowed to her formally, then made his way to the smoking-room.

"Senator Burke looks somewhat preoccupied this evening," said Eugene, gazing after him.

"Indeed?" replied Sophia Lucretia, interrogatively, "I had not noticed."

But she had. Eugene had observed her watching Burke as he passed. He changed the subject.

"When we reach the figure *cavalier seul*, I want you to look at the governor," he said. "The moment he hears '*gentlemen forward*' he becomes a different being. He is transformed. Ah, here it is!" And as he himself advanced and saluted toward his *vis-à-vis*, Eugene regarded the governor with amused eyes.

The chief magistrate thrust his right hand into his pouter-pigeon bosom; with inconceivable rapidity for a fat man, he nimbly skipped to right, and then to left; beneath the heavy overhang of his globular white waistcoat his black-clad legs flashed back and forth like those of the muse of the many twinkling feet; pausing in the centre of the set, he bowed profoundly, and returned to his place in a similar series of zigzag skips. The whole was performed with a stern dignity, ponderous gravity, an unsmiling face.

As Sophia Lucretia returned to her place after "making a cheese" in an elaborate courtesy to her *vis-à-vis*, she whispered to Yarrow:

"I never dreamed the governor was so nimble. He clings to the old pigeon-wings, which are going out so fast."

"Don't they seem ridiculous now?" cried Eugene, salaaming again to his *vis-à-vis*.

"Very; but so many of the old ball-room dances seem ridiculous, now that they are going out, don't they?"

"Yes; I greatly prefer the simple programmes of today to the elaborate and ceremonial dances which were the rule when I was a boy," said Eugene—"long before your time," he added, gallantly.

The "simple programmes" of which he spoke would have stricken terror to a débutante of today. The repertoire of a ball-room belle when Yarrow spoke necessitated a familiarity with many dances—the waltz, the polka, the schottische, the mazourka, the redowa, the polka mazourka, the varsoviennne, the galop, and other round dances; and the reel, the contradance, the plain quadrille, the waltz quadrille, the basket quadrille, the Horse Guards Quadrille, and the lancers quadrille, among square dances; also "The German," as the cotillion was called. There were other dances, but these few and simple dances were absolutely essential.

When the last strains of the "state quadrille" were heard, and the couples in each set had formally saluted each other before breaking up, Eugene escorted Sophia Lucretia back to her place. That lively lady was loath to lose him, until she should have assembled her usual little court, and made haste to engage him in conversation before he could escape. And as it was a political ball, the talk that night was more political than social.

"Tell me, Mr. Yarrow," asked Sophia Lucretia, "what is the latest news about the senatorial fight?"

"I am not the right man to ask; your friend, Senator Burke, could answer you better than I. Shall I go and bring him here?" And he watched her face change slightly as she replied.

"Oh, no," she cried, with seeming carelessness, "tell me what you hear."

"But I am of the North, you know, and my political gossip may seem tainted to your Southern ears," replied Eugene, smiling.

"Come, come, Mr. Yarrow! You need not pretend you don't hear the inside news. You are welcome in both camps, and a partisan of neither."

"Your own circle of slaves is not without followers from both camps," said Eugene, pointedly.

The beauty bridled slightly. The obvious allusion to Burke and Tower was not displeasing to her.

"Now, don't say disagreeable things, Mr. Yarrow. Tell me, there's a good fellow. You meet everybody and you know everything. Tell me who is going to be elected!"

"I must violate a vow if I do so. Will you promise not to betray my confidence if I tell you?"

"I promise," she cried, eagerly.

"Then I will tell you," said Eugene, with an air of burlesque mystery. "It is Senator Burke."

"Pshaw!" cried the spoiled beauty, "I don't mean for the long term. Everybody knows that Senator Burke has that secure. I mean who is to be elected for the short term?"

"I think that it needs a more experienced politician than I to answer that. Here is Colonel Quirk—probably he can tell you."

"It is my belief, ma'am," said Colonel Quirk, oracularly, "that at first there will be a deadlock. This will be followed by a compromise, which will result in the election of Senator Burke and the reelection of Senator Wyley to succeed himself."

"But will it not be rather humiliating for Senator Wyley to be reelected for only four years instead of six?"

"Perhaps it will be, ma'am," replied Colonel Quirk, "perhaps it will. But it is a dinged sight better to be elected for four years than not to be elected at all."

Under cover of Colonel Quirk's loud laughter over his own sally, Eugene seized the opportunity to make his way to the point where the chief magistrate and his lady-lieutenant were still receiving. He had noted the arrival of Mrs. Lyndon and Diana, and hastened to greet them. At first Tower was with them, but when Yarrow came the judge joined the group around Sophia Lucretia. Diana, it seemed, had already become engaged for a dance, and her partner took her away.

Eugene was wont punctiliously to prefer to Mrs. Lyndon a request for a dance, while Mrs. Lyndon with equal punctilio always professed that her dancing days were over. When this little point of punctilio, like the fencers' salute, was settled between these two friends, they either engaged blades or fell to amicable discussion. Tonight Mrs. Lyndon asked Eugene for news of the senatorial fight.

"The number of contestants is increasing," he replied, "there are now six. First, of course, comes Senator Wyley, hoping to succeed himself. As you know, he not only represents the Southern wing of the Democratic party, but is in favor of making this a slave State. His rival, Senator Burke, is chieftain of the Northern Democrats."

"I know about those two candidates, but who are the others?"

"The most prominent are Governor Milton and Congressman Keller. Judge Fox, who is Arthur Alden's uncle, is a candidate, and has a handful of votes; but he is generally believed to be ready to retire and throw his votes to Burke. Colonel Quirk is also nominally a candidate, but he is believed to occupy the same accommodating position to Wyley that Fox does to Burke."

"But there are two senatorial seats to fill, are there not?"

"Yes. Two years ago Burke tried to make the legislature elect a Federal senator three years in advance of a vacancy. He failed. But he did succeed in forcing the legislature to adjourn without electing any one. Hence there has been a vacant seat in the Senate for two years."

"That would leave Senator Wyley without a colleague until now. He has been in entire control, has he not?"

"Yes. He certainly ought to be grateful to Burke for that, but I have never heard him say so," said Yarrow, without a smile.

"But why should there be such bitter rivalry between the two men, when there are two seats waiting?—that is, a place for each of them."

"First, because each of them wants the coming six-year term, instead of the old term shortened to four years by the deadlock of two years ago. And then, both are unwilling to have a rival seated even on the steps of the throne."

"You mean that each would rather have a weak colleague, I suppose?"

"More than that—each wants a henchman of his own for a colleague—some pliant, docile creature, who would not oppose him, and who would carry out his wishes in all things."

"And what will be the result?" she inquired.

"Very probably a compromise, by which these two strong men will both be elected. Then the truce will be of short duration. Two weak men could get along as colleagues; so could a weak man and a strong one; but not two imperious men like these."

Here they were interrupted by the return of Diana, whose partner was bringing her back to Mrs. Lyndon's side, and Yarrow speedily claimed her for a dance and took her away. As he did so, Judge Tower returned to Mrs. Lyndon.

Sophia Lucretia, who was very fond of dancing, had deserted her grim admirer without hesitation the moment the music began, and whirled away on the arm of a youth whom the judge with a scowl of astonishment remarked to himself could not be more than nineteen.

From the judge's manner Mrs. Lyndon divined that he had something particular to say to her.

"I see that young Alden is here tonight," he began. "I very much wish that you would influence Diana to avoid him."

Mrs. Lyndon looked at him in surprise. "Why? What has he done?" she asked.

"If he had done nothing else except to be born," replied the judge, acidly, "that in itself would be an offense. He is a Yankee."

"But so is Eugene Yarrow a Yankee," protested Mrs. Lyndon, "yet he is dancing with Diana now, and you said nothing as he led her away."

"But Alden is a Massachusetts Yankee," demurred the judge.

"And so is Mr. Yarrow," maintained Mrs. Lyndon, "he was born in Boston, he says. Do you object to him for that?"

There was an awkward pause. After a moment's hesitation the judge went on: "No, I confess I do not. I like Yarrow. He is a fine fellow, even if he is a Yankee. But he has none of those absurd and bitter prejudices against the South and against our Southern institutions which the bigoted Yankees have."

"Then you consider Mr. Alden a bigoted Yankee?" replied Mrs. Lyndon, reflectively. "You may be right—I have never heard him talk on these topics."

"Yes, I am sure he is," replied the judge, decidedly. "I know him very little, but he is a kinsman of that fellow, Fox, whom I believe to be a black Republican and an abolitionist, even if he does masquerade as a Democrat. I don't like their breed. Besides these two men—one in the legislature, the other on the outside—are working hard to defeat the candidate whom I am bound in honor to support. I do not wish to seem harsh or unreasonable, but you would please me greatly if you would influence Diana to discourage the attentions of young Alden."

Any further talk on such tender topics as Diana's choice in young men was cut short by the return of the young lady herself, flushed and smiling from a vigorous polka with Yarrow. When the two men had gone, Mrs. Lyndon began:

"Diana, I see young Alden is here tonight."

Diana colored and was silent, but Mrs. Lyndon thought that her face grew hard.

"Has the judge ever said anything to you about him?" Mrs. Lyndon went on.

"Yes," admitted Diana, reluctantly, "he did—once."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he said that Mr. Alden's attentions to me were distasteful to him," acknowledged Diana.

"And what did you say?"

"I told him that if he thought Mr. Alden was particularly attentive to me, it was a mistake."

"If it is a mistake there are others who share the mistaken impression with the judge—perhaps Mr. Alden among the number. But what did you reply?"

"I told him that we were merely acquaintances, and had met but rarely. Still, he seemed to think we are more, and he told me that Mr. Alden is a Yankee and an abolitionist and that Mr. Alden's uncle is his political enemy."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I told him that Mr. Yarrow is a Yankee, too," said Diana, hesitantly.

"I don't see what that has to do with Mr. Alden."

"Well," Diana struggled on, "if uncle likes Mr. Yar-

row, who is a Yankee, I don't see why he should hate Mr. Alden, who is a Yankee, too. Do you?"

"It is probably a case of Dr. Fell. Still, it seems to me unnecessary to complicate an already complex situation by bringing Mr. Yarrow into it. Do you think, Diana, you are acting quite right by these two young men?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," returned Diana, after a pause, her face downcast and her lip beginning to tremble.

"Oh, yes, you do, Diana. You know they are warm friends, and you also know they are both in love with you. You can not accept them both. From what you have just told me of the judge's mood it would seem as if there were one of them whom you may not keep, even as an acquaintance. Don't you think you run the risk of causing a quarrel between these two fine young men—and a needless quarrel?"

"I don't know what I can do—several times I have told him—" and here she stopped in confusion.

"But I know—or rather I can guess. You have told Mr. Yarrow several times that you can only be a friend to him. But I am afraid you haven't told him in such good, set terms as to make him lose hope. Now I know you want to keep him as a friend, and a good friend he is, and a dear fellow besides. But believe me, Diana dear, one of the most hopeless tasks that we women ever put our hands to is to fashion a friendship out of the shipwreck of a passion."

Diana's color deepened, but she bent her head lower and did not reply.

"I shall say no more," said Mrs. Lyndon, kindly. "These perplexities—nay, trials—come to many girls, but no one can settle them except the girl herself. But be careful, Diana—you have two men's happiness at stake, as well as your own."

Diana looked up, impatiently. "I'm sure I don't know how I can please you and the judge both," she said, somewhat defiantly. "I can't help it if—that is, I am not to blame if they—oh, dear! I don't know what to do!"

"Do what you think is right, Diana," said Mrs. Lyndon, gravely, "but be sure you do nothing without reflection."

"If you and the judge think I would marry Mr. Alden if he—if he asked me, why I just wouldn't, so there!" cried Diana, with a ring in her voice which betokened both defiance and anger.

"Hush, Diana! Here he comes now!" said Mrs. Lyndon in a soothing tone.

Gazing after the unconscious Arthur as he led Diana away, he beaming, she still chafing with resentment, Mrs. Lyndon could not help thinking that his arrival was extremely ill-timed.

"This Yankee lover is a maladroït," she mused. "If ever a girl flew danger-signals, it was Diana then. I verily believe she is going to sit out a dance with him for the express purpose of refusing him. She has it in her look."

As Mrs. Lyndon noticed Eugene Yarrow crossing the ball-room floor, evidently making his way toward her, her mind wove him into the warp of her musings: "Has Eugene anything to do with Diana's sudden determination, I wonder? For she has that in her eye which bodes ill for young Alden. Or if it is not Eugene, what can have made her so suddenly grow cool toward Alden? Can it be the judge's rebuke? But why should she allow herself to be so profoundly impressed by the disapproval of an elderly guardian? When I was a girl the most effectual aid to a lover was parental disapproval. Well, it is not my affair, but if she refuses Alden I shan't be sorry. Perhaps then she may take pity on Eugene. He is a dear fellow, even if he does drink too much champagne. I can see by his color that he has been drinking too much now." And as Eugene joined her, she said significantly, "You are just from the smoking-room—did you see anything of Judge Tower there? It is getting late, and I must be taking Diana home."

Eugene looked at her in surprise. "I come from the smoking-room, but how you divined it I do not know. Ah, yes—by the smell of tobacco which clings around me. The judge? Let me see—yes, I saw him in a card-room, seated in a circle of grave and reverend signors, of whom Senator Wyley was one, evidently discussing matters of grave import to the State."

Of a truth, Yarrow had guessed aright. Judge Tower also had scented a council. When he entered the smoking-room he saw a group seated apart at a poker table. But his practiced eye told him that they were there not so much for poker as for talk.

"Good-evening, judge," said the chieftain of "The Chivalry"—for it was Senator Wyley—"have you any news?"

It was, indeed, well for Wyley that his henchmen had not heard the boastings of Burke over the governorship. He had received with open scorn Wyley's secret offer to let Burke "name the governor" if Burke withdrew his opposition to Wyley as senator. Burke had even repeated to Sophia Lucretia his scornful message, with a half intimation that she was at liberty to repeat it "to Wyley's friends"—meaning Judge Tower. That lively lady at first thought of doing so; but fearing that it would cause some sort of an explosion, she abandoned the idea. She knew that her two saturnine admirers possessed demoniac tempers, which she had no particular desire to rouse. Hence she had prudently kept her counsel, and said nothing to Tower of Burke's message.

It was well that she had refrained. For as the new arrival looked around the room where Wyley, the inscrutable, sat at a card-table surrounded by his lieu-

tenants, Tower saw among them two avowed candidates for the governorship; he knew of several others among Wyley's followers who also looked for that honor at his hands. Had these loyal lieutenants suspected that, to save his own political skin, Wyley was willing to barter off their coveted reward, there would have been defection and revolt. But the wise Wyley did not tell them everything.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," responded Tower. "You ask if there is any news. The most important item, and one betokening a marked change in the situation, is the gain of a ballot to a leading candidate."

His remarks were accorded a keen attention, for the vote was already closed, and a single ballot might change it. He was plied with questions by three or four at once.

"What candidate is it?" "Who has changed his vote?" "What delegation is it?"

"Fox is the candidate, and his gain is due to the arrival of his nephew, young Alden, representative from El Dorado." Thus the laconic Tower.

A laugh went up, but Wyley did not join. "A vote for Fox is a vote for Burke," he said, sententiously, "for Fox is merely a Burke stool-pigeon. When the proper time arrives Fox will throw his vote to his master."

"What does he expect to get for the sale of his six votes?" asked Colquhoun.

"He hopes to get a Federal judgeship," replied Wyley; "his application is already filed, and is supported by two congressmen. He expects that, thus endorsed, his appointment will immediately follow on Burke's favorable recommendation of him to the President of the United States."

Again the group broke into laughter.

"Even if Burke is elected," said Quirk, "it does not follow that he will have the President's ear."

"It certainly does not," agreed Wyley, speaking with emphasis. "The President already has loyal advisers, in whose judgment and in whose motives he has confidence. Why, then, should he take into his inner councils this mudsill mechanic, spawned in the New York gutters?"

A murmur of approval ran around the circle.

"Another item of news," resumed Tower, "is that a pronounced squatter movement has begun in Sacramento."

"Is there any connection between the squatter movement here and the Vigilantes down at the Bay?" asked Colquhoun.

"No direct connection, I should think," replied Tower, "except that one encourages the other. Both are based on defiance of law and order. The movement there is leveled at life and liberty; here at property."

"Then do you think, senator," said Colquhoun, addressing Wyley, "that it is well for us to oppose the squatters here openly, or to oppose them secretly, or to remain neutral?"

"I think," said Wyley, judicially, "that it would be advisable to go further—a little mild encouragement of the squatters here would be well, politically speaking. Down at the Bay, where the land-owners are mostly Americans and voters, I would talk the other way—oppose the squatters, and shout for the sacredness of land titles."

"You consider that course inadvisable here?" asked Quirk.

"I do not see that it could gain us any support here," returned Wyley. "Nearly all the land around here is claimed by Helmont. He is not a citizen, has no vote, and has in his employ some hundreds of greasers who have no votes, either. The squatters all have votes. If they take his land away from him I don't see how it hurts us, and our mild encouragement of the movement will make us solid with the squatters."

There was an appreciative pause. It was evident that every man in the circle was deeply impressed by this admirable bit of practical politics. At last Colquhoun spoke:

"But shall we keep this dark down at the Bay?"

"More than that," replied their chieftain; "not only conceal our course up here, but down there we must talk and act the other way."

"That will not mean upholding the Vigilantes at the Bay, will it?" demanded Tower.

"Not at all," replied Colquhoun, suavely, thus relieving Wyley of the necessity for replying. "There is no affiliation between the two bodies—absolutely none. In fact, the leaders of the old Vigilante Committee down at the Bay have often threatened to call their men together and take steps against the squatters there."

"What sort of men are the leaders?" inquired Quirk.

"Principally commercial men," replied Wyley. "Yes," said Tower, gruffly, "they are a set of d—d pork merchants, and like the swine in the Scriptures they ought to be driven down their own hills into the sea."

"Is it your desire, senator," asked Quirk, deferentially, of Wyley, "that your supporters should make no attempt to oppose the Vigilante movement down there?"

"For the present I think it well to leave it unchecked," replied Wyley. "True, I am opposed to the movement, as are practically all of our party. But the lines on which the Vigilantes there are at present working all converge in one direction—they point to Burke and his followers. The Vigilantes are threatening to arrest and banish certain ballot-box stuffers, among whom are the notorious Mike Clancy, who is a devoted follower of Burke. I have even heard it rumored that they will attack the election returns of the Bay City delegates, which delegation Burke now carries in his breeches' pocket."

"But with what practical result?" asked Tower.

"With this result," replied Wyley, "while it is not proved that any State court could or would go behind the returns of a city election for legislators, still a showing of fraud in such an election might impel the United States Senate, properly advised, to refuse a seat to one claiming to be a senator whose election was attended with such a fraud."

A deep hush fell upon the gathering—a hush of admiration. The possibilities of thus killing off a political foe at the end of a long battle, up to that point successfully waged by him—of destroying him just as he was about to taste the sweets of victory—this appealed so strongly to these grizzled veterans of politics that their eyes glistened as they gazed respectfully and admiringly at their leader.

The silence was broken by Quirk. "Then you think, senator," he exclaimed, "that we can beat Burke even if he is elected?"

"I think," assented Wyley, "that even if Burke be elected he may find his election a barren one. This for two reasons; first, the Senate may not seat him; second, even if it does, the President may not advise with him."

A chorus of delighted exclamations arose from around the circle, and Colquhoun cried: "Then you think that you will not have to divide the Federal patronage with this Tammany tough?"

"It is my belief," replied Wyley, oracularly, "that if we both are elected there will be no change in the pleasant and cordial relations now existing between the President and myself. I believe that the President will continue to honor me by seeking my counsel in naming gentlemen to positions of dignity and profit in this State. And you, gentlemen, you who are my devoted adherents, need have no apprehension as to what my counsel shall be. But it is getting late. I must present my respects to his excellency the governor and take my departure. Good-night, gentlemen," and the great leader stalked in dignity back to the ball-room, the little group of adherents following his departing form with grateful and expectant eyes.

Tower, like his chieftain, concluded that the hour was growing late, and that he would gather up his women-kind and depart. He set forth, therefore, to find Mrs. Lyndon and her charge. But on his way he encountered Diana, and much to his displeasure, he saw that she was accompanied by Arthur Alden. He paused before them, and they stopped. His stiff greeting did not seem to attract the attention of the young man. The judge thought that Alden seemed agitated, and rather wondered at the brief and formal nature of his farewell.

When Alden had gone, the judge gave Diana his arm and they walked on in silence in search of Mrs. Lyndon. At last the judge spoke:

"Diana," said he, gravely, "I am much hurt—more, I am much displeased. After my expression to you of an earnest wish, it seems to me most inconsiderate that you should, almost within the hour, run counter to my wishes, and again accept the attentions of this young man."

It was so long before she replied that the judge at last looked at her inquiringly. He saw that although her face was pale, her eyes were burning.

"You need have no fear, sir," she replied, slowly. "I will heed your wishes. You will never again have occasion to complain of my being in company with Mr. Arthur Alden."

The judge was somewhat struck by the intensity of her tone, and surmised that something had happened which he was destined not to know. But he was in some things a wise man, and therefore thought that if the end which he desired had been accomplished, it mattered little how. Furthermore, he was one of those who believe that this is a man's world, and that the things which happen to women, except birth and death, are really matters of but little moment, after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The mobilization of all British warships in home waters, available for immediate service, was completed June 30 for the annual naval manœuvres, and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford found himself in supreme command of a total of not less than 301 ships, with an aggregate complement of 68,000 officers and men. The newspapers, while they proclaim that the array of such a force in the North Sea is in no manner connected with Germany, do not fail incidentally to compare this, the greatest fleet ever assembled in the history of the world, with the fleet of sixty-two vessels with which Germany recently carried out her North Sea manœuvres.

Captain A. G. Olsen, the other officers of the ship, and twelve passengers, join in a sworn statement that on June 24, while the steamship *Livingstone* was in the Gulf of Mexico, out from Galveston, a sea serpent 200 feet long was seen resting on the water not more than sixty feet from the vessel. It was dark-brown in color, as large around as a flour-barrel, and had a head six feet long and three feet wide. Most terrifying of all the particulars is the description of the rattles with which the serpent's tale was adorned, and which made a noise like the discharge of a Gatling gun when the sea wonder finally swam away.

Parsee merchants have a monopoly of the manufacture of camphor oil at Foochow, China, controlling seventeen distilleries, and export most of the product to India.

THE MARVELOUS BOY.

Charles Edward Russell Throws New Light Upon Thomas Chatterton.

It is strange that a century and a quarter should elapse between the death of Thomas Chatterton and this first argued and elaborate effort to defend "the memory of one of the greatest minds and sweetest souls that ever dwelt upon earth." But it is still more strange that Thomas Chatterton should need a defense. Out of what depths of self-righteousness and shameless Phariseism came these savage aspersions upon the deeds of a child who did no more than hide his shining genius under an anonymity or a subterfuge that alone would give it the recognition that it deserved. Chatterton today is better known for his fault than for his virtue and many of those who prate the most glibly of his "forgery" and of his suicide would be unable to recite from memory, or even to identify, two consecutive lines of his verse, as exquisite as any of his day and generation.

Mr. Russell has given us an impressive hook of nearly three hundred pages. It is indeed "the story of a strange life," a story that makes us wonder by what fateful mishap, by what tragic miscalculation of the gods, so glorious a young career was driven to hopeless wreck and ruin. But it is also a story of which the shame still hangs darkly upon a civilization that has made but scant amends for the outrage that it inflicted upon this divine child, for the neglect and the contumely and the blows that it showered upon him while alive, and for the opprobrium that is the monument to his memory. Mr. Russell could not have chosen a more worthy work than to hang this wreath upon the shrine of Chatterton, nor could it have been better done.

Almost the first example of Chatterton's work given to us in the book is "A Hymn for Christmas Day," written when the boy was about ten years old. The first two stanzas will show us how truly the metal rings:

Almight Framer of the Skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in Thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made
Till Thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Defined the darkness into day,
And hid the vapors fly;
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left His palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

Chatterton was about fifteen years of age when he produced those astonishing documents that have earned him the name of "forger." The extent of his responsibility, the extent of the connivance of Barrett, are points examined by the author at considerable length. What became of documents that, if authentic, must have had an extraordinary value? Copies have remained to us, but where are the originals? Barrett himself was an antiquarian. No one better than he was able to judge of their worth, and that they have utterly disappeared must be taken as evidence of Barrett's guilty complicity and perhaps even of his instigation:

And this is but a small part of the cloud of doubt that enfolds all this melancholy matter. It is chiefly because of the fabricated documents he gave to Barrett that the name "forger" has been fastened upon Thomas Chatterton. Most of his other experiments in the antique never saw the light until after his death, and even injustice so gross as has been his portion could hardly charge him with posthumous forgery. But are we so sure that he was the responsible forger in the case of the Barrett documents? Everybody has accepted the story, no one has investigated it. Certainly if that drama were to be re-enacted now we should hesitate to condemn any fifteen-year-old boy on such evidence and in such circumstances. For instance, Barrett was Chatterton's most frequent companion; we know that the boy looked upon the man with more respect and confidence than he felt for any other person in Bristol. At one time he desired to study medicine and to be articulated to the surgeon; he was almost daily in the surgeon's house. Admitting it to be quite possible that the boy should be willing to deceive and impose upon the man by giving him false documents, it was extremely improbable that the man should be deceived in any such way. Why? Because there was no other person in Bristol, if in England, so well informed as to the difference between genuine old documents and fabricated old documents.

Moreover, the forged documents were supposed to have come from the Muniment Room in Bristol and from the old record chest known as Canynge's Coffin. But no one was more familiar with Canynge's Coffin than was Barrett himself. He was, indeed, about the last man in England who could have been so deceived:

He never tells us what became of them, but this at least is clear and certain, that before Chatterton came into Barrett's life Barrett was expert in the nature of the genuine old documents from Canynge's Coffin. He had handled, examined, purchased, and copied hundreds of them, and being by all accounts a thrifty soul, there was no one less likely to be deceived about them. How could he fail to detect Chatterton's imitations? Of such of these as have come to light few are in the least likely to deceive any one that has eyes good enough to see a church by daylight. And here was Barrett, the shrewd bargainer, the canny purveyor of other things of this nature, taken in by that has never taken in anybody else. To be sure any of the documents were genuine, that is true enough, but as to the rest, either Barrett did not look at them with the least attention or he knew

quite well that they were manufactured and was willing to profit in his way by their making. This is the inevitable conclusion. On the whole, perhaps, we are all wrong in our zeal to denounce this boy. Perhaps some of the odium that for more than a century has hung about his name belongs elsewhere. William Barrett was then a mature man; he was dealing with a boy fourteen, fifteen years old, a boy without training or experience. Suppose we cease to castigate the boy "literary forger" and pay some attention to the man that had at the very least abundant reason to know of the forgeries and never made the slightest effort to discourage them. This man was then engaged in writing a work in which the authenticity of his statements was not likely to be questioned. If there be any kind of a history that is wholly apt to escape too curious comment, it is one designed for local consumption and flattering to the local vanity. How could he suspect that this boy would ever be the means of throwing a white light upon his book? His heart was set upon acquiring parchments, there is reason to think he was not disposed to be over-scrupulous about them, and when we discover, as we shall further on, that in one of the fabrications Chatterton had Barrett's active assistance, and that in the one deception that has done the boy the most harm he had Barrett's cooperation and advice, we may well suspect that from the beginning the world has been on the track of the wrong offender.

When we come to Walpole's share of this discreditable business the author, metaphorically speaking, takes his gloves off and gives to that pretentious knave some of the castigation that he merits. Chatterton sent some of his documents to Walpole, who received them kindly, but when he found that the boy was of lowly estate he wrote him an insulting letter, made no use of the manuscripts, and ignored all application for their return. Then Chatterton wrote him an indignant letter of reproof:

Walpole said afterward that on the receipt of this revolutionary and insulting communication he took his pen in hand and began a letter of admonition and expostulation, but probably concluding that the young rufian was beyond hope and incorrigible, he flung the letter he had begun into the fire, and snapping up Chatterton's manuscripts and letters he returned them without a word. In later years, when he came to deny that he had ever received certain of these letters, the fact that he did not save them was of use to him. In the minds of some persons it helped to relieve the figure he cut, which was really one of the sorriest in literary history. The boy was perfectly right in his conclusion that if Walpole had not known of the condition of his correspondent he would not have dared to use him so. Whatever might have been the verdict of Gray and Mason, there could be no excuse for returning the manuscripts without an acknowledgment, and no possible palliation for retaining them so long. Even Coleridge, when he had fallen from grace and turned reactionary, gaged at this. But, on the whole, the Earl of Oxford has escaped lightly; on the whole, the abundant literature of denunciation that the Chatterton story has called forth seems to have been unevenly distributed, and one would be pleased to record that a part of the wrath that fell upon the memory of the young apprentice had been reserved for the knavish nobleman.

For a time the boy poet did well in London, well at least for one who was little used to receive aught but blows and insults. Then, from certain political causes, his fortunes waned and we find him reduced to the extremities of want. For sixteen songs purchased by the *Town and Country Magazine* he received ten shillings and sixpence, and a like amount for the "Consulid." His entire earnings during his best month at that period were less than five pounds. In June they were less than four pounds, but yet his diary shows that he lent trifling sums to those whose necessities were still more pressing.

Then comes the final act of the tragedy, pitiful beyond all words:

This was on August 24, 1770, when he was seventeen years and nine months old. Some time before he had obtained a little arsenic, some persons have supposed of Cross, on the plea that he wished to poison the rats in his chamber. On this evening he retired as usual to his room. They heard him walking about there a little, but so he did often. Through what solemn agony he passed in those hours is only to be surmised. He opened his little trunk and took from it manuscript after manuscript and tore each into minute fragments, the fruits of his labor, the dear children of his thoughts that he had reared in his loneliness and pain, the hurt father turning upon and rending all. And that done, he mixed his arsenic with water and drank it, and, throwing himself upon his little bed, he died.

In the morning they broke open his door and found him there, dead in the ruins of so much hope. The world of London roared on and never knew how great a soul it had trampled under its careless heel. Of him lying dead in his attic chamber a scant half-dozen strangers took heed. The coroner came and held a perfunctory inquest, making no notes and in haste to be gone: Mrs. Angell, her husband, and a neighbor testified, the verdict of suicide was reached, the permit issued, the coroner went about his business. The men from the parish workhouse came with a rude coffin and bore off the poor little body, and that night it went to the potter's field of the Shoe Lane workhouse. Nobody took note of the event; the newspapers printed no word of it, Wilkes on the continent, Fell and Edmunds in prison, heard nothing about it; and on the registry of St. Andrew, Holborn, in which parish lay Brooke street and Shoe Lane, the rare melodist thus made mute was entered as "William Chatterton."

Yet at that moment Dr. Fry, of Oxford, the one man in all England that had perceived the surpassing wonder of the Rowley poems, whether true or false, was preparing a journey to Bristol to find this marvelous young man and assist him if he should need help. And yet at that moment the miserly Hamilton owed him several pounds for work he had accepted and that he continued to publish for more than a year.

And so the story ends. A concluding chap-

ter shows us some little of what the world owes to Chatterton and of a public appreciation that came all too late. It may be said that it was Chatterton's misfortune to come into the world too soon and that we should today welcome a genius that was despised and rejected a century ago. But should we, in very truth?

"Thomas Chatterton, the Marvellous Boy," by Charles Edward Russell. Illustrated. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$2.50.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Closing Door.

Why will you lock the garden door
That long swung wide for me?
I seek to enter in no more,
But do not turn the key.

I only ask to stand outside
And through the doorway see
That roses, as of old, abide
Where once you walked with me;

To see the happy lilies grow—
Ah! happy once were we!
And watch the joyous hawthorne blow
Upon our trysting-tree.

So do not lock the door that is
The gate of heaven to me;
But leave a little space for bliss,
And throw away the key.

—Rhoda Hero Dunn, in *Smart Set*.

Today and Tomorrow.

Today and tomorrow and the days that come
after,
Springtime and summer and two seasons more;
The night full of tears and the day full of
laughter

And dreams that come in and go out of the
door.

O Time that is fleeing too fast for our capture,
While the heart of our dreams beholds it pass
by—

The yearning and hurning, the desire and the
rapture

Till we home to the earth and we home to the
sky.

O harvest of dreams! when the sowing is over
And fulfillment of growth gives over all plying,
Ah, down the long sunset of life the heart-rover
Turns twilight to weeping and darkness to
sighing.

We gather the harvest of dreams and we store
them
Deep down in our hearts for the hunger that
craves.

When springtime and summer, the laughter that
bore them,
Sail away like a ship that we watch on the
waves.

—William Stanley Braithwaite.

At Dawn.

How many years, how many generations,
Have heard that sign in the dawn,
When the dark earth yearns to the unforgotten
nations

And the old loves withdrawn,
Old loves, old lovers, wonderful and unnumbered
As waves on the wine-dark sea,
'Neath the tall white towers of Troy and the
temples that slumbered
In Thessaly?

When the mists divide with the dawn o'er those
glittering waters,
Do they gaze over unroared seas—
Naiad and nymph and the woodland's rose-
crowned daughters

And the Oceanides?
Do they sing together, perchance, in that diamond
splendor,

That world of dawn and dew,
With eyelids twitching to tears and with eyes
grown tender,

The sweet old songs they knew,
The songs of Greece? Ah, with harp-strings
mute do they falter

As the earth like a small star pales?
When the heroes launch their ship by the smoking
altar

Does a memory lure their sails?
Far, far away do their hearts resume the story
That never on earth was told.

When all those urgent oars on the waste of glory
Cast up its gold?
—Alfred Noyes, in "The Golden Hynde and Other
Poems."

A Good Time.

I've had a good time.
Life came with rosy cheeks and tender song
Across the morning fields to play with me.
And, oh, how glad we were, and romped along
And laughed, and kissed each other by the sea.

I've had a good time.
Love came and met me half-way down the road:
Love went away, but there remained with me
A little dream to help me bear my load,
A something more to watch for by the sea.

I've had a good time.
Death came and took a rosebud from my yard;
But after that, I think there walked with me,
To prove me how the thing was not so hard,
An angel here of evenings by the sea.

I've had a good time.
A good, good time.
Nobody knows how good a time but me,
With nights and days of revel and of rhyme,
And tears and love and longing by the sea.

—Mounee Byrd, in *Harper's Magazine*.

It is announced by a Christiania paper that
Dr. Koht and Dr. Elias, who were selected by
Henrik Ibsen's relatives to edit the works of
the famous dramatist, have discovered a hitherto
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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

A Man of Genius, by M. P. Willcocks. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

This successful story is not only strong in incident, but as a picture of Devonshire life it has very few equals. The author knows the folk talk and the homely, outspoken humor of the west country to perfection, and he knows how to touch his story with the primitive mysticism that is on the border line of superstition.

The man of genius is Ambrose Velly, a farmer's son who would be an architect, but who sees himself sentenced to a life term at the plough. The woman in the case is Thyrsa, who is a sort of domestic help to Mrs. Velly, but when Thyrsa is sent away for fear of sentimental complications with the only son the mischief has already been done. Thyrsa is a remarkable girl, beautiful, uneducated, and with a hunger for maternity that is almost the only expression of a not unbecoming inner nature. Out of love for Ambrose she hides her plight and would probably have gone down the much-trodden path to ruin but for the interference of Damaris Westaway, who is herself in love with Ambrose, but who sacrifices herself to save her rival.

The story is rich in strong characters, but that of Thyrsa, animal and angel, is one to be remembered. The picture of Ambrose honestly loving two women at the same time is true to nature, but few novelists have had the courage to say so. But Ambrose does his whole duty as soon as he sees it, and Thyrsa need not fear that as his wife she will discredit him among the new friends that his architectural successes must bring him. Damaris is less convincingly drawn, and although she too has beauty, and education to boot, she is less winsome than Thyrsa, perhaps because she has not the "come hither" in her eye that we are assured by one of the characters is the strongest weapon in a woman's armory.

The Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins, F. R. G. S., by Henry Johnson. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$5.

The record of a man of whom it has been fairly said that he was "worthy to be placed beside Hawkins and Froberisher" ought not to go unappreciated, even at a time when physical courage and endurance are denied some of their rightful recognition. Captain Wiggins was one of the most daring navigators and explorers of the age, the discoverer of the Kara Sea route to Siberia, the explorer of the Yenesei and of the whole of that little known territory from Archangel eastward that he did so much to chart and to open. When he began his work practically nothing was known of trans-Ural Russia, and Siberia was no more than a land of exile and horror. There was no trade with Siberia, and the fact that several million dollars are now invested in the resources of that country is due to the dauntless resolution of Captain Wiggins.

But the supreme interest of the book is not so much in the tangible results that it records as in the picture of the man himself and of an indomitable character that defied failure and wrested success from conditions that seemed hopeless. Captain Wiggins was a fine sailor, a man who compelled admiration and obedience by the force of an almost blameless disposition.

The book, copiously illustrated, is a model of what a biography should be. Captain Wiggins could desire no better monument to his life's work than this straightforward account of what he tried to do and of what he did. There is no hook of its kind that gives a more clear-cut portrait of a brave and a good man.

Motoring Abroad, by Frank Presbrey. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$2.

The prevalence of *automobilio foreignensis* is the excuse offered by the author for his book. Having himself experienced the innumerable doubts, perplexities, and conjectures naturally attendant upon an automobile trip in foreign parts, and having solved them practically and experimentally, he undertakes like a good citizen to share his acquirements with others and to make easy the road for those who would follow after him.

The trip undertaken by the author and his wife was through Normandy, Brittany, the chateau country of Touraine, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It was certainly well chosen and the account of it now before us is not only admirably written, but it can hardly fail to be effective guide, philosopher, and friend to the automobilist who may be fired by ambition to go and do likewise. As a guide-book it would be valuable to those who travel more prosaically by train, but to those who aspire to the added delights of the road and, it may be confessed, its added difficulties, it must appeal as a very present help in time of trouble.

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, by David Homer Bates. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$2.

This fascinating book is a valuable contribution to Lincoln personalia. The author was operator, cipher-operator, and manager of the

War Department telegraph office from 1861 to 1866. Throughout the whole of that stressful period Lincoln was a daily, sometimes an hourly, visitor at the office in search of the latest news.

Mr. Bates has done his work exceedingly well and to the complete suppression of his own personality. The point of view from which he observed the President was an unique one, including as it did the times of the utmost stress and when the need for self-restraint was at its least. Indeed, his relations with Lincoln may be almost described as domestic. Practically the whole drama of the struggle was performed under the author's eye in its confidential as well as in its public aspects, and too much praise can hardly be given to the discrimination and the strong human sympathy with which it is written.

Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared, edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus, D. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

This volume is composed of the Gould prize essays, revised and supplemented with appendices and a complete bibliography.

The net result of these scholarly essays is "to bring into bold relief the great difference between, and the otherwise practical unity of, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Bibles."

This verdict, otherwise a little dubious, is elucidated by the further statement that the "great difference" is the presence in the Roman Catholic Bible of the Apocrypha, and we are reminded that the American Revised Version does not even allude to the existence of these writings. The conclusion is a useful one. Apart from the large body of research contained in this volume and now available in convenient form, the Gould essays will do a useful work in emphasizing the value of the Apocryphal writings and the strange and culpable indifference toward them that is shown by Protestant theology, an indifference that seems to depend not upon reason, but upon prejudice.

The Grey Knight, by Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This story has pleasing features, but it is some way behind other works by Mrs. De La Pasture, and notably "Deborah of Tod's." Louise Owen has been married as a girl to a confirmed invalid, and when she is ultimately released by the death of her husband she is still young and handsome and has acquired all the virtues of devotion and self-denial. Undertaking the work of nursing, for which she is so well qualified, she is summoned to the sick bed of Sir Harry Gwyn, and of course the usual romance follows. It is all very well and easily told, and if it possesses no distinct or insistent features, it is eminently readable.

A History of Literature.

"The Cambridge History of English Literature," now in course of manufacture by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, will easily become the standard work of its kind, so far as may be judged from the first two volumes that are now ready for delivery. The books themselves are of fine appearance, the type is bold and legible, and there is every evidence of careful literary excellence and of erudite and exhaustive research.

The scope of this monumental work is sufficiently indicated by the advance list of volumes, of which there will be fourteen. Volume I, now ready, deals with the "Beginnings to the Cycles of Romance." Then we have "From Chaucer to the Renaissance," also ready, and this will be followed by "Early Elizabethan Literature," "The Elizabethan and the Jacobean Drama," in two volumes, and "Jacobean Poetry and Prose," "The Caroline Age," and "The Age of Dryden, of Swift, and of Pope," have a volume each, and then will come "The Rise of the Novel," "The French Revolution and Georgian Era," "The Romantic Revival," and "The Victorian Age," in two volumes.

The object of the editors has been to give a connected account of the successive movements of English literature so handled as to insure adequate treatment of secondary writers, instead of their being overshadowed by a few great names. Note was to be taken of the influence of foreign literatures, and of English upon foreign literatures, and each chapter was to be furnished with a sufficient bibliography.

The plan as outlined has been faithfully followed in the published volumes. In the first volume, for example, we have twenty chapters, the first by A. R. Waller, M. A., on "The Beginnings," followed by others, all by the best men, on such topics as "Runes and Manuscripts," "Alfred and the Old English Prose," "The Franciscans of Oxford," "The Arthurian Legend," "Metrical Romances," and "Transition English." Professor Gollancz contributes a chapter on "Pearl," "Cleanness," "Patience," and "Sir Gawayne," and Professor George Saintsbury on "The Prosody of Old and Middle English." That no pains have been spared to secure the aid of the best men and the ripest scholarship is evident enough, and we may congratulate ourselves on a work that will certainly hold the field for many years to come. Price, per volume, \$2.50 net.

New Publications.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn. Price, \$1.50.

"The Vivians," by Edwin Barrett. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

From Charles G. D. Roberts comes another fascinating animal book, entitled "The House in the Water." But the characters are not all of the water kind. There are bears and moose, as well as beaver, and they are none the less delightful because they are drawn with accurate hand and without strain upon the credulity. The book is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Those who covet the delight of a country home, even though business must still be attended to in the town, should read "The Small Country Place," by Samuel T. Maynard, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The book is written for those who have no intention to become farmers, but who want the intelligent delights of a country home as the background to city occu-

pations. The book contains all sorts of information on house and garden, all of it of the common-sense and practical kind, while the profuse illustrations are a valuable feature.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published an edition of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," "retold" for children. The retelling is well done, but we can only deplore the mutilation of a classic that in the majority of cases must prevent it from ever being read in its original form. Books that are unsuited for the use of children had better be left untouched for later years. The price of the book is 35 cents.

John Jay Chapman has written "Four Plays for Children" in blank verse, of a quality and general literary excellence far above the pabulum usually supposed to be suitable for young minds. The plays are entitled "The Lost Prince," "The Hermits," "King Ithuriel," and "Christmas in Leipsig." The simplicity of the stage settings and the merit of the compositions should commend them widely. The volume is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Price, \$1.



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The show at the Princess Theatre may be recommended as a striking example of theatrical skill in the transference of vitality. Certain it is that the author of "The Chaperons" did not put into his work anything that could pass inspection as a vital element. When he had finished with it a careful observer of effervescent descriptive power would have confined himself to the statement that it was in two acts. Then the composer framed up some tunes that could be hung on or slipped in anywhere; and the music is not bad, especially the reminiscences of "The Pirates of Penzance" and "La Fille de Mme. Angot."

But it is indeed a desperate situation even in mock musical comedy that can not be saved by such artists as William Burress, May Boley, Arthur Cunningham, and Oscar Apfel, aided and abetted by the liberal policy of the Princess management, the intelligent and painstaking efforts of Stage Manager Lask, and the ability of Musical Director Simonson. Comedian Burress in the play is an artistic adventurer with a brogue and little opportunity to use it. May Boley carries her scenes by perfect poise and personal charm. Cunningham is happy in his make-up and his songs. Apfel is a capable but cautious sight-seer and spender. Zoe Barnett has an idiotic rôle, perhaps the worst in the list, but, strange to say of her, she adds emphasis to its vociferous vacancy. Evelyn Frances Kellogg, Christina Nielsen, and Sarah Edwards are all that can be desired in appearance. The chorus was never in greater force or more elaborately and charmingly costumed.

"The Chaperons" will run all next week and then give place to "The Girl from Paris."

Henry Miller has faith in the discriminating judgment of San Francisco playgoers. In presenting Percy MacKaye's new comedy, "Mater," at the Van Ness Theatre next week, for the first time on any stage, he relies upon knowledge and sentiment that he has tested in the same way more than once, and on each occasion with gratifying results.

The play is a new departure for Mr. MacKaye, who found inspiration for his earlier works in poetical themes and the gloom of tragedy, for it is a drama of modern life, amusing in its tangle of identities and purposes, and of timely interest since it deals with political plots and counter-plots. Its title, "Mater," comes from the efforts of a clever mother to win success for her son in an exciting campaign.

Mr. Miller will play the part of Congressman Cullen, a modern statesman and practical politician, a rôle in striking contrast with that of Stephen Ghent in "The Great Divide." That his characterization will be clear-cut and strong, a moving personality, none will doubt who hold in memory, as so many do, the vivid conceptions he has presented during the years he has honored San Francisco with his art and his appreciation.

Isabel Irving will be the Mater, a woman of wit and delicate perception, but with a firm grasp of important questions, having been specially engaged to create the part. Frederick Lewis will originate the rôle of Michael, the idealistic and aspiring son. Hazel MacKaye, sister of the author and daughter of Steele MacKaye, the dramatist whose name was familiar to every play-goer thirty years ago, will have a prominent part.

In the old days, as now, it was the policy of the Alcazar Theatre management to present a new attraction every week, but occasionally public favor was shown with such overpowering insistence for a peculiarly popular play that the regular one-week run was extended. When "The Prisoner of Zenda" was last produced at the O'Farrell-Street Alcazar of happy memory, it made that kind of a record, for, although it was not new to San Francisco, it was given with such an excellently balanced cast and with so perfect an atmosphere that it held the stage for five weeks. White Whittlesey was the Rudolf Rassendyl on that occasion and he will take the same rôle in the revival of the play next week at the New Alcazar Theatre.

Mr. Whittlesey is particularly suited to the romantic situations in which the hero of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is involved, and has made the characterization all his own. His support will be good throughout. Bessie Barriscale is assigned to portray the Princess Flavia, and Stage Director Fred J. Butler will again be seen as Sapt. All the Alcazar favorites are well bestowed. The management will sustain the reputation of the playhouse in their attention to the details of the production.

The bill at the Orpheum for the week beginning with the Sunday matinée will be an attractive one. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, who have just returned from a pleasure tour of the Hawaiian Islands, have been prevailed upon to play a brief engagement. They will appear in Mr. Cressy's best effort, "The Village Lawyer," which presents certain types of New England character that are reproductions of village folk he knew in his boyish days in Bradford, New Hampshire. A particularly good feature of the coming programme will be Jesse L. Lasky's musical production, "The Military Octet," and "The Girl with the Baton," which is one of the most

pretentious novelties in vaudeville. Besides a mechanical staff of five is required the services of eleven trained musicians, and their tuneful numbers are introduced in appropriate settings. A unique musical act will be introduced by Ines and Taki, Italian musicians, vocalists as well as instrumental soloists. The Dancing Mitchells, the Creole, Black Prince, and the Octoroon, will provide a quarter of an hour of excellent divertissement with effective and even gorgeous changes of costume. Next week will be the last of the Basque Grand Opera Quartet, Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, who will present a new sketch, Fentelle and Carr, and of that fine character comedian, Ben Welch, in his Hebrew and Italian imitations.

The final performances of "The Servant in the House" will be given on Saturday afternoon and Saturday night at the Van Ness Theatre. The company leaves for the East on Sunday and Henry Miller and other players will take the stage on Monday with "Mater."

The first important musical attraction to come from the East will be "The Girl Question," which made a record for itself in Chicago and which will receive its New York premiere next Monday night.

Tan a Dangerous Acquisition.

Baring one's head, neck, shoulders, and arms to the sun during the summer outing is regarded as a harmless fad, if, indeed, not greatly beneficial, but it is pointed out that the custom is dangerous. The enthusiasts would not run some particular risks if they guarded their heads as do the wiser inhabitants of all the other hot lands.

The process of acquiring "tan" is often a significantly painful one, and even if only the face is exposed to the sun a real fever involving the whole body is a familiar result. When the exposure is complete, as many a boy who went in swimming for several hours on a bright day has discovered, the consequences may be serious peril to life, though there may be no question of the wholly different phenomenon known as sunstroke. "Tan" as a protective covering is a useful acquisition, but there is no sense in sneering at "complexion." Its preservation is not worth the sacrifices sometimes made for it in other days, but neither is it to be recklessly lost, especially by women of the lighter races, for whom delicacy of color and texture of skin lend a charm that is entirely compatible with robust health. It is better to be ugly and well than beautiful and ill, but to be beautiful and well is also possible.

In certain maladies intense light has undoubted therapeutic value. That, however, is no argument for its habitual and inexpert use, any more than it is for the similar use of any other potent remedy when it is not needed.

It is easy to see that even the new boot-black machines have employed a press agent. The health authorities of Toledo have recently placed a ban on two brands of shoe blacking. The sudden death of a young man, who had been apparently in the best of health, was the cause of the investigation which resulted in the discovery. It was found that he had stained his canvas shoes with a certain kind of polish, and after analysis of the preparation which he had used it was determined that the nitro-benzole in it had killed him. The city chemist of Toledo explains that "when nitro-benzole is absorbed into the flesh through cracks in shoes or from being placed on cloth tops or canvas shoes, it destroys all the oxygen in the blood, and death claims the victim before he is aware anything is the matter."

Paper slippers and rose petals are taking the place of rice at fashionable weddings in Europe. The silver slippers—to replace the old shoes—are about half an inch long, and are made of silver paper cut in the shape of dainty slippers. The rose petals—to replace the rice—are the real thing—thousands of petals stripped by hand from pink roses. The slippers and rose petals are heaped in great bowls in the hall. When the bride and bridegroom emerge, instead of being cannonaded with coarse rice and old shoes, a pink and silver cloud of rose petals and little shining slippers envelops them.

Beggars are never suppressed in Turkey. The story is told (and they say it is true) about an American woman who by mistake gave a beggar of Constantinople a gold piece. The man had left his post when she returned, but one of his colleagues told her where he "resided." It was a fine house and at the door was a servant who politely informed the woman that "my master is dressing. He will be down soon." And then the well-groomed beggar, dressed for dinner, appeared and gladly returned the gold piece, exclaiming in the meanwhile that such mistakes were highly embarrassing.

In the Blue Mountains, three hours from Sydney, are many beautiful country houses, mostly hungalows with wide verandas all round, where Sydney people fly in February and March to get away from the heat of the city by the harbor.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

James Whitcomb Riley, "the Hoosier poet," enjoys from his books, which are devoted exclusively to verse, an annual income varying from \$25,000 to \$30,000. Few, if any, poets have been so prolific as Mr. Riley, who appears in his publisher's catalogue with something like thirty volumes, to which six volumes more will be added this season.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has completed arrangements for the issue by a prominent London publisher of an English edition of Miss Edith Macvane's novel, "The Duchess of Dreams." The author is a daughter of Professor Silas M. Macvane of the history department of Harvard University.

A proposal of the town council of Rochester, England, to set up a statue of Dickens in their gardens has fallen through on account of the objection of the novelist's son, Mr. H. F. Dickens, who sent to the council this extract from his father's will: "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my countrymen upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto."

Readers in every part of the country have written to the publishers asking them to resume the old cover of *Harper's Magazine*, which had been used for the June number to mark the fifty-eighth anniversary of the first issue of that periodical. The letters, expressing the old homelike feeling of attachment and loyalty to the magazine, have quickened a responsive sentiment.

The first Baedeker was published at Coblenz, on the Rhine, in 1839. Baedeker was born at Essen in 1801, and was by occupation a bookseller. There had been tourist guides before him, but he wanted to make the ciceroni, Lohnbediente, or commissionaires, as the professional guides were known in the various countries, useless. He was a modest man, and probably never thought that in seventy years his name would be so well known in all parts of the globe.

By a vote of three to two, the justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York have upheld the decision that the publishers of copyright books have a legal right to control the sale and price of such books, but that the same rights do not apply to the sale of books that are not protected by copyright.

It has been announced that Charles Scribner's Sons will publish a book by Theodore Roosevelt on hunting in Africa, after the author's return from the trip he has planned for next year. That the publishing will be on a royalty basis is admitted, and the recent rumors about a flat rate of \$1 a word are therefore discredited.

An appreciation of Lorado Taft, "the most prominent of our Western sculptors," by Henry B. Fuller, with reproductions of his group, "The Blind," and details therefrom, is a feature of the Midsummer Holiday Number of the *Century Magazine*.

David Belasco and David Warfield's drama, "The Grand Army Man," has been put in novel form by Harvey J. O'Higgins.

In his "Memories of the Tennysons," Canon H. D. Rawnsley gives many vivid pictures of Tennyson as he talked in easy mood. While walking on the downs near Farringford they spoke of other poets—of Wordsworth, whom he called "very great when he is great, but there are long barrennesses in

him"; of Browning, of whom he said, "He can conceive of grand dramatic situations but where's the music"; of Burns, of whom he said glowingly, "Yes, if ever man was inspired, Burns was," and at once he broke into one of Burns's songs, and enjoyed himself vastly.

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HAMPDEN AND WHITTLESEY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The opinions of others concerning such matters as have held our own attention, whether favorable or otherwise, are bound to be of interest, and I always like to hear verdicts on books or plays that I have read or seen.

I have extracted with some difficulty opinions on Walter Hampden's Manson, except for a general note of commendation. In response to "How did you like him?" people respond "I think he's very good," with that unprintable inflection which tacitly adds "considering."

Mr. Hampden gives a very interesting representation, endeavoring to banish from his features any reminder of the cheerful maternalism which looks out from the average human countenance.

Some people, it seems, have taken exception to the idea of the reincarnation as presented in "The Servant in the House," and have either remained away or, going, have professed themselves shocked by such a blasphemous mingling of sacred and mundane things.

The man who is wedded to orthodoxy will no doubt squirm, and conceive that in holding up the Bishop of Lincashire to our reprobation the church is discredited.

It was spring; the spring of the year, and the springtime of life. My bosom friend and I were in the schoolyard bolting our noonday refection with schoolgirl speed.

Said my companion—an exquisitely pretty girl, who had breathed an atmosphere of admiration and adulation ever since she was old enough to know that she had an ego.

Then a cooling second thought came, and I said practically, "But you wouldn't have a bit of fun out of it all after you were dead."

I have come to the conclusion, after seeing "If I Were King" a second time, that it is a piece aimed at the standards and the sympathies of just such romantic young addle-heads.

Of course "If I Were King" is founded upon certain fragmentary events, and the characters upon some all-but mythical personages that came into existence during the reign of Louis XI.

So, at the matinee of "If I Were King" every tier of the New Alcazar Theatre was solid with people having a perfectly gorgeous time over the congenial blending of White Whittlesey with the romantic drama.

That famous poem of François Villon's "If I Were King" has been Justin Huntly McCarthy's inspiration. What wonderful things would we not all do if we were king—until we are.

But such a reprehensible afterthought has no part nor parcel in Mr. McCarthy's play. In it the famed licentiousness of the poet is all of the lips.

White Whittlesey speaks his little piece, or rather pieces, for he recites several of Villon's best-known poems, in a manner to delight his worshippers in front.

A handsome gallant of the Middle Ages should never be compelled to hide his stalwart limbs under the robes of an old man; but this was what Louis's brand-new grand constable was compelled to do.

Bessie Barriscale was of course the great lady whose perilous beauty all but cost the poet his head. In spite of the possibilities in "The Rose of the Rancho," I had not taken in the pleasing fact that this young actress is very pretty.

Justin Huntly McCarthy, by the way, has a talent of his own for turning a pretty phrase, by which one recognizes the potency of the charm that Villon's jeweled verse could not fail to exercise upon him.

There are several scenes crowded with humanity in which good stage management was necessary, and they were quite effective to the eye.

For a moment I glowed with sympathy. That one tired of it all and sighed for a little breath of genuine art.

that one tired of it all and sighed for a little breath of genuine art.

M. Coquelin in London.

During a recent visit to London the great French comedian, M. Coquelin, gave a Sardou play new to the British metropolis and the London Daily Mail spoke of the performance briefly but with illumination:

"L'Affaire des Poisons," the historical drama, in a prologue and five acts, by Victorien Sardou, played for the first time in England by M. Coquelin at Mis Majesty's Theatre last night, is a very Sardouesque play.

The play is, of course, dramatic, and, equally of course, its technique is wonderfully deft. M. Sardou knows the business of the dramatist absolutely. His curtains are always effective. The construction is perfect.

M. Coquelin plays Griffard, round whom naturally all the intrigue of the play revolves and all the characters, with infinite skill and immense humor.

Regulations for International Aeronauts.

Three German balloons have been blown across the French eastern frontier during the first three weeks of June. Each of them carried officers of the Germany army and each passed somewhere near a frontier fort.

But the feeling is growing in France that the time has come for establishing international regulations for the navigation of the air. It would be easy enough to draw up a code of laws treating balloons as a cross between ships and automobiles.

The Greek Theatre Concerts.

The last concert of the series of Saturday night affairs at the Greek Theatre is to be given on Saturday evening August 1.

The San Francisco Elks have arranged a big party for the night and in a body they will journey across the bay to hear the programme to be rendered by the Third United States Artillery Band, led by Armand Putz, a brother Elk.

Miss Anna Miller Wood of Berkeley, who has just returned from Boston, where she has been devoting her time to the study of voice culture, will be the soloist.

Band-leader Putz is arranging a special programme that will be appropriate.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, who is to be the soloist at the last concert of the series given by the Third United States Artillery Band at the Greek Theatre this (Saturday) evening, is as well known in the East as she is on the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine, formerly of Oakland, and now engaged in concert and church work in New York, and Miss Anna Miller Wood of Boston have been engaged to sing at the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco during their stay on the Coast.

It is estimated that London theatre managers have lost during the season now ending no less than \$400,000 in the production of plays that have been unsuccessful, and much of this amount on dramatic enterprises imported from the United States.

AMUSEMENTS

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington will shortly move into the historic mansion which she has bought in the Rue de l'Elysée in Paris, and which has been undergoing certain structural alterations in addition to its being entirely redecorated. The house runs parallel to the gardens of the Elysée palace, which is on the other side of the street, and its frontage extends not only along a large part of the Rue de l'Elysée, but also commands, on the side of the Avenue Gabriel, a fine view of the Champs Elysées. Its neighbor on the latter side is the British embassy, the beautiful gardens of which are also bounded by the Avenue Gabriel. Thus it is embowered in the foliage of century-old trees and surrounded by gardens and velvety lawns in the very heart of Paris.

For a quarter of a century this ideal residence has been known as the Hotel de Hirsch, but it has other and more romantic memories (writes a correspondent of the *Boston Herald*). The original mansion appears to have been built by Marquis Pierre de Beurnonville, a general at the time of the revolution, and afterward marshal of France under the restoration of the monarchy. In 1861 it was in the possession of Emile Pereire (whose son is the president of the board of directors of the Comagnie Transatlantique), who sold it to Empress Eugenie.

Her majesty's idea was that her mother should live there and that she herself might from time to time find it a haven of rest and privacy amid the whirl and gayety of the most brilliant court in Europe. The house was rebuilt and may almost be said to have been the favorite residence of the empress. Then came the Franco-Prussian war and the events of 1870, with the flight of the empress from Paris.

In 1873 the mansion became the property of the famous millionaire banker and Zionist, Baron de Hirsch, and again underwent a complete transformation. One room was respectfully left untouched, Empress Eugenie's boudoir.

London society is being victimized by a new scheme of imposition. The fine weather all this season has led to a greater number of outdoor dances and fetes, as well as garden parties, than ever before. Following the lead of Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the premier, many society women have used their gardens frequently for entertainments. The hostesses are complaining bitterly, however, of the number of uninvited guests who appear at these parties.

The device of having detectives present at large affairs has proved useless; uninvited guests are not criminals, only smart young men who do it for a lark. Seeing an awning stretched across the pavement of some large house they merely enter as guests, and owing to the number of men brought by various women guests the hostess can not tell if they are friends of her friends or outsiders.

It is dangerous to risk offending some one's escort by asking if he really was invited. One of the American countesses tried that a short time ago. The man bowed and left the house. The countess found that she had mortally offended the husband of one of her best friends, whom she had not met before.

Things have come to such a pass that any well dressed man can walk into a large house and have a good supper and plenty of cigars and champagne, all without personally knowing the host or hostess.

Mme. Juliette Adam has resumed her receptions, which are held each Sunday during June and July at her charming estate at Gif, in the picturesque valley of the Chevreuse (says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*). These gatherings are the last of the literary salons of Paris. Nowadays they are shorn of their old brilliance, but they are still quite interesting. You meet half a dozen young poets, the latest successful novelist, a fierce pamphleteer, who can not find adjectives strong enough for the government, a mild-mannered magistrate who is anxious to make hay in the sunshine of Republican favor, a general or two—one, probably, who has figured in the affaire—and finally a sprinkling of political colts, literary hangers-on, and a bevy of fair women. The Adam salon was at its height in Gambetta's day. The great statesman was intimate with the charming hostess, then famous for her great beauty. Today she bears traces of the old-time attractiveness in a distinction of face and carriage and in a peculiar charm of manner. These garden parties no longer receive the official smiles of the party in power. Mme. Adam has broken with republicanism in its latter-day development, and until recently, when advancing age compelled her to lay aside her pen, she wrote with a good deal of bitter vehemence against the present rulers of France.

It being a holiday the blundering man made calls with his wife. The first place they went the hostess said: "Julia is engaged."

"Is she, indeed?" said the man's wife radiantly. "Which one did she finally accept?" The next place they were informed that Margaret was engaged, and again the man's wife beamed sympathetically and murmured: "Is she, indeed? Which one did she accept?"

At the third place it was the news of Jessie's engagement that was broken to them. As before, the man's wife put the question: "Which one did she finally take?" On their way home the man said: "Why did you ask 'which one' every time a new engagement was sprung on us? Are those girls so attractive that men were falling over each other in the scramble to get them for their wives?" "Not at all," said his wife. "I don't suppose either of them ever had but one offer, and it is a wonder she got that. I shouldn't be surprised if the men hack out even now before the wedding day. But you see, dear, I had to be diplomatic. Those people can do me many favors. The surest way to make myself solid with them is to pretend to think their girls so popular that every man in town was crazy to marry them." "With my opportunities downtown," groaned the man, "if I had your genius we'd be millionaires inside of six months."

Mlle. Fallières, the daughter of the President of the French Republic, is engaged to be married, and this illustrates a remarkable difference between the social life of the American and the French peoples. When Mrs. Longworth became engaged the event was one of national interest, and we need not recall the almost painful amount of attention that the event received. But the engagement of Mlle. Fallières has excited not the least notice with the exception of a five-line paragraph of small type in the newspapers. The *London Daily Express*, commenting upon the fact, says:

The engagement has had a five-line notice in the newspapers, and the excitement has ended there. President Fallières occupies a very different position in French minds from that of the President of the United States in the minds of Americans. He is regarded as a politician (which by his office he is not allowed to be). He is esteemed as a man, but as a social factor he is practically nil, and nobody in France takes the slightest interest in what his wife and daughter wear or in what Mme. Fallières pays her cook.

With the exception of some unavoidable changes necessitated by official life, the domestic ménage of the Fallières family remains what it has always been—parochial and bourgeois. Indeed, when M. Fallières went to the Elysée as President of the Republic one of the first things his wife did was to dismiss the official cook and to appoint in his place an old woman, a family retainer, who knew all the President's culinary whims and fancies. Mme. Fallières has never changed her way of dressing. She attires herself now just as she did when her husband was the mayor of a provincial town, and as for the worthy man himself, he would probably have refused the highest honor in the power of the people to give him had he supposed that it would imply a change of costume or any deviation from the comfortable, if unfashionable, garb in which he delights. Certainly there could be no more graceful picture of democratic simplicity than that furnished by the presidential family of France.

The *Tailor and Cutter*, a weekly trade journal, whose criticisms of the sartorial habits of celebrities have created frequent amusement, has been studying the Americans in London. The reception at Dorchester House, Ambassador Reid's residence, on July 4, was the scene of this grave journal's investigations. They are summarized as follows:

The most striking feature, not only from the tailoring point of view, but otherwise, was the evident anglicizing of the Americans present, and it would have been as difficult to distinguish a citizen

of the great republic across the streak by his accent as by the cut of his clothes. Frock coats and silk hats were as much in evidence as at a church parade in Hyde Park, smartly cut morning coats, mostly flat braided, being seen in about the same proportion as at any similar English fashionable function.

The ambassador himself wore a frock coat with rather narrow lapels, which suited his tall, slender figure admirably, and a white vest and dark trousers, with white spats, making a harmony and contrast such as we generally associate with the attire of our always well-dressed king.

Though there were some excellent examples of sewing in obviously American-made garments, th-cut, style, hang, and general finish of those of London make were in many respects vastly superior. This was not so noticeable in the few lounges seen, but the more dressy frock and morning coats showed the unmistakable superiority of English tailoring.

In conclusion the *Tailor and Cutter* pays a high compliment to the garb of the American clergymen, saying that the English parson make a poor show in comparison.

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A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.
Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.
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Mild, Rich
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Clear Havana
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STORYETTES.
Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A deaf man was walking on the railroad track with a friend when an engine rounded a curve behind them and opened its whistle full blast. The deaf man smiled and turning to his friend said, "Listen; that's the first robin I've heard this spring."

An advertisement of a nursing bottle printed in a Canadian newspaper concluded with the following: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

After a long and tearful interview with his better half, the unfeeling husband wrote and sent to the daily papers the following advertisement: "Lost—A mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."

When the forest-haunting hermit Thoreau lay on his death-bed, a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiry regarding his soul. "Henry," he said, anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?" "John," replied the dying naturalist, in a whisper, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarreled!"

Like most minister's families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night. "Well," she said, after due thought, "I 'pose it's all right, papa, but there's many a thing we needed worse."

When Mme. de Staël published her celebrated novel, "Delphine," she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. "They tell me," said he, the first time he met her, "that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women."

They were on their honeymoon and were climbing the Schnufelgappenspitzen peak, and she stood above him some twenty feet. "What ho!" he gasped. "What do you see?" "Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel!" "Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "I'll bet it's that blessed hotel bill overtaking us!"

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer wandered across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the golfer. "Tanky, sir," said the injured man after a glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"

The English spoken by the "Pennsylvania Dutch," as the inhabitants of certain districts in the eastern part of the State are popularly known, affords some rare specimens of expression. A man who was passing a small house on the outskirts of "Sous Besselle"—that is the nearest possible spelling of the local pronunciation—heard the daughter of the family calling her brother in to supper. "George," she said, "you come right in, now. Pa's on the table, and ma's half et!"

Dr. McNamara, a member of the British Parliament, tells of a school-teacher who was endeavoring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. He illustrated it. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushed immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?" After a pause a small voice piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

Baseball is a chronic complaint of Senator Crane. When he was governor of Massachusetts he took his entire staff out for a drive, and surprised them by having the rigs pull up at an open field and announcing there was to be a baseball game. Two nines were chosen and the game began. Pretty soon somebody came along the road. "What teams are they?" he asked of one of the drivers. "Why, that man pitching is the governor of Massachusetts," the driver replied. "The one catching is the lieutenant-governor. The first baseman is a congressman, the second baseman is the judge-advocate-general." "Say," interrupted the passer-by, "perhaps you would like to know who I am. I'm Napoleon Bonaparte."

The colored boy was up in the children's court for the fifth time on charges of chicken-stealing. This time the magistrate decided to appeal to the boy's father. "Now, see here, Ahe," said he to the old darky, "this

boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I'm sick of seeing him here!" "Ah don' blame you, sah," returned the father; "ah's sick ob seein' 'm hyah, too." "Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here!" "Ah has showed 'im de right way, sah," declared the old man earnestly; "ah has suttently showed 'im de right way, but he somehow keep gittin' caught comin' 'way wid dose chickens!"

General Dabney H. Maury tells in his "Recollections of a Virginian" of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress, the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant. "Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians, they will accept it in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians, it is a deal too good for them."

THE MERRY MUSE.
Not the Heavenly Maid.
"And have you music at the church?"
I asked the rural squire.
"Wall, no," said he; "can't say we hev;
"Jest singin' by the choir."
—The News.

On the Beach.
When Miss Gaygrid strode to the surf
She focused every eye,
And yet she was not overbold—
In fact was rather shy.
—Town Topics.

Love Is Blind but Not Deaf.
She smiles—my darling smiles and all
The world is filled with light.
She laughs—'tis like the bird's sweet call
In meadows fair and bright.
She weeps—the world is cold and gray,
Rain clouds shut out the view.
She sings—I softly steal away
And wait till she gets through.
—Boston Transcript.

Another Round.
"Waltz me around again, Willie,
Around, around, around.
Don't be hesitating, don't keep me waiting
And don't let my feet touch the ground.
It's true I was fickle some four years ago,
But now I've come back to my Willie, you know
So waltz me around again, Willie,
Around, around, around.

Four years ago when I bad for my beau
Mr. Parker from dear old New York,
Who was, I remember, along in November,
Afraid to go home in the dark,
He said he'd ne'er shake me and told me he'd
take me
To live in the White House so grand.
Pardon my sigh, at the church there stood I,
But, believe me, he wasn't on hand."
—New York Sun.

That Old Question.
There was a man in our town, and he was quite
a case.
He jumped into a bramble bush and badly
scratched his face;
Forthwith he sought a barber shop. The haughty
barber said,
The while his razor he did strop, "You shave
yourself sometimes, don't you?"
—Washington Herald.

A Daily Humorist's Apology.
If you've really missed the column and are feeling
sort of sore
At its absence, but are glad to see it in its place
once more,
We are glad—for nothing's quite so grateful to a
humorist
As the thought that if he quits a day his jokelets
will be missed,
We were ill—are yet, in fact; and we are writing
this in bed,
Hot water bottles at our feet, and ice-bags at our
head;
A red-haired nurse is by us, and she dopes us
now and then
With hitter stuff, and takes our pulse, and fills
our fountain pen,
Then reads the stuff we write, jumps up, and
spills the ink
And cries, "O, doctor, hurry! He's delirious, I
think!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Gathering Roses.
I've gathered roses and the like, in many glad
and golden June; but now, as down the world
I hike, my weary hands are filled with prunes.
I've gathered roses o'er and o'er, and some were
white, and some were red; but when I took them
to the store, the grocer wanted eggs instead. I
gathered roses long ago, in other days, in other
scenes, and people said: "You ought to go, and
dig the weeds out of your beans." A million roses
bloomed and died, a million more will die today;
that man is wise who lets them slide, and gathers
up the bales of hay.—Emporia Gazette.

"I think it only proper to remark, Mr. Seet," said the haughty girl, who thought she
detected "signs," "that I would not marry the
best man living." "Don't be alarmed," re-
plied Mr. Con Seet, "he isn't going to propose.
My interest in you is merely platonic."
—Philadelphia Press.

A. Hirschman.
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The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California St., San Francisco
Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds. 1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908.....34,474,524.23
Total Assets.....37,055,263.31
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Laniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome
CAPITAL - - - \$2,500,000
SURPLUS - - - 620,000
Sig Greenebaum, President H. Fleishhacker, Vice-President and Mgr.
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The title "Roll of Honor National Bank" is a distinction of which any financial institution in the United States may be proud. As is well known a "Roll of Honor Bank" is one possessing surplus and profits in excess of capital. A place on the Roll of Honor can not be bought, it must be earned.
This bank has for a long time been known as a "Roll of Honor Bank" among banks and bankers.

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TORONTO
U. S. Assets.....\$2,493,154
" Surplus.....483,989
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO
J. J. KENNY, Manager W. L. W. MILLER, Assistant Manager

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
Total Assets.....\$5,817,423
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,118,394
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The past week of the warmest weather of the season at all points across the bay and in the interior valleys of the State has given pause to the usual gaieties among the summer hotels and cottages. Cool verandas and shaded nooks where hammocks swing have been in order, while the more strenuous pleasures of tennis, golf, and swimming are in abeyance until the mercury drops. The warm weather, however, seems to add zest to the joys of motoring, for innumerable motor parties are touring the State from the high Sierras to the beach at Coronado.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Fechet, daughter of Major and Mrs. Eugene Fechet, U. S. A., to Captain Lincoln Kilbourne, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A. The wedding is set for the second of September at the home of Colonel and Mrs. J. Walker Benet, at the Benicia Arsenal.

Mrs. Nathaniel Talbot James has announced the engagement of her daughter, Margaret Evans James, to Mr. Hartwell Cragin MacCartney of Washington, D. C. Mr. MacCartney is the son of the late Captain C. A. MacCartney, U. S. N.

Captain and Mrs. McKittrick of Santa Barbara have announced the engagement of their niece, Miss Carrie Redmond, and Mr. Arturo Orena. The wedding will take place some time in the early autumn.

The wedding of Miss Pearl Judson and Mr. Frank Alton Somers will be solemnized very quietly this week at the Judson home on Clay Street. After a short trip through the southern part of the State Mr. and Mrs. Somers will return to make their home in this city.

Mrs. Walter Martin entertained a number of friends last week at a luncheon at the St. Francis to meet Miss Jennie Crocker.

Mr. Templeton Crocker was host recently at a dinner given at the St. Francis at which he entertained Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jolliffe, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, and Mr. D. Hopkins.

Miss Gwin gave one of the most attractive card parties of the summer last week when she entertained her friends at several tables of bridge at the riotal Rafael.

Mrs. William Mintzer has been entertaining a house party of young people during the week at her out-of-town home at San Pablo.

Miss Lily O'Connor gave a luncheon at Pastor's a few days ago, when she entertained Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. George Marye, Jr., Mrs. Charles A. Gore, Mrs. Frank Johnson, and Miss O'Connor.

A very jolly affair is being planned by Mrs. Richard Girvin and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre in the nature of a dance at the Eyre country seat, Fair Oaks, for a number of young folks who are students at Eastern colleges spending the vacation months at home.

The officers and ladies of the navy yard at Mare Island gave one of their popular dances in the sail loft last Friday evening. Many of the girls and men of the younger set from town were guests for the night at the Mare Island homes.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have opened their country home at Woodside, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and their daughters have returned from Paso Robles and are at their San Mateo home for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Isobel Strong, and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne motored up from Santa Barbara last week to their country place near Gilroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Wheeler, who, with their family, are traveling through Europe in their touring car, are in London for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart are at Tahoe for a few weeks.

Miss Newell Drown is the guest of Miss Natalie Coffin at her home in Ross.

Dr. Henry Stephen Kierstedt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kierstedt have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell and their son, George Whittell, Jr., have recently arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin are guests of the Will Taylors at the Hopkins home, near Boca.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins is spending the remainder of the summer in the Sierra region.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at their country home for a few weeks.

Miss Genevieve King, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Sawyer, is visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Florence Hopkins has been entertaining Miss Mary Keeney in her Menlo Park home.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden have re-

turned from a stay of several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Anna Miller Wood of Boston is visiting her mother at Cloyne Court, Berkeley. Miss Wood expects to remain in California until the late autumn.

Miss Lucie King is visiting Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin at El Cerrito.

Mrs. William Booth of Chicago is the guest of Judge and Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet at their home at Inverness.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt have arrived in London, where Mr. Pratt expects to join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum have returned from a visit with the William Hitchcocks at San Mateo.

Mrs. William Irwin and her daughter, Miss Helene, have gone from Paris to Carlsbad, where they will remain until some time in August.

Miss Alice Hoffman of San Rafael has been entertaining Mrs. Dudley Wright Knox, wife of Lieutenant Knox of the U. S. S. *Nebraska*.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson is spending the week-end at Tahoe with his family.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters, Miss Marguerite Barron and Miss Eva Barron, are planning to leave in the early autumn for an extended stay in Europe.

Mrs. C. F. Runyon and her daughter, Miss Helen, are in Los Angeles, having gone to meet Mr. Runyon's sister, Mrs. E. M. Colie and daughter, Miss Margaret, of Orange, New Jersey, who will spend a month at the Runyon residence, "Fragaria," in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coryell have returned from their motor tour of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. Franklin Howard has been entertaining Miss Juliet Borden of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles West Clark and her sister, Mrs. Raoul Duval of Paris, were when last heard from in London.

Miss Edna Bowman of San Jose has been the guest during the week of Miss Minnie Houghton in this city.

Mrs. Frank B. Freyer, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Crichton, will leave shortly for Marietta, Georgia, where she will visit the home of her husband, Lieutenant Freyer, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne have closed their home in San Mateo and are planning a visit to Europe.

Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck and Miss Nannie Van Wyck, who have spent the past year in Virginia, are now in Seattle and expect to return home next week.

Miss Helen Cheesborough has been the guest of Mrs. Robert J. Wood at her cottage in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and their guests, Miss Charlotte Land and Miss Hooker, spent last week motoring through the Tahoe region.

Miss Leslie Page is the guest of the family of Mr. John Hays Hammond on their yacht in Atlantic waters.

Miss Laura Hamilton and Miss Alexandra Hamilton when last heard from were visiting relatives in Scotland.

Miss Juliet Borden of Los Angeles is the guest of Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones.

Miss Julia Langhorne, in company with her sister and brother-in-law, the Richard Hammonds, is in Switzerland.

Miss Dolly MacGavin has returned from a visit to friends at Aptos.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Carey are at the Fairmont en route from New York.

Mrs. Harold Cloke, wife of Captain Cloke, U. S. A., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley, at Sausalito.

Mrs. A. L. Tuhhs is at Del Monte for several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhhs.

Mrs. Henry A. Butters and the Misses Marie and Marguerite Butters are at Etna Springs for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith left recently for New York, from where they expect to sail for Europe.

Before she left for Cowes with the king the other day, Queen Alexandra caused it to be made known that the sheath gown will not be tolerated at her court this winter. The intimation, recorded at some length in those London organs of fashion and the aristocracy which circulate so widely among the middle classes, occasioned no surprise in circles in which her majesty's conservatism is well known. The Queen of England notes with positive horror, according to the *London Throne*, an impression in certain ill-informed quarters that the court of England in this reign has grown "lax."

One of the most fashionable cliques in Berlin has in its supper room a curtain made of champagne corks. Four thousand corks with their silver or gilt covering have been threaded on thin rods decorated with colored ribbons and embellished with small copper balls. It gives a very decorative effect at a distance and has the appearance of a Japanese panel. Each cork is from a bottle of champagne costing about a sovereign, so that the curtain represents an expenditure of something like \$20,000.

The City of London Militia, the Sixth Royal Fusiliers, dates back to the old trainbands and has a continuous record from the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

At the Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Tarpey, Mr. W. H. Scott, Mr. Milton Pray, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Volkman, Mr. I. W. Hamm, of San Francisco; Mrs. C. D. Bates, Sr., Miss Ada Bates, Mr. A. E. Johnson, of Oakland.

Among recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. J. H. Helms, Mrs. M. Morgan, Mrs. Roger Forrest, Mrs. Jerome L. Gardner, Miss Helen L. Gardner, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. F. W. Griffith, Miss Augusta S. Gillespie, Mr. John H. Helms, Mr. Henry Nelson, Miss Madeline Evans, Mrs. A. Haskell, Miss Sinclair, Mrs. J. F. Murry, Mr. A. R. Bettinger, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barnes, of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at the Normandie include Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Duhell, San Bernardino; Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Mullen, Yreka; Mrs. Ann Smith, Cloverdale; Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Hollomard, Fredrick, Okla.; Mr. F. W. Crosby, Vernon, Nev.; Miss Katharine O'Neill, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. and Miss Megary, Mrs. Mary E. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newcomer, Eldorado, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Foster, Pacific Grove; Mrs. G. W. Nicol, Sonora; Mr. J. B. Keating, Mr. J. W. Schoonover, Redding.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel St. Francis were Mr. John S. Whalen, secretary of State for New York; Mr. Lincoln B. Smith, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard and Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Marshall, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Elder, Dr. C. F. Palmer, Mr. Thomas P. Kennedy, and Mr. J. C. Kennedy, of Chambersburg, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Hornby, Miss I. M. Hornby, Mr. F. C. Hornby, Mr. R. Hornby, of Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. Will Cressy, en route from Honolulu; Paymaster H. E. Collins, U. S. N., and Dr. E. N. Reed, U. S. N.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. W. H. Sheehan, Mr. C. H. Hacker, Mr. R. W. Hill, Mrs. E. N. Short, Mr. Frank H. Fries, Mr. and Mrs. James McElory, Mr. W. P. Clarke, Mr. Louis James, Mr. and Mrs. R. Swayne, Mrs. Bowen, Mr. M. L. Cohn, Mr. George Cohn, Mr. Joseph Triest, Mr. J. H. Dockweiler, Mrs. A. E. Turner, Mrs. Frank D. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. L. Comyn, Mr. A. L. Straus, Dr. Francis Knorp and party, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Lloyd, Mr. B. Bienenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roos, Mr. W. J. Somers, Mr. and Mrs. A. Adams, Mr. G. F. Belden, Mr. J. H. Belden, of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at the Fairmont include Mr. and Mrs. Guy P. Barham, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Murphy, Miss Sue Sinsinott, Mr. G. Holterhoff, Mr. W. H. O. Bryan, Dr. Landone, Mr. C. R. Woodhouse, Mr. P. J. McGary, Miss Anna McGary, Mr. D. M. Lee, Mr. J. Lovick Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Belt, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Downs, Miss Madeline Barnes, Mrs. E. R. Baldwin, of Los Angeles; Mrs. O. A. Hale and Miss Clarise Hale, of San Jose; Rev. Anson Atterbury and Mrs. Atterbury, Mr. A. H. Brawman, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Knapp, of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Lawson, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wheeler and the Misses Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Stevens, Mr. W. W. Hootz, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Marlow, Mr. W. W. Burroughs, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Enery, of Chicago; Mr. Sydney F. T. Brock, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Lincoln, Mr. Eldridge R. Johnson, Mr. B. G. Reyal, of Philadelphia; Mr. Z. S. Spaldini, Hawaii; Mr. G. Koder, Kohe; Dr. Hans Mark, Vienna; Mr. Ing Wilhelm, Berlin; Mr. Robert Brunner, Shanghai.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte from San Francisco include Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilson, Mr. Alexander Heyneman, Mr. Edwin S. Utey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Reid, Mrs. L. F. Gunner, Mrs. C. J. Church, Mr. H. B. Rector, Mr. Charles J. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Erskine, Mr. Alexander E. Beyfuss, Mr. Ross B. Main, Mr. H. F. Yost, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Hooker, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. W. J. Shearer, Mr. J. F. Jewell, Miss Myrtle Green, Mr. Max Rosenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Hallmer, Mr. Nathan Tihhuts, Mr. Pierre Moore, Mr. Clarence English, Mr. Harold English, Mr. L. Sawyer, Jr., Mrs. W. R. Jones, Mrs. James H. Norton, Mr. D. J. Sinclair, Mr. C. V. Bennett, Mr. Frank E. Carroll, Mr. John H. S. Shuber, Mr. C. S. Howard, Mr. A. V. West, Mr. L. A. Washburne, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Barnett, Mr. C. M. Wiel, Mr. A. J. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gottloh, Mrs. T. W. Huntington, Mr. T. W. Huntington, Jr., Mr. Alfred Holman, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Miss Estelle L. Jacob, Mr. Nat Jacob, Miss Elsie A. Henne, Mrs. George W. Giths, Mrs. C. F. Gronona, Mrs. M. Aratar, Mr. Herman Heyneman, Mrs. Louis Eaton, Miss Dorothy Eaton, Mr. Clarence Gifford, Mrs. J. T. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney P. Robertson, Mr. Christopher Buckley, Jr., Miss M. G. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Gertrude Perry, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fairweather.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral William T. Swinhurne, U. S. N., now commanding the Second Squadron of the Pacific Fleet, will on July 31 succeed Commander-in-Chief James H. Dayton and transfer his flag from the *Charleston* to the *West Virginia*.

Colonel Joseph W. Duncan, U. S. A., who has been ordered to Washington to assume the duties of chief of infantry, will have his stay in this city extended to the fifth of August.

Lieutenant-Colonel George B. Davis, deputy commissary-general, U. S. A., is detailed as chief commissary of the camp of instruction to be held at American Lake.

Major William S. Martin, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., upon his arrival at San Francisco, is ordered to report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for temporary duty.

Major E. Eveleth Winslow, U. S. A., who has been attached to the office of chief engineers at the school at Washington Barracks, will assume command of the First Battalion of Engineers at Fort Mason.

Leave of absence for two months has been granted Major Eugene O. Fecher, U. S. A., to take effect upon his arrival in San Francisco.

Major Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for one month and fifteen days, to take effect when his services can be spared.

The following army officers have been ordered to report to Colonel George H. Torney, M. C., president of the examining board at the General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco for examination for promotion: Captain Edward B. Vedder, U. S. A., Captain Theodore Lamson, U. S. A., Captain Chester J. Stadman, U. S. A., Captain Arthur M. Whaley, U. S. A., Captain Stanford H. Wadhams, U. S. A., and Captain M. A. W. Shockey, U. S. A.

Captain William Kelly, Jr., Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is expected to arrive in San Francisco on the transport *Buford*.

Captain Frederick L. Knudsen, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for duty at the camp of instruction to be held at American Lake, Washington, and also for duty at the camp of instruction to be held at Atascadero Ranch, California.

Captain A. B. Foster, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed July 15 from Manila on the transport *Buford* en route for San Francisco.

Contract Surgeon George W. Daywalt, Depot of Recruits and Casuals, Angel Island, California, will report to the commanding officer, Fort McDowell, for temporary duty during the absence of Contract Surgeon Leonard S. Hughes while undergoing examination at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, commencing August 3.

Contract Surgeon Thomas S. Lowe, now at the Presidio of San Francisco, is ordered to proceed to Vancouver Barracks to report in person to the commanding general for assignment to station and duty in that department.

First Lieutenant Edgar King, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippine division and assigned to duty in the army transport service at San Francisco.

Lieutenant Frederick G. Turner, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Meade and is ordered to report to the commanding general of the Department of California for temporary duty, pending the sailing of the transport for Manila.

Lieutenant Herbert C. Gibner, U. S. A., has been appointed adjutant of the General Hospital of the Presidio of San Francisco, filling the vacancy caused by the departure of Captain Ernest C. Bingham.

Lieutenant Eugene B. Walker, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed on August 15 to the Presidio of San Francisco to report for assignment.

Lieutenant F. H. Poteet, U. S. N., and Lieutenant E. T. Constein, U. S. N., are detailed aides to Rear-Admiral Swinhurne after July 31.

First Lieutenant Ronald E. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is detailed for duty at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Leave for two months is granted Lieutenant Henry T. Burgin, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., to take effect on or about August 1.

Leave of fourteen days, to take effect after the completion of the artillery service practice of his company, is granted First Lieutenant William T. Carpenter, C. A. C., Presidio of San Francisco.

First Lieutenant Joseph A. Worthington, U. S. A., Medical Corps, Company B, has been ordered to the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for temporary duty.

Second Lieutenant Eugene B. Walker, U. S. A., will proceed August 15 to the Presidio of San Francisco to report for assignment to station and duty.

Second Lieutenant Anton Zurich, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Camp Yosemite, accompanied by a sergeant of the Hospital Corps, is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco.

May Buckley is to appear in "The Right of Way" again next season.

A Beneficent Enterprise.

The San Francisco Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, a society founded on the lines of similar societies in Eastern cities, notably in Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago, has been organized here and has opened an office in the Hastings Building.

The society is composed of medical and lay members and is intended to be thoroughly general in membership and practical in its ends and in the means to obtain them. Much important knowledge of this, the most fatal disease of modern times, is unknown to the general public, and this the society intends to correct by the distribution of literature which will tell the well how to avoid contracting the disease, will tell the sick how to avoid giving the disease, and also how to get well or to prolong life. In addition, a series of lectures and addresses will be given before clubs and societies and groups of people gotten together for the purpose, which will be illustrated by lantern slides and other graphic means.

The society also intends opening dispensaries where the tuberculosis without means can be cared for, and in connection with the dispensaries will be established a house care department. For the adequate carrying out of these enterprises, a registration of all tuberculous individuals in the city will be necessary, so that the distribution of the disease may be mapped out and known. It is intended, eventually, to establish a hospital in the city, and later a sanitarium in the country for the reception of curable cases.

The officers are: President, Thomas E. Hayden, Esq.; vice-presidents, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Herbert C. Moffitt, M. D.; secretary, William C. Voorsanger, M. D.; treasurer, Crocker National Bank. The affairs of the association are under the direct control of the executive committee of the board of directors, and it consists of Mr. Thomas E. Hayden, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Dr. George H. Evans, Dr. William C. Voorsanger, Mr. Walter McArthur, and Dr. Harry W. Sherman. The society wishes every one in the city to be enrolled as a member, and the dues are but \$1 per annum.

A scientific study of the effects of motor-ing has failed to show A. Mouneyrat, a French physiologist, that it causes serious nervous disturbance and other troubles, as has been alleged, but he finds, on the other hand, that it is a powerful stimulant to circulation, nervous system and respiration, giving just the action that recommends it as a remedy for such complaints as anemia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, etc. In some disorders high-speed travel tends to cure when other treatment is entirely without effect. The investigator himself made a number of automobile tours, at all seasons of the year, and on these trips, averaging over eight days each, he covered from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five miles per day, at an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour. A striking and invariable effect is the increase in the red corpuscles of the blood, which in an anemic individual was more than 30 per cent on an eight days' tour. The general influence is that of a stay in the mountains at a height of 4000 to 6000 feet, and both normal and anemic persons are affected, though in different degree sleep and appetite are increased in all.

A number of Tibetan traders who visited Calcutta in March, 1908, brought with them, among other articles, a large quantity of musk, which is held in high esteem by the high-caste Indians. The little deer from which the musk is obtained ranges in the Himalayas and Tibetan mountains, 9000 feet above sea level. The male deer yields the finest and greatest quantity of musk. The deer are shy and alert, and difficult to capture.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"She has a small waist, hasn't she?" "Too small. Why the pleasure of getting around it only lasts about a second."—*Life*.

She—Why are artists always so careful to sign their paintings? *He*—To indicate which is the top and which is the bottom of the picture.—*The Sphinx*.

Stella—I suppose you have had many hairbreadth escapes? *Knicker*—Yes; a woman's coiffure was all that kept me from seeing a play once.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Poor Tom, it cost him a terrible lot to give up his sweetheart." "Then why did he?" "Because it would have cost him a great deal more if he hadn't."—*The Tatler*.

"Do you consider your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an airship navigator?" "Well, I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Is this section prosperous?" "You bet it is," answered the Kansas farmer. "I kin spread a net any time and snake a grand piano out of a cyclone."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Magistrote (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again? *Prisoner*—Yes, sir; hut I couldn't make the police believe it.—*Tit-Bits*.

Sopleigh—A hwick fell from a building two yeas ago and knocked me senseless. *Miss Caustique*—Indeed! And does your physician think you will ever get over it?—*Chicago Daily News*.

"On your trip abroad, did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, archly, "and guess what?" "Well?" "One of them wanted to marry me."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Should a man go to college after fifty?" "Well, he might pass muster at tennis," answered the expert. "But a man can't expect to do much in basehall or football at that age."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I've got a washing-machine here," began the inventor. The capitalist looked at him in the cold, calculating manner common to capitalists and answered: "Well, if I were you, I'd run straight home and use it." That night the anarchist circle received another application for membership.—*The Outlook*.

"I fell out of the window of my flat yesterday." "And you are on the fourth floor. That was terrible." "Yes; I don't know how to face the janitor. I'm sure I've violated

some clause in my lease."—*Washington Herald*.

"I suppose you know why you are here?" asked the judge severely. "Yes, sir," answered the prisoner. "I wuz drug here."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but he wants to keep solid with the building inspectors," added the Simple Mug.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Wife—What luck? *Husband*—None whatever. *Wife*—Were there no servants at the intelligence office? *Husband*—Yes, lots of them, but they had all worked for us before.—*Saturday Sunset*.

"Stop the auto." "But, sir—" "I think I saw some red ferns." "Better lemme keep on, hoss," advised the chauffeur, earnestly. "Them red ferns is the local constable's whiskers."—*Washington Herald*.

"Have you ever been cross-examined before?" inquired a barrister of a witness who was occupying his attention. "Have I!" exclaimed the man. "Didn't I just tell you I am married?"—*Stray Stories*.

An old offender was recently introduced to a new county justice as John Timmins, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'll try the two women first," said the justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."—*Uncle Remus Magazine*.

"Yes," said the serious man, "this race problem certainly is a serious matter." "That's right," replied the sporty one; "no matter what system o' hettin' you follow you can't heat 'em."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Your husband says he works like a dog," said one woman. "Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed."—*Washington Star*.

"I guess pa must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green. "Why do you think so?" queried his ma. "'Cause I heard him tell a man today that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his eye-tooth cut," replied Johnny.—*Chicago News*.

Masqueroder (explaining who he is supposed to represent)—I'm that fellow who fought the battle of what do you call it, you know. What's his name says all about him in his great book; you remember, every one took him for the other chap until they found he couldn't he; then they knew he wasn't. Think I look the part?—*Sketch*.

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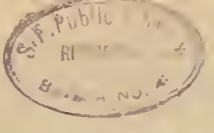
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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California in Presidential Elections.

It is not without reason that in campaign discussions California is frequently referred to as a close State, albeit her vote in presidential years has commonly been given to the Republican candidate. The electoral vote of the State was solidly Republican in 1860, 1864, 1868, 1872, and 1876. In 1880 five of the six votes of the State were given to the Democratic presidential candidate and one to the Republican. This result was due directly to popular dislike of one of the Democratic electoral candidates, Judge Terry, who in a duel many years before had killed Senator Broderick. In 1884 and in 1888 the vote of the State went to Republican candidates. In 1892 eight Democratic electors and one Republican were chosen. And in 1896 the vote was reversed, the State choosing eight Republicans and one Democrat. In 1900 the full vote of the State was given to the Republican candidate, and again in 1904. In no other State has the presidential voting been closer in successive elections. In 1872 the Republican vote was 54,044; Democratic, 40,749, a clear Republican majority of 13,295. In 1876 the Republican vote was 79,264; Democratic, 76,464; a Republican majority of 2,800. In 1880 the Republican vote was 80,370; Democratic, 80,472; Greenback, 3404. The Democratic

plurality was a narrow one of 102. In 1884 the Republican vote was 102,416; Democratic, 89,288; Prohibition, 2920; Greenback, 2017. The Republican plurality was 13,128. In 1888 the Republican vote was 124,816; Democratic, 117,729; American, 1591; Prohibition, 5761. The Republican plurality this year was 7087. In 1892 the Republican vote was 118,149; Democratic, 118,293; Populist, 25,352; Prohibition, 8129. This year the Democratic plurality was 144, although as already noted the Republicans chose one elector. In 1896 the Republican vote was 146,170; Democratic, 143,373; National Democracy (Palmer and Buckner), 2006; Prohibition, 2573. The Republican plurality this, the first Bryan year, was 2797, although, as the result of purely personal considerations, the Democrats managed to choose one elector. In 1890, the second McKinley year, the Republican vote was 164,755; Democratic, 124,985; Socialistic, 7554; Prohibition, 5124. The Republican plurality this year ran to the comfortable figure of 39,770. In 1904, the Roosevelt year, the Republican vote was 205,226; Democratic, 89,294; Socialist, 29,535; Prohibition, 7380. In this, the last presidential election, the Republican majority was 115,932.

A curious circumstance in our State politics is the wide discrepancy between State majorities and national majorities. For example, in the presidential election of 1884 the Republican plurality was 13,128; whereas in the next State election a Democrat was chosen to the governorship by a plurality of 652. Eight years later a Democratic governor was elected by 1206 majority, while a Republican secretary of state was chosen by a majority of 40,098. In 1900 the Republican presidential majority was 39,770; whereas two years later the Republican candidate for governor (Pardee) pulled through with a bare 1550 majority. In 1904 the Republican presidential majority reached the high-water mark of 115,932, but in 1906, two years later, the Republican candidate for governor (Gillett) was elected by the relatively narrow majority of 8299.

Mr. Hearst's "Party."

A gift of prophecy would be necessary to determine the exact status of Mr. Hearst's Independence League movement in the political hurly-burly. It is safe to class it as a "factor" in the event, but it would be absurd to dignify it with the name of a "party." The result of the election will inform Mr. Hearst and the rest of us whether it is possible to organize the elements of radical discontent upon a substantial political basis. The mere circumstance that the owner of this new national political faction is also the owner of a string of fantastic newspapers, each of them supported by a constituency of citizens amenable to the fantastic ideas enunciated and promulgated by Mr. Hearst's superficially philosophical editors, is not sufficient to induce the belief in the minds of sane and conservative citizens that the Hearst "movement" is in any sense dangerous to the integrity of the existing dominant parties. Neither can it be inferred that the personal wealth and financial resources of Mr. Hearst himself will be able to sustain his organization as a distinct and permanent thing to be reckoned with in the future politics of the country.

It may be conceded, and it is probably conceded even by Democrats, reluctantly, of course, that the main strength of the Independence League movement will be drawn from the Democratic party. The appeal of Mr. Hearst is to the hopelessly dissatisfied, and these are almost wholly identified with the Democratic party. It is from that source that all the other "movements" demanding immediate and radical changes in the government of the republic have been drawn. The Populists and the Socialists are, by birth, breeding, and inclination, Democrats. But their Democracy is of the Jacobin type and insists that the existing order is not only wrong, but definitely and invincibly wrong; that the entire structure should be razed and an entirely new one erected in its place; some of them go so far as to

demand that the foundation itself should be removed and excavation made for another better fitted to bear the weight of the temple wherein shall be formulated uncodified laws for the betterment of all conditions and the ultimate salvation of mankind. The question, therefore, resolves itself into an inquiry as to the sapping energy of Mr. Hearst's league upon Mr. Bryan's following of Democrats. It is not likely that the Populists and Socialists will be materially affected by Mr. Hearst's innovation. He has followed too closely the general trend of all reform in the established parties. His "platform," in fact, is not as radical as Mr. Bryan's pronouncements, editorial and oratorical, and the Populists and Socialists who read Mr. Hearst's newspapers have long since repudiated Mr. Bryan's adulterated breakfast food for political thought on the hypothesis that it lacks protein and is therefore unfit for consumption by "advanced thinkers." It was expected that Mr. Hearst would provide a better article of diet; but he has not done so; he has simply worked over the old ingredients and put another label on the can.

If the Hearst platform is a disappointment to the extreme radical element of the Democratic party and its Populistic and Socialistic offshoots, Mr. Hearst's candidates are calculated to inspire a certain confidence among that section of the Democracy who insist on the wholesale and indiscriminate regulation of the trusts and their extirpation even if they refuse to be regulated. Thomas L. Hisgen, the long-time candidate for the presidency, is in the business of selling oil to the citizens of Massachusetts and other parts of New England. He is an "independent" oil dealer, in that he is trying to build up an oil trust in opposition to the Standard Oil Company. He has persistently, and thus far successfully, refused to be absorbed by the Standard Oil combination. He ran for governor of Massachusetts in 1907 on the Independence League ticket and polled 75,489 votes, which was 4649 more votes than were cast for Whitney by the regular Democrats of that State. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Hearst's candidate will again split the Democratic vote of Massachusetts, and there is a possibility that he will get the 13,000 votes of the Democratic party apportioned in 1907 to factions of that party disgruntled by the action of the leaders and dissatisfied with some of the convention candidates. Mr. Hisgen's chief merit in the eyes of Mr. Hearst however, is his "availability" as an anti-Rockefeller candidate. We are destined to hear a lot about Mr. Hisgen's "splendid battle against the Standard Oil octopus" in this campaign if we acquire the habit of reading Mr. Hearst's newspapers.

Mr. Hearst's main reliance, it may be said without fear of denial from the owner of the Independence League, is John Temple Graves, the vice-presidential nominee of the Hearst party. Mr. Graves is a fierce and uncompromising Southerner of the Toombs type. His hot blood is constantly boiling over into the editorial columns of Mr. Hearst's newspapers. Before he came to New York to help Mr. Hearst in his propaganda he was an editor of great renown in Georgia and Florida, where he did not hesitate to say that the negro was not and could not be the equal of a white man, and that lynching in any form, upon any suspicion involving a negro, was not only justifiable but obligatory under the recognized "unwritten law" of the South. Mr. Graves has since vaguely but discernibly expounded the same law for those of the arrogant plutocracy whom Mr. Hearst has condemned and ordered to future execution. Mr. Graves is more radical on every question than is Mr. Hisgen; he is even more radical than Mr. Hearst, which probably accounts for Mr. Hearst's preference for him over other capable and intelligent editors in his employ. If Mr. Graves had been nominated by Mr. Hearst for first place on the Independence League ticket, there is no telling what might have happened to the Populists and Socialists in spite of the inherent and palpable weakness of the league platform.

Mr. Graves ought to poll a very heavy vote

Georgia, notwithstanding the personal popularity of Tom Watson in that State. Watson's vote in 1904 in Georgia was 22,635, as against 83,472 for Parker, the Democratic candidate for the presidency. Bryan, in 1900, polled 81,700. As a Georgian Mr. Graves might hope to do as well as Mr. Bryan did in Massachusetts, which would give him the electoral vote of the State.

Further than this it would be folly to speculate concerning the probabilities of Mr. Hearst's latest excursion into the field of politics. His "electoral ticket" will be presented in more States than was at first thought likely, owing to the circumstance that Mr. Hearst has decided to spend more money in financing his venture than he originally intended. Whether his party will poll more votes than the Populists or Socialists is a question that would appeal to gamblers as a very fair betting proposition; but Mr. Hearst would not have to offer heavy odds to find takers for a bet that the Independence League will poll more votes than the Populists and Socialists combined.

Gompers Can Not Drive the Labor Vote to Bryan.

The attempt on the part of Samuel Gompers to deliver the labor vote to Bryan has already had several interesting sequences. According to Gompers's own statement, it promises to cost him his place as the head of organized labor in this country. The rank and file of labor unionists have resented with indignation a proposal to traffic wholesale in their votes. The purposes which have led labor to fraternize are political only in an incidental way, and nobody in joining a union has ever consented to abandon his rights and privileges as a citizen or his private initiative in political matters; and this is being made very plain by the unionists the country over. Thirty-one labor unions in New York City have joined in an open revolt and all over the country this action has been imitated in a quieter fashion. It was for the purpose of meeting and conciliating this movement that Gompers issued a statement last week denying most ridiculously in the face of indisputable facts that he was making any effort to bring labor to the support of Bryan.

Another interesting development in this connection is the attitude of Republican leaders and newspapers the country over. If Gompers had made no attempt to drive the forces of organized labor to Bryan, the campaign would probably have been gotten through with without much in the way of positive discussion of the labor issue. Everywhere the politicians and the newspapers were afraid of it and would have been only too glad to leave it alone. But Gompers's threats, combined with his efforts to swing labor into line, have roused the fighting spirit all over the country and therefore have led Republican leaders and the Republican press to declare themselves in terms plainer than anything we have heard from that source on the labor question for many a day. Even the timid ones and the temporizers have been brought into line, and today the Republican party stands committed with a definiteness unprecedented to the policy of absolute equality before the law, with no special privileges or favors to organized labor. There can be no doubt about the cause of it all. It was Gompers who did it. His attempt to drive the forces of labor to Bryan has simply recoiled upon his own theories and plans.

In his notification address at Cincinnati last week Mr. Taft dealt with the labor issue in a singularly broad and candid spirit. He dealt with it not as a matter of controversy, but as a matter of principle, and in a tone which showed him to be the master of that soundest of all kinds of diplomacy, the diplomacy of frankness and reason. Without assuming to answer Mr. Gompers's claims, he took up the labor question and considered it in the light of equity and of the law, and in so doing he left no leg of justification for Gompers to stand on. His statement of the general considerations involved was as plain as any that has ever been made by anybody. And, as usual when an honest man speaks his honest mind, he created no irritation among the unionists of the country. Nobody has risen to combat his arguments. Even Gompers, usually so ready to assume the aggressive, has been cowed into silence—a pose far more becoming, let it be remarked incidentally, than any he has assumed these many moons past.

We may judge of the views of the rank and file of organized labor by the fact that since Mr. Taft's utterance a local union of shovelers in his own State associated with the iron trade has elected him to honorary membership, basing its action upon the fact that he is engaged in the promotion of policies essential to the welfare of labor. It is at this point—the welfare of

labor—that the unionists as well as everybody else in the country may well pause and consider. Whose policies as directly related to labor, let us ask, are more likely to be promotive of the general welfare? Mr. Bryan is an anti-protectionist standing upon an anti-protection platform. He would have our whole system revised in accordance with tariff-for-revenue theories, which is another way of spelling free trade. These theories have been tried in this country, and not so long ago that the results are wholly forgotten. Who does not recall the distressful period of the Wilson tariff law under the second Cleveland administration? And who does not recall the splendid and immediate return of universal employment and abounding prosperity when the Wilson law gave place to the tariff law under which we are still working? Beyond question there are faults in the existing schedules; it is indeed time for revision. But it is not a time to exchange a principle which has been tried and approved by results for another which has been tried and condemned by results. The labor unionists of the country know as well as anybody that the welfare of the country, especially of labor, rests not upon the theories of Bryan, but rather upon those principles represented by Taft. Labor made up of free men in a free country is not easy to drive, as Mr. Gompers has discovered; and especially it is not easy to drive when there is an attempt to make it fly in the face of reason and experience. Organized labor, employed as it is largely in industries nourished and sustained by Republican policy, will not be "delivered" wholesale or in any other way to Mr. Bryan.

Bryan and the Philippines.

The platform upon which Mr. Bryan stands, drawn up with that vagueness characteristic of a mind without real conviction and calculated merely to give a semblance of consistency to an erratic political course, declares for cutting adrift the Philippine Islands as soon as their inhabitants shall have demonstrated the capacity for self-government. In the United States this promise, which is impossible of fulfillment in the near future, is harmless because it means nothing. But it is very far from being harmless as it will be repeated and interpreted in our trans-Pacific territories. It can not but have an evil effect upon ignorant islanders, easily stirred to discontent and eager to grasp at anything calculated to stimulate a smouldering spirit of unrest.

A large percentage of Tagals, the dominating element in the hodge-podge of races inhabiting the Philippine archipelago, maintain that they are already more capable of self-government than some Caucasian peoples. In their intense Oriental conceit they see themselves in a light absolutely and ridiculously false. Those who know the islands well need not be told how impossible it is that they should be permitted within any time worth considering to assume the responsibilities of political organization and administration. The true status of these peoples is made manifest by the fact that in the neighboring island of Java, an allied race, after being under civilized (Dutch) influences for three centuries, is still indulging its barbarian instincts in a career of violence and assassination. In a large part of the Southern Philippines it is today unsafe for anybody other than a native to stray beyond the limits of the walled cities.

Under our present policy the Filipinos are making phenomenal progress, and if this policy be upheld, say for twenty-five years, an autonomous English-speaking nation will have arisen in the Orient. The Filipinos will not only be bound by the firm hand of a common language not only to us, but to each other. Already indications of that which is to come, if there shall be no break in American policy, are at hand. The leaven implanted by American "Imperialists" in the form of thousands of schoolhouses throughout the islands is already leavening the mass. In the remote barrios the new generation, Tagalog, Igorrote, Macabebe, Moro, or other, is learning the English tongue. The traveler on the line of the Dagupan and Manila Railroad, which passes through the habitat of a dozen different tribes, is greeted at every stopping place by a well-spoken "Good morning, sir," on the lips of bright-faced urchins. This much has been accomplished in the space of ten years; and what it implies needs no exploitation to those who understand the value of a common language in the transmutation of heterogeneous peoples occupying contiguous territories.

During the period that Republican policy under McKinley and Roosevelt has been steadily working at the problem of civilizing and carrying forward the Filipino people, the Democratic party has been resoluting

and otherwise objecting. All that has been accomplished has been done in defiance of the opinions and the protests of the Democratic party under the inspiration and guidance of William J. Bryan. And so much has been accomplished that the stinging predictions of failure on the part of critics, foreign and domestic, which at one time resounded through the world are heard no more.

It is unthinkable that the policy, which has been so successful and which promises so much for the future, should be reversed or nullified. And that it would be reversed or nullified is a practical assurance if Mr. Bryan should be elected. And this is why the trans-Pacific American, by which name we may designate those who have lived in the Philippines or who are intimately familiar with island affairs, realize that only in Republican supremacy is there any assurance of a continuous and logical plan of Philippine administration.

The Harriman-Gould Deal.

The deal between Mr. Harriman and Mr. Gould, whose details, actual or supposititious, have so filled the daily papers of late, appears to be something thiswise: By a combination of miscalculated enterprise with bad judgment and bad administration, the Gould railroad properties had gotten into financial deep water even before the general depression which came on last year. With decrease in earnings, due to decline of business, certain of the Gould companies were passed over to receiverships, while other receiverships were in prospect. There came a situation in which eight millions of dollars were needed to save the system or part of it from something very like bankruptcy. Mr. Gould searched the money market, but could find nobody willing to advance the sum needed upon any security which he had to offer, although these securities in fact aggregate a colossal sum. The difficulty lay in the fact that the great holders and dealers in money had and have no confidence in Mr. Gould's methods of administration. They had no money to lend to a railroad administrator who, in the best times the country has ever seen, and with a vast aggregation of first-class properties under his hand, was unable to manage them in such a way as to maintain their solvency.

Finally, as a means of saving a desperate situation, Mr. Gould applied to Mr. Harriman, and the latter in cooperation with his financial connections put up the money. Of course a deal like this is not carried through on an accommodation basis. The bankers who supplied the money were willing to back Mr. Harriman, but not Mr. Gould. Mr. Harriman therefore assumes a certain authority in relation to the Gould properties. It is surmised that he will enter the directorates, but whether he does this or not he will have a say—and probably a dominating one—in the making of the Gould policies. The methods which he has applied to that vast network of railroads called the Harriman system will now to a greater or less degree be applied to the Gould properties, which include the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain (6771 miles), the Denver and Rio Grande (2750 miles), the Wabash (2517 miles), the Texas and Pacific (1885 miles), the Cotton Belt (1378 miles), the International and Great Northern (1159 miles), the Western Pacific (partly constructed, 910 miles), the Western Maryland (535 miles), the Wheeling and Lake Erie (473 miles). This system aggregates 19,378 miles, and in connection with the Harriman system, with which presumably it will work in general harmony, it forms the greatest association of transportation forces that the country, or the world for that matter, has ever seen. How close this association is to be, nobody knows; for while Mr. Harriman has become interested in the Gould properties, he has by no means taken them over. But it is probable that his relationship to these properties will be sufficiently close to make them sharers in the general policy which hitherto has dominated the Harriman roads.

Mr. Harriman appears to have entered into this deal as a matter of necessity. He is quoted as saying that he did not go into it from choice, but because he had to do it, and this appears to be the fact. To have permitted the Gould properties to default in their obligations would have been a serious blow to the railroad business of the country, and incidentally to every other kind of business. Mr. Harriman, perhaps, was the only man in the world of railroad affairs—unless it be Mr. James J. Hill—sufficiently accredited in the money market for judgment and success to raise the sum needed at a time when bankers are exceeding shy of making advances to public-service companies. The incident speaks for itself, since in Wall Street no man

is trusted on sentiment. Mr. Harriman's position in the world of transportation has been won by a record of practical successes. He knows how to make capital effective. Beginning with the Union Pacific, he has taken one questionable property after another, lifted it from the financial dumps, and made it stable and profitable. Whatever anybody may say about his policies and methods, it is certainly true that he stands today a great constructive factor in transportation, and it is because of this fact that he has been able at a single stroke to extend vastly the area of his influence.

California has not only a general but a local and immediate interest in the Harriman-Gould deal, since both systems—one actually and the other prospectively—extend to this State. Whatever extension of his influence Mr. Harriman may make is important here, since San Francisco is one of the great termini of his system. Presumably the central route across the continent will share in some degree at least in any advantages which Mr. Harriman may have won in this latest of his transactions. As to the Western Pacific, it is not likely to suffer any ill effects under the new adjustment. It is too far advanced to be either abandoned or neglected. It will no doubt be built precisely upon the lines laid down. And when completed it ought to serve the country as well in friendly relations with the Harriman system as under any other. The two transcontinental roads across our northern tier of States belong alike to the Hill system, and we hear no criticism of this circumstance as related to the general transportation interests of the northern cities. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé at the south are likewise affiliated with the Harriman system with no disadvantage, so far as anybody knows, in relation to the interests of Los Angeles. No harm is likely to come to San Francisco through the extension of Mr. Harriman's authority or influence over the Western Pacific, since the support and development of this city is and has been one of his prime objects since he came into control of the Union and Southern Pacific properties. Two lines of railroad across the continent at its narrowest point—between San Francisco Bay and the Missouri River—are not too many for the traffic already developed, not to mention that in immediate prospect in connection with the growth of the country.

Probably the deal with Harriman marks the decline of the Gould name in connection with the transportation of the country. The original Gould interest was built up by a hard-headed man of no conscience and of destructive methods. Jay Gould was not so much a developer of railroads as a railroad wrecker. In his own day his courses were widely condemned; in this day they would not be tolerated. George Gould, in many respects a better man than his father, has lacked some of the elements which made the former's career a successful one. He has been a hard and persistent worker, but he has made many and costly mistakes. On the top of all he has had to deal with a brood of ne'er-do-well co-heirs, including his madcap brother Howard and his fool sister Anna. The extravagances of his brothers and of this one sister have dissipated in prodigality money more than enough to have supplied the need which appears to have virtually lost to Mr. Gould the control of the family properties. Mr. Gould has been the one conspicuous instance of a great railroad magnate who came to his position by inheritance. All the others—Huntington, Hill, Scott, Dillon, Harriman, *et al.*—won their own way. It is significant now and absolutely in line with American tradition that an inheritor of an extraordinary measure of wealth and power should yield to one who has traveled the road of experience with things small as well as with things great.

Twenty-Six Pleas in Extenuation.

The lamentable case of Richard W. Nye of Oakland is a reminder that civilization, and especially modern civilization, is peculiarly severe upon crimes against property while relatively lenient toward offenses against the person. The unfortunate Nye is the father of twenty-six children, and if anything could condone a forgetfulness of the Ten Commandments it is surely such extensive parenthood as this. Impelled by the needs of his outrageous family, Nye attempted to steal property left in his care, and for this offense he now finds himself in State prison for three years. In vain did he plead the twenty-six children in extenuation. Justice, proverbially blind, takes little heed of consequences, and so society must presumably look after Nye's progeny while Nye himself languishes in durance vile for attempting to do his duty but in a criminal way. Nye's real offense was not so much the attempted theft as the possession of twenty-six children, and if the pro-

duction of such an outrageous family is not a legal offense it ought to be made so.

Yet one who has given twenty-six hostages to misfortune certainly has that many separate and distinct claims upon the clemency of his judges, so far as the theft is concerned. It doesn't seem to square with the eternal fitness of things that the father of twenty-six children should be sent to jail for inability to support that number honestly. There is written and oral evidence to substantiate the assertion that if President Roosevelt had been the arbiter in this case Richard W. Nye of Oakland would not be where he now is. The father of twenty-six children is one after the Roosevelt heart, and one that, in the Roosevelt categories of quantity, relation, and habit would be worthy of honors and medals and rubric inscription on the scroll of famous fatherhood. The law of probation should be invoked for the enlargement of Richard W. Nye and a petition to that effect should be signed by every father in California whose fatherhood is not subjected to such multitudinous temptation. Fathers blessed with more than a dozen may sign a petition for a pardon without conditions.

A Naval Quarrel.

At a time when the naval affairs of the world are attracting an unusual share of public attention, the dissensions—we may even say the squabbles—among British admirals can hardly fail to excite general interest. From whatever causes they may arise, and they are probably as trifling as such causes usually are, their results are evidently grave, if we may judge from the series of questions with which the prime minister has been bombarded in the House of Commons and from the incidents reported by the press. Dirty linen should, of course, be washed in private, but it is hard to avoid the full light of day when the officials concerned are so highly placed as Sir John Fisher, the first sea lord of the admiralty; Sir Percy Scott, who achieved distinction by bringing the big naval guns to Ladysmith during the Boer war, and Lord Charles Beresford, who is one of the best known seamen now living.

The strained situation, to use a polite phrase, was first made evident to the public during the naval manœuvres some few months back in the English Channel. Admiral Beresford was in command, while Sir Percy Scott was in charge of the cruisers. Admiral Beresford ordered the whole force to return to port for the purpose of painting the ships, and at the same time Sir Percy Scott signaled to his cruisers that they must cease gunnery practice in order to make themselves look pretty, as paint was more important than marksmanship—or words to that effect. Sir Percy Scott's signal following closely upon that of Lord Beresford naturally seemed to be a free-hand and distinctly pert rendering of the order of the admiral-in-chief, and was promptly resented as such. Sir Percy Scott was sharply reprimanded, but he effectively defended himself by showing that his signal to the cruisers was independent of that of the commander-in-chief, that he knew nothing of the original signal, and that however flippant or ill-judged his own order may have been, it implied no reflection upon his superior officer. The two signals were coincident in point of time, but they were otherwise unrelated. This was not only asserted by Sir Percy Scott, but it was proved, and had the little outbreak been spontaneous the incident would have been closed.

But it had evidently arisen from some deeper current of ill-feeling. Other incidents followed, and it soon became evident that something like a feud existed in the service and that officers of high rank were being attracted to one side or the other. It was understood, for instance, that Sir John Fisher, the commander-in-chief of the whole British navy, was in full sympathy with Lord Beresford, while the pros and cons of the quarrel were freely debated in the press and then commented upon in Parliament, although no one seemed to know what the trouble was all about. An insidious and intangible professional jealousy is never very far from the ignition point in navy and army circles, and probably the disputants themselves would find it hard to express their grievances in concrete form.

And now comes the latest incident to date. It is reported from the cruiser squadron attached to the Channel Fleet, Lord Beresford being in chief command and Sir Percy Scott in charge of the *Good Hope*. The *Argyll* and the *Good Hope* were abreast of each other and 1200 yards apart when they received an order from the flagship to turn inwards toward one another. Now, as the turning circle of each ship is about 800 yards, it is evident that obedience to the order would have meant inevitable collision. As a matter of fact the *Argyll*

obeyed the signal and went 16 points to starboard, while the *Good Hope*, to avert a collision, disobeyed, and went to starboard instead of to port, both ships turning in the same direction instead of toward each other. The mistake on the part of the flagship seems to be almost identical with the fatal error that sent the *Comperdown* and the *Victoria* into collision some years ago. Upon that occasion Admiral Markham obeyed the order and was exonerated on the ground that it would be fatal to discipline to blame him for carrying out directions unmistakably received from the commander-in-chief, who was present in person. Sir Percy Scott disobeyed an order received in the same way, and by so doing saved his own ship and probably the *Argyll* also. It seems from cable dispatches that he too has been exonerated, from which it would seem that both obedience and disobedience may alike be virtues.

That this grisly incident has been connected in the public mind with the ill-feeling known to exist between Beresford and Scott is sufficient evidence of the extent to which that ill-feeling has gone. It is wholly incredible that Lord Beresford deliberately forced upon Sir Percy Scott the alternative of collision or disobedience, but this is distinctly suggested by critics both among the public and in Parliament. It may be inevitable that jealousies and rancors should exist. They have probably existed in all services and at all times, and so long as they are kept within bounds they may even have their salutary aspect. But in this instance it seems absurd to use platitudes about a unity for the common good while something like a positive and personal hatred so clearly exists between officers who in the event of war would be forced into close relationship, and upon whose hearty and sincere coöperation the main essentials of success must rest. Even the finest fighter becomes a source of weakness to his country if his private resentments become ungovernable, and if Fisher and Beresford and Scott can not agree to hate each other in an amiable way, perhaps their country might be better served by men of less eminence and more common sense.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Heney continues to junket about the country towns in the interest of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League—while the Ruef case drags along in a fashion so slow that it would take a lawyer to say whether Ruef is really on trial or not. There are those, and the *Argonaut* is among them, who think that Mr. Heney ought either to fish or cut bait—that is, he ought to stay at home and attend to his business or give it up altogether. It will interest the payers of taxes to know that while Mr. Heney is thus engaged in political junketing and while the business of prosecution thus lags arid waits, the pay of the private detective bureau now billeted upon the public goes steadily on.

Any kind of constitution is probably to be preferred on broad social and moral grounds to the arbitrary rule traditionally maintained by the Sultans of the Turkish empire. Nevertheless it is hardly to be expected that anything worth serious approval has come from the Yildiz Kiosk. And, indeed, it would be interesting to see any scheme of constitutional government which the subjects of the Sultan would be capable of working successfully. The most enlightened and virtuous subjects of Turkish rule, we are told, are the Armenians, of whom we find interesting specimens in the Oriental rug business in this country. If these truly be the best and most honest men in the empire, then the *Argonaut* is unblushingly on the side of the Sultan in any repressive measures which he may choose to enforce, however extreme or cruel.

A dispatch from Walla Walla, State of Washington, reports that the river system of transportation which since pioneer days has operated on Snake River between a point near its junction with the Columbia and Lewiston, Idaho, ceased to exist on the 3d inst. A line of railroad having been built practically parallel with the river, nothing has been left for the steamboats to do. This is a bit of history which has been duplicated in every part of the country. When rail and boat meet in competition, the rail surely takes the traffic. The Columbia River, once a very paradise for steamboat men, has all but been abandoned. The Hudson, in many respects the noblest of American rivers, carries little traffic other than that of ferries and excursion boats. None the less it is highly important that the navigable streams of the country should be maintained in condition fit for navigation. The existence in a given territory of a navigable stream, even though

may never be used, is of tremendous importance in its effect upon transportation charges. Wherever transportation by water is practicable it will be found unvaryingly that rail rates are adjusted to that fact. A navigable stream, therefore, is to the country which possesses it an assurance of generous policies on the part of the railroads.

Those who, like the *Argonaut*, have long observed the ways of politics, are rather more amused than edified by the airs which Mr. Theodore Bell and his associates in the new-fledged Democratic leadership are giving themselves. We can but remember that this is a campaign year and that the campaign to be waged this year is surely an onerous one and a losing one. We can but wonder if the canny McNab is not merely allowing Mr. Bell and his friends leave to blow off the surplus steam which is always generated in ardent and inexperienced minds. We can but wonder if when the campaign is past and lost and the surplus steam aforesaid duly emitted, Mr. McNab may not again take up the reins of authority with an ease surprising to the youths who are so happy over having "downed" him. Stranger things have happened in politics; and Mr. McNab is not the first man to choose a favorable time for a vacation.

Among those who are receiving invitations signed "Rudolph Spreckels" to contribute ten dollars in support of the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League there are some who remember the earnest assurances given personally by this same Rudolph Spreckels that never—no, never—would he or anybody associated with the graft prosecution have anything to do with politics. And there are others to reflect that if Mr. Spreckels wishes to finance a personal political movement he ought to be able to do it himself. Having worked his private police organization off on the tax-payers, it is perhaps in keeping that Mr. Spreckels should seek to get the support of his political rivals. In other words, Mr. Spreckels has boasted—on the lips of his friends, have he asked unbidden in his presence—that he would like to quit. This remark may be interpreted too broadly, for it is manifest that Mr. Spreckels knows how to quit paying.

It is reported from Pendleton, Oregon, that as fast as the Indians of the Umatilla reservation are given final and individual patents to their lands, they dispose of them to white men. This is the outcome of a system adopted many years ago looking to the establishment of the Umatillas upon lands in severalty. The system works precisely as every man of common sense knew it would. It gets the land into the hands of white men and turns the helpless Indians adrift literally to root hog or die. The incident further illustrates how difficult or impossible it is by any paternal system to protect a social element which can not or will not protect itself. Nobody has yet devised a way in which a weak race and a strong one may live together without repeating the old fable of the lamb and the lion. Somehow or other the lamb always gets inside the lion.

In an attempt to domesticate public-service corporations and make them subject in all respects to State laws, the constitution makers of Oklahoma decreed that the right of eminent domain shall not be exercised except by companies taking out State license. A branch of the Standard Oil Company, desiring to evade this provision of law, has purchased a strip of land across the State and established its own pipe lines thereon. The attorney-general sought to bring an injunction suit, but the governor objects, insisting that when a corporation buys the land for its line it is not exercising the right of eminent domain. The constitutional provision was evidently intended to apply to all public-service corporations; but it doesn't, provided they buy their right of way instead of condemning it.

Mr. James J. Hill announces that his companies, the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads, which have maintained transpacific steamers at a heavy loss for several years past, will retire from the business, leaving it to the Japanese who are able to buy steamers at less cost and to operate them at less expense. Manifestly the day will soon be here when the American flag will be found nowhere on the sea excepting in the coasting trade. The fault is with fool laws which require that our flag shall fly only over American-built ships and that such ships shall be manned in a certain fixed ratio by American citizens. The effect of this regulation of the shipping business is that Americans may not buy vessels in the cheaper markets where

their competitors may find outfits, nor may they employ the cheaper labor available to their competitors. An American shipping master is required, therefore, to have a heavier investment and to pay more for operation than his foreign rival. Of course, under this sort of regulation, American shipping in the wider seas must cease to exist. Nobody can do business under conditions of positive and persistent disadvantage. Some day our law-makers will find sense enough to allow Americans to enter into the competitive shipping business upon even terms with foreigners.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The New York *Press*, Republican, sounds a timely word of warning to the Republican forces against a spirit of over-confidence that is among the most fatal of human frailties. Confidence, the *Press* points out, is a good thing for any man who goes into a fight with the determination to win, but over-confidence puts a premium on the carelessness and stupidity that throw away victories that might be won with zeal and courage. The mere easy assertion that only a miracle could land William J. Bryan in the White House is no doubt soothing to a certain order of mind, but it is prolific in that sort of neglect of political duties from which come political tragedies. Elections are won by votes and by hard and persistent work, and they are lost by the boastfulness which is too often allowed to take their place. The *Press* continues:

The truth about Bryan's chances is that the most trustworthy political opinion confesses they are far better than they were in 1896 and 1900. There are few close observers of actual conditions who do not place the entire South, with the new State of Oklahoma, in the Bryan column. They concede that until the Republican party can prove to the contrary at the polls Bryan ought to be credited with West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, as well as the habitually Democratic States of the solid South. This would mean 176 votes in the electoral college, with 242 necessary to a choice.

Then everybody who knows anything at all about the country beyond the Mississippi River knows that the Far West is radical to a degree that may be called rabid. Mr. Bryan represents, and will represent in the minds of the voters of that territory, the next best exponent of the radicalism up to which President Roosevelt has educated them. These voters believe thoroughly in everything which Mr. Roosevelt has done, and they wanted him for a third term because they believed that he would do more along radical lines. They will incline to the candidate who looks to them like the man to go on to hotter radicalism.

Now this is the soundest of sound common sense. The coming struggle will be fought upon new issues, and the precedents and methods of calculation upon which we have been wont to rely have lost most of their efficacy. The new radicalism is an unknown quantity, and while there is, of course, no reason to fear that Mr. Taft will show any lack of tenacity in the cause of righteous reform, it is the opinion upon this point of the great masses of the electors, well informed and ill informed alike, that must be gauged. There may well be an unexpected number who need to be shown and to be convinced that reform without friction and progress without panic may be expected only from the Republican nominee, and to allow an unreasoning confidence to hinder the preaching of the political gospel would be one of those mistakes that may well be irretrievable.

Chief Justice Brewer is one of the few jurists of today who can handle political problems without departing from the judicial temperament. For his opinions on the blacklist and the boycott and the extent to which combinations are allowed to violate the fundamental principles of government no circulation can be too wide, especially at a time when one of the great historic parties has been beguiled into declarations that if carried into effect would be subversive of a rational or tolerable national existence.

Judge Brewer, in an address delivered a few days ago in Milwaukee, addressed himself to this matter of combinations, whether of capital or labor, and he certainly found no difficulty in showing the portentous size to which they have grown, nor the extent to which they are usurping the functions of government and, indeed, defying the government by going far beyond the limits to which any government can safely go. He denounced alike the combinations of capital that coerce the business man in joining them by threats of ruining his business and the labor organization which resorts to the boycott to force into its ranks those who have no desire to become members. All these things he denounced as "damnable" and he warned his hearers that they have become a danger to our institutions:

"There are certain individual rights—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—and they are rights which belong to every individual in this broad land. There is no crowned head in this country who can say 'I am the state.' The only thing we have to fear is that majorities will get together and for business or commercial or industrial reasons will crush out the independence of the individual. Nothing appeals to me more strongly as calling for the combined action of all true Americans than to preserve these inalienable rights."

It is to be feared that Judge Brewer's voice will be as that of one crying in the wilderness, and that such matters as the preservation of national institutions will become as mere airy nothings in comparison with the sublimer duties of vote catching. Mr. Gompers's support may not be worth much, but it would have to be worth far less than it is before national considerations and the preservation of liberty would be allowed to outweigh it.

The Grand Rapids *Press* (Ind.) presents a moderate view of the truth when it says:

At the present writing Mr. Gompers's active support of Mr. Bryan seems likely to cut both ways. He is an extreme radical and his vigorous campaigning for Mr. Bryan will tend to alienate the conservative elements—the farmers, the middle-class citizens, and the small business man, as well as the employers. Labor itself is not all included in the labor organizations. There are a great many laboring men whom Gompers classes as "scabs," and how many of these will follow him into the

Bryan fold and how many will be repelled is an undecided question. The answer depends very largely on Mr. Gompers himself, and the tone of the speeches he makes on the stump.

It is something of a truism to say that "labor itself is not all included in the labor organizations," and that there are "a great many laboring men whom Gompers classes as scabs." The proportions of organized and unorganized laboring men are fairly accurately known, and when it comes to the counting of heads the former cut a miserable figure. But then the unionists make up by noise what they lack in other ways, and of course it does sometimes happen that the tail wags the dog.

Harper's Weekly points out that the most serious and important work of the next President will be the virtual reorganization of the Supreme Court. Four justices will have passed the retiring age when Taft or Bryan goes to the White House—Chief Justice Fuller, 75; Justice Harlan, 75; Justice Brewer, 71; and Justice Peckham, 70 in November. It is pretty well understood why the chief justice and Justice Harlan have not availed themselves of their privilege to retire; they have regarded it as a duty to remain on the bench so long as the country had a president more than likely to name as their successors men in sympathy with new and revolutionary methods of "interpreting" the Constitution and the laws. Quite likely Justice Brewer, perhaps the strictest constructionist, as he is probably our ablest jurist, has been influenced by the same consideration.

But it is too much to expect or ask that these patriotic men remain at the post of duty for another four years; so it is altogether probable that the next President will have the naming of four or even five, an actual majority of our Supreme Court. What kind of men would Bryan appoint? His record and his words leave no room for doubt.

It is evident that Mr. Taft will take no hand in the Ohio fight. He has declared that he has no candidate to succeed Foraker, and the New York *Evening Post* says that "if Oyster Bay will but stand pat on the same platform there is an excellent outlook for Republican harmony in Ohio." Continuing, the *Post* remarks:

Republicans everywhere have unequalled ability in burying the hatchet prior to elections and presenting a united front to the enemy. To oppose Mr. Foraker would be exceptionally bad politics, not only because he is a dangerous fighter with what is left of a very harmonious and powerful machine behind him, but because his courageous attitude in the Senate has won him friends where he never had them before. Any attempt to defeat him now would be regarded merely as an attempt to punish him for exercising a senator's inherent privilege of thinking for himself and voting not according to party orders, but in obedience to the dictates of conscience. This is so rare and so valuable a line of conduct that it must be acclaimed, whether in a Foraker, a La Follette, or a Hale, and any effort to prevent it must ever be opposed by the public-spirited of all parties.

Collier's Weekly admits that its sympathies are slightly more Democratic than Republican, but in the present situation it looks upon Mr. Taft with more confidence than upon Mr. Bryan. Its process of argument is a curious one. While holding that no legislative danger could come from Mr. Bryan's election, as no "snap-shot financial cure-alls could pass the Republican Senate," it points out that the immediate result of Mr. Bryan's election would be a halt in the so-called Roosevelt policies due to the division of party power at Washington. This may be commended to those weak-kneed Republicans who suppose that the cause of reform may be in some danger at the hands of Mr. Taft and that Mr. Bryan may be the best representative of the forward movement. On the contrary, Mr. Bryan's election would mean that the forward movement must become a backward movement, because a Republican Senate would naturally assume an attitude of consistent hostility toward him and toward his measures.

To quote once more from *Collier's Weekly*, we are told that while the first campaign against Bryan was the most expensive of this and probably of any other country, the present campaign promises to be on both sides the cheapest that America has known in a generation:

Formerly the parties bid against each other for subsidies. Now they are bidding for the crown of honest poverty.

The Perkins testimony in the New York insurance investigation started the disturbance. The ensuing moral awakening led to the passage last year of a national law forbidding political contributions from corporations wherever Congress could reach them, and similar laws in the State field were passed in New York and elsewhere. President Roosevelt's appeal for enforced publicity for campaign contributions in general was ignored by Congress and rejected by the Chicago convention. But Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft were both committed to the policy, and the Denver convention heartily indorsed it. Thereupon Mr. Sheldon, the new treasurer of the Republican National Committee, announced that all contributions to the Republican campaign fund would be made public after the election. In seeming ignorance of the laws he added that contributions from corporations would be accepted. Mr. Bryan promptly caused the Democratic National Committee to announce that it would publish all its contributions of less than \$100 before election, that it would accept no money from corporations, and that it would take no more than \$10,000 from any one person. Thereupon Mr. Taft barred the corporations too, calling attention to the laws which Mr. Sheldon seemingly had forgotten.

Mr. Bryan is now appealing to the people for small contributions. He thinks that with six million voters to draw upon, the Democratic newspapers of the country should be able to raise enough for all legitimate purposes.

We shall have a chance now to see how the American people will vote when they are free from financial pressure. It is desirable, of course, for the party managers to have some small funds for legitimate expenses, but we could elect a President if they had no money at all. The voters are registered and the ballots are printed and counted at public expense. A campaign without money would be slow, but the government would not come to a standstill.

Herbert S. Hadley, the present attorney-general of Missouri, will be the Republican candidate for governor and hopes to hold the State in the Republican column. He would have a better chance if it were not a presidential year. He has not been nominated yet, but there is no opposition to his candidacy.

PARISIANS TRY TO PICK THE PONIES.

Playing the Races a Bourgeois Infatuation Encouraged by Government Protection.

One can see the Grand Prix on the Longchamps course for two francs (40 cents), or, if one disdains the democratic pelouse entrance, the pesage price, twenty francs, admits to the more aristocratic division. That the races are most attractive to those who have more regard for the admission fee than the distinction of place is shown by the fact that the cheap entrances took in 1,450,000 francs on the day of the great social event, while the pesage, at ten times the separate cost, received only 1,040,000. Thus the certainty that it is the attendance of the artisan, the business man, and the retired bourgeois that makes horse-racing profitable in France.

Yet it is not the attendance that presents the most attractive feature to the government under which racing is fostered at Longchamps, Chantilly, St. Cloud, Auteuil, Vincennes, St. Ouen, Enghien, Maisons-Lafitte, and le Tremblay. Benign and bountiful as the government is in its care of the people, it is not altogether amiably concerned in furnishing amusement—it finds a recompense in accompanying interests. It is not exaggeration to say that the Parisians are infatuated with racing, and because it furnishes an unrestricted field for gambling, under the authority of the state, and, so far as may be, gambling in which there is little necessity for distrust of the methods in which the game is conducted. From this infatuation the government reaps a perennially valuable harvest. Its profits are 8 per cent of the total amount invested by bettors on the several race-tracks. That is, its reservation or take-off from the entire receipts of all the pari-mutuels—294,432,770 francs last year—is 8 per cent, though of that commission or tax one-half is given to the race company that owns the track. Charity gets 2 per cent of the amount realized, 1 per cent goes to the department of hygiene, and 1 per cent is distributed in prizes to horse-breeders. Nearly \$5,000,000 was thus secured last year from the gambling public—a heavy tax for merely recording the bets and holding the money for a few minutes.

Every facility is afforded those who desire to hazard their capital, either earnings or savings, in the game of choosing prospective winners. At the numerous booths adjacent to the race-course there are pads of consecutively numbered tickets hanging on the wall. Each ticket sold, if it bears the name of a winning horse, shares in the return of all the money paid in for tickets, less the government take-off. Tickets are sold at five, ten, fifty, and one hundred francs, and even in the method of display and sale there is a propitiatory if not an actually fascinating setting forth of the possible value of each printed token. Plainly to be observed is the serial number of each ticket, showing just how many have been sold for each choice. Totals may vary in degree at different booths, but a fair average is usually to be had at each place, as the betting public is moved by well-calculated impulse. Numerous publications assume to give reliable information in advance, and each of the daily papers has a special service by a race-track expert. And in spite of all this care and indicated certainty the losers outnumber the winners.

More than twenty years ago M. Joseph Oller invented the pari-mutuels. He had booths showing conspicuously large dials that registered each bet made, and those betting on the winning horses shared in the pool, less 10 per cent, the ingenious promoter's commission. Wonderfully successful from the first, the rage for race-track gambling that M. Oller's cunningly devised scheme induced was the cause of its downfall. Public sentiment was aroused against betting by the favor and resulting publicity it had earned, and in 1887 the government closed up M. Oller's business. Then the sport of racing languished, and once more, with the arrangements modified in minor details, the betting system was made accessible to the public. In 1891 the government took over M. Oller's plan, systematized it for all the race-tracks, and the game has flourished since that time. The inventor of the pari-mutuels now prints the tickets used, but has no other direct revenue from the great income-producing scheme which developed in his active brain.

In spite of the government management of the game, there are occasional difficulties. One Sunday in October, 1906, the bettors in attendance at the races at Longchamps suddenly became inspired with the suspicion that there was collusion between the managers and the judges in declaring a false start, and a riot ensued. The mob overturned, demolished, and burned many of the booths, and this in the teeth of the police called to quell the disturbance. Other unfriendly demonstrations have been silenced in their incipency, and it is probable that there is rarely any real cause for charges of misconduct against the managers. The game is too profitable to be jeopardized by swindling methods.

To protect itself, however, the government employs many secret-service agents in tracking down and apprehending clandestine bookmakers, who emulate authorized methods and pay the pari-mutuel prices. There are many of these, who bring their avarice-breeding offers to busy ones unable to visit the race-course, and thus carry on a secret but prosperous vocation. They do not have to pay 4 per cent of their commissions to charity, health, and the breeding of race-horses, and the investors lose no more than in the legalized pools. But the government frowns upon this traffic, and visits with severe penalties those discovered engaged in its allurement. It is not for the public good to have gambling untaxed.

Beyond question, it is not altogether good for the public to have authorized, open gambling. There is

even in Paris a formidable sentiment in opposition to this state enterprise, but it is not likely soon to accomplish any sweeping reform. The Grand Prix will continue to be the great social event of the last Sunday in June for a long time yet, and to mark, as it has for many years, the actual close of the ceremonial season. PARIS, July 11, 1908. ST. MARTIN.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Veil.

Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?

THE SISTER—

What ails, what ails you so, my brothers,
That thus you bend your brows in care?
Like lamps funeral darkness smothers,
The glances from your eyelids glare,
Your belts hang all unloosed around you,
Already thrice have leapt in play
The falchion blades wherewith you've hound you,
Half glancing from their sheaths away.

THE ELDEST BROTHER—

Have you not lifted up that veil of yours today?

THE SISTER—

Returning from the bath, my brothers,
My lords, returning from the bath,
Hidden from the gaze of Giaours and others—
The rough Albanians—in my path,
Just as I passed the mosque, I mind me,
In mine uncovered palanquin,
I loosed the waiting folds that bind me,
And let warm airs of noonday in.

THE SECOND BROTHER—

A man passed then?—a man in caftan dyed with green?

THE SISTER—

'Tis very like; but all his boldness
Has never seen my features bare. . . .
But look, you speak with tones of coldness,
With coldness you are muttering there.
Must you have blood? I swear that no man
Could see—yes, by your souls I'm right.
Pardon! my brothers, shield a woman
Who stands so helpless in your sight!

THE THIRD BROTHER—

Methinks the sun was red at sunseting tonight.

THE SISTER—

Pardon! what have I done? Oh, pardon!
God! there are four wounds in my side!
Nay! by your knees I fall thus hard on. . . .
My veil, my veil so white and wide!
Fly not! My hands this blood is staining;
Brothers, assist my faltering breath;
Across mine eyes whose glance is waning
Extends itself the pall of death.

THE FOURTH BROTHER—

A veil at least is that no hand upgathereth.
—Victor Hugo.

The Younker of Volmarstein.

Forth, for adventure, rode riders twain;
Through heath and coppice they clanged amain;
"In a fierce fray now I would like to dash;
I would fain draw sword, and cut and slash!"
So says to his tall groom, bold and rash,
The Younker of Volmarstein.

Then entered a thick fir-wood the two;
"Here," sneers he, "of late a man I slew;
'Twas not for gold, 'twas not through greed.
Out of rage and malice I did the deed."
For of death and blood had craving need
The Younker of Volmarstein.

The groom he shudders. A man stands there
O' the sudden beside them—with threat or with prayer
He silently stretches his lean hand out
"De'il take you, begone further on, you lout!"
So cries, while his eyes flash flame about,
The Younker of Volmarstein.

"Yet alms can a knight give richly—hold!"
And down he throws him a piece of gold
The groom through his cap the coin can see
Gleam bright. "Sir knight, 'tis a ghost!" says he;
But laughs and jeers full hardily
The Younker of Volmarstein.

Anon, to a heath they bend their way;
"Must beggary, then, flourish here for aye?"
There, near at hand, stands the shape—the same.
The groom feels an ague shake his frame;
But steadily swings his whip—oh, shame!
The Younker of Volmarstein.

He strikes at the peasant with might and main;
He hits, but to fell him he strives in vain.
The groom perceives how each stroke falls
Through the body as air. He laments and bawls;
But a cowardly loon him roughly calls
The Younker of Volmarstein.

Now into a forest of oak they went,
Where horror the heart of the groom nigh rent;
For lo! the same man stands there who stood
Before in the heath, in thick fir-wood;
Now feels he, too, as if curdled his blood,
The Younker of Volmarstein.

Nathless, for a blow, he his sword lifts straight:
"I'll hit you now, vagabond, sure as fate!"
Through the empty air descends the blow;
Gigantic the beggar looms, fading slow;
Aghast, both stirrup and rein lets go
The Younker of Volmarstein.

Upreads the steed and on wildly leaps;
Unchecked in his furious flight he sweeps;
The dusk of the forest conceals him quite:
"O Lord, on the youth let doom not light!"
So prays the groom. "He's a woeful wight,
The Younker of Volmarstein!"

They sought him at night through the woods around.
At morn, in an oak, his corpse they found;
A forked branch had caught his head;
The steed from under him fast had fled.
Atoning thus for his crimes was sped
The Younker of Volmarstein.

—Wolfgang Muller.

On the authority of a magazine writer it is stated that every third man you meet in Argentina is a millionaire. It must be the Pittsburg of South America.

WINNERS IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medals, Trophies and Diplomas Distributed.

With the concluding hurdle and relay races and the presentation ceremonies, the Olympic Games of 1908 in the London Stadium came to an end on Saturday, July 25. Queen Alexandra presented the gold medals and trophies to the successful competitors, and the dowager Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Rutland, and Lady Desborough handed the silver and bronze medals, the diplomas, and the commemorative medals to those entitled to them. A big crowd attended the function and cheered the athletes as they came up.

As the prizes were being distributed the band played national folk songs. The Americans were the only athletes to wear their track uniforms. They naturally were in a large majority, having carried off most of the prizes. George V. Bonhag of the Irish-American Athletic Club received a great cheer when he came up and was handed four medals and four diplomas. Commemorative medals were given to everybody who took part in the games. Prizes were distributed not only for games at the stadium, but also for the events held previously elsewhere. The American riflemen who were victorious at Bisley appeared in natty khaki uniforms with American shields on their breasts.

The ceremony was carried out quickly and well, but in order to keep the audience amused exhibitions of high diving and water polo were given at the same time. Walker of South Africa, the winner of the 100-metre dash, was the first man to receive a gold medal at the hands of the queen. He was followed by Kerr of Canada, the winner of the 200-metre event, and Halswelle of the United Kingdom, the victor in the 400-metre race. Then came Melvin W. Sheppard of the Irish-American Athletic Club for the medals won in the 800 and 1500 metres events, and C. J. Bacon of the Irish-American Athletic Club, the winner of the 400-metre hurdle race, and Russell of the United Kingdom, the winner of the 3200-metre steeplechase. Then came the winners of the walking races, with John J. Hayes of the Irish-American Athletic Club, who won the Marathon race, just behind. Hayes received great applause. Next was Ray C. Ewry of the New York Athletic Club, who got medals for the standing broad and the high jumps. F. C. Irons of the Chicago Athletic Association got his medal for the running broad jump. Ahearne of the United Kingdom came in here for his medal. He was the only man to interrupt the Americans, who continued the procession with John J. Flanagan of the Irish-American Athletic Club and Ralph Rose of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, who won the gold medals for throwing the hammer and putting the weight, respectively. The British winners in the tug-of-war, the three-mile team race, and the 3500-metre walk again broke the steady procession of American victors, but the line was at once taken up again by Martin J. Sheridan of the Irish-American Athletic Club, who claimed the gold medals for the discus throwing, free and Greek styles. Lemming of Sweden was then given his medals for the javelin throwing. Mathew Halpin, the manager of the American team, then appeared to take the medal for the American winners in the 1600-metre relay race.

Among the events of the morning were two races in which America came out victorious. The final in the 110-metre (120.2 yards) hurdle race was won by F. C. Smithson of the Multnomah (Oregon) Athletic Club. J. C. Garrels of the Chicago Athletic Association was second and A. B. Shaw of Dartmouth third. Smithson's time was 15 seconds, which is the world's record. He came in two yards in front of Garrels. The final in the 1500-metre swim was won by Taylor of the United Kingdom. Battersby of the United Kingdom was second and Beaurepaire of Australia was third. The final in the 1600-metre relay race was won easily by the American team. The German team was second and the Hungarian third in this event. The winner's time was 3 minutes 29.2-5 seconds. The Americans at no time were pressed. This was the last event of the Olympic sports, and the Stars and Stripes was the last flag to be officially unfurled announcing a victory.

In all of the events concluded since the Olympic Games began early in the year, including such games as water polo and other sports in which England alone competed, the present standing of the countries, counting wins only, is as follows: United Kingdom, 38; America, 22; Sweden, 7; France, 4; Hungary, 3; Norway, Germany, Canada, and Italy, 2 each; Belgium, South Africa, and Finland, 1 each. In the field and track events in which the points are counted, five for first, three for second, and one for third, the standing is: America, 114½; United Kingdom, 66½; Sweden, 12½; Canada, 11; South Africa and Greece, 8 each; Norway, 5; Germany, 4; Italy, 3; Hungary, 2½; France, 2½; Australia and Finland, 1 each. America's score in the field and track events is made up of fifteen firsts, ten seconds, and eight thirds, in addition to a tie for second and third in the standing high jump and a tie for third in the pole-vault.

The attendance at the games was seldom what had been expected by enthusiasts. Ten thousand is a generous estimate of the number of the public who were tempted to the opening ceremony, at which the king was present, and that number was not often reached afterward. The price of the cheapest seats was reduced from two shillings to sixpence, without appreciable results. Mr. James E. Sullivan, American commissioner of the games, regards the spirit exhibited with a glow in his air.

A HIGHER LAW FOR LAND.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXV.

The senatorial battle at the capital had brought thither not only a horde of politicians and office seekers, but another and more ominous crowd. It was made up of unsuccessful gold-seekers, of prospectors who had failed to find claims, of weaklings who shrunk from the exhausting labor of the mines. These luckless ones had come down from the placers as far as Sacrosanto, where most of them remained, "dead broke," unable to fare further on their journey toward the Bay. The prosperity they observed on every hand made these malcontents even more jealous than they already were. Sleek and prosperous politicians who held fat offices confronted them everywhere, and affronted them by lavish displays of fine linen and broadcloth, and by ostentatious indulgence in imported wines and Havana cigars. The thriving tradesmen on the river front—the shop-keepers who toiled from dawn till midnight while gold-dust poured across their counters from the successful miners—the boomers who were staking out town lots in the suburbs of the thriving young city and erecting their cabins there—all these signs of prosperity among other men, these evidences of the accumulation of wealth by others, irritated the disappointed gold-seekers. They could not get the offices, for there were already three job-seekers for every political job. They could not get the shop-keepers' business, for they lacked the brains and the industry. They could not buy the town lots, for they lacked the money. What could they do?

Leaders soon sprang up among them, and ere many days orators were holding forth on the street corners to the army of discontent. Their theme was invariably the same—"land monopoly." Sacrosanto was situated on a vast Mexican grant of some eleven leagues of land, which long before had been acquired by Belmont, the "Trail Cutter." For many years Belmont had utilized this principality mainly for pastoral purposes, devoting some portions of it to agriculture. Still, although he had persistently refused to join the gold-hunters, he could not very well decline to entertain offers for the purchase of land on which to build a city. He had many leagues of land—much more than he could use. Therefore he had entrusted to agents the sale of that portion of his land which lay at the confluence of the two rivers. This was a natural site for a city, and the land was sold at good prices. Already some of the earlier purchasers had made modest fortunes by the sudden increase in their land values as the infant city pushed its borders further away from the river bank. It was on these lucky speculators that the disgruntled gold-seekers looked with the bitterest envy. But as the source from which they drew their fortunes was the original owner of the land, they also did not scruple to bracket Belmont with his purchasers, and to denounce him as a "land monopolist."

The squatter orators soon led their cohorts to organize under the corporate title of the "Sacrosanto Settlers' Association." Titles, like charity, cover a multitude of sins, and there is many an act committed by a "syndicate" or an "association" which the individuals composing it would hesitate to perform. Not that the individual squatters of the Settlers' Association were over-squeamish. But operating as a mass or mob they acquired more momentum, and a color of standing, which merely as an equal number of individuals they would have lacked. And one among them, who was a veritable squatter genius, devised an imposing plan, which was that the Settlers' Association should issue to its members certificates of title to the lands on which they had squatted—that is to say, as if A should give to B, in consideration of love and affection, a deed for C's land.

These curious documents gave great satisfaction to the squatters and their assigns, and correspondingly irritated the men who had paid for the land, and held it under legal title.

When parts of a body politic become inflamed, the fever is apt to spread. The long fight in the legislature over the senatorial seats had grown more bitter day by day; the two factions, Northern and Southern, of the Democratic party had become absolutely venomous in their hatred; the attempts of the Vigilante sympathizers to attack the ballot-box methods of Burke's followers more than once threatened to result in a physical contest. So the warring factions in the legislative chamber were disposed to "play politics" with the squatter element in the capital city, and used it as a source of sympathy if not of strength.

The evenly matched forces of the various factions had forced a deadlock in the senatorial contest. The monotonous balloting had been pursued for days without result; at last a contest of physical endurance set in, which resulted in the holding of night sessions. The orators on the street corners had also begun holding night sessions. At one of these gatherings the speaker's stand had been improvised of large packing-cases piled up in front of the Gem Saloon. After various minor orators had denounced the iniquities of land monopoly, a tall form was seen on the outskirts of the crowd and the cry arose:

"Brewer! Brewer! Speech! Speech!"

With gracious salutations the newcomer strode through the crowd, which made way for him, and closed up again as he climbed upon the rostrum. A sort of applause greeted him, which he allowed to sound sweetly in his ears for half a minute. Then,

after this decent interval, he stilled the tumult by stretching toward the people his compelling hand.

"Men of Sacrosanto," he began, "why are we here tonight? Is it to share in the heated contest which has brought so many to the capital city? Is it to take sides in the election of a senator? No. Then why are we here? It is to denounce land monopoly that we are here, that monopoly of land which was purchased by the blood and treasure of the whole nation, and which therefore belongs to all of us. When our forefathers conquered from the tyranny of Great Britain the original thirteen States, their descendants made haste to go out into the wilderness—far to the westward—into the Western Reserve Territory belonging to such States as Connecticut and Massachusetts. And when they had established themselves there, far out in the forest, surrounded by hostile savages, were they forced to buy the land which they then reclaimed? Not so. The Federal government, with that far-sighted wisdom which has done much to build up the West, gave to these pioneer settlers freely of this virgin territory, of this primeval forest soil.

"We stand today on territory which also is a part of the American citizen's domain. While the Western Reserve was won from a wilderness, this land was won from a foreign foe. Yet here we find that land grants larger than European principalities—grants frequently obtained by fraud, corruption, and perjury—are permitted to stand between American citizens and their birth-right. Is this right? Not so. This land on which we stand today belongs to us. It belongs to American freemen. Fellow-citizens, I ask you who colonized the original thirteen States?"

"Settlers!" shouted the crowd.

"Who colonized the great West?"

"Settlers!"

"Who carried the Stars and Stripes across the Mississippi and over the Rocky Mountains?"

"Settlers!"

"And who will plant and maintain the Stars and Stripes here, and who will own the soil here, on the far off Pacific Shore?"

"Settlers!" shouted the crowd.

"You are right, fellow-citizens," went on the orator, "this land is ours. It is the appanage of American freemen, and it is one of the attributes of freedom that the citizens shall own the soil. Freedom, O my fellow-countrymen, is our dearest, most cherished trust."

Again there arose from the crowd a hoarse roar of applause. At its close shouts came:

"Let's go before the legislature!"

"Yes! Yes! We'll go to the capitol!"

"Yes! Yes! Let's demand our rights!"

"Make the legislature throw open this land to preemption!"

"Settlers' rights! Settlers' rights! Let's go to the legislature, and make them give us our rights!"

For a moment the orator seemed somewhat perturbed at this volcanic outburst, however flattering to his eloquence. Speedily regaining his self-possession, however, he shouted:

"Fellow-citizens! Before entering the capitol—where senate and house are now in joint session balloting for United States senator—I advise you to nominate a committee with full powers to act. In that way you will be received with due courtesy and attention by your legislators. For this entire body to enter the legislative chamber would be physically impossible."

A babble of voices broke out. The crowd hotly discussed the matter for a time. At last Colonel Brewer was unanimously elected chairman of their executive committee with power to appoint the remaining committeemen. This done, the executive committee headed the body of settlers, now numbering many hundreds, and took up its line of march for the capitol.

Soon the steps of the capitol and the lobbies of the assembly chamber were invaded by crowds of confident petitioners. The plight of statesmen invaded by their constituents seems humorous to outsiders, but statesmen themselves in such a crisis are invariably much embarrassed. The People's friends greatly prefer to legislate for their constituents from a reasonable distance off. Even the fiery Republicans of the first days of the French Revolution, fresh from the bosom of the People, found the invasions of that very People in their legislative chamber at times an embarrassment and at times a menace. Delegations coming with "mandates from the People" grew so frequent as to afflict. The People acquired the habit of visiting the legislative chambers in squads, always armed and frequently intoxicated. Thereupon it became the task of the agitated legislators to soothe the People, to brace up the People on its tottering legs, and to escort the People as rapidly as might be into the outer air.

Since the days of the French Revolution there have often been invasions of legislative chambers in many lands, even in our own. In all of them the procedure seems to be distasteful to the legislators. And so was it in this instance, in the great republic of the new world, and in the newest State of the great republic.

None the less, the legislators, who were in joint assembly, lacked the courage to refuse to receive the settlers' committee. It was formally resolved that the committee be received upon the floor, and a message was sent without to that effect. In a few minutes the committee, consisting of some score of consequential settlers headed by Colonel Brewer, marched into the space before the Speaker's stand.

With the fluency of a practiced speaker, Colonel Brewer thus began:

"Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, Gentlemen of the Senate and Assembly: We stand before you here

tonight representing a large body of your constituents, several thousand, in fact, who in mass meeting assembled have determined to exercise the sacred right of petition. No right more sacred has been handed down to us from the days of Magna Charta. That right is an integral part of the Constitution of the United States. At the portals of this legislative temple there stand some thousands of your fellow-citizens, unjustly deprived, by an iniquitous construction of the laws, of the right to occupy lands belonging to them as citizens of this great republic, which owns these lands in trust for them. We only ask that we shall have the same privileges as were enjoyed by the citizens of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and other Western communities. We demand that we be permitted to go freely upon these lands, and to occupy them under the higher law, and as a natural and God-given right of freemen."

Here Colonel Brewer was interrupted by the president of the senate, who happened to be one of his personal and political enemies.

"Pardon me, sir, for interrupting you," remarked the president, "but permit me to remark that a few weeks ago, while arguing in court against an invasion of settlers in the Pueblo Addition down at the Bay, you denounced certain men who had occupied the lands of your client, saying that they were outlaws and law-breakers. Do you mean to say that here in this part of the State you advocate occupying lands extralegally, when down at the Bay you opposed such extralegal occupation and denounced it as outlawry?"

For a moment Colonel Brewer seemed a trifle disconcerted, but it was only for a moment.

"Mr. President," he said, smoothly and unctuously, "it is true that, in the practice of my profession, I have taken all sorts of cases at the bar. I have defended many criminals and I have argued for clients whose purely abstract rights may have been called in question. It is possible that my clients, in the cases you refer to, may have been in the wrong; it is possible that they were upholding the unjust land monopolies against which I and this committee have come to protest before you here tonight. But admitting that it were so, what of it? Is it not my solemn duty as an advocate to take the case of the citizen in distress who seeks my aid? Is not that my duty whether life, or land, or liberty is in peril? Is it not my highest duty as a lawyer? If I ever deny that sacred duty of my profession, may God strike me dumb forever!"

He ceased, and the echoes of his ringing voice died away in the dome above. So sincere, so truthful was its ring that the members of the settlers' committee broke forth into loud applause, despite their presence in the august legislative chamber. Many of the legislators joined them.

The Speaker of the lower house rose, and bowed obsequiously to the settlers' committee. He apparently addressed the president, while in reality turning away from the chair to face Colonel Brewer.

"Mr. President, and you, my fellow-citizens of the Settlers' Committee," said the Speaker, "after the eloquent words which we have just heard, few among us will venture to deny that there is much merit in the petition advanced so ably by Colonel Brewer for the large body of our constituents assembled tonight outside. But no one knows better than that eloquent advocate that legislation must precede law, and law must precede action. The conflicting laws over these vexatious land matters are as yet by no means settled; but the Federal government has sent a land commission here which is now conferring with our State officials, and we may confidently hope that these vexatious matters are to be adjusted to the satisfaction of our constituents in a very brief period. May we then ask Colonel Brewer and his committee to go forth and carry to that body of our fellow-citizens whom they represent the welcome news that we can assure them that we will willingly give to the matters which they have laid before us our speedy and earnest consideration?"

The Speaker's words bore an appearance of depth and meaning on the surface which a close examination might have shown to be deceptive. Hence Colonel Brewer quickly determined to deport his cohorts before comprehension should set in. Without waiting, therefore, for the president to reply, Brewer quickly cut in:

"Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen: Far be it from me to ask more at your hands than that which you have agreed to do, in the graceful, earnest, and eloquent words of the gentleman who has just sat down. After such sincere assurances of the desire of this honorable body to meet our requests, this committee can do no more than to report back to the body which it represents, and for us to merge ourselves again in the bosom of the people. Gentlemen, we thank you." Waving his hand with a dramatic air, the colonel and his committee solemnly marched down the aisle and withdrew.

But the Speaker's fine words buttered no parsnips. If the legislators had hoped to dismember the squatter movement by illusive speeches and specious promises they were in error. The happenings in the legislative chamber, as reported by Brewer and corroborated by his committee, only encouraged the squatters. So mettlesome were they made by the quasi encouragement of the legislature that on the next day they abandoned words for action. Organized in a compact body, they began marching through the streets bearing banners with the legend, "Settlers' Rights." Emboldened by lack of opposition, some of the more daring soon began occupying vacant lots in the heart of the town. The land-holders, who had paid Belmont for their land, became alarmed. They too organized, and it was not

uncommon to see rival mass-meetings in progress in the streets at the same time; one under the banner, "Settlers' Rights," and the other a band of land-owners under the banner "Law and Order." This rallying cry of the land-owners caused the squatters to claim that they were supported by the Bay City Vigilantes. "Down at the Bay" the opponents of the Vigilantes called themselves "Law-and-Order men."

Another day passed. The first few overt acts of the squatters had met with no opposition. The municipal authorities had taken no action. The legislature was silent. On the succeeding day the squatters grew bolder; they were not content with "jumping" vacant lots—they began taking possession of land on which cabins were constructed. The bolder squatters indulged in more lucrative law-breaking—such as seizing an unoccupied cabin, hauling it with ropes to an adjacent lot, and then selling both stolen cabin and stolen lot to an innocent purchaser. This proved to be the last straw. The land-owners began organizing to defend themselves. There were among them individuals who took measures of defense outside of their organization. One irritated lot-owner who found a couple of squatters occupying his cabin gave them three minutes to leave his premises. When the squatters refused to comply, the owner touched off a long fuse communicating with a keg of gunpowder which he had concealed in the rear. An explosion followed, which blew both the building and the squatters into the air.

More peaceful land-owners, recoiling at such summary measures, got writs of ejectment. But these writs were resisted by the squatters; appearing in force, heavily armed, they marched through the streets defying the service of writs whenever an appeal came from a squatter.

The land-owners at last grew as bold in defense of their land as the squatters were to steal it. From shop to shipping-office, from bank to mill, from market to forge, they hastened until they had assembled a large force of armed men. In order to be within the law, they got the legal authorities to organize them into a posse. Summons was sent to the squatters to disperse at four o'clock, or the municipal officers would disperse them by force. The message was received with jeers.

Such was the feverish condition of the city only a few days after the senatorial fight began. On the afternoon set by the municipal officers for the squatters to disperse, a number of men and women stood on the balcony of the Golden Star Hotel, gazing down on the marching crowds below. They were guests of the hotel, looking curiously at the scene with that certain sense of detachment which strangers have when present at a municipal tumult whether it be a riot or a revolution.

Among the guests who met on the balcony were Sophia Lucretia Leigh and Eugene Yarrow. So frivolous was the woman's nature that the spectacle only amused her. Still, even among the other guests few seemed to realize how determined were the stern-looking men they saw in the street below.

"They march like an awkward squad, don't they?" cried Sophia Lucretia, pointing to a file of men who had just appeared from a side street.

"Perhaps they do," observed Yarrow, "but I observe that they all have Winchester rifles."

"What do you think will be the upshot, Mr. Yarrow?"

"I very much fear there will be bloodshed. We have had these squatter troubles at the Bay, and they have caused much shooting. My father owns lands in the Pueblo Addition which he has been obliged for months to have guarded by armed men. Several times the guards have fired on the squatters, and the squatters have fired in return. There would be quite a battle before they were driven off."

"Why don't they find out who owns the land, and not have all this marching and threats of bloodshed?"

"Some of the land belongs to Captain Belmont, some of it to people who have purchased from him. The point at issue now is whether the owners are to be allowed to possess their land peaceably and whether Belmont can transmit his title to those who purchase from him, or whether the squatters can take the land away from him and them without paying for it."

Sophia Lucretia looked at him in surprise. "Why, what warrant have they for such high-handed and illegal acts?" she asked.

"None at all, except contempt for the law, which seems to be growing in this State. They claim to have the sympathy of the Bay City Vigilantes."

As Yarrow spoke a new body of riflemen appeared coming up the street. At the head of the column rode their leader. Truth to tell, he was not an heroic figure. He had a commonplace face, and was extremely fat. Over his portly body, haldric-wise, there ran a tricolor scarf in which was slung a sword, and pistols were in his saddle holsters. He rode a horse which was by no means an Arabian barb, but a sober animal, hairy fetlocked, stockily built, and well calculated to carry a heavy weight.

"Look! Who is that?" inquired Sophia Lucretia with a shrill laugh. "Isn't he funny?"

"It is the mayor of the city," replied Yarrow, with a slightly annoyed air.

"He does not look much like a warrior. Is he a squatter or a Law-and-Order man?"

"Law and Order," responded Yarrow laconically.

"He looks eminently civic," giggled the lady.

"He may not look heroic, but he represents the Law."

"What is he going to do? Lead his forces into battle?"

"I imagine that he is about to treat the squatters as rioters, and order them to disperse. That is a civilian posse accompanying him."

"And if the rioters do not disperse, what then?"

Yarrow looked at her a moment before replying. "What then?" he echoed. "Why, then somebody may get hurt."

When the mayor and his posse had passed, the street was emptied as if by magic. All of the loungers who had been on the sidewalk followed the little pageant. The men on the balcony made preparations to descend, and Yarrow said to Sophia Lucretia:

"Perhaps you had better go inside for a time—you will be safer. I will return soon, and report to you what news there may be."

It was not many minutes after he had left when Sophia Lucretia heard the sound of gunshots not far away. She ran out on the balcony followed by a number of the other women guests. The shots continued. They were not in volleys, but scattering shots, and by their sound they seemed to come from different kinds of weapons. The women grew much agitated—they could get no news—the few men on the street below were hurrying to the scene of combat, and paid no heed to their calls. But it was not long before the empty street again became filled with a returning wave of men.

Soon she saw Yarrow amid the crowd, which was following a knot of armed men escorting a group of prisoners, some of them wearing blood-stained bandages. Harsh cries arose from the crowd, as they strove to press in through the guards. Some shouted "To the prison brig!" Others cried: "Lynch them! String them up! Bring a rope!"

Hearing her call to him, Yarrow reluctantly abandoned his pursuit of the crowd, and joined Sophia Lucretia on the balcony. To her excited queries he replied:

"When I got there the squatters had rigged a long rope around the house of a man named Robinson, who had purchased the land from Belmont. A squatter named Tuttle claimed the land, and the other squatters sided with him. They were lining up along the rope, and were just about to pull the house down when the mayor and his party arrived."

"And what happened then?" asked Sophia Lucretia breathlessly.

"The mayor ordered them to desist and disperse. They fell back as if to comply, but a body of armed squatters suddenly leaped out from behind the house, and began shooting. The mayor fell from his horse at the first fire."

"Was he killed?"

"I don't know. Everything took place so rapidly that there was scarcely time to notice. I saw the squatter leader fall dead, shot through the head by a ball from the rifle of the city recorder, Frank Jefferson. At the same time, the city assessor, Page, pitched forward on his face, shot through the heart, so I was told. Then the squatters broke and ran. There were six dead bodies lying on the ground, and there were probably forty wounded."

While they were talking the street had emptied again, as the crowd followed the guarded squatters to the prison brig at the *embarcadero*. But pointing in the other direction, that from which sounds of firing had come, Sophia Lucretia cried:

"Look! there is another crowd coming. What are they carrying?"

As it neared them, they saw that it was the advance of the "Law-and-Order" column which had set forth not long before. At its head, as before, came the stout mayor. He had not looked heroic then, and some of the crowd jeered at him as he rode by. Perhaps he did not look heroic even now. His big body, bullet-riddled, was borne along on a door carried by six men. But on the waxen face and in the dead eyes which looked upward toward the sky there was the peaceful look which often goes with death from gunshot wounds. Who can tell?—perhaps it was the look of a man who has laid down his life for his duty. And as the bearers plodded onward with the bullet-gashed body of him who typified the Law, his blood dripped down on the soil of the city over which he so lately was the mayor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Holland is not a poor country; as a matter of fact it is the third richest, proportionately, of all Europe. Its wealth is forcibly spread over its tiny surface, for law-making has prevented undue accumulation and quashed the small capitalist. When the father or mother dies, the farm, business, whatever the little property may happen to be, is at once cut up, smashed to pieces, flung on the market at any price; the proceeds are compulsorily divided among the children. Therefore the country contains many an idle household, with just enough to live upon, unwilling to earn more. It contains, however, a far greater number with a little, insufficient capital of their own.

Professor Edgar J. Banks of the University of Chicago contributes to the *Open Court*, an article on "The Origin of the Crescent and the Star." Professor Banks shows how these two symbols were used in combination more than 6000 years ago in Babylonia when primitive man was first learning to write by scratching crude pictures upon clay and stone. An illustration shows the development of the crescent and star from the original picture writing to the later Babylonian wedge-shaped or cuneiform writing.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, head of the Roman Catholic Church in America, who is now on his way to Rome to confer with the Pope, is seventy-four years old.

Joseph Chamberlain passed his seventy-second birthday last week. Though from time to time optimistic paragraphs as to his health are published, his friends know well that his retirement from active politics is final. There is no hope that he may recover sufficiently once more to speak on a public platform or to enter the House of Commons.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, a Parsee, who was educated and took her degree at Oxford, has just published a book. She is legal adviser to the government of India in cases in which the zenana and the rights of women are concerned, and most of the material for her book was collected in this way. She calls the book "Between the Twilights: Studies of Indian Women."

Miss Clara Martin of Toronto has just announced herself as a candidate for the Provincial Legislature at the coming election in East Toronto. Besides being Canada's first woman lawyer, Miss Martin is the first woman member of the board of education of Toronto, and she hopes to make her record still more unusual by being the first Canadian woman member of Parliament.

The title of the oldest college student in the world appears now to belong to Miss Sarah P. Morrison, who not long ago matriculated at the State University of Indiana. Miss Morrison, who is now seventy-five years of age, was the first woman to graduate from the university, being a member of the class of '59. She has returned to the institution for the purpose of taking a course in Greek during the summer term.

Sir Henry Pitman, until recently the active registrar of the Royal College of Physicians in London, has completed a century. He is a little deaf, and his vision is not so keen as it was once, but in all other respects his faculties are still unimpaired. His birthday fell on the first of July, and he received visits from many friends and distinguished pupils. The king did not forget to send him a hearty congratulatory message.

James S. Sherman of Utica, Republican candidate for the vice-presidency, has accepted the invitation of the Richfield Springs (N. Y.) Eisteddfod to be present at the singing festival to be held there September 2 and 3. Mr. Sherman will preside at the opening session. There are already entered in the competition about one thousand singers from New York, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada, and \$2000 will be awarded in prizes.

Prince Max of Saxony, brother of the king, is about to visit England in connection with the forthcoming International Eucharistic Congress, at which he will be one of the principal speakers. The prince, who during his former stay in London attracted large crowds by the force of his pulpit eloquence, recently gained considerable reputation also in Paris, where his discourses at St. Denys-la-Chapelle were attended by the rank and fashion of the French capital. To the unique distinction of being the only priest who is a prince of the blood-royal, Prince Max adds the advantage of a handsome presence and a peculiarly fascinating manner which captivates his listeners. He is a domestic prelate of the Vatican.

General Roger A. Pryor of New York, former supreme court justice, has just completed his eightieth year. He is in excellent physical condition, his eyes bright, his face not old looking, and his hair, which falls to his shoulders, is only slightly tinged with gray. Mrs. Pryor is still living, and is known as an author. They were married at Charlottesville, Virginia, sixty years ago in November, when he was twenty and she eighteen. Before the war General Pryor had been an editor in Richmond, and after the fighting was over he went to New York City. The late Benjamin Wood made him an editorial writer on the *News*, but this was done secretly. Meanwhile Mrs. Pryor taught music and her husband studied law. Governor Hill, at the request of General Daniel E. Sickles, made General Pryor judge of the New York court of common pleas. He was elected to that bench when his term expired, and when the courts were consolidated Judge Pryor became a supreme court justice, which place he held for many years.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, a fifty-year-old widow, is the inspiring leader of that English suffragette faction which has just captured the movement and made it defiantly bellicose. In her suite of thirteen offices at Clement's Inn she directs the labors of a score of young women typewriters, all working without pay, and organizes those window-smashing riots, those raids on the Houses of Parliament and those monster processions through London streets which impart such fresh piquancy to the Gilbertian generalization that the policeman's lot is not a happy one. Mrs. Pankhurst, it has been disparagingly hinted, would never have emerged triumphant from the bitter feud within the ranks of the suffragettes but for the irresistible seductiveness of her daughter Christobel, who to the learning of Hypatia adds many of Marie Antoinette's graces and all the eloquence of Mme. Roland. Sylvia, the other daughter, is somewhat deficient in the family fire, but has more sweetness than her sister. All the ladies have been arrested frequently.

ANDREW JACKSON, THE FIGHTER.

The Latest Story of the Warrior's Exploits, Written in Modern Prose.

Alfred Henry Lewis, journalist, novelist, biographer, and artist in the terse, vivid expression of unconventional Americans, has made an entertaining story of the career of "Old Hickory." From the first chapter to the last his narrative is suited to its subject. Picturesque, stirring, impressive, it will wake new interest in one of the great figures of our history.

This is Mr. Lewis's presentation of the youthful Jackson, whose character was to be read in his appearance:

The face is a boy's face. It is likewise of the sort called "horse"; with hollow cheeks and lantern jaws. The forehead is high and narrow. The yellow hair is long, and tied in a cue with an eelskin—for eelskins are according to the latest fashionable command sent up from Charleston. The redeeming feature to the horse face is the eyes. These are big and blue and deep, and tell of a mighty power for either love or hate. They are Scotch-Irish eyes, loyal eyes, steadfast eyes, and of that inveterate breed which if aroused can outstare, outdemeaner Satan.

As adding to the horse face a look of command, which sets well with those blue eyes—so capable of tenderness and ferocity—is a high predatory nose. The mouth, thin-lipped and wide, is replete of what folk call character, but does nothing to soften a general expression which is nothing if not iron. And yet the last word is applicable all at times. The horse face never turns iron-hard unless danger presses, or perilous deeds are to be done. In easier, relaxed hours one finds no sternness there, but gayety and lightness and love of pleasure.

In dress the horse-faced boy is rather the fop, with a bottle-green surcoat of latest cut, high-collared, long-tailed, open to display a flowered waistcoat of as many hues as May, from which struggles a ruffie stiff with starch. The horse-faced boy has his predatory nose buried in a law book.

It was a day of strong figures, and one just preceding that of many more, all to be joined with the story Mr. Lewis tells:

As Andy the horse-faced rides away that October afternoon Henry Clay is a fatherless boy of nine, living with his mother at the Virginia Slashes; Daniel Webster, a sickly child of six, is toddling about his father's New Hampshire farm; John C. Calhoun is a baby four years old in a South Carolina farmhouse; John Quincy Adams, nineteen and just home from a polishing trip to France, is a Harvard student; Martin Van Buren aged four, is playing about the tap room of his Dutch father's tavern at Kinderhook; while Aaron Burr, fortunate, foremost, and full of promise, has already won high station at the New York bar. None of these has ever heard of Andy the horse-faced, nor he of them; yet one and all they are fated to grow well acquainted with one another in the years to come, and before the curtain is rung finally down on that tragedy-comedy-farce which, played to benches ever full and ever empty, men call Existence.

Early in his career the Scotch-Irish youth had quarrels thrust upon him in every-day life. He won in these, as he won in more dignified contests later on:

Having established himself in the confidence of common men, it still remains with our horse-faced hero to conquer the esteem of the bar. The opportunity is not a day behind his collision with that violent one of equine-alligator genesis. In good sooth, it is an offshot thereof.

The bruised Irad's case is up for trial. His counsel, Colonel Waightstill Avery, hails from a hamlet, called Morganton, on the thither side of the Blue Ridge. Colonel Waightstill is of middle age, pompous and high, and the youth of Andy—slim, lean, eager, horse face as hairless as an egg—offends him.

"Your honor," cried Colonel Waightstill, addressing the bench, "who, pray, is the opposing counsel?" The boyish Andy stands up. "Must I, your honor," continues the outraged Colonel Waightstill, "must I cross forensic blades with a child? Have I journeyed all the long mountain miles from Morganton to try cases with babes and sucklings? Or perhaps, your honor—here Colonel Waightstill waxes sarcastic—"I have mistaken the place. Possibly this is not a court, but a nursery."

Colonel Waightstill sits down, and the horse-faced Andy, on the leaf of a law book, indites the following:

"August 12, 1788.

"SIR: When a man's feelings and character are injured he ought to seek speedy redress. My character you have injured; and further you have insulted me in the presence of a court and a large audience. I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same; I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without Equivocation and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures a man to make speedy reparation; therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day.

From yr. Hbl. st.

"ANOW JACKSON."

This is the story of his first encounter with firearms, following the scene in court:

As Mr. Overton gives the horse-faced Andy his weapon, he asks:

"What can you do at this distance?"

"Snuff a candle."

"Good! Let me offer a word of advice: Don't kill; don't even wound. The *casus belli* does not justify it, and you can establish your credit without it. Should your adversary require a second shot, it will then be the other way. His failure to apologize, coupled with a demand for another shot, should mean his death warrant."

The horse-faced Andy approves this counsel. And yet, if he must not wound, he may warn, and to that admonitory end sends his ounce of lead so fast to all but brush the ear of Colonel Waightstill. The gentleman's bullet flies safely wild. After the exchange of shots, the seconds hold a consultation. Mr. Overton says that his principal must receive an apology, or the duel shall proceed.

Colonel Waightstill's second talks with that gentleman, and finds him much softened as to mood. The flying lead, brushing his ear like the wing of a death angel, has set him thinking. He now distrusts that similitude of "babes and sucklings," and is even ready to concede the intimation that the horse-faced Andy is a child to be far-fetched. Indeed, he has conceived a vast respect, almost an affection, for his youthful adversary, and will not only apologize, but declares that, for purposes of litigation, he shall hereafter regard the horse-faced Andy as being of mature years.

Of the doughty duelist's capitulation in the court of love, much has been written, but Mr. Lewis brings out some little-known details in his account of the second wedding and its cause:

The slow story of the blooming Rachel's release reaches our two in Natchez. Thereupon Andrew leads Rachel the blooming before a priest; and the priest blesses them, and names them man and wife. That autumn they are again at the Widow Donelson's; but the blooming Rachel, once Mrs. Rohards, is now Mrs. Jackson.

Slander is never the vice of a region that goes armed to the teeth. Thus it befalls that now, when the two are back on the Cumberland, those sophisticated ones forget to wink. There comes not so much as the arching of a brow; for no one is so careless of life as all that. The whole settlement can see that the dangerous Andrew is watching with those steel-blue eyes. At the first suggestion that his Rachel has been guilty of wrong, he will be at the throat of her maligner like a panther.

Time flows on, and a horrible thing occurs. There comes a new word that no divorce was granted by that legislature; and this new word is indisputable. There is a divorce, one granted by a court; but, as an act of separation between Rachel the blooming and the drunken Rohards, that decree of divorce is long months younger than the empowering act of the Richmond legislature, which mistaken folk regarded as a divorce. The good priest's words, when he names our troubled two as man and wife, were ignorantly spoken. During months upon months thereafter, through all of which she was hailed as "Mrs. Jackson," the blooming Rachel was still the wife of the drunken Rohards.

The blow strikes Andrew gray; but he says never a word. He blames himself for this shipwreck; where his Rachel was involved, he should have made all sure and invited no chances.

The injury is done, however; he must now go about its repair. There is a second marriage, at which the silent Overton and the Widow Donelson are the only witnesses, and for the second time a priest congratulates our storm-tossed ones as man and wife. This time there is no mistake.

The young husband sends to Charleston; and presently there came to him over the Blue Ridge the finest pair of dueling pistols which the Cumberland had ever beheld. They are Galway saw-handles, rifle-barreled; a breath discharges them, and they are sighted to the splitting of a hair.

"What are they for?" asks Overton the tactician, balancing one in each experienced hand.

In the eyes of Andrew gathers that steel-blue look of doom. "They are to kill the first villain who speaks ill of my wife," says he.

In time Jackson had become a commanding officer in the army, and this is the story of one of his early battles against the Creeks:

The general's triumph at the Horseshoe puts the last paragraph to the last chapter of the Creek wars. Also, it disappoints certain English prospects, and defeats for all time those savage hopes of a general race battle against the paleface, the fires of which the dead Tecumseh so long supported by his eloquence and fed with deeds of valor. By way of a finishing touch, from which the hue of romance is not wanting, the terrible Weathersford rides in, on his famous gray war horse, and gives himself up to the general.

"You may kill me," says Weathersford. "I am ready to die, for I have beheld the destruction of my people. No one will hereafter fear the Creeks, who are broken and gone. I come now to save the women and little children starving in the forest."

"The man who would kill a prisoner," he cries, "is a dog and the son of a dog. To him who touches Weathersford I promise a noose and the nearest tree."

The general leads his hunting-shirt men by easy marches back to that impatient plenty which awaits their coming on the Cumberland. The public welcomes him with shout and toss of hat, while the blooming Rachel gives her hero measureless love and tenderness. The general's one hundred and fifty slaves, agog with joy and fire-water, make merry for two round days. They would have enlarged that festival to three days, but the stern overseer intervenes to recall them to the laborious realities of life.

As the general begins to have the better of his fatigue and sickness—albeit that Benton-wounded left arm is still in a sling—a note is put in his hands. The note is from the War Department in Washington, and reads: "Andrew Jackson of Tennessee is appointed major-general in the army of the United States, vice William Henry Harrison, resigned."

After the successful battle of New Orleans the rejoicing citizens wish to give a hall to celebrate the victory, but martial law forbids the use of lights after nine o'clock. Appeal is made in vain to General Jackson:

The general refuses to be moved; but continues to hold the city in his unrelenting clutch—maintaining the while a wary eye for sly returning English, with an occasional glance at the local treason which is simmering about him.

The public murmur grows louder and deeper. A rumor of the peace comes ashore, no one knows how. The general refutes the rumor, fearing an English ruse to throw him off his guard. At the peace whisper, the popular discontent increases. The general, in the teeth of it, remains unchanged.

Citizen Hollander expresses himself with more heat than prudence. The general locks up the vituperative Citizen Hollander. M. Toussand, consul for France, considers such action high-handed, and says so. The general marches Consul Toussand out of town, with a brace of bayonets at the consular back. Legislator Louissillier protests against the casting out of Consul Toussand. The general consigns the protesting Legis-

lator Louissillier to a cell in the calaboose. Jurist Hall of the district court issues a writ of habeas corpus for the relief and release of the captive Louissillier. The general responds by arresting Jurist Hall, who is given a cell between captives Louissillier and Hollander, where by raising his voice he may console with them through the intervening stone walls.

Thus are affairs arranged when official notice of the peace reaches the general from Washington. Instantly he withdraws his grip from the city, restores the civil rule, and releases from captivity Jurist Hall, Citizen Hollander, and Legislator Louissillier.

Upon the disappearance of martial law, Papa Plauche, with his immortal "Fathers of Families," gives that hall of victory, the exiled Consul Toussand creeps back into town, while Jurist Hall signals his restoration to the woosack by finding the general one thousand dollars for contempt of court—which he pays.

The legislature, guards withdrawn from its treasorable doors, expands into lawmaking. Its earliest action is a resolution of thanks for their brave defense of the city to Officers Coffee, Carroll, Hinds, Adair, and Patterson. The legislature pointedly does not thank the general, who grins dryly.

One more impressive scene. It is after the great struggle over the Biddle Philadelphia bank, and nullification is the watchword of a powerful coterie of statesmen who hope to catch President Jackson in some sort of an entanglement. He has declined to attend a banquet:

Chairman Lee rises to his feet. He pays Statesman Calhoun many flowery compliments.

"The distinguished statesman from South Carolina," says Chairman Lee in conclusion, "begs to propose this sentiment." He reads from the slip: "The Federal Union! Next to our liberty, the most dear! May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the burdens and the benefits of that Union!"

The stillness of death continues—marked and profound; for, as Chairman Lee resumes his seat, Wizard Lewis rises. All know his relations with the general; every eye is on him with a look of interrogation. Now when the Calhoun toast has been read, they scan the face of Wizard Lewis, representative of the absent general, to note the effect of the shot. Wizard Lewis is admirable, and notably steady.

"The President," says Wizard Lewis, "when he sent his regrets, sent also a sentiment."

Wizard Lewis passes a folded paper to Chairman Lee, who opens it and reads:

"The Federal Union! It must be preserved!"

The words fall clear as a bell—for some, perhaps, a bell of warning. Statesman Calhoun's face is high and insolent. But only for a moment. Then his glance falls; his brow becomes pallid, and breaks into a pin-point sprinkle of sweat. He seems to shrink and sear and wither as though given some fleeting picture of the future, and the gallews prophecy thereof. In the end he sits as though in a kind of blackness of despair. The general is not there, but his words are there, and Statesman Calhoun is not wanting of an impression of the terrible meaning, personal to himself, which underlies them.

It is a moment ominous and mighty—a moment when a plot to stampede history is foiled by a sentiment, and Treason's heart and Treason's hand are palsied by a toast of seven words. And while Statesman Calhoun, white and frightened and broken, is helpless in the midst of his followers, the general sits alone and thoughtful with his quiet White House pipe.

Enough has been given to show the quality of the biographer's work, enough to demonstrate that this is to be accepted as one of the most graphic of life histories.

"When Men Grew Tall, or the Story of Andrew Jackson," by Alfred Henry Lewis. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2 net.

The naming of a disease after the doctor who described and prescribed for it, as was done with Bright's disease, is no new thing, as the saint celebrated today can prove. The chapel near Ulm, which was dedicated to St. Vitus, was the object of an annual pilgrimage of people afflicted with the nervous affection which from this fact acquired the name of St. Vitus's dance. Except for this accident the name of Vitus would probably have passed into oblivion, for we know little of him beyond the fact that he was a Sicilian who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian.

These are busy days at the Mont de Piété, as the French government pawnbroking establishment is called. Its coffers are crowded with jewelry, silver plate, and all sorts of valuables. This is not due to a wave of impecuniosity, but merely to the fact that Parisians are leaving for the seaside or the mountains, and they have found that it costs less to leave their valuables under the protection of the state pawnbroker in return for a small loan than to place them in a safety deposit vault.

Nothing could be more simply told and still be as interesting as these sentences from a recently published chapter of Ellen Terry's memoirs: "Henry Irving did not treat me badly, I did not treat him badly. He revived 'Faust' and produced 'Dante.' I would have liked to stay with him to the end of the chapter, but I could not act in either of these plays. But we never quarreled. Our long partnership dissolved naturally. It was all very sad, but it could not be helped."

A new gem mineral—henitoite—has been added to the list of known precious stones. This is a titanosilicate of hafnium, having a blue color and a high refractive index. It is found in San Benito County, California.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Dead Master.

No singing chord of youth was dumb,
No star of youth was dim;
It seemed so long ere age should come,
I kept light watch for him,—
Light watch o'er heart, and nerve and eye,
His entrance evermore,—
And, lo! the shadow, stealing by,
Found an unguarded door!

I dreamt of far-off fields well-fought,
Fierce battle, victory bright;
"I shall have praise from him," I thought,
"Who taught me first to fight."
Then I remembered! as a breath
Blows the dry rose apart:
For, lo! the sudden touch of death
Had aged me to the heart!

—John Erskine, in Century Magazine.

My Dog.

The curate thinks you have no soul;
I know that he has none. But you
Dear friend! whose solemn self-control
In our four-square, familiar pew,

Was pattern to my youth—whose bark
Called me in summer dawns to rove—
Have you gone down into the dark
Where none is welcome, none may love?

I will not think those good brown eyes
Have spent their light of truth so soon;
But in some canine Paradise
Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,

And quarters every plain and hill,
Seeking its master. . . . As for me,
This prayer at least the gods fulfill:
That when I pass the flood, and see

Old Charon by the Stygian coast
Take toll of all the shades who land,
Your little, faithful, harking ghost
May leap to lick my phantom hand.

—St. John Lucas, in the Outlook.

Defiance.

You have hounded me well, my Lady Life,
You have beaten and bruised and bent,
But ever I stayed me amid the strife
To turn you a compliment.

You may cozen me there and trick me here—
Your way with a soul long since—
But I'll mock before I'll plead, my dear,
And I'll boast before I wince.

Why, think you to make me a captive, cowed?
That day that you slay, I swear
I will kiss my finger-tips to the crowd
And jest with the headsman there.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Sappho.

Impassioned singer of the happy time
When all the world was waking into morn,
And dew still glistened on the tangled thorn,
And lingered on the branches of the lime—
Oh, peerless singer of the golden rhyme,
Happy wert thou to live ere doubt was born—
Before the joy of life was half out-worn,
And nymphs and satyrs vanished from your clime.

Then maidens bearing parsley in their hands
Wound thro' the groves to where the goddess
stands,
And mariners might sail for unknown lands
Past sea-cleaved islands veiled in mystery—
And Venus still was shining from the sea,
And Ceres had not lost Persephone.

—Sara Teasdale.

The Weaver and His Dream.

The night I saw St. Will's fantastic play—
Where Queen Titania loves the lo-pared ass—
The people laughed to see the hoodwinked fay
Wasting her grace upon a lout so crass.
But I felt sad for him in duped desire,
A clown with a dream in his arms, his heavy
skull
Aglow like a blazing brazier filled with fire
That soon must turn to ashes chill and dull.

So dwell we all with queens our fancies feign,
And, dream exalted, royal sweethearts take;
Then dropt from clouds to clods, are elowns
again—
Always, alas! always we must awake!

—Rupert Hughes, in Broadway Magazine.

Robert Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, has recently made a ruling that this country has no treaties with foreign nations under which diplomats are exempted from the payment of automobile taxes and licenses imposed by the State authority. It has long been the contention of members of the foreign diplomatic corps that they are by treaty exempted from automobile license requirements. In a case at Lee, Massachusetts, two years ago a diplomat attempted to establish that he was exempted as well from a penalty for the violation of automobile law, but this ruling from Washington seems effectually to dispose of the contention.

Victor Herthert will have five new works on the stage next season. Two of these are completed, two others are practically so, while the fifth is in reservation as to its character and ownership. Those completed and those nearly ready are "Algeria," hook by Glen MacDonough, announced as the opening attraction at the Broadway Theatre, in New York; "Victoria," book by George Hobart, will have an early production by Joseph Brooks; "The Prima Donna," hook by Henry Blossom, for Fritz Scheff's use, and "Little Nemo," hook by Harry B. Smith, will be a gorgeous musical spectacle.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Proposals are now in order for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe. Several propositions are already in the field, some of them good and some of them not so good. The Woman's Auxiliary of the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society suggests that Poe's cottage in Fordham be purchased, removed to Poe Park, and used as a memorial museum. Another proposition is the revival of the Southern Literary Messenger, to be edited in Richmond. There are still other suggestions for the offering of a prize for the best commemorative poem and for the creation of a Poe fund to be given as prizes to authors whose work is distinguished by literary subtlety. The anniversary is not until January 15, so that there is still time for other ideas to come forward. It is at least satisfactory that the memory of the greatest American poet is to emerge from the cloud thrown over it by self-righteousness and a sentiment that is suspiciously like hypocrisy.

Big Game Shooting on the Equator, by Captain F. A. Dickinson, F. R. G. S., with an introduction by Sir Charles Norton Eliot, K. C. M. G. Published by John Lane Company, New York; \$4.

The attention now being given to Africa by our mighty hunters is a reminder that the world is after all a small place and that the big game is being driven into the dark corners. He who would now tax his hunting prowess to the utmost must indeed go far afield, and even in Africa and India we find the existence of game laws to save the great brutes from utter extinction.

Captain Dickinson writes with knowledge and *con amore*. He knows East Africa from end to end, and from the hunter's point of view he says that it is a paradise. There was a time when he listened to the tales of the traveler and said "All men are liars," but now he has seen for himself, and like a true sportsman he wants others to do the same.

No better book of its kind has been written. To merely catalogue the animals of East Africa with their peculiarities is easy, but we have here far more than a catalogue or a work on natural history. Captain Dickinson's book is a veritable *vade mecum*, replete with practical advice, friendly suggestions, and intimate counsel. To read it understandingly is to be equipped against all the ordinary perplexities of the country and to be prepared in advance for the peculiarities of the native guide, the dangers of the climate, and the vagaries of the game. Nor is the book less interesting to those who hunt only in imagination and who pursue the big game only through the wilds of their fancy. Captain Dickinson has a singularly felicitous style, due perhaps to his enthusiasm. His book has all the charm of romance, but with the unmistakable stamp of accuracy. It gains an added vividness from seventy-seven admirable illustrations from original photographs.

The Sport of Bird Study, by Herbert K. Job. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$2.

This book is intended primarily for boys, but its fascination for their elders should be just as great. It shows how bird study with or without the camera may be undertaken in any ordinary country town, and its narrative form makes it especially vivid. There can certainly be no occupation more essentially congenial to the boy nature or one that makes more vigorous demands upon energy, courage, and patience. The book itself is written with a contagious enthusiasm, while the one hundred and twenty-four half-tone illustrations are evidence of the capital work that can be done in an important branch of knowledge that needs little for its acquisition beyond adroitness and endurance.

Wage-Earners' Budgets, by Louise Bolard More. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.50.

This book is of some importance to the student of social conditions, although it applies to New York only, and is therefore subject to the modifications imposed by other conditions and localities. Two hundred families were selected by Mrs. More on behalf of the Greenwich House Committee on Social Investigations, and the present analysis of their economic status with the elaborate and well-classified budget of receipts and expenditures are not only instructive from the scientific standpoint, but replete with human interest.

The information in this useful book is so condensed and necessarily so statistical that general conclusions may well be left for the selection of the student. It may, however, be said that a well-nourished family of five in a New York City neighborhood require \$6 a week for food, a fact that inspires some admiration for a housewife who can extract so much nourishment from so little coin. Another conservative conclusion is that a fair living wage for a workingman's family of average size in New York City should be at least \$14 a week, or \$728 a year, although if provision for the future is to be made the wage must be somewhat larger. The "fair

living wage" is necessarily a somewhat elastic term, depending partly upon the attitude toward life of each family. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics puts it at \$724 a year for a family of five; the New York Bureau of Labor estimates it at \$520; John Mitchell asks for \$600, which is the same figure advanced by Dr. Devine of the Charity Organization Society of New York. But these figures were all based upon lower prices than those now prevailing.

Mrs. More is to be congratulated upon a valuable piece of research as well as upon the lucidity with which its results are set forth.

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

This important work will be complete in twelve volumes. The first has appeared, and its wide field and scholarly tone show conclusively how valuable a contribution has been made to biblical literature.

The Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia embraces "Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology, and Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Biography from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." More than six hundred scholars and specialists have aided in its preparation, with the assistance of Associate Editors Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M. A. Among its department editors are Dr. John Thomas Creagh and Dr. James Francis Driscoll, who take the department of liturgies and religious orders; Dr. Henry Sylvester Nash, who is responsible for the department of the New Testament; Dr. Albert Henry Newman in the department of church history; and Frank Horace Vizetelly in the department of pronunciation and typography.

The history of this fine encyclopedia is, of course, well known to every theologian. That it has been so skillfully adapted to the needs of American scholarship will be a matter for congratulation to those who have learned to consult its unerring pages for the finest collection of theological lore that has ever been given to the world.

The Destroyers, by John F. Carter, Jr. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

The struggle of individual manhood against the enslaving power of organized labor has not yet found its due place in fiction, perhaps because resistance is still too much the exception, or because the principle of terrorism has invaded literary as well as industrial fields.

Mr. Carter has told a good story along modern lines and with much fidelity to fact. His hero is Thomas Steele, who searches for some means "whereby a lot of ignorant miners, led by a bunch of money-grabbing grafters, can be forced to keep their contracts or be fired bodily out of the mines or shops." Steele's problem is becoming a national one, nor can the defense of ignorance be always urged where leaders and led alike are animated by the same cunning and unscrupulous greed.

As a study of modern industrial conditions Mr. Carter's work deserves attention, but as a romance also it has much to recommend it. There are two women involved, both of them attracted by Steele, and the love interest with its peculiar diplomacies is well sustained. Altogether the author has produced a creditable work and one that was written with the gloves off.

A History of the United States Navy, by John R. Spears. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

The author explains his object in his preface. It is to tell in one convenient volume the whole story of the American navy, to describe all the important naval battles, and to show how the nation has been affected at certain times by the work of its naval ships, and at other times by the want of such a force. His book occupies over three hundred pages. The story is told with directness and there are twenty-two admirable illustrations. Of its kind and within its compass there is nothing better.

The Irresistible Current, by Mrs. I. Lowenberg. Published by the Broadway Publishing Company, New York; \$1.25.

An obvious sincerity of worthy purpose never fails to give to a novel a value and an interest independent of its technical excellence. Mrs. Lowenberg's book is saturated with an object that is expressed with every evidence of conviction and with no small literary skill. That differences in creed should be an enemy to love, that Jew and Gentile should be separated by religion, is unfortunately no new thing, but Mrs. Lowenberg helps us to appreciate its folly, its pathos, and its needless tragedy.

The opening scene is in New York, where we are introduced to two Jewish families from Germany. The next scene is twenty years later in Montana. The second generation is growing up in the new Western world, but not without the religious disabilities and creed prejudices that should belong exclusively to a past day in human history. The story is a long one and the plot is intricate, but it is vividly colored by splashes of genu-

ine passion and of real tragedy. The "irresistible current" is the tendency toward a better philosophy of life, an agreement upon the essentials of human conduct that shall take the place of creeds, and a reliance upon a human love and brotherhood that is, after all, the highest expression of the best religion. We have certainly cause to be grateful to Mrs. Lowenberg for her novel.

Captain Love, by Theodore Roberts. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

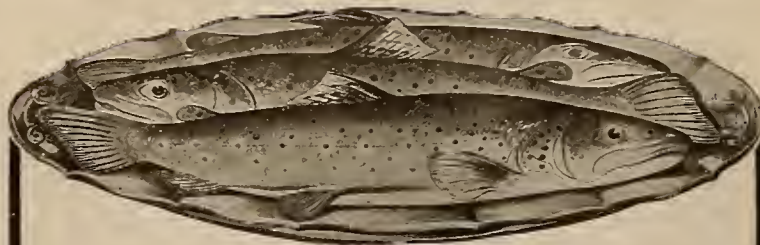
Two gentlemen riding toward London some time in the last century are assailed by highwaymen. One of them is killed and his companion so seriously injured that when he recovers his health his memory is gone. He assumes the name of Captain Love, plunges into the fashionable life of London, and undergoes a series of adventures with lovely ladies, highwaymen, duellists, and all the reckless and delightful elements of an irresponsible day. Eventually he recovers his identity

and his sweetheart of other days, and everything ends as it should. The story is thoroughly wholesome and skilfully told.

Abraham Lincoln, by Henry Bryan Binns. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This volume appears in the Temple Biographies, its predecessors being Mazzini, G. F. Watts, Browning, and Major-General Harrison. It is interesting not only for its inherent merits, but for the fact that it is the first serious attempt made by an Englishman to portray on any full-sized canvas the greatest American figure of the last century. Mr. Binns's work shows a careful research, a keen eye for essentials, while it is marked by a sympathetic literary grace.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published a "Laboratory Manual of Zoology," by Margareta Burnet. Price, 50 cents.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Van Ness Theatre management has made no more welcome announcement this season than that which heralds the appearance next week of Henry Miller and his company in a revival of "The Only Way." Mr. Miller has had for years the gratification of knowing that his presentation of the rôle of Sydney Carton in this dramatization of Charles Dickens's great story of the French Revolution, "A Tale of Two Cities," is one that theatre-goers will long preserve in their memories. Those who know well its convincing strength and graceful naturalness in contrasting situations, coldly cynical and tenderly sympathetic, despairing and heroic, will gladly seize the opportunity to experience its power once more, and those who know of it only by report will hardly miss this chance to make acquaintance with a dramatic conception that will always rank with the masterpieces. The support of the star, as always, will be thoroughly capable, and all the details of the production will be of the high standard demanded and achieved by the actor-manager.

At the New Alcazar Theatre next week White Whittlesey will be the central figure in Richard Harding Davis's dramatic tale of adventure, "Soldiers of Fortune." It was decided to give this attractive piece instead of "Monsieur Beaucaire," and the change will be more than acceptable. Mr. Whittlesey used "Soldiers of Fortune" on a starring tour with great success, and in the rôle of Robert Clay, the young American engineer and mining manager, won the applause of those even who had been most laudatory of his appearance and bearing in costume plays. The support will be thoroughly pleasing with Bessie Barriscale, Louise Brownell, Howard Hickman, Fred J. Butler, John B. Maher, Ernest Glendinning, Herbert Farjeon, and Anita Murray in parts well suited to their inclinations. Particular care has been taken to secure taking effects with the tropical scene settings which will adorn the stage throughout.

"The Girl from Paris" will be the new production at the Princess Theatre beginning Monday evening next. May Boley, who has become a prime favorite, will have the rôle of Ruth, and add another to the successful characterizations that have marked her engagement at the theatre. Evelyn Frances Kellogg will be "The Girl from Paris," Mile. Julie Bonbon, and have an excellent opportunity. Sarah Edwards will be Mrs. Emeline Honeycomb, and Zoe Barnett as Norah will have a pleasing change from the ungracious rôle which has engaged her ability for the past two weeks. William Burrell, as the hotel proprietor, Hans, will be in his element, and may be relied upon to give a legitimately amusing conception of the character which was made a great success by Louis Mann in the New York production of the piece. Arthur Cunningham will appear as Major Fosdyke, and will have musical and dramatic opportunities. Wallace Brownlow, the baritone, of Tivoli memory, will make his first appearance at the Princess in the rôle of Tom Everleigh. Reginald Travers, who was in the cast of "It Happened in Nordland," will reappear and play the part of Mr. Ebenezer Honeycomb. Charles E. Couture and others of the company will be appropriately placed in the long list of characters, and the chorus will be in special evidence with handsome costumes.

"The Chaperons" will be seen for the last times at the Saturday and Sunday matinees and evening performances.

The Orpheum announces for the week beginning with the Sunday matinee a programme of novelty and variety. Franklyn Underwood, a dramatic favorite, will make his first vaudeville appearance and present a clever one-act comedy, entitled "Dobbs's Dilemma." He will be supported by Frances Slosson and George Bloomquest, who are remembered here. Mike Bernard and Blossom Seely will make their first appearance. Mr. Bernard is a rag-time pianist and Miss Seely is a diverting singing and dancing comedienne. The Tennis Trio, consisting of Will Campbell and May and Alma Stock, will give an original juggling act in which it is said they eclipse all their predecessors. Fay Carranza, who has been specially engaged for one week only, is a gifted young soprano. The great success which she lately achieved in concert at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, is well known. Next week will be the last of Jesse L. Lasky's production, "The Military Octette" and "The Girl with the Baton"; Ines and Taki, and the Dancing Mitchell. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will also conclude their engagement with Mr. Cressy's funniest one-act play, "Bill Biffins's Baby." New motion pictures will conclude the performance.

One of the coming musical comedy attractions is "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," by the company which has won success for two seasons in the East.

Dustin Farnum will appear in this city soon in "The Squaw Man," the play which won success in London as "The White Man." It is not new here, but will be welcomed on its return.

There is a winning probability that Henry Miller and his company will give "The Great

Divide" again before the close of their engagement at the Van Ness Theatre.

Emilio de Gorgoza, the Spanish baritone, will be heard here soon in song recitals under the management of Will L. Greenbaum.

Arthur Hartmann, the Bohemian violinist, will play here in December.

With the Laurel.

To Edmund Clarence Stedman on his seventieth birthday, October 8, 1903.

Who wears this crown—greater than kings may wear—

Is monarch of a kingdom, once possessed,
Nor foe nor fate from him may ever wrest!
Illimitable as space is, and as fair
As its illumined depths, he gathers there
All things, obedient to his high behest.
His is the sea, the valley's verdant breast,
And his the mountain-summit, lost in air.

Thought's infinite range to him no harrier hars;
His soul no boundary knows of time or place;
Bird, beast, flower, tree, to him in love belong;
Child of the earth yet kindred to the stars,
He walks in dreams with angels, face to face,
And God Himself speaks in his voice of song.
—Ina Coolbrith, in the Atlantic Monthly.

London's Theatrical Year.

In summing up the achievements of the dramatic season just closed in London, the *Daily Mail* gives a column of facts and figures, some of which are of more than passing interest. On the whole, the season is declared to have been a successful one. It has produced several interesting plays, in which may be included Mr. Laurence Binyon's "Attila," Mr. Anthony P. Wharton's "Irene Wycherley," Mr. H. H. Davies's "The Mollusc," Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's "Lady Frederick," Miss Cicely Hamilton's "Diana of Dobson's," Mr. A. W. Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," Mr. John Masefield's "Nan," Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married," and Major Drury and Mr. Leo Trevor's "The Flag Lieutenant." It has—as has been seen—established the reputations of several young dramatists, and it has made far more money for the successful managers than was lost by those who failed.

"When Knights Were Bold" heads the season's list of successes with a year's steady run to crowded houses and the fair prospect of another year's continuance. "The Merry Widow" is a close second to this record and so is "Lady Frederick," while "The Thief," "The Mollusc," "Jack Straw," "Mrs. Dot," and "Diana of Dobson's" have also had long runs with big money-making records.

Ten of the new plays were adaptations from the French—namely, "Miquette," "The Thief," "Fido," "Angela," "Dear Old Charlie," "Her Father," "The Late Ralph Johnson," "The Shadow of the Purpice," "A Fearful Joy," and "Pro Tem." Two of these were successes.

Five were American plays—namely, "A White Man," "The College Widow," "Way Down East," "The Three of Us," and "Matt of Merrymount." The first named was the only long-distance runner in the batch.

There are thirty theatres in London that produce plays, and the total seating capacity of those houses is about thirty-four thousand people. If managers could find a sufficient number of plays that in their judgment seemed likely to recompense them for the cost of producing, all those theatres would nearly always be open; but with an apparent scarcity of plays, London is oversupplied with playhouses, and, curiously enough, the more recently erected theatres have not had the better of the struggle with the older establishments.

Bronson Howard, dramatist and author, died August 4 of heart failure at Avon by the Sea, N. J., after an illness of about a year. He was sixty-eight years of age. Bronson Howard began his journalistic career in 1885. He was connected at various times with several of the New York papers. As a dramatist he was best known by reason of the successes of "Saratoga," "The Banker's Daughter," "Old Love Letters," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "The Henrietta," "Shenandoah," and "Aristocracy." In 1890 Howard married Miss Wyndham, a sister of Charles Wyndham, the English comedian.

"Our Pleasant Sins" is the name of a comedy of modern cosmopolitan life, acquired for William A. Brady by Frank Worthing during his stay in London. Mr. Worthing took part in the formal copyright performance of the play, on July 11, in the Shaftesbury Theatre. The author's pen name, "A. Crichton," is said by Mr. Worthing to conceal the identity of a "well-known London journalist whose speciality is international politics."

In the coming revival of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" in London for the benefit of a hospital fund, Mr. Gilbert will play the king. He is not altogether inexperienced as an actor. More than once he has appeared in "Trial by Jury" and once, years ago, he played Prince Florian in "Broken Hearts," when Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who had the part, was taken ill suddenly.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, has been appointed a chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

The popularity of Bliss Carman's new volume of essays, "The Making of Personality," has aroused renewed interest in his earlier prose works.

Henry Holt's letters of Western travel are features of *Putnam's and the Reader*. In the July number of the magazine the veteran publisher gave some notes of San Francisco buildings, including one or two amusing errors, and in the August number he describes his trip to the Yosemite Valley and Mt. Shasta.

"Toby, M. P.," otherwise Henry W. Lucy, is writing another series of reminiscences. The new installment, to be called "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way," will soon be published in London. Mr. Lucy is one of the few members of the press gallery in the House of Commons who has received a public tribute from an examiner. In 1899 Lord Rosebery, in a speech at Epsom, said: "On anything relating to Parliament, Mr. Lucy is an expert. There is perhaps no man living who has had so constant and so close observation of parliamentary life in its many aspects." These new reminiscences promise to deal with the private affairs of the many eminent politicians Mr. Lucy has encountered.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, whose first book, "A Yellow Aster," was the sensation of a long-time past literary season, has written another story, not at all related in style to her earlier work, and it will be published this fall.

Dr. William Mathews, the author, whose work was better known twenty-five years ago than now, recently celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday at his home near Boston. He was born at Waterville, Maine, July 28, 1818, and was graduated from Waterville College, now Colby, in the class of 1835. After graduating he studied law for four years in Boston offices and in the Harvard law school. In 1838 he was admitted to the bar of Kennebec County, Maine, but soon afterward started a newspaper, the *Water-villonian*, which became the *Yankee Blade*, and in 1856 was united with the *Portfolio*. From 1862 to 1875 he was professor of English literature in the University of Chicago. Since 1875 he has lived in Boston and has given his whole time to writing. He has been thrice married. His long list of helpful books, some of which have enjoyed a very wide popularity, includes "Getting On in the World," "Oratory and Orators," "Words—Their Use and Abuse," "Hours with Men and Books," "Men, Places, and Things," "Wit and Humor," and "Conquering Success."

New Publications.

Elmer Willis Serl has written a number of poetically fanciful nature sketches under the title of "Swaying Tree Tops." The volume comes from the Neale Publishing Company and its price is \$1.

William T. Shaw, B. Agr., N. S., writes an interesting description of the China or Dewey pheasant in Oregon, with notes on the native grouse of the Pacific Northwest. The volume is enriched by a number of particularly fine full-page illustrations. It is published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

Once, more the reporter-detective figures largely in fiction. "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," by Gaston Leroux, is an account of the extraordinary adventures of Joseph Rouletabille, whose efficiency as a reporter is only equalled by his dexterity as a detective. The book is published by Brentano's, New York. Price, \$1.50.

"The Girl in Question," by L. C. Violet Houk, is a story of Washington life and of the beautiful Donna Carima Astrades, who comes to the national capital on a diplomatic mission and who seems to use Voodoo practices for its accomplishment. In spite of her uncanny practices, however, she is still a woman and the sentimental interest is well maintained. The book is published by the John Lane Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

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PERCY MACKAYE'S "MATER."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

San Francisco, having been graciously... the second time this season there were, an opening night, cries of "Author!" Percy MacKaye, the author of "Mater," in response such cries, revealed himself quite as young one would expect the writer of so fanciful play to be. No man who could truly say,

"But age, with his stealing steps, Hath clawed me in his clutch,"

could have been able to write "Mater," for several reasons.

For one thing, Mr. MacKaye, with all his radiant optimism and love of things wholesome and genuine, does not sound quite the same note. A youthful love of elaboration, a tendency to be led astray by sophomoric and ineloquence of phrase, by fantasies of morbid that horrid, and, in fact, step over the edge, of the realms of unreality, gives the play a quality of fun and wit an effect of being spontaneous and artificial. But the author shows originality, discernment of character, and a fluency and flexibility in the composition of dialogue, which, united to the fresh, sane, and lively sentiment, have all combined to spell success.

There were long passages in the play that, on reading, I should have thought would have been disastrous to its success. But they were followed by sudden changes of mind, by quick reversions from gravity to gaiety that lulled and diverted the spectators. There were bubbles of oratory that shone with motonous, rainbow-hued glory, only to be dissolved into nothingness by the homely touch of prose.

In regard to these, I think that Mr. MacKaye took great risks with the character of Michael, the archangel of the hearthstone, the unselfish politician who was a sort of hoy, liable to go off at any time like a cake of ignited freerackers, which decline to cease their noise until the last explosion is given itself vent. Brother Michael would certainly be a painful affliction as an abiding essence at one's hearthstone. A man who periments with his eloquence on his luckless friends and relatives is a creature to be avoided. And it must not be forgotten that, in the audience, had to submit to the affliction, for Michael orated at us. Fortunately, he really had some eloquence, but if the author would be a little ruthless with Michael, and call "Time!" a few minutes sooner, his intent would be just as completely and more effectively taken.

Fortunately, again, the part of Michael was tremely well acted. Mr. Frederick Lewis gave him a Bryan-like contour of head and stature, a settled solemnity of expression, and an oratorical sonority of voice that placed him well within the frame of the author's carefully drawn portrait.

Mr. MacKaye, in fact, has been very lucky in having his play so satisfactorily presented. Miss Hazel MacKaye and Mr. Charles Gottlieb played the two minor roles, a pair of morose lovers, with intelligent appreciation the traits they were called upon to express, and Henry Miller showed fairly luminous judgment in selecting Isahel Irving for the role of Mater, the youthful looking and merry other of the "two black swans" over whose ironic inaccessibility to fun she is a prey to morose despair.

Miss Irving made the hit of the evening. The role of Mater has its difficulties, too. There are dangerous places in which Mater almost as prolix as her oratorical son. There are long flights of fancy that could sily tire a wearied listener, serious mental illusions resulting from incongruities of mood and temperament between Mater and her unwilling brood that almost jar, and there are the private jokes here and there between Mater and her own merry soul that are in danger of eluding the understanding of the tensers. But Mater—and Isahel Irving as she—all triumphs over them all. The audience took warmly to the captivating advocate of light, and if they did not follow her closely through all her merry fancies they only enjoyed her irreverence toward her boy actor and her Pardiggian daughter, her teasing, provocative coquetries, and the adroitness with which she unhorsed her adversary in the title of wits.

The rôle of Mater's middle-aged admirer falls to Henry Miller, who, with increased light and a make-up in character, was so clearly recognizable that he had a kind of pro-

gressive reception as he gradually projected his familiar personality into the consciousness of his cordial audience.

Mr. Miller plays the part of a politician who is conveniently devoid of scruples, and who wins liberal-minded Mater's toleration and liking because of their mutual sense of humor. Clever Mr. MacKaye has tricked us here. I will not say how, but he actually left us uncertain as to the state of things between Mater and Mr. Cullen, having, by some skillful means or other, muzzled the press so that his plot and its outcome was not previously given away.

There were some very neat and taking scenes between Mater and her deluded wooer, upon whose features played the accustomed smile of the successful materialist. Not the least part of Mr. Miller's success in his rôle was this look and expression of well-fed, well-oiled, well-moneyed content—the content of a cheerful, conscienceless man who graits habitually, feeds well, and loves his fellows when they do his bidding.

I think one of the best qualities in Mr. MacKaye's play is its freedom from sentimental traditions. Managers are apt to think the public will sustain a painful shock injurious to managerial profit if traditions are not adhered to. But it is good feeling, the sentiment that is right, that they do not want to see trifled with.

I will confess that I was sufficiently rooted to established traditions to experience a slight sense of blankness, almost a shocked surprise, when Mater said what she said at the window—never mind what—to the departing form of the Honorable Arthur and the portiere at the back was not pushed aside by a returning figure. It was really puzzling, mystifying, quite out of the common.

And then it came to one that Mater had merrily tricked the doing of a good deed out of a sinner, while keeping her dainty hands free from the devil's smut.

Perhaps one reason why we were so surprised on account of the sudden burst of earnestness from Mater's wooer, when his smile vanished, and he revealed the existence of unaccustomed heartbeats to the captivating lady of his affections. Dramatists are not wont to let emotions of that kind go to waste. So I do not doubt that the romanticists were quite chap-fallen, more particularly as Henry Miller gave that sudden burst of earnestness with such fervor that we wanted the lover to win.

This idea of mature heroines grows apace. It results, perhaps, from the growing durability of feminine charms. Beauty doctors come in at the door, and gray hairs, wrinkles, and billows of matronly flesh fly out of the window. Besides, the women eat less and exercise more. There is no doubt that, in the long run, women are getting ahead of ruthless nature, who designed them for hurden-hearers and propagators of the race. Nature meant woman to flower into early and beautiful maturity, bear a brood of sons and daughters, and sink into sudden blight and decay. The twentieth-century woman, middle-aged or otherwise, is long-headed. So she gets ahead of nature, and even in middle age now figures frequently as the admired heroine of plays and novels.

Isahel Irving was a particularly apt selection for the rôle of such a heroine, as her long experience ranks her as almost a veteran, in spite of her pretty, girlish blondness. She has a charming figure, and her dainty hands and arms had need to be gracefully in evidence during all the to-do about the thimble. As for her sunny hair and lily skin, there is an allusion which shows that Mater is meant to be a golden-haired blonde, in characteristic contrast to her more somire-tinted progeny.

Miss Irving has not at all times the lightest touch in the world as a comedienne, but the

mingled artificiality and genuineness in the handling of the character seemed to work out well under her treatment. There is a curious effect given in the play of a sort of duality of character in the creator of it, who, if I mistake not, has in his own soul a mingling of the elements that go to the making of both Mater and her son.

Revival of Fresco Painting.

When next you visit the Pantheon you will observe an innovation more remarkable than Zola's tomb. You will observe a fresco. Whereas all the other mural decorations in the French Westminster Abbey have been painted on canvas, which has later been glued to the walls, the building's newest adornment has been painted on wet plaster in the manner of the sixteenth century. A lapsed but not a lost art is thus revived, thanks to the artist Hector d'Espouy, whose brush has embellished the space above the entrance. Surveying his masterpiece, one is moved to ask why so splendid an art ever passed out of vogue, remarks a writer in the Boston Transcript. The answer is easy: Because of candle smoke. The old-time painters learned that a very few centuries would leave their work dimmed if not almost obliterated. When oil succeeded wax and gas succeeded oil there still remained a danger that the beautiful pictures would lose their brightness. Electrical illumination is what accounts for the renewed production of mural paintings. Notwithstanding the ancient craft of fresco-making, our artists began, as was natural, by merely applying to the walls the painted canvas with which they were familiar. How long will that canvas last? Perhaps as long as the buildings in which it is placed. Perhaps several centuries less long. In any case, the method will wait half a dozen years at least before fully justifying itself. As for pure fresco, on the contrary, we know its durability; only fire or earthquake can destroy it, and we have now a means of lighting that in no wise imperils its brilliancy.

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Stella—What is the rule of three? Bella—That one ought to go home.—Evening Sun.

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VANITY FAIR.

To a Caterpillar.

Say, plush-clad pilgrim of that motley band
Who gaily flaunt their furs through summer's
sheen,

Hast fled from some far ice-bound fairyland,
To escape the hunters of some Elin Queen,
Who coveted the pelt upon thy back
To fashion for herself a near-seal cap?

Friendless thou journeyest through an alien land,
With none to cheer, or pat thee on the head,
Thou yearn'st for sympathy, and yet no hand
Protects thine innocence, or smooths thy bed.
Thy shy advances o'er My Lady's neck
Meet rude repulses and remorseless check.

I watch the wandering way thou dost pursue
O'er leaf and flower, all aimless and forlorn,
Now poised on some red rose peak in the dew,
Braving the tortuous barriers of thorn.
Seek'st thou a far-off home of long ago,
Where thou didst dwell, a Bugland Eskimo?
—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Tennis Cabinet, as such, is doomed. It will dissolve into its constituent elements and fade away from the scene of Washington activities, social, political, and sporting, after March 4 next, regretfully announces a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. Whether Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan is elected, the tennis court in the rear of the executive offices seems certain to become once more a flower bed for the display of geometrical figures of early blooming crocuses, or a playground for children. Next summer neither the Assistant Secretary of State, the French ambassador, the Secretary of the Interior, the assistant to the Attorney-General, nor the chief of the Bureau of Corporations will be summoned hastily by telephone from their respective desks and duties to slam tennis balls over a net, thus enabling the chief magistrate to keep down his girth line.

If Mr. Taft is elected, the existing apprehension will be greatly relieved. He will be expected to keep in office or to supplant with equally presentable and charming young persons such present office-holders as Alford W. Cooley, Robert Bacon, James Rudolph Garfield, William Phillips, Gifford Pinchot, Beekman Winthrop, Huntington Wilson, Herbert Knox Smith, Clarence Edwards, Truman H. Newberry, and half a score of others, whose names are on every dinner list of any importance in Washington.

Outside of Washington the young men who have been drafted by Mr. Roosevelt into the public service have not been given full and popular credit for the share they have thus taken in making harmonious our relations with foreign governments. According to the best circles in Washington, our squabs, our terrapin, our planked shad, and our discernment in importing champagnes have contributed as much to our standing as a world power as have our battleships and the "spear that knows no brother."

Under these circumstances it is any wonder that there should be apprehension lest the coming in of Mr. Bryan should upset present pleasant social arrangements and conditions? Think of the new dinner lists that will have to be made up, the new visiting lists, the new people who will have to be sounded and surveyed to determine whether they are socially "possible"! It is a possibility to appal the stoutest heart.

Paris recently discovered how much it costs to provide sartorial adornment for a Russian princess when Vincent Florio, one of the most noted of Italian millionaires, was called before a civil court by a well-known dressmaker in the Place Vendome and presented with a bill for \$87,000 for clothes the princess had worn during three seasons. Florio admitted that he owed the dressmaker money, but declined to pay such an exorbitant bill, the details of which were made public in the courtroom.

There were several hall gowns, the cheapest of which was down for \$400, the prices of the others ranging as high as \$1000. Stockings were set down at \$50 a pair, a parasol at \$100, and even some buttons of the time of Marie Antoinette were charged at \$400.

The princess during three years was given carte blanche to buy as she chose at this shop, but Florio confessed himself amazed at the size of the bill when it was sent to him. The judge decided that the claim of the dressmaker was exorbitant and knocked off one-fifth of the bill, or \$18,000.

The bungalow is hounding into favor. From Southern California it has been working northward until it is asserting itself even in the cities of Oregon and Washington, not for summer use simply, but for permanent residence. In its true character it is built all on one floor, with a central hall and an encircling veranda to qualify the heat. It combines the advantages of the flat with those of the house, but no bungalow enthusiast—and the number is rapidly growing—would be content with the restricted accommodations with which the flat dweller has to put up.

The bungalow, even in its lowest terms, means spaciousness, roomy fireplaces and window seats, and it must also have a good mapping of lawn, else only half its purpose is attained. It lends itself to architectural design according to the taste and means of the

builder. In fact, more than the cottage it stimulates the constructive and decorative forces of the occupant's mind and in proportion to their number hungalows are particularly rich in artistic conception and suggestion.

It makes housekeeping easier and more economical. It is pleasanter for the host and pleasanter for the guests. It lends itself to the simple life or to more ambitious designs. It can be built of logs or of freestone, and in its easily arranged setting neither looks cheap, tawdry, nor forbidding. Perhaps for the largest demands, a "cottage" of eighty rooms for instance, the plan would not gracefully lend itself, but the great majority are content with a fifth of that accommodation, and that is artistically attainable in a hungalow.

Every one will sympathize with Lattard, the famous Delmonico chef, and now manager of the grill-room at the Plaza Hotel in New York, over the loss of what he calls in his piteous advertisement "a reference book of inestimable value to the owner." And such must be a manuscript record of twenty-seven years, crowded full of special recipes interspersed with thoughtful notes of the gastronomic tastes of more than 500 New Yorkers, including, he tearfully says, everybody of distinction from Ulysses S. Grant to Mary Garden and Elinor Glyn, whose favorite is a paprika concoction. Lattard won fame, indeed, by his mysterious knowledge of what would hit his patrons' taste; this record explains his success and goes to show once more that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.

That Londoners, led by the king, have absolutely discarded the silk hat for every-day wear in favor of the panama, round straw hat, the alpine, and the golf cap has been settled beyond a doubt. The hatters have hoped that this was only a passing phase and in their desire to reinstate the sacred "topper" as headgear they recently planned a procession to show what a smart and serviceable hat it is. Five hundred men paraded solemnly around the exhibition grounds, all wearing very shiny new silk hats, and thousands of men stood about in caps and straw hats and looked at the procession quite unimpressed by this effort to make them see the folly of their ways. Unfortunately for the hatters, it rained, and every Franco-Britisher congratulated himself that he did not wear a "topper" any more when he saw the charge of the five hundred into the various tea shops. The procession was most imposing, but it was received with amusement, and the only high hats in the place were on the heads of those who marched.

Time was when to show your position in London you had to appear at your office every day in your high hat, but that is quite done away with now and the silk hat is relegated to frock-coat afternoons or dress-suit evenings.

The summer hotel hostess has come to be a regularly established feature of the largest and most enterprising of mountain and shore resorts. To many women under the necessity of earning their own living, this constitutes one method of bridging over the dull summer months, and of securing an outing in a manner most comfortable and inexpensive.

Return in actual money is seldom very great, but the hostess is given a good room and is at absolutely no expense for laundry, service, carriages, boat hire, and the countless odds and ends of hotel expenditure. In addition, she has a small monthly salary

bringing her in anywhere from one to two hundred dollars a season. As an illustration of the actual return there is the case of a widow, with one little daughter, who for several summers has occupied this position at the same hotel. She has no fixed salary, but has two rooms for herself and her baby and maid, with every detail paid for, including railroad fare.

To the guests of this particular hotel Mrs. Blank is merely a very charming woman, with a talent for organizing all sorts of gayeties, and with so many accomplishments. To announce her as a paid hostess would be to weaken the campaign for which she has been engaged. The returning patrons are always delighted to find her already established on their arrival, in the same rooms which, she assures them, she retains from one season to next. And she is not thrust into the outer or rather inner darkness of back stairs or attic chambers. She must apparently have means enough to be near the rooms of the most profitable patrons. People are delighted to find some one ready to plan for a picnic, or a dance, or a ride to a place of interest, or a golf tournament. But announce to them that such plans are not entirely spontaneous, but cut and dried, from motives not entirely disinterested, and they resent what then seems like an intrusion upon their privacy.

Of New York's nearest, most common, and most popular beach resort, Coney Island, this impressionistic Sunday view is given in a current magazine:

Eating booths, hot frankfurters on the grill, beef

dripping on the spit, wash-boilers of green coals steaming in the centre of hungry groups who gnawed the ears as if playing harmonicas; photographic galleries, the sitters ghastrly in the barnhouse glare of the Cooper-Hewitt light; open-faced moving picture shows with shades dropped so that passers-by could not steal a glimpse without stooping down, which ignoble attitude never failed to invite effrontery from the jocose crowd chop-suey joints, fez-topped palmists, strength tests; dance halls and continuous song-and-dar entertainments, the girls in white, according to the regulation that obliges them to lay off their tights and spangles out of respect for the S. bath. Bands, orchestras, pianos, at war with gramophones, hand-organs, calliopes; overhead, roar of wheels in deathlock with shrieks and screams; whistles, gongs, rifles, all busy; the smell of candy, popcorn, meats, beer, tobacco, blended with the odor of the crowd redolent now a then of patchouli; a streaming river of people arched over by electric signs.

All this illuminated by an eye-blistering glare of artificial lights. The tame delight of looking on at wild-beast shows, or riding on camel paled beside such livelier attractions as the T to the Moon, the Kansas Cyclone, the Mini Maze, Dip the Drop, Loop the Loop, the Hum Toboggan, the Arctic Regions, the Bottom of the Sea, and the Tickler. And dominating all this discord of contending noises may be heard prolonged, lifting cry, a cry not of fear, not joy, not of pain, a cry peculiar, even uncanny, the Coney Island cry."

Who would care for solitude on the shore or in the woods when such delights as these are within close reach of the jaded, nerve-racked denizens of the metropolis? But of thing more is asked by the greater New Yorkers—a five-cent fare to this scene of benighted revelry.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, jedge, hut, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid er her."

Two men were discussing the trouble in India, and each had a deal to say about his notion of Hindu character. "They're such a bellicose set of people," said one. "Indeed!" exclaimed the other, in surprise. "I was always under the impression that they were very spare men."

Sir Richard Bethell, afterward Lord Westbury, with a suave voice and a stately manner, nevertheless had a way of bearing down the foe with almost savage wit. Once, in court, he had to follow a barrister who had delivered his remarks in very loud tones. "Now that the noise in court has subsided," murmured Bethell, "I will tell your honor in two sentences the gist of the case."

A Denver reporter credits Langdon Smith, the Washington newspaper man, with a brilliant bit of description. "I remember," he said, "my first visit to Washington. Smith, big and handsome and vivacious, showed me about. From an eminence a great pale dome rose up against the blue sky, the dome of the capitol. 'What is that?' said I. 'That?' said Smith. 'Oh, that's the national gas works.'"

Every employee of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man to arrive writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.

Once "Fingy" Connors presented his newspaper pass to the conductor of an Erie train. This person did not look to the conductor like "William J. Connors, proprietor Buffalo Courier," and he said so. Connors, heated, roared at him. At the next station the conductor wired to the proper authorities: "Man representing himself as William J. Connors presents Connors's pass. Think he is a fake. Looks like a prize-fighter and talks like a tough." Back came the answer: "That's him."

Mrs. Rorer of cook-book fame tells of seeing a maid drop and break a beautiful platter at a dinner recently. The host did not permit a trifle like this to ruffle him in the least. "These little accidents happen 'most every day," he said apologetically. "You see, she isn't a trained waitress. She was a dairy-maid originally, but she had to abandon that occupation on account of her inability to handle the cows without breaking their horns."

Mr. Pilkington had his wife's portrait painted by that eminent impressionist, McLimmer, and, the work of art finished, Mary, the faithful retainer, was invited into the study to see it. "Do you know who that is meant for, Mary?" proudly inquired her master, while the artist modestly waited for the usual tribute of praise. "Oh, it's lovely! Of course I do, sir," replied Mary, who was unaccustomed to the study of impressionist work. "It's either you or missus."

Labiche was once asked to support as a candidate for the Academy a certain literary mendicant, but hesitated for a long time and yielded only when he was told that if the ambitious author should fail to be elected he would die of it. Failure nevertheless did come, and the following year, when a second vacancy occurred, Labiche's vote was once more solicited in the man's behalf. "No," shouted Labiche in vehement indignation, "I will not vote for a man who does not keep his word. He did not die."

That Lord Brougham was fully capable of a quick retort is shown by the following: "You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered, not for having been a great lawyer nor for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage." "And your grace," answered Brougham, "will be remembered, not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots!" "Oh!" said Wellington, "damn the boots, I forgot 'em."

The "colored lady" who entered service as cook gave her name as Juletta Price, but constantly referred to her husband as George Ledbetter. "How does it happen, Juletta," she was asked one day, "that you go by the name of Price, while your husband's name is Ledbetter?" "Well, you see, Mrs. Lawrence," she replied cheerfully, "it's this-a-way. I had n' heen acquainted with George but fo' days when I married him, an' I did n' know how I was gonter lak him nor how he was

gonter lak me. Now these divorcements betwix' married folks is a heap er trouble an' heap er expense, too; an' I 'lowed the safest way fer us to do wus fer George to keep his maiden name an' to keep mine tell we see how our new experiment was gonter turn out."

A boy in the State School for Dependent Children wrote his father thus: "Dear Papa: We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Let Others Drive.

A chap may have a touring car Of sixty-horse or so, And scorn to hire a French chauffeur To make the critter go. Yet, though it be a boundless joy To chauffeur your own machine, Me for a quiet seat with her, Right back in the limousine. —Pick-Me-Up.

Waist-Line Woes.

When you would put your dexter fin Around a girl, it is a sin, A crying shame, To get, I claim, All lacerated by a pin. —The Gossip.

At the Cafe.

Strange sauce that's mingled with the meat, Strange meat that's mingled with the sauce—in vain; I eat, and wond'ring what and why I eat, Long for the porridge of my youth again. —William Watson.

Post-Vacation.

Back, hack, hack, to another long tiff with the boss; And my poor brain turns backward with infinite care, to the shade of her hair and its gloss. Back, hack, back, to "balances"—"customers"—"greed." But I can't drag away from the salt and the spray, and I guess that I'm off of my feed. Two weeks that were revels of flirting, Two happy-go-lucky old weeks And I dream of the "peach" that I met at the heath With an anguish that bites and is hurting. —New York Globe.

The Cowboy's Lament.

The school is empty now, 'cause she has went Back East, vacationing, and seems to me The plains look darker since that day that she Got in the stage that's druv by Loco Kent; My heart aint ever had so deep a dent, And nothin' that I eat seems to agree; And cow talk hores me to death—O Gee! I hate the low-browed gang in that mess tent. But it is lonely out upon the range, And I jest dread the joh of huntin' strays, 'Cause all the old familiar ways look strange, And long and doleful are the brightest days. O, solitude, you make life to mere man As empty as a used tomato can! —Denver Republican.

Jungle Eyes.

The gruesome jungle depths lay dark one dire and stormy eve, The naughty tiger slunk in fear and left his lair to grieve, For he had heard that to these parts a hunter bold had come, Whose reputation, rifle-made, was MORE than "Going some," And from the thickets he looked out with thumping heart amidst, And Nature Fakers give report his eyes they looked like this:— (O) (O) (O) (O) (O) (O)

When Teddy hit the Jungle Trail, his rifle in his clutch, He plucked the tiger from his haunts, which pleased him over-much. Bang—bang, another spiteful shot rang on the evening air; "Click—click," his bold typewriter gave repeated echo there, And as the night eyes glared at him his soul was filled with bliss, And as he jotted down the facts the optics looked like this:— (\$) (\$) (\$) (\$) (\$) (\$) —Commercial Advertiser.

Some young idlers had been enjoying the fun of hailing passing shop-girls with rather doubtful compliments, and from some of the answers returned it was evident that not all of those addressed were taking things kindly. Presently one of the older boys, seeing it was going too far, spoke up. "Look a' here now, fellers," he added, "youse might think youse is wise guys an' all that, but just keep on and the wrong lady'll come along an' she'll break yer face, see?"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Already a few of the people who fled the city early in the summer are beginning to return to town. Well-known names and faces are beginning to appear on the streets and in the playhouses, while the ruddy color and rich coatings of tan mark the latest arrivals from mountains and seashore. A number of country houses have been closed during the past few days and each week will see a larger quota of people returning to their homes.

So many interesting autumn events in the nature of weddings and engagement announcements are looked forward to that the interested ones are hastening back to town in order to plunge into the necessary preparations.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Bowman, daughter of Mrs. Bowman and the late Mr. George Bowman of San Jose, to Mr. Charles J. Kuhn.

Word comes from England of the marriage of Miss Frances Cox to Captain Alexander Watkins Grubb of the British War Office at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Deatken of Hollingbourne Manor. Miss Cox, although much of her life has been spent abroad, will be well remembered in this city and San Jose. Captain Alexander Grubb is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Grubb of the British army and is an officer in the Royal Engineers.

Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale gave a luncheon at the Fairmont recently at which she announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Irene Van Arsdale, to Lieutenant Thomas Richardson Kurtz, U. S. N. The guests were Mrs. Frank B. Freyer, Miss Florence Booth, Miss Helen Wilson, Miss Marian Lally, Miss Mahel Gregory, Miss Lorena Scott, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Gertrude Russell, Miss Fannie Pray, and Miss Katherine Metcalf.

Admiral Joseph Trilley was host at a stag dinner recently at his home in Pacific Grove in honor of Admiral Fahrenholt. The other guests were: Admiral T. F. Jewell, U. S. N., Major Wright, U. S. A., Captain Edward Lewis, U. S. A., Major McIvor, U. S. A., Lieutenant Bowen, U. S. A., and John F. Fryor.

The home of Dr. Frank Anderson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Anderson at Mare Island was the scene of a very pretty dancing party Monday evening, when they entertained the friends of their daughter, Miss Elinor Anderson.

Mr. Cyril Tohin was host at a stag dinner given at the Fairmont at which he entertained Mr. Joseph Tohin, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Charles de Young, and others.

Misses Dorothy and Elsa Draper entertained a house party over the week end at their country home at San Rafael last week.

The captain and officers of the U. S. S. *California* were hosts at a reception given on board the steamer last Sunday from 3 to 6 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker were hosts at a dinner last Tuesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, who, with their daughters, Misses Leontine and Vera de Sahla, are leaving shortly for a year's stay in Europe.

Mrs. John Drum has sent out invitations for a hridge party at her home in Ross Valley.

A supper was given by Mr. Henry Miller in the red room of the Hotel St. Francis last Friday to the players who have been appearing in the series of performances under his management at the Van Ness. Present at the table were Mr. C. Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," and Mrs. Kennedy; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob; Mr. Percy MacKaye, author of "Mater"; Miss Hazel MacKaye, Miss Isabel Irving, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Miss Laura Hope Crews, Miss Gladys Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis, Mr. Bertram Harrison, Mr. Walter Hampden, Mr. Tyrone Power, Mr. Galwey Herbert, Mr. Edward Rann Kennedy.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre are enjoying a motor trip through the south of France.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has just returned from his trip to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill are at Atlantic City, where they will probably spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Hooker and family are at the Rancho Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman are at Aetna Springs.

Miss Elena Robinson has recently returned from a visit to friends in San Jose.

Mr. Clarence McKinstry has spent the past week motoring with a party of friends through Napa County.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop is settled for the winter at her St. Xavier apartments.

Mrs. M. A. Simpson and Miss Edith Simpson have returned from their trip to Tahiti.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney have returned to Del Monte after a few days' stay in town.

Mrs. H. P. Schwerin has returned to her home in San Mateo after a visit to Mare

Island, where she has been the guest of Mrs. V. L. Cottman, wife of Captain Cottman of the U. S. S. *California*.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and their guest, Miss Charlotte Land of New York, made a motor trip to Del Monte and back last week.

Mrs. Ernest Folger has returned from her recent trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at their country seat, "Stag's Leap," in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bancroft have returned after their trip to San Diego and other points in the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn have returned to town from their country home at Grass Valley.

Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Mills, and Miss Elizabeth Mills are in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Alexander McCracken and Miss Isabel McCracken, who have spent the summer in Mill Valley, expect to return to town next week.

Mrs. Frederick Van Sicklen and Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen have returned from their trip through the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinchley Taylor are at Tahoe for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin are planning a trip to the Atlantic coast within the next few weeks.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, who is in Dresden, is entertaining as her guest Miss Enid Gregg.

Mrs. A. N. Towne is at Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden.

Miss Lucie King is the guest of Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at the Chases' country seat, "Stag's Leap," near Napa.

Miss Christine Pomeroy is visiting Miss Susan Persons at Mare Island.

Miss Edith Pillsbury is expected to return to her home in this city within a month or two after her long residence in Paris.

Miss Kate Dillon is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger at their home in Redwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned from their visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at Woodside and are in their new home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Arsdale and Miss Irene Van Arsdale have returned to town after having spent the greater part of the summer at their ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have returned from Lake Tahoe and are now at Del Monte. Miss Frances McKinstry has returned from a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Walter L. Dean has returned from Aetna Springs, where she has spent several weeks.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla has entertained Miss Katherine Ball at her home in Santa Cruz during the past week.

Mrs. W. T. Swinburne, wife of Admiral Swinburne, during a few days' stay in town, has been the guest of Mrs. Cuyler Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott are now at Vevey, France, and have no definite time set for their return to California.

Mrs. Frank Barrows Frayer, after her visit in Georgia, is planning a Mediterranean cruise on her way to join Lieutenant Freyer.

Mrs. George Ashton and Miss Helen and Miss Elizabeth Ashton are now in Switzerland and are planning to spend the winter in Vienna.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Miss Harvey are at Del Monte for the remaining weeks of summer.

Mrs. Tomlinson of New York is the guest of her parents in this city, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from Aetna Springs, where they have been the guests of Mrs. Henry Bothin.

Mr. Edward Greenway has returned to town after a month's stay at Lake Tahoe.

Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Trilley have been entertaining Mrs. Vincent Cottman at their home in Pacific Grove.

Commander C. I. Carr and Mrs. Carr of Mare Island have been spending a few days in town and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Samuel Knight is at Del Monte for a few weeks.

Miss Newell Drown has returned to town after her visit to Miss Elisabeth Livermore at her country home near Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Harmes are at the Fairmont after a month spent at Tahoe Tavern.

Mrs. Mary H. Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb, Mr. D. Hanson Grubb, and Mr. E. Hunn Hanson have returned to San Francisco after a trip in the high Sierras.

Hope Booth has gone into vaudeville. During her engagement in San Francisco next month Miss Booth expects to produce two new sketches, one by Willis Steele, author of "The Fifth Commandment," entitled "Faro Nell," and the other by the author of "The Three of Us."

Lew Field, the best of all German dialect comedians, will visit San Francisco during the coming season in "The Girl Behind the Counter."

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At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, accompanied by Miss Charlotte Land, motored to Del Monte last week and spent a few days with Mrs. Lent's mother and sister, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and Miss Jennie Hooker, who are spending the summer there.

Miss Lucie King has been spending a week at Del Monte as the guest of Mrs. William P. Fuller.

Mrs. Samuel Knight was at Del Monte for a few days last week.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters have gone to Del Monte to spend the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele and Mrs. J. Campbell Shorh went down to Del Monte on Saturday and spent the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury have gone to Del Monte to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Homer King, who is spending some time in the Yosemite Valley, will go to Del Monte shortly to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, with Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall as their guests, motored to Del Monte from Burlingame on Saturday and spent a couple of days at the hotel.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Mr. Geo. D. Shadhurne, Mr. Geo. D. Shadhurne, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Dunne and family, Dr. W. A. Whelan, Mrs. Ernest L. McCormick, Mrs. M. J. McCahe, Miss McCahe, Miss Estelle Carpenter, Miss Edith Carpenter.

The following are among the registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado: Mr. Jay M. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Beständig, Mrs. C. W. Waller and family, Mr. H. E. Platt, Mr. James Hogg, Miss Mahle Hogg, Miss Phelan, Miss Mullen, Mr. L. W. Rainey, Mrs. M. Rainey, Mrs. E. D. Sears, Mr. Charles Watson, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Coleman, Capt. Alex. Swanson, Mr. A. B. Harris.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte include Miss Earl, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. W. F. Garby, Mrs. G. E. Ford, Mr. W. M. Odell, Mr. H. M. Gracey, Mrs. C. E. Godfrey, Miss Cora T. Godfrey, Miss Josephine A. Godfrey, Mr. J. T. Clarke, Miss Colwell, Mrs. R. R. l'Hommedieu, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Beadle, Mr. and Mrs. C. Adams, Mr. J. Lally, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy, Miss Marjorie Mauzy, Mrs. S. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kline, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Haven, Mrs. Suire V. Mooney, Mrs. W. P. Hammon, Mr. Glenn Hammon, Mrs. H. A. Hohart, Mr. George F. Lyon, Mr. E. L. Hoag, Mr. C. F. Hunt, Mrs. J. L. King, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Roonman, Mr. and Mrs. William Ede, Mrs. Catherine Ede, Mr. J. S. Potter, Dr. H. A. Rowell, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bartlett, Miss Ada B. Honeyman, Mrs. Arthur W. Smith, Mr. Leon I. Liehes, Mr. Frank H. Fries, Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. Samuel C. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Madin, Mr. George W. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hinch, Mr. F. W. Castella, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Spear, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hill, Mr. J. H. Taber, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Broderick, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Grinbaum, and Mr. Leo Morgan.

Harry Corson Clarke and Sam Sidman, two comedians well known here, are in the cast of funmakers of "The Mimic World," the summer burlesque at the Casino, New York.

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WEEK-DAY	SUN-DAY	WEEK-DAY	SUN-DAY	WEEK-DAY	SUN-DAY
9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:25 A.
8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR-DAY	9:45 A.		2:45 P.	SATUR-DAY	1:40 P.
DAY	11:15 A.		4:40 P.	DAY	3:10 P.
Tamalpais	12:45 A.		5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
only	1:45 P.		5:45 P.	only	6:40 P.
only	3:45 P.		7:45 P.	only	8:15 P.
only	7:45 P.				

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Commander J. H. Oliver, U. S. N., detached from duty at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, is assigned to duty on board the *West Virginia* as chief of staff of the Pacific Fleet.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, and Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, U. S. A., deputy quartermaster-general and chief quartermaster, Maneuver Camp, Atascadero Ranch, will proceed to Atascadero Ranch in connection with maneuvers to be held at that place in October. Upon completion of this duty the officers will return to their respective stations.

Colonel John L. Clem, A. Q. M. G., is relieved from duty as chief quartermaster, Department of California, to take effect upon the conclusion of the maneuver camp at Leon Springs, Texas, about August 15.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Stevens, D. Q. M. G., San Antonio, Texas, upon being relieved from duty, will report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as chief quartermaster of that department.

Major W. C. Dawson, U. S. N., assistant paymaster U. S. Marine Corps, is appointed senior member of the board of survey, depot quartermaster's office, San Francisco, California.

Commander William A. Gill, U. S. N., Pacific Torpedo Fleet, is stationed temporarily at Mare Island.

Major William F. Martin, U. S. A., having been assigned to duty in the Eighteenth Infantry, will proceed to join his regiment in the Philippine Islands. Upon his arrival in San Francisco he will report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the sailing of the transport upon which he may secure accommodation.

The following board of medical officers is appointed to meet at the general hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for the purpose of conducting the preliminary examination of applicants for appointment in the medical corps of the army: Major John W. Kennedy, U. S. A., Captain Albert E. Truby, U. S. A., and Charles E. Foster, U. S. A.

Captain Sterling P. Adams, U. S. A., commanding Company H, Fourteenth Cavalry, Presidio of San Francisco, has returned with his troop from a three days' march.

Captain William R. Davis, U. S. A., Medical Corps, and First Lieutenant Herbert C. Gihner, U. S. A., Medical Corps, are appointed to meet at the army general hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, at such times as may be necessary to examine officers ordered before it.

Captain Frank B. Edwards, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will proceed to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, so as to arrive there not later than August 11, to enter the army pistol competition at that place.

First Lieutenant Otis R. Cole, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., having received his transfer, will report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the departure or the transport for the Philippines.

First Lieutenant A. E. Brunzell, U. S. N., detached from the marine barracks, navy yard, Mare Island, on August 3, will proceed to the Philippine Islands with a draft of a hundred men.

Lieutenant-Commander C. N. Offley, U. S. N., is assigned to duty as fleet engineer, Pacific Fleet, on the *West Virginia*.

Leave of absence from August 1 to August 27 is granted First Lieutenant Arthur H. Bryant, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Baker, California.

Leave of absence on account of sickness is granted First Lieutenant Thomas D. Thorpe, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, army general hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Leave of absence for twenty days, to take effect upon completion of the army rifle competition at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, is granted Second Lieutenant Arthur E. Ahrends, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey.

First Lieutenant Edward T. Baker, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, will proceed to Fort Sheridan so as to arrive not later than August 11, to enter the army rifle competition at that place.

First Lieutenant Clifton R. Norton, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is detailed for duty at the camp of instruction to be held at Fort Riley, Kansas.

First Lieutenant Graham Parker, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, is relieved from duty at the Pacific Branch of the United States Military Prison. He is assigned to the Ninety-Second Company, Coast Artillery Corps, and will proceed to join that company.

Lieutenant John C. Pegram, First Cavalry, U. S. A., while en route to join his regiment in the Philippine Islands, will report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the sailing of his transport.

Marie Wainwright has been engaged by Charles Frohman for a principal part in "Samson," the latest play by Henri Bernstein, author of "The Thief," and the starring vehicle for William Gillette this fall.

At the Hotels.

Baron T. A. Klingspor of the Royal Swedish Guard, late of the Swedish legation at Peking, has arrived at the Hotel St. Francis from the *Siberia*.

Mr. Robert S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is visiting the West on a tour of scientific investigation and is at present stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. E. M. Statler of Buffalo has arrived at the Hotel St. Francis with his family.

Mrs. C. B. Alexander entertained a number of friends at dinner in the Hotel St. Francis Tuesday evening.

Major and Mrs. C. M. McKinstry have returned to their apartments in the Hotel St. Francis.

Lieutenant F. W. Fonda, U. S. A., of New York, is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Will M. Cressy of New Hampshire are registered at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. and Mrs. Cressy are appearing at the Orpheum in "The Village Lawyer," a New England character sketch.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., are at the Hotel St. Francis for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. K. K. Macomber of Pasadena are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Herman Ridder, the German editor who, it is reported, will speak and write in the interest of W. J. Bryan for President, has taken apartments at the Fairmont during his stay in San Francisco. Mr. Ridder is accompanied by Mrs. Ridder and two sons, Victor and Joseph E. Ridder. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Amends and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Amends also accompany the party.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has come down from Pleasanton for a few days and is in her rooms at the Fairmont. Mr. William R. Hearst and wife, who are now at the Pleasanton home, are expected later in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Waller, with the Misses Waller and maids, are now at the Fairmont, registering from New York.

There are, as usual, a number of visitors at the Fairmont from the southern part of the State. The list includes Mrs. Guy Cochran, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Chamberlain, San Diego; Mrs. Chas. Bell, Mr. Frank Naylor, Mr. J. H. Shainkland, Mr. W. T. Withers, Mr. John W. Mitchell, all of Los Angeles; Dr. W. A. Wood and Mr. Archie Hoxton, Pasadena.

Dr. Otto N. Graf, Austro-Hungarian consul at Chicago, stopped at the Fairmont during his visit to San Francisco.

Mr. W. E. Jacobs, U. S. Reclamation Service, is at the Fairmont.

Mr. John J. Byrne, assistant passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe, was at the Fairmont for a few days last week. Mr. Byrne was accompanied by Miss Constance Byrne.

Among the guests at the Fairmont from abroad during the past few days were Mrs. R. W. Hamlin, London; Mr. Y. Shriyo and Mr. S. Furusha of Tokyo; Max Grundfelt, Berlin; Mr. E. T. Gutschow, Berlin; Mr. H. Andrus, Berlin.

Mrs. R. R. Donnelly, accompanied by Miss J. Donnelly, are at the Fairmont. They are registered from Chicago, as are also Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Towner.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Smallman, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Schroeder and Misses Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson Leach, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Martin, all of New York City, are the guests of the Fairmont.

Mrs. S. P. Pfingst arrived at the Fairmont from her country home near Pajaro.

Mr. H. A. Fox, Boston; Mr. J. B. Taylor, Boston; Mr. K. B. Cary, Gardner, Mass; Mrs. W. S. Richardson and Miss K. Richardson of Rhode Island, are among the guests at the Fairmont from New England.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gilbert, Seattle, with Mrs. C. E. Williams of the same city, are staying at the Fairmont.

Mrs. W. F. L. Hartigan, Manila, P. I., is at the Fairmont.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"The crazy chauffeur must go," says the Chicago Record-Herald. He does.—Rochester Post-Express.

"A long distance call? Who is it from, Loch?" "Africa wants you, Mr. President."—Birmingham Age Herald.

"Seems to me you look younger than ever." "Why not? As I grow older, I become more and more expert in avoiding trouble."—Life.

Gabbleby—After all, a woman's scream is her greatest weapon of defense. Gertrude—Undoubtedly; how did you find it out?—Puck.

Nell—Maude has lost a good friend in Jack. Belle—Why, have they quarreled? Nell—No; they are married.—Philadelphia Record.

"Why, my hoy! did you fall in that open coal hole?" "No; course not. I wuz in here, an' they huilt a pavement over me."—Illustrated Bits.

The Boy (seriously)—You are the first and only girl I ever loved, Ethel. She—Ah, what lots of fun you have ahead of you, Freddy!—London Opinion.

Golfer—Will you come round again tomorrow? Second Euthusiast—Dunno. I'd arranged to get married tomorrow. Perhaps I can postpone it.—Tatler.

"You never saw a man who understood women." "Well, I knew a man once who claimed that he did." "And did he?" "Well, he never married one."—Houston Post.

"Yes; I am going ahead." "And how are you going to arrange your itinerary?" "Oh, ponpadour. I think that will be most suitable for traveling."—Washington Herald.

The Boss—What's that? Office Boy—I says, you hetter send out and git a half dozen hoy's to do my woik today; I'm goin' to be sick about three o'clock!—Harper's Bazar.

Sambo—De doctor tells me dat ter eat six watermillions at one time would sho' kill me. Rambo—An' what you gwine do' 'hout it? Sambo—I gwine ter die game!—New York Tribune.

"I suppose," said the facetious stranger, watching a workman spread a carpet from the church door to the curb, "that's the high

road to heaven you're fixing there?" "No," replied the man, "this is merely a bridal path."—Philadelphia Press.

Ethel—Sometimes I really think seriously of remaining unmarried. Maud—Think only? Why, I imagined you worried about it.—Town Topics.

"Who's your ideal of havery?" queried the old hachelor. "Is it General Kuroki?" "No," answered the spinster desperately. "It's a Mormon."—The Tatler.

Tonsorial Expert (cutting colored man's hair)—Rastus, your hair is just like wool. Rastus—Well, yoh didn't spect to cut silk fo' fifteen cents, did yoh?—Harper's Weekly.

Jim (regarding damage done to church by fire)—Good joh it wasn't a factory, Bill. Bill—You're right, mate. Only one man put out of work, and he draws his money.—Punch.

"You don't seem to have as much call for hammocks as you used to," said the regular hoarder. "No," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "I guess times have been too hard for silk stockings this summer."—Washington Star.

Simkins—You say that little man was formerly the lightweight champion? Timkins—Yes. Simkins—How did he lose the title? Timkins—Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired.—Chicago Daily News.

Customer (pointing to the hieroglyphics on his check)—Is that my name in Chinese? Go Long (Chinese laundryman)—No; 'sclicktion. Means "li'l ole man; cross-eyed; no teet." Customer—Er—thank you.—New York Globe.

Professor Stone—To the geologist a thousand years or so are not counted as any time at all.—Man in the Audience—Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of ten dollars to a man who holds such views!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mrs. Exe—Good-by. I'm sorry my husband isn't in. I wish I knew some way of keeping him at home a little more. Mrs. Wye—Let him buy a motor car. Mrs. Exe—Why, he'd be out more than ever then. Mrs. Wye—Oh, dear, no! Mrs. Dasher tells me her husband hought a motor a few days ago, and the doctor says he won't be out for six weeks.—Illustrated Bits.

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S. S. Tenyo Maru..Friday, September 25, 1910
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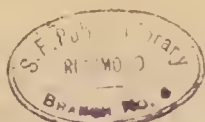
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probably foreshadows the reelection of United States Senator Perkins.

For the second time within four months the Lincoln-Roosevelt League has been beaten upon ground of its own choosing. The explanation involves a brief recital of political history. Before the State convention at Santa Cruz two years ago Dr. Pardee, then governor, was a candidate for renomination. He had been a fairly good official, but had not succeeded in winning effective political friendships throughout the State. This fact taken in connection with the narrowness of the vote by which he was elected in 1902—bare fifteen hundred majority—made his renomination in the judgment of political experts a hazardous thing. The party organization was not unfriendly to Pardee, but it became fixed in the idea that to make him the party candidate would be to lose the election. Pardee vainly sought to win the organization favor by persuasions and, failing in this, he undertook to secure the nomination by an independent contest. He even went so far as to hold conferences with Abraham Ruef, then an important factor in San Francisco politics, and his chief political manager, acting in his name, offered to turn over certain large elements of State patronage to Ruef in return for the support of his delegates. We give this bit of nasty history because it is necessary to an exposition of the motives back of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement.

but misguided men like Mr. Chester Rowell before the public as its sponsors and prophets. Likewise it will not do to ally a movement calling itself by the name of reform with a group of quacks, pretenders, and self-seekers like Mr. Rudolph Spreckels and his servants. Furthermore, reform proposals with leadership of reform movements, to command support within a party, must be developed through the membership of that party. Republicans are not edified and their support is not won by appeals for party reorganization made by men, even though eminently respectable and personally worthy as Mayor Taylor, who stand outside of the party membership and whose affiliations are with the enemies of the party.

Finally a reform movement to command respect must have (1) a basis in public grievance involving misuse and waste of public funds; (2) a grievance in the form of official scandal or of legislative wrongdoing; and (3) it must have inspiring leadership. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement was without any one of these essential factors of success. There has been no extravagance worth speaking of in State administration; there has been no scandal, legislative or other; there has been in the movement no man large enough or sufficiently respected and trusted to command a following. The movement has failed because it lacked honesty of motive, because it lacked a basis in public or party grievance, and because it had no real leadership. This is the whole explanation of why the combination of Pardeeism and Spreckelsism has been brushed aside by the Republicans of California.

The Democratic primary election, although for obvious reasons less important than that of the dominant party, is not without interest. The contest was a personal one; the issue was involved in the ambition of Mr. Gavin McNab on the one hand and of Mr. Theodore Bell on the other to stand in the lead of party affairs. In San Francisco McNab has been successful in eleven districts with 153 delegates as against seven districts with 27 delegates for Bell. Outside reports are slow in coming, but the indications are that McNab will be able to take the Democratic State organization away from Bell.

Pageantry in Quebec.

The great historical pageant at Quebec emphasizes the reproach that we have never had anything of the sort in the United States. When these magnificent displays were first elaborated in Europe they seemed to belong appropriately to countries having behind them many centuries of historical incident and change, and we were content to admire without imitation. But if Quebec, whose history is no longer than our own, nor so stirring, can find material enough in that history to furnish so imposing a show as the one that has just been presented on the Plains of Abraham it is surely time for us to bestir ourselves and to show that our historical sentiment and pride are strong enough to step outside the covers of our school books. An historical pageant would be a welcome relief to the tiresome series of "expositions," it would probably be a financial success, while as a stimulant to national and patriotic pride it would have a value not easily overrated.

The object of the Quebec pageant was to illustrate the early history of Canada and to reenact it upon something like its original scale. There was the arrival of Jacques Cartier on the spot where it actually occurred, with the watchful and suspicious Indians hidden in the bush, and the first religious service by the crew of the *Petite Hermine*. Then the scene shifts to Fontainebleau and the court of Henry IV of France, by whom Champlain is commissioned to seek out the new world. Then comes the arrival of Champlain at Quebec and of Mother Marie and her nuns, the massacre by Indians of Dollard des Ormeaux at Long Sault, the arrival of the first governor-general, and his

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Primary Election.

Tuesday's primary election resulted in something very like a walkover for the "regular" Republican organization as against the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League. In the city of San Francisco the organization ticket was successful in thirteen out of eighteen districts, including all those carried by the organization forces last May, with five districts which gave their votes at the May election to the League candidates. The meaning of this is that the regular organization will have 108 votes out of 173 in the coming city convention, and will therefore control the action of that body. In the State the general result was likewise favorable to the regular organization, although the voting was less decisive. Regular tickets were successful in Los Angeles, Santa Clara, Sacramento, San Diego, and Sonoma counties. Alameda was won by the Leaguers, who have 135 delegates against 90 for the organization. As we write on Wednesday morning returns have not been received from many interior points, but enough is known to make it plain that the regular party organization will dominate all but a few catering counties, controlling general nominations, including those of legislative candidates. This result

reception by Laval, while the last two pageants were devoted to the cession of the territory from France to England, the artist Lascelles tactfully bridging a difficult point by representing a march past of the two armies, the French placing a wreath upon the monument of Wolfe and the English paying a like honor to the memorial of Montcalm. Nothing could have been better devised to give realism to history or to identify the prosaic present with the romantic past.

It was a part of the fitness of things that the United States should be represented with the dignity communicated by Vice-President Fairbanks. A great deal of the history of Quebec belongs as much to us as to the Canadians of today. The people of New England were intimately concerned with the struggle between Great Britain and France. The French designed a great chain of forts to connect the Mississippi with the St. Lawrence and in order to resist the encroachments of the English, and although for a long time the mother country allowed the colonists to fight their own battles against the French unaided, she was forced at last to interfere, and then George Washington was commissioned to take a hand in the last stage of the seven years' war. Of the men who played a part in the final drama ending with the fall of Quebec, no less than 5000 Pennsylvanians and Virginians were with Forbes when he marched to Fort Duquesne, while the men who took Fort Frontenac were mainly from New England and New York. England's main reliance was, in fact, upon what are now the eastern United States, and our participation in these imposing pageants was therefore fully justified by something more than sentiment or good will. Their significance was as great to the Americans as to the Canadians.

Already there has been a suggestion that Boston follow this laudable example. She has material and to spare in her history. So also has New York. So, indeed, have most of the older settled parts of the country. Why, indeed, should not something of the kind be attempted on the Pacific Coast, where also there is a past full to the brim with romantic event. We could draw the attention of the world by a reënactment of some of the scenes of our early history. Our story is richer in the elements of romance even than that of the East, and we could easily strike a new note at a time when we are all a little tired of the conventional modern display, which is useful enough in its way, but which lacks sentiment and the aroma of ancient days. The idea is at least worth thinking about.

Japan's Assimilative Genius.

A doubtful dispatch purporting to be from Tairen, Manchuria, contains the information that Japan is rapidly taking to herself the trade in railroad equipment and material not only in the home empire, but in Korea, Manchuria, and northeastern Asia. Hitherto American manufacturers have enjoyed a virtual monopoly in this trade, but according to the latest news from Manchuria the Japanese are dissatisfied with the poor quality of the material furnished and the inferior workmanship upon the American product. Consequently the Japanese have undertaken to duplicate the American rolling stock at American prices, guaranteeing to deliver a better article. The moral sought to be conveyed is in the warning that unless American manufacturers exert themselves they will lose this trade.

The dispatch invites suspicion by supplementing its pessimistic deductions with the fact that on May 25 of this year the Japanese installed on their Korean and Manchurian roads 121 American locomotives, 1403 American freight cars, and ninety-five American passenger coaches. If any of this equipment, which is amply sufficient to stock the South Manchuria trunk lines, had been inferior in workmanship or below standard in quality, it would have been promptly returned. The Japanese are a canny folk, and although the railroads are wholly under the control of the government, the Western science of graft has not yet been acquired by those whom the government employs to contract for its supplies. Expert observation of the railroad equipment of Japan and Manchuria confirms the opinion that Japan got just what she ordered, and the circumstance that she is using the material on her trunk lines is the best proof that the Japanese government is satisfied with the consignment.

In all probability, however, there is a glimmer of truth in the statement that the Japanese are contemplating the advisability of building their own locomotives and manufacturing their own rolling stock; and it is also probable that the correspondent who sent this dispatch to the American newspapers sent others of

similar import to English and German newspapers with the intention of stimulating the manufacturers of those countries to renewed effort to hold this trade and to prevent the Japanese from absorbing it. It is even possible that the English and German manufacturers were warned that unless they awakened to the necessity of exerting themselves in this direction the Americans would continue to monopolize the trade in railroad material until the Japanese were in a position to compete for it, or until the Japanese government was ready to finance its own manufactories.

Eventually, without question, the Japanese will build their own locomotives, manufacture their own rolling stock and furnish their own equipment for all railroads under Japanese control. At present they are entirely dependent upon foreign manufacturers for the best railroad material. Their own output is experimental and palpably inferior in quality and workmanship. But, as in the building of steamships and ships of war, the Japanese are capable of adapting for their own use all foreign ideas, devices, and methods. The Japanese are not in themselves inventive, but they are peculiarly skillful in the adaptation of the inventions of other peoples. Their art is Chinese and Korean; their language is a polyglot; their written character is Chinese; their literature is borrowed; their religions are imported; their commercial codes are based on the tricks of all trades; their finance is sustained by an enormous debt to foreign nations; their constitution is modeled on that of Germany and England; their army is an imitation of the German military system; their police are called "gens d'armes"; their philosophy is a rehash of Herbert Spencer; their science was derived from the German school; and the weapons which they used with such deadly effect in their war with Russia are a conglomerate of the best product of all the arsenals, foundries, laboratories, and factories in the world. The Japanese are not inventive; they are assimilative; and in their adaptation of the ideas and methods of other nations to their own uses they are surpassingly adept. In some of the output of their ateliers and factories the Japanese have produced by combination and adjustment better results than were attained by the inventors and makers of the original article. There is no reason, therefore, to dispute the prediction that eventually the Japanese will build and equip their railroads from their own material. It would not surprise those who know the Japanese facility of adaptation to hear at any time that they had vastly "improved" upon the American locomotive or the American railroad system itself by combination of all the best features of all locomotives and every system. In that day Japan will control a monopoly in the gigantic railway business destined to gridiron Asia from the Ganges to the Amur. But in the meantime the American will continue to furnish Japan with the locomotives and rolling stock for her trunk lines and feeders.

Possibilities of the Airship.

At Avignon, in November, 1782, Stephen Montgolfier succeeded in causing a silken bag containing about fifty feet of hot air to rise to the roof of a room. From his moorings on Lake Constance, in Switzerland, on July 1, 1908, Count Zeppelin sailed 400 miles in a "rigid-frame dirigible balloon," remaining aloft twelve hours, attaining an altitude of 2500 feet, averaging a speed of thirty-four miles throughout the flight, and directing the course of his airship with the confident precision that guides an ocean liner from port to port.

Almost coincidentally with the Zeppelin demonstration Henri Farman, in his aeroplane, remained in the air twenty minutes and covered a distance of eleven miles. Thus two diverse principles of aerostatics have been successfully applied simultaneously—the principle with which Montgolfier experimented more than a century ago and the principle described as the "heavier-than-air" problem based on processes similar to those that sustain the largest birds in their flights.

From Montgolfier to Zeppelin and Farman the weary years have been filled with hopes deferred, bitter disappointment, and cruel disaster. Inventors of every degree and capacity have wasted their lives in the effort to solve the problem of the air; millions of money have been expended to accomplish this ultimate conquest over an element that seemed to mock the human intellect by the very simplicity of the means seemingly required to overcome the obvious difficulties interposed by natural law; enthusiasm as blind, unreasoning, and irrepressible as that which animated the search for the elixir of life, the philosophers' stone, and perpetual motion has been concentrated upon this problem of aerial flight. Romance and tragedy are closely inter-

woven with the sordid details of the story, as they are with all human effort to cross the barriers erected by nature, ever jealous of her secrets and stubborn in defense of them.

There is good logic in the supposition that if Count Zeppelin can sail his airship 400 miles he can traverse 4000 miles in the same manner and with equal precision. Therein lies the cogency of the inference that the great problem has been at last definitely solved. And if Henri Farman can sail eleven miles in his aeroplane "heavier than air," it is safe to assume that machines built upon that principle will eventually fill the air as numerous as automobiles now crowd our mundane thoroughfares. The success of Zeppelin and Farman and Baldwin and the Wright brothers and others of lesser fame in this department of inventive and mechanical genius has already stimulated the lagging energy of other experimenters hitherto discouraged by failure, and it has drawn to this field of effort a vast attention that will speedily develop practical remedies for every defect that may arise to interfere with the complete and universal success of the flying machine. Thirty years elapsed between the time when the steam-engine had been applied efficiently by Watt as power for all ordinary mechanical purposes and the date of Fulton's first voyage in a steamboat. The ardent hopes of a long century of discouragement in the present of what seemed a mechanical impossibility are now, apparently, triumphantly realized.

Naturally the first thought of the practical man is, what are we going to do with it? The first answer comes in the announcement that a company has been organized in Berlin with a preliminary capital of \$125,000 to establish a line of passenger airships between that city, London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. Another dispatch, this one from Boston, informs us of the incorporation of "the Aerial Navigation Company, to do a freight and passenger business by express between Boston, New York, and other points." Thus we learn that commerce has already taken cognizance of the airship and is preparing to utilize it in competition with railroads and steamships, trusting, no doubt, to future improvements for safety and economy in this new method of transportation.

But commerce will not monopolize the flying machine. The war lords demand that it shall be used as a weapon of offense and defense in the arbitrament of their quarrels; the nations are already planning fleets (or flocks) of airships with which to protect their coasts or to invade the territories of their neighbors; and the poet-prophet's "vision of the world" seems likely to be fulfilled, in which he

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly hales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a
ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Neither in commerce nor in war, however, will the perfected airship confer immediate supremacy upon any nation or group of organized capitalists. There is no secret in the fundamental application of the principles involved. The tests thus far have been open to the inspection of all concerned. If the Kaiser persists in his published intention of building a squadron of aerial warships, Great Britain will do the same; and no doubt the flying qualities of the one will be, theoretically at least, equal to those of the other. What would happen in the event of a death-grapple in "the central blue" is a matter of speculation. It is the custom of governments to guard the new ideas of their naval constructors very closely, and the same policy would unquestionably be adopted in the construction of their air cruisers and battleships. A constant effort would be made to render the home ships invulnerable to the assault of the enemy and at the same time as destructive as possible in attack, as in the present method of naval construction for war purposes. These improvements will, of course, be state secrets, to be divulged only in the dire emergency of actual combat. As for future improvements in the construction of commercial air-liners, the patent laws and the international treaties will probably provide ample protection for inventors in this direction as at present in other departments of industrial activity.

If the flying-machine is now to be regarded as an accomplished fact, it will not be long before the revenue collectors will be compelled to look up and take notice. The customs authorities of every country are harassed to the verge of chronic nervous prostration as it is by the unremitting industry of smugglers, who regard it as the most venial of crimes to sneak dutiable merchan-

dise from one country to another to avoid payment of the government tax upon foreign goods. The flying-machine will certainly greatly augment the troubles and responsibilities of those who sit in the seat of customs. Every nation will have to maintain a covey of aerial revenue cutters, and the flight of all airships will have to be watched with an official solicitude surpassing the vigilance of the customs inspectors on mail docks and national frontiers. Count Zeppelin's airship demonstrated a lifting and carrying capacity of more than 18,000 pounds aside from the weight of fourteen passengers. A machine built for smuggling would not need to be so ponderous; in truth, the lighter the ship the more likely that it would outtail an ordinary revenue cutter, everything in the matter of speed depending on the power of the engines; and a very small airship could carry a very valuable cargo of contraband. Silks, laces, and opium are compact assignments and the difference of value in the country of production and the country where they may be sold is very great. Add the profit of an evaded duty and it is easy to calculate how many tons of this kind of merchandise would repay the expense of smuggling it and how much would be required to make any ordinary smuggler's dreams of avarice come true.

So it is plain that the airship is not to be an unmixed blessing nor an altogether impeccable contrivance for the moral uplift of humanity. But, as may be said of all other products of human invention, the fault will lie in the abuse of the instrument and not in its use; not in the machine or the idea from which it sprang, but in the purpose of those who thereafter manipulate it.

The Late Senator Allison.

The career of the late Senator Allison of Iowa affords an instructive illustration of the value of industry and of continuous service in public life. Mr. Allison was as far as possible from being a great man in an intellectual sense. He was neither an original thinker, a brilliant speaker, nor an attractive writer. The tone of the man, mentally and otherwise, was moderate verging upon the commonplace. And yet for more than twenty-five years he has been perhaps the most effective man in the legislative life of the country. He came to this position by sheer industry, in combination with advantages which accrued to him through long continued senatorial service.

Mr. Allison's first congressional service was in the House of Representatives, where he served from 1863 until 1871, declining to be again a candidate because he had presented himself as a candidate for the Senate. He was duly elected and took his seat March, 1873, and he was successively reelected five times, six elections in all, involving actual and active senatorial service for thirty-five years and four months. No other man has ever served so long in the Senate; furthermore, Mr. Allison, although in extreme age—he was seventy-nine last March—had just won a preliminary campaign which would have assured him election to a seventh senatorial term if he had lived until the legislative session of next January. At the time of his death, Mr. Allison was not only the oldest senator in point of service, but he was the oldest member of the senatorial body in point of years.

The secret of Mr. Allison's extraordinary prestige in recent years has in truth been no secret at all. Length of service had given him highly effective committee connections, and had established him in relationships in and out of the Senate unequaled by those of any other man in public life. Wherever he wanted coöperation he was able to get it, because he had something to give in return. At one time or another during every congressional session, every member of the Senate, every member of the House of Representatives, every Cabinet officer, and even the President, found himself under the necessity of consulting Senator Allison, and of asking some favor at his hands. This grew out of his relationship to pending legislation through committee connections; and perhaps not less through his unflinching courtesy and his willingness to assist anybody and everybody who sought his help. He took his duties as a senator seriously, regarding himself bound to public service in whatever form it might present itself and without respect to any labor which it might put upon him. First, last, and all the time, he was a worker—a persistent and untiring worker—and there came to him because of this as a worker opportunities of service impossible and undreamed of by those less willing to give themselves pains.

The unwillingness of the average senator to work is one of the serious problems of our legislation. Where one man goes to the Senate like Senator Allison, with

the will and the purpose to work, there are ten—or let us say twenty—who seek to avoid work. They come to the Senate not through the school of legislative experience or inspired by propensity for a legislative career, but for other reasons and through other motives. The average senator wins his election as a sort of reward for achievement in other spheres, and he takes the senatorship as a crown, so to speak, of a personal career. He goes to Washington that he may mingle on pleasant terms with the famous and the great, that his womankind may enjoy the brilliant social life of the capital, or that his name may figure in the rolls of personal distinction. He goes commonly at a time of life when it is not easy to learn new things or to acquire new habits and when one is more inclined to self-indulgence than to strenuousness of life. The average senator therefore drones through his official life, heedless of its opportunities for service, more disposed to push to one side the routine of senatorial duty than to take it up energetically and seriously. Senator Depew of New York, for example, gives himself no pains to attend committee meetings and caucuses. He is ready enough to make a showy speech when occasion offers. But work, hard work, essential in the formulation, reorganization, and promotion of routine measures, is not for him. He will have none of it; others may do it or it may go undone.

Thus it is that men of the working type, men like Allison, Aldrich, and our own Senator Perkins, who make no great pretensions as original or showy statesmen, but who are always ready to meet and carry every task which offers, come unfailingly to relationships of high potentiality and responsibility. One such man, especially after long service has established his personal connections and given him a certain priority of authority, is worth a dozen men of the showy type, men who shine at social festivities and whose resounding rhetoric spreads itself widely over the *Congressional Record*.

Senator Allison was curiously endowed with what we may call the coöperative mind. He had a gift of working with and through others; and he carried the habit of coöperation into his Iowa politics as well as into his strictly senatorial life. Wherever anything was to be accomplished for the interest of Iowa or for an Iowa man he was unfailingly ready and effective. To him it is largely due that Iowa has had so large a part in the legislative and administrative life of the country in recent years. It is only a little while ago that Iowa had two citizens in the President's Cabinet—Secretary Shaw in the Treasury and Secretary Wilson in the Department of Agriculture—while at the same time another citizen of Iowa was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and still another, Mr. Hepburn, the most potent figure on the floor of that body. A man of less wisdom, of less kindness, of greater selfishness, would have sought to kill off his political equals and possible rivals precisely as certain actors of distinction seek by surrounding themselves with inferiors to engross attention. There was none of this vice in Mr. Allison. Man after man among his fellow-citizens of Iowa owed to him recognition, support, with such enlargement of opportunity as a commanding friend and patron may give.

It is significant and most interesting that after nearly fifty years of public service, most of that time in relationships of large financial opportunity, Mr. Allison died relatively a poor man. His whole estate, so it is reported, amounts to less than \$100,000. When it is remembered that now for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Allison has been in possession of practically all the secrets of government, that he has known in advance every great legislative movement calculated to affect values of large classes of property, his relative poverty stands immensely to his personal credit. With him public office was strictly a public trust.

A Seeming Inconsistency

The "woman question," so far at least as some of its English aspects are concerned, is presenting some curious anomalies just now, and these are well represented by some of the news items that find themselves in juxtaposition in the newspapers. Take, for example, the well-meaning but misguided attempts of the London County Council to provide special street-cars for women during the "rush" hours of the day. There is no evidence that these cars were particularly popular with women—a little knowledge of human nature would have shown that they could not be popular, for women dislike nothing so much as female traveling companions—but they were decidedly popular with the so-called sterner sex, who claimed that a public convey-

ance was for the benefit of the public, sex unspecified, and that the only legal qualification to ride in it was the payment of the humble and unassuming penny and the possession of a passably clean face. And now the commissioner of police has decided that the men have right as well as might upon their side, and that they may ride in any street-car they please without fear or favor. And so the women's cars have been abolished and another grievance has been added to a list that stimulates the oratory of the suffragettes and helps to make modern political life hideous. The commissioner of police is evidently an unmarried man or one who has exceptional and reckless courage.

The next item in the same column is along similar general lines, but of a different hue. It explains a system of canvass by caravan now being followed by the suffragettes, who thus vary the tedium of breaking the windows of Cabinet ministers, ringing their doorbells continuously until removed by the police, marching in unpicturesque phalanx upon the houses of Parliament, and breaking up political meetings by the clang of dinner gongs and the screams of hysterical voices. These gentle ladies who can not endure the contact with base man in a street-car are spending the summer in traveling by caravan from place to place addressing meetings, wheedling the farmers, and adding to the hilarity of nations. They sleep *en masse* in the caravan and probably button each other up behind in the early morning and exchange more or less important confidences at night. Propaganda is carried on during the day and doubtless the rural population and its wife are duly impressed. It will not be the fault of these energetic ladies if the right to vote, to be elected to Parliament, to sit upon coroners' juries, and other proud privileges of the kind is much longer denied to them.

At the same time the two items seem inconsistent. The separate street-cars and the political vote with all that it implies—coroners' juries and the like—are well within the right of women to demand, but they can not have them both. They can not at the same time remain superior to men and sink to an equality with men. They can do which they please and at the moment when, for the first time in human history, they reach some common agreement and learn the mysteries of combination. But they can not do them both.

Jack London—Plutocrat.

Others beside Jack London will deplore the "inconceivable and monstrous" cost of the *Snark*. Mr. London assures us that the craft in which he is voyaging in the South Seas preliminary to other voyaging in other seas cost \$30,000. As he is still "somewhere east of Suez," and, as we have it on the authority of Rudyard Kipling that in those latitudes "there aren't no Ten Commandments," we are at liberty to receive Mr. London's statement at any worth we please, or to reject his estimate wholly. It is not the cost of the *Snark* in itself that will be regarded by the socialists and anarchists of Mr. London's intimate acquaintance as "inconceivable and monstrous"; many yachts in which hated plutocrats and despised millionaires sail the seas cost even more than Mr. London tells us he paid for his boat; the inconceivability and monstrosity of the statement is in the circumstance that Jack London, the self-confessed hobo, the avowed and implacable enemy of the rich and prosperous, the wealth-despising, money-flouting, poverty-boasting Jack London, should openly, unashamedly and unblushingly declare that he could afford to pay \$30,000 for something that, owned by John D. Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan, or E. H. Harriman, would confirm Mr. London's fellow anarchists in the opinion that they had been robbed on the highway by those eminent captains of industry and finance.

Mr. London's description of the *Snark* and her fittings and appurtenances is enough to turn the stomach of the hardiest of his ancient comrades in Coxey's army; his proud announcement that among other elegant accessories of the yacht there was a bathroom which was "a beautiful dream of schemes and devices, pumps, and levers, and sea-valves," will certainly procure his immediate and ignominious expulsion from every chapter and conclave of the Order of the Sons of Rest. A bathroom! A place where Jack London could enjoy the "beautiful dream" of making himself clean! What self-respecting tramp could forgive such sybaritic luxury in one who had written volumes in praise of the never washed? To be sure, Mr. London says nothing of soap as an adjunct of his palatial bathroom; but soap is always an inference when bathrooms are mentioned, and the damnable suspicion that the

was soap in the bathroom of the *Suark* persists in spite of all that Mr. London has written or spoken in derogation of those who bathe frequently and use soap as a necessary complement of that sacred rite.

The former friends and intimates of Jack London might condone the offense of temporary possession of money, but they will never stand for the ostentation of its use and the shameless parade of the wealth. London himself has never denounced the rich for their riches; his grievance has always been that the possessors of great wealth, instead of giving it to the poor, spent it upon their own comfort and luxury—squandering it on yachts and superfluously fixtured bathrooms. He has always contended that the selfishness of the rich was the gravamen of the poor man's indictment against them. As a Socialist, Jack London has preached that the first use of wealth is to enrich the poor and to reduce the hours of necessary labor to a negligible minimum. As an anarchist, he has advocated the abolition of wealth. In return for the promulgation of these doctrines he has received enough money to fit out a yacht, including a bathroom which he says was a beautiful dream of schemes and devices, pumps and levers and sea-valves, for which he paid \$30,000, a cost which he tells us was "inconceivable and monstrous." Now Mr. London is making more capital out of the shame of his treason. He has "syndicated" his base treachery to the Order of the Sons of Rest, and he is trafficking in plutocratic doctrines and ideas. He acquired his wealth by denouncing the rich and he is acquiring more wealth by denouncing those to whom he has been compelled to pay his original wealth in compensation for a pleasure yacht fitted with a bathroom that was "a beautiful dream." If there is anything that Jack London hates more than he hates a plutocrat, it is a creditor with a bill against Jack London.

In a phrase with which Jack London is quite familiar it would seem that this eminent anarchist and pseudo-socialist has given his old companions and former admirers the "double cross."

Gratifying.

Now that the election is over, possibly Mr. Francis J. Heney, recently chief bugle blower for the Pardee-Spreckels-Phelan reform combination, may find time to attend to some little part of the business he has undertaken and which has been suffering from delay, to the vast cost of the taxpayers of San Francisco. It is pleasant to know that while Mr. Heney has been traveling about the country in the Lincoln-Roosevelt cause neither Burns (at seven hundred and fifty-odd per month) nor his many assistants (likewise liberally paid) have been suffering. They have been duly marking time and their salaries have gone on—at the cost of the people whom they so dearly love and whom they are so dearly serving.

Sir Thomas Lipton's new racing yacht *Shamrock* has been successfully launched and is now being fitted out in the Solent for the season's competitions. She is longer than last year's champion, *White Heather*, and is a good deal fuller in the midship section class. More striking still, however, is the manner in which the lines of the yacht are stretched out. Instead of the comparatively short rounded ends of *White Heather*—a development which was probably caused by the operation of the new rule of rating—*Shamrock* is drawn out in long graceful overhangs. The modeling of the counter is particularly handsome. The beam is carried aft well into the counter, and, as this is balanced with good and fairly full shoulders, it is apparent that this vessel will have at least one of the elements which helped *Reliance* to success—i. e., a long sailing side when hard driven, although it goes practically untaxed in the measurement. The freeboard looks more than was expected, but the unfamiliar appearance of the green top sides with the white boot-top under may make this something of an optical delusion. At all events, there is no bulwark to increase the height of topside, the only foothold for the crew being a light rail set well in on the deck. From the outward appearance, the yacht is in all respects a racer of the thoroughbred type, and should give a good account of herself when pitted against the other vessels in the big class.

Some years ago the Maine legislature changed an "or" to an "and" in the prohibitory law and made it mandatory upon judges to send rum-sellers to jail as well as fine them. Chief Justice Peters declared in an interview that he should use his own discretion in spite of the law, and he called Neal Dow "a hypocritical old grandmother." The rest of the judges did as they liked about construing the new law, and it was changed back by the next legislature.

The Duchess of Abercorn is conducting a model creamery. She sells cream to the London hotels and to several of the ocean liners.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says that there is a widespread apprehension of a coming struggle between capital and labor and that Mr. Van Cleave's utterances are deplored as tending to that end. It will be remembered that Mr. Van Cleave, stirred by Democratic surrender to Mr. Gompers, expressed himself in vigorous and ironclad language, calling upon voters all over the country to "take the hide off Bryan" for his curseys and genuflections to the labor leader. Mr. Van Cleave spoke, it may be hoped, in a Pickwickian and political sense, but his fearless denunciation contrasts favorably with the timidity of those who have not yet learned the difficulties of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. Mr. Van Cleave is not alone in holding that a conflict is inevitable and that it may be a mark of good generalship to recognize it and to hasten it. That Mr. Van Cleave's pronouncement should follow so closely upon what the *Ledger* very properly calls "the pledge of fealty" made by Mr. Gompers to Mr. Bryan is "considered most unfortunate." It would be interesting to know by whom it is so considered. Certainly not by far-seeing politicians, who know that nothing but disadvantage comes from postponement and from conciliatory diplomacies that deceive no one and ameliorate nothing. The *Ledger* continues:

If Van Cleave and Gompers can be discredited in their own camps, at least politically, their power for future harm will be gone. The relations and the differences of capital and labor will be removed from the theatre of politics.

The idea that labor can be "removed from the theatre of politics" by any power whatsoever directed against two individuals should be patented.

The New York *Times* has made an effort to discover the extent to which Mr. Gompers will be obeyed by members of labor unions. Fifteen delegates of the Central Federated Union were interrogated, and although the results are of course in no way conclusive, they are at least interesting and indicative. Only one of the fifteen declared himself for Taft; five said they would vote for Bryan, one of them declaring himself to be a Republican but bound by his allegiance to Gompers; five announced that their support would be given to Debs and the Socialist ticket; two were for the Independence party, while two were not yet prepared to state what they would do.

This does not exactly look as though Gompers's influence were supreme, but that so many are prepared to support either Debs or Hearst is suggestive and disquieting. The number questioned is altogether too small to be used as a basis for argument, but it is at least one of the straws useful in political meteorology.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* publishes a remarkable article which is not inappropriately headed "Radicalism Triumphant." Its object is to show that there is no conservative presidential candidate now before the country and that conservatism as a principle in politics is now unrepresented in the national election. But let the Brooklyn *Eagle* speak for itself:

There are seven candidates for the presidency in the field; Debs, Socialist; Watson, Populist; Chafin, Prohibitionist; Preston, Social Labor; Hisgen, Independence Party; Bryan, Democrat; Taft, Republican.

Not one of them is a conservative. In fact, the conservatives in this country are much in the same position that Daniel Webster was when the Whig party took the stand which, in his judgment, foreshadowed the death of that party. Then he said there was nothing for him to do but to take to the woods.

There is no candidate representing the conservative view of economic, social, political, or administrative government for whom a conservative may vote with satisfaction. Let us analyze: Debs is a Socialist with anarchical adornments. Watson is a radical individualist decrying anarchy. Chafin advocates the destruction of personal liberty by law, and would make people good by enactment. Preston, languishing in jail under conviction of murder, presents the elevation of the proletariat to supreme power. Hisgen would seize all utilities for ownership by government. Bryan, with Socialistic trimmings, would destroy the last resort of safety, the power of the courts. Taft has planted himself unequivocally on the platform of the Roosevelt policies, denounced by conservatives as wholly radical, though he does temper corporation assassination with obedience to the legal power of the courts. All radicals.

There is no choice between conservatism and radicalism. As it is wholly a question of degrees in radicalism, the choice must be one of degrees. On the top rung of the radical ladder stands Debs. On the bottom rung stands Taft. The most extreme of these is Debs. The least of these is Taft. The privilege of the voter is to choose the degree he favors. To the conservatives it is a choice of evils.

These are conclusions from which there is no escape. Whether the *Eagle* or any conservative likes the situation or not, will not count. It is not the point. It is either one of these degrees or the woods of Daniel Webster.

The final conclusion is that before the voters are lined up in front of the ballot-boxes of the nation, the battle between radicalism and conservatism has been fought out, and radicalism has triumphed. No matter who wins, a radical wins. So for the next four years in the nation, radicalism, in the degree chosen, will dominate.

So that the coming election is "wholly a question of degrees in radicalism," and it would be hard to find fault with such a judgment. Then, too, political labels are largely a matter of diplomacy and convenience. Mr. Bryan would not like to be called a Socialist, but his dislike would be a matter of sentiment and expediency rather than of fact. Mr. Hisgen would deny being a Socialist not because he disapproves of Socialism, but because such a label would "hurt business." Mr. Bryan advocates the state ownership of railways, Mr. Hisgen favors the state ownership of all utilities, Mr. Debs and Mr. Preston argue for the state ownership of everything, although the views of Mr. Preston are not easily ascertainable, as that gentleman happens to be in prison on a conviction for murder. Once more, then, it is a question of degree and not of kind. Socialism does not lend itself to accurate definitions, but if public ownership of railways does not come under that definition, what does? It is very certain that Mr. Bryan's declaration in Madison Square on his return from his walks abroad was hailed with satisfaction by Socialists as a distinct step in their direction. Mr. Bryan's divergence from the broad Socialist path is therefore one of quantity and not of

direction. The same may be said of Mr. Hisgen, whose Socialism is more robust. But why not call it Socialism?

There is no love lost between Mr. Watson and Mr. Hearst, if we may judge from the frank criticism of Mr. Hearst that has been published by Mr. Watson:

In my judgment a political party owned and controlled by one man, no matter how rich and good and great, can never amount to much in American politics. The so-called "Independence Party" is a copyrighted affair, financed and steered by Mr. Hearst. Its so-called leaders are his editors and employees. Almost without exception those who are prominent in the movement are upon the Hearst pay-roll.

In a country like ours, where the sense of individual freedom is so strong, the people will never consent to compromise their own liberty of action by becoming members of a personally conducted and privately owned political organization.

Mr. Watson is quite willing to descend into the domain of details. The Democratic party, says Mr. Watson, changes its creed every four years, but the Independence party starts afresh every six months. But on the subject of the injunction Mr. Watson speaks the words of truth and soberness:

The labor plank, in so far as it demands that no injunction should be issued until after trial upon the merits, that such trial should be had before a jury and that in no case of alleged contempt should any person be deprived of liberty without a trial by jury, is revolutionary. English jurisprudence has always recognized the inherent right of a court to protect itself and to maintain its dignity by punishing for contempt those who in its presence or within its jurisdiction defy its authority. To say that the courts should be deprived of this inherent and necessary power is preposterous.

To say that no injunction shall issue until after a trial upon the merits of the case is too ludicrous for serious consideration. Were that the law no man could protect himself from those who mean to do him irreparable injury. As a lawyer as well as a candidate, I take the position that wherever a *prima facie* case is made before the judge by allegations in the bill, supported by affidavits that an irreparable injury is about to be committed upon the petitioner, a restraining order should issue to maintain the *status quo* until both sides can be heard.

Who would have expected such political wisdom from a Populist?

President Roosevelt's denunciation of the circuit court for its reversal of Judge Landis in the matter of Standard Oil has excited a very widespread feeling of disapproval. Its expressions come from all parts of the country and from many shades of political opinion. The Rochester *Post Express* says that the President is "the only executive who has ventured upon interference with the courts," and that "his latest offense is a very flagrant one." The Florida *Times Union* draws a comparison between Jefferson and Roosevelt and says "we are not to forget that a corporation is not responsible for the crimes of its officers, nor that President Roosevelt is responsible for the change from imprisonment to a fine." The Philadelphia *Ledger* points out that "as the case now stands a certain proportion of the public will, unfortunately, distrust the courts." The Washington *Post* fears that some of our judges are dangerously close to the "Undesirable Citizens' Association." *Harper's Weekly* asks, "Would anybody but Roosevelt who had the power to order the trial have coupled with his order the declaration that the defendants were guilty and would have been punished had they been less strong?" The Providence *Journal* thinks that Mr. Roosevelt "is nearly two centuries too late for the rôle of benevolent despot." The Dubuque *Daily News* reminds the President of what he said in 1896—"Savages do not like an independent and upright judiciary. They want the judge to decide their way, and if he does not they want to behead him." The New York *Commercial* points out that "no monarch . . . has pretended to have the right to punish except after due trial under all forms of law." The St. Louis *Republic* compares the President's action with that of a Missouri editor who was recently punished for contempt of court, adding that "his offense was in no respect different from that of President Roosevelt in the extraordinary attack on the United States circuit court of appeals," while the Albany *Argus* becomes positively plaintive. The *Argus* asks:

If you were the editor of an administrative organ, owned by a Roosevelt Federal officeholder, and

If you had predicted that Mr. Bryan would break loose with some incendiary remarks concerning the Standard Oil case reversal by the circuit court of appeals, and "will undoubtedly make use of the decision of the higher court overruling Judge Landis, to arouse prejudice and passion, and from now on this decision will be treated from a political point of view all over the country, although the decision itself has no bearing whatsoever upon any phase of political life";

If before Mr. Bryan had said a word, there came from Oyster Bay (not Lincoln) a peculiarly long and loud and strenuous ear-splitting blast, and

If you had intimated that any such utterance calculated to play politics, and to bring a court decision into politics, would be a most unseemly and untoward happening;

We put it to you, we ask you in all candor, if this had happened to you, and if your Federal position necessitated you to look upon Mr. Roosevelt as almost a divinely inspired source of all wisdom, light and guidance—

Wouldn't it jar you?

Perhaps it would.

The Prohibition candidate for President has devised a novel scheme for raising a campaign fund; everybody who attends a Prohibition rally will be charged 25 cents for the privilege of listening to the speakers. This may prove a profitable plan in some parts of the country, but in New England it has been found extremely difficult to secure a large attendance at Prohibition rallies where no entrance fee was demanded. Perhaps Mr. Chafin argues that the public will better appreciate what it is required to pay for, but even so it is hard to believe that the cold-water barrel will benefit largely from this latest proposition.

About twice the height of the Washington monument and seventy-four feet higher than the Eiffel Tower will be the altitude of the ball on the flagpole of a proposed new insurance building in New York—the building itself to be 909 feet, or more than four times the height of Bunker Hill monument.

THE FESTIVAL OF "ST. GROUSE."

English Sportsmen Prepare to Do Honor to an Old-Established Festival.

By the time that these lines reach San Francisco, August 12 will be at hand, and when the sun rises on that morning here, the Festival of "St. Grouse" will be ushered in with much booming of guns, and before twilight fades and puts a period to the sport, many and many a thousand rounds of cartridges will have been expended.

To be precise, "The Twelfth" is one of the great time marks in the lives of the leisured classes of this country and their guests. Ever since the Christmas holidays came to a close in the old country houses, folks have been flocking to London for "the season," and the past season has been the gayest that London has ever seen. The houses of Parliament have been in constant session ever since February, and this necessitated the presence in town of the peeresses and the ladies of the families of the members of the House of Commons. The court, too, has been *en residence* the while at Buckingham Palace, and King Edward and his consort have revived much of the attractive ceremonial and state pageantry that was in vogue before the widowhood of the late Queen Victoria.

To those in London society the months from February to the end of July are arduous and trying; and it is a case of going, and keeping going, almost day and night, if one is to keep pace with one's engagements. Besides one's private entertainments, there are many public functions, such as "The Derby," Ascot, Henley, the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lords, and a hundred and one other fashionable events, at which one must be seen if one wishes to be considered anybody.

Towards the end of July the whirl begins to slacken; hostesses have lunched and dined and given their garden parties almost *en surfeit*; and the fervid rays of the July sun begin to warn the legislators of the nation that it is time to cease from their labors for a season and seek relaxation.

Hence the popular "Feast of St. Grouse," to the coming of which all eyes are now turned.

Nature has provided on the upland moorlands of the north of England and Wales, but more especially on the highland moors of Scotland, the heather—a plant that seems to have been designed solely for the purpose of providing food and cover for the little brown bird, the grouse. And the laws of England, long years ago, elevated the grouse into the list of "game" birds, and decreed, under heavy penalties, that, under no circumstances, should gun be leveled at him until the sun rose on the morning of August 12 in each year.

Now, after the trials and bustle of the London season, it is essential that those who took part therein should seek, if not rest, at least a change from the smoke of the town to the pure and bracing air of the countryside. In the pre-railway days, in the days of the regency, when old King George III had sunk into a dotage and the prerogative of the crown was vested in the person of his son the prince regent, afterwards George IV, Brighton-by-the-Sea, Bath, the old inland "cure" station of the Romans, and Leamington Spa in Shakespeare's country, were the chief centres of this relaxation (not to forget Tunbridge Wells) by the pure accident of the fact that the Romans had made military roads to these places, and they were fairly accessible. Then when roads and railways began to spread all over the land, bringing the grouse moors within easy reach of London, grouse shooting became a fashionable sport, and, hey presto, the "Feast of St. Grouse" a firmly established festival in the realm of society and wealth.

It is a remarkable sight to be present at when the height of the exodus to the north is reached at one of the great London termini, say Euston, the terminus of the London and Northwestern Railway. The movement north begins to be heavy about the third week in July. The day trains, eke with the night trains, are crowded with prospective grouse shooters, their families, their servants, their gamekeepers, and often their dogs—pointers and setters. Tons upon tons of personal "luggage" are rushed to the station and have to be handled in right smart time by the perspiring and lust-begrimed porters; whilst from the vast number of gun cases *en evidence*—often three or four, or even more, the property of one individual—the uninitiated might be pardoned for fancying that the brave defenders of the country were on their way to repel an invader somewhere on the north or west coast.

But this is really only the beginning. Take the last few days. There be those, and always will be those, who leave all to the last moment; there are also others whom affairs of state or vast business interests have detained in town much against their wills. The crowd's beyond comprehension; the railway men, however, are equal to the occasion. The 10 a. m. train for Perth, or instance, right in the heart of the grouse country, is filled and sent on its way; then a second, a third, a fourth, and a fifth if required, is backed up to the platform, filled and sent off at intervals of a quarter of an hour, until all the vast assemblage has melted, as it were, into the summer atmosphere.

Next morning the daily papers will gravely state that "London is empty"; but, to the mere man in the street, here does not appear to be any appreciable diminution in the ordinary traffic. Go, however, to Mayfair, or visit Belgrave, where are the town seats of the high and mighty, and one will soon find that this is literally true of the West End of the town. Doors that erstwhile yawned a hearty welcome and promised hos-

pitable treatment inside are now fast shut and barred; windows are closed in with heavy blinds, and an odd peep into interiors here and there reveals the fact that the furniture fittings are all swathed up in winding sheets of canvas to sleep the sleep of oblivion until society shall return to its own again next February, when the king and queen go forth in state to reopen the business of the country at the houses of Parliament. LONDON, July 30, 1908. PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

An Old Miniature.

"You showed me, Roh, the other day,
A miniature so full of grace
That it hath stol'n my heart away—
I long again to see that face.

"Find it for me before I go;
The eyes had caught the heavenly hue;
The proud lips give you Cupid's how;
The brow was steadfast, strong, and true.

"A regal robe she seemed to wear,
In newest fashion of our day;
And on her neck, so nobly fair,
Splendid old-fashioned laces lay."

"I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?
(Her eye is blue as china-ware);
Or this? (Her face is like the sun.)
Stay! Here's the likeness, I dare swear."

"No; none of those, Rob; none of those.
That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;
I know her well—and little Rose;
Good creatures, though they're rather vain.

"'Twas none of these did steal my heart;
For them I never breathed a sigh;
Or, sleeping, wakened with a start
From thrilling dreams that they were nigh.

"Oh, seek once more the portrait rare;
In yonder cabinet it lay;
Then breathe my lady's name and where
Her knight may follow her today."

"Your fond impatience urges me
To seek the fair enchantress's face—
Yet here lies all my gallery;
Not one is absent from its place;

"Or only one an artist friend
Begged as a loan from me last night;
It lies apart, half-packed to send—
Glance at it ere we lose the light.

"What! That is she? O strange, weird fate!
My boy, your stricken heart lies low
Before the lovely Countess Kate,
Who died a hundred years ago!"—Anon.

"Portrait of a Lady, 17—"

Catalogue.

He has come, do you say? only waits to begin?
Quick, Betty, the patches, no minute's delay!
Now, a small one just here, at the side of the chin,
That may draw people's eye to the dimple at play.
Oh, Betty, this ruffe—'tis drooping awry!
And, Betty, my hair—is it piled up too high?
What think you? the rose, and a string of the pearls
Just carelessly twining about in the curls?—
And, Betty—you think I am looking my best?
You are sure you have done all your utmost endeavor?
That I lack nothing more to be modishly dressed?
As you see me today folk will see me forever.

Who knocks? what, my lord? (how the gloves get mislaid!)
Go say that I'll wait on him, girl, in a minute.
Did I well to make choice of the rosebud brocade?
(See this ruffe again—I protest you must pin it!)
For you know 'twas a rose-patterned sacque that I wore
With the necklace of pearls at the duchess's rout,
With the shoes that stood five inches high from the floor,
When I danced a gavotte, and my lord led me out?
And then, you remember, I wore it again
To that syllabub party at Strawberry Hill,
When he willed me away down a rose-trellised lane,
To the groto that stood by the side of a rill
With a nymph and an urn—I can see the place still.
And the rose—it was just such another as this!
That I stuck in my hair, and he snatched with a kiss.
He'd a peach-colored coat, and a sword-knot of gold,
And his hair was unpowdered, all curling and yellow—
And I thought—I was foolish and not very old—
That I never had met with a prettier fellow.

Do you think he has wit enough left to discover
That I'm looking today as I looked when we met?
He's a husband, alas! and no longer a lover,
But still—he is vastly content with me yet!
And, Betty, perchance when we both have grown old,
When his hair is no longer all yellow with gold,
He will look at the picture and sigh, and remember
How delightful was June till it turned to December—
Will remember, though dimple and blush could not last,
And the time of brocades and holero is past,
Though the shoes are danced through and the roses are dead,
That I was a beauty when first we were wed.

To think 'twill all vanish—alas! and alas!
I am ready, you say?—one more look in the glass,
And, quick, Betty, find me my big yellow fan,
And let me descend—I have lingered too long—
My lord will lose patience, I'm sadly afraid,
And fidget, and fume, and begin to upbraid,
And to chide me—'tis ever the way with a man!
And the painter will chafe, and the picture go wrong—
My gloves!—but no matter—there's one of them missing—
Throw open the door—Why, he's waiting, I vow.
My lord, at your service! Nay, fie on such kissing!
By and bye, if you will—'tis no time for it now!
—May Probyn.

Congressman Eugene W. Leake of Jersey City, the young Democratic representative of the Ninth New Jersey District, has repudiated the nomination of Mr. Bryan and declared for Taft. He said: "The developments of the last few months in the life of the Democratic party have changed that organization from an aggregation of men held together by a belief in certain fundamental principles of government to an organization composed of enthusiastic personal followers of William Jennings Bryan. Subsidiary to Bryanism is now the test of Democracy."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Alone among all the royal heads of Europe, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria makes no use of automobiles.

Mr. John Bigelow, the American Minister to France in 1861-1867, who is nearly ninety years old, is in Paris on his annual visit.

John W. Gates is about to carry out some ambitious plans at Port Arthur, Texas, on Sabine Lake, near the Gulf of Mexico, where he has projected golf links to cost \$965,000.

Queen Alexandra is a great lover of music and a brilliant pianist. During the present season of grand opera at Covent Garden the queen has attended twenty performances, witnessing the presentation of "Die Meistersinger" twice.

"General" Jacob S. Coxey, who led his army of the unemployed to Washington fourteen years ago, appeared in Chicago to join the Independence League party. He is described as "a short, sunburned man, who squints through strong glasses."

Lord Desborough, the chairman of the committee which organized the Olympic games, is a representative sportsman, with enviable records as a runner, swimmer, and oarsman. One of his exploits was swimming the Niagara River above the falls. He has also been a mountain-climber in the Alps.

Professor Paul Radon, ethnologist of Columbia University, New York, who has been among the Indians on Winnebago Reservation, near Sioux City, Iowa, since April collecting Indian stories and recording Indian songs on a graphophone, has finished his work and returned to New York. He made 105 song records.

Ernesto Nathan, the syndic of Rome, recently had erected at his own expense a marble shaft in the Potter's Field of the Roman cemetery. The inscription states that the city, mindful of its own obligation to the industry of the lowly, remembers those whose toil being over have fallen into nameless graves.

The University of Strasbourg announces that Prince August-Wilhelm, the fourth son of Emperor William, has passed his examination for the degree of doctor in the science of government with the indorsement "very good" on his papers, and that the title of doctor has been conferred on him. This is the first time that a Hohenzollern has taken the degree of doctor.

Mrs. Wyllia Hulett of Beardstown, Illinois, has obtained a license for piloting steamers on the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. The license was issued by the United States inspector after Mrs. Hulett had taken an examination. Her husband, George Hulett, who is a steamboat engineer, made application for a pilot's license, but he failed to pass on account of color blindness.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, who was the first woman to gain the degree of doctor of mathematics in France, has lately utilized the balloon in her astronomical work. She has a special building of her own in the great observatory garden of Paris. One of her duties is to photograph the stars of the heavens known as the Paris belt, and it is for this purpose that she takes aerial flights.

Miss Sarah C. Murray of Newton, Massachusetts, carried off high honors this year at Munich. She secured the Ph. D. degree and her name was placed on the honor roll of the university. Miss Murray is a Radcliffe college graduate. For the last four years she has been studying at Munich, making a specialty of classical philology and archaeology. She has just passed her twenty-third birthday, and intends to become a teacher.

The veteran composer, Carl Reinecke, who celebrated the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birth recently, is specially well known by his modest and charming music for young people. A musician of fine training and much natural gift, he has spent his life among great men without seeking to emulate them. He appeared as a pianist sixty-five years ago, and from 1860 to 1895 he was conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. He was a friend of Mendelssohn and of Schumann.

Mr. Mort Payne, veteran of the Shinnecock golf course, is in charge of the work on the National Golf Links of America, at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. Fifty of America's millionaire golf cranks have contributed \$1000 each for the construction of this standard course, which will have all the important characteristics of the famous golf links of Great Britain. The National Golf Links is practically a straightaway course, about 1000 yards wide, the return course paralleling the first eight links back to the 16 tee of the Shinnecock Hills course.

Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett eighteen years ago achieved the honor of senior wrangler at Cambridge University; in fact, she surpassed the highest honor man—and yet she could receive no recognition of her achievement because she was a woman. She is the only child of the blind postmaster-general of Great Britain, Henry Fawcett, and his wife, Millicent Garrett Fawcett, one of the most notable women in England. Since that time no woman has approached her distinction until this year Miss Marjorie Long is fourth wrangler in the mathematical tripos.

FROM STONE-CUTTER TO SENATOR.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXVI.

The tragic end of the squatter riots put an end to the squatter movement in Sacrosanto. The leaders lay in their noisome quarters aboard the prison brig, awaiting the tardy action of the law; the rank and file fled from the lands they had illegally seized. The legislators who had temporized with the squatters when they were strong, condemned them strenuously now that they were weak. And soon the squatter riots were half forgotten, and the citizens of the little city were in a fever over the senatorial fight.

So with the legislators. As the partisans of both Burke and Wyley belonged to the Law-and-Order faction in the Bay City, both claimed the credit of having given "moral support" to the Law-and-Order element in Sacrosanto. But both factions realized that there were more important matters on foot than the death of a few men in a dispute over land. Hence the legislators speedily gave their undivided attention to the interests of live men rather than the wrongs of dead ones.

It was the high privilege of the "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks" to elect two senators—one for four years to succeed Senator Milton, and one for six years to succeed Senator Wyley.

The name of Senator Wyley naturally led the list of candidates. He already occupied a seat in the Senate. He had been the first man to be elected from the new State to a seat in the historic chamber. The Federal patronage made him apparently invincible. Naturally the President harkened to the voice of Wyley, for although he was a new senator from a new State he was a scion of an old family from an old State—Virginia, Mother of Presidents. Thus the Virginian became practically the dictator of the Democratic party. And as his was the dominant party of the State, he became politically the dictator of the State.

During the first half of his senatorial term Wyley found himself supreme—he was without opposition or rivalry. But as the end of his term drew near, he saw that his position was menaced by the machinations of Burke, the leader of the Northern Democrats. Wyley had gradually come to believe that Burke was an antagonist to be feared. His Tammany experience as a ward leader in New York had given Burke a profound knowledge of "practical politics." Furthermore, he was a born leader of men.

So far, Burke had made his campaign purely one of patronage. He relied largely on the general greed for Federal offices. To many of his devoted followers he had solemnly promised Federal positions. In his promises they reposed implicit faith. But he had gone too far, for in more than one case he had promised the same office to more than one man.

But his promises of place became so numerous that Burke at last grew alarmed. What would he do if Wyley were elected and became his colleague? Wyley would naturally claim much of the Federal patronage, yet Burke was sure that he himself would need it all.

Reflecting deeply on these matters, he determined to ask the advice of Fox. That long-headed jurist he had always found a wise counselor. In his imperious way he sent for Fox, who hastened to seek the dictator at his hotel.

"Judge," began Burke abruptly, "I have been thinking over this Federal patronage business. I have got old Wyley badly scared already. He sees that I am mighty close to controlling the legislature. He knows that I forced a two-year vacancy in the Senate at the last session. Even if I could do no more, he knows I could do that again. And by this time he feels in his bones that I can force my election for the long term first, next defeat him for the short term, and then elect any man I choose. Is that not true?"

"I think, senator, that all you say is within the bounds of probability."

"Admitting, then, that I've got Wyley licked, why shouldn't I have him for a colleague?"

Fox stared at him.

"Oh, I'm not going crazy," Burke went on irritably, "I know what I'm talking about. If I throw my strength for Milton or for Keller, I shall have to help settle their old political debts. Now suppose I make a bargain with Wyley; suppose I agree to withdraw my opposition to his election; suppose he agrees to hand out no Federal patronage during his term."

"You had better have the agreement in writing," said Fox, meaningly.

"You're right—we'll put it in writing. It's always better with those F. F. V.'s," sneered Burke. "But wouldn't such a deal with Wyley be better than endless wrangling with a greedy colleague who wanted all the Federal pap?"

Fox reflected a moment. "It would seem so," he said at last. "But do you think Wyley will accept?"

"I think he will. He hasn't the ghost of a chance otherwise. He would rather be senator without any patronage than not be senator at all."

"True," said Fox, musingly, "very true. But how about your bargain with Keller?"

"Oh, I'll have to rely on you to fix that. You will have to stand Keller off."

"You have had an agreement with Keller that each should get all the votes he could from the other candidates, but should leave each other's delegates alone. Still, you also agreed to make no alliance with any

other candidate. If you strike hands now with Wyley, how will you fix that up with the Keller crowd?"

"Easiest thing in the world; you go ahead and promise Keller that if his men support me in the first election, my men will support him in the second."

"And then throw him over for Wyley when the second election comes," remarked Fox calmly. "I see."

"That's it," growled Burke. "After the first ballot is polled Keller will never know what hit him."

"Senator, if I arrange this deal now with the Keller men, I shall have to tell them after the election that you threw me over too. There is absolutely no other way out of it. It would seem insane for me either to make or to go back on such an arrangement without your authority, for I would have nothing to gain by it. Even if I had, the Keller crowd would know that I could not control your delegates."

"That's all right. I don't want to put the responsibility on any other man. It will mean Keller knives out for me after the election, but I don't care if I get to the Senate. Besides, this term is a long one—six years. Some of us will be dead before six years have passed."

"Yes, senator, many a man among us will be laid away long before that. Hum—let me see—there is also some sort of an—er—understanding between you and Milton, is there not?"

"Merely a tentative one. We'll kill off Milton by publishing that story about his placing a government revenue cutter at the disposal of the former Vigilante Committee when he was collector of the port."

"Very good—that will fix him," agreed Fox with an approving smile.

"When that story gets out, Milton will have no following, and therefore have no votes to swap. Now, what I want you to do, Fox, is to fix up these matters. Both the Wyley and Keller deals require a master hand, and you are the man for them. I think you had better begin by seeing old Wyley. Don't let your visit get out."

"Trust me for that. I'll see him as soon as I can do so without being observed, and shall return here and report the result immediately."

After Fox had gone, Burke sat wrapped in meditation over the projects they had just discussed.

Concerning his understanding with Keller, Burke reflected long. He had a hard and fast compact with Keller which had lasted ever since the fight began. By this each agreed not to attempt to seduce delegates from the other's camp. It was neither an offensive nor a defensive alliance, but rather a *modus vivendi*. It had been further agreed between Burke and Keller that neither should make an alliance with any other candidate.

Only two days before, however, Burke had conferred personally with Keller, and proposed to him that their alliance should be made an offensive one. Burke suggested that they secretly join forces, and then the two of them could "kill off Wyley." The two allies then entered into this covenant: each was to prey upon the Wyley forces; Keller was to preserve his apparent independence during the first election, but was to herd Wyley men into the Burke camp, in consideration of offices to be given them; and when the second election came on Burke would throw votes to Keller, and thus insure his election. Again clasping hands firmly, the two new allies parted, and made haste to carry out their pledges—Burke by sending Fox to Wyley with a proposed alliance which would "do up Keller," and Keller by striking hands with Milton to "do up Burke."

His alliance with Keller, his message to Wyley—these things did not so completely absorb Burke as to cause him to forget Milton. He sent for his trusty follower, Billy Williams, and bade him hasten forth and wreck the Milton boom by setting afloat the story already discussed between him and Fox. This was that during the Vigilante troubles a year or so before, Milton, then collector of the port, had loaned the Vigilantes a revenue cutter on which to hide certain prisoners whom they were waiting to deport on steamers sailing for the south.

When these little matters were attended to Burke sat back in his chair with the comfortable thought that matters were now running smoothly for him in these two opposing political camps. There remained only to hear from Wyley. By this time it was long past midnight, yet Fox had not returned. But even while he was wondering at the delay, there was a rap at his door and Fox entered.

"I have him out here in a bedroom," said Fox briefly.

"Who?" inquired Burke.

"The senator. I brought him in through the alley and by the back door of the hotel. Nobody has seen him. Are you ready for your interview?"

"Quite ready. If the interview is only to be nominally private—that is, between Wyley and myself alone—you can get in this back room here, Fox, by going around the corner of the hall after you have said good-night."

For a moment Fox seemed disconcerted; then, with a somewhat forced laugh, he replied:

"Oh, I think perhaps you two gentlemen had better be allowed to settle the affair really—that is, entirely—in private. So I will bid you good-night, senator, and will see you early in the morning."

As he walked down the passage-way toward the stairs, Fox said to himself: "What incredible duplicity! I wonder whether the fellow will keep faith with me about that Federal judgeship? I am beginning to doubt it. Fortunately, I have the influence of the two

congressmen promised, and I may secure it without him."

Burke, meanwhile, was wondering whether Fox really intended to conceal himself in the back room or not, leaving him as well as Wyley in ignorance that they had an eavesdropper. "He is quite capable of it, the two-faced Pharisee!" he muttered.

While he was thus musing over his departed friend, a knock sounded, and as the door opened there appeared the imposing presence of Burke's rival, the Hon. William Wyley, senator of the United States. The talk which followed was not over-cordial, but it was at least polite. There was a certain brutality about Burke's way of stating things that jarred on the stately courtesy of the Virginian, but he was obliged to accept the position. At last, as a result of their deliberations, it was agreed by Burke that at a stipulated time he would throw votes enough to Wyley to insure the Virginian's election for the short term; correspondingly it was agreed by Wyley that he would when elected refrain absolutely from any attempt to control the Federal patronage, but would leave it all to Burke.

When these verbal arrangements had been duly concluded, Burke requested Wyley to put his promise into written form. This the Virginian was extremely loath to do. But Burke was firm—he insisted that the promise be reduced to writing, or that he would break off all negotiations. Reluctantly, therefore, Wyley yielded, and seating himself at the little table, wrote and signed this document:

"HON. DANIEL BURKE:

"Dear Sir—I am likely to be the victim of the unparalleled treachery of those who have been placed in power by me. The Federal patronage is in the hands of those who should be my supporters, yet it is being used for my destruction. My distribution of this patronage has been the source of numberless slanders upon me. If I am elected, I will not while in the Senate recommend a single individual for office in this State; you shall have the exclusive control of this patronage, so far as I am concerned; and in its distribution I only ask that it may be used with magnanimity, and not for the advantage of those who have been our mutual enemies. As I have been betrayed by those who should have been my friends, I am in a measure powerless myself, and depend upon your magnanimity.

Very respectfully yours,

"WILLIAM WYLEY."

This document was written by the senator's own hand. Perhaps he may have had some dim presentiment that it was destined to be a fateful document, for he copied it, and left the signed draft on Burke's table. It was far advanced in the night when he parted from his quondam rival and present ally, and he left the hotel by the back alley through which he had come.

The next morning, when Senator Wyley counseled with Judge Tower concerning his action, and showed him the letter which he had felt himself forced to sign, Tower strongly disapproved.

"I fear, senator," he said, "that your action in signing this document will mean trouble."

"In what way do you think it can cause me trouble?"

"In this way—by its eventual disclosure, it will be made apparent to your supporters that you have conducted your campaign purely with a desire to bring about your own success. However devoted your legislative friends may seem, you and I know that the hope of Federal office is what actuates most of them. I already hold a high State office, and do not desire a Federal position. But with others it is not so. The disclosure of this document will cause such anger that it will result in accusations of bad faith against you. And its disclosure is inevitable."

"My dear judge," replied Wyley, smiling, "in this world what we promise to do and what we are able to do are very different things. Let me point out to you the way in which matters will probably shape themselves. In this contest Burke is relying on senatorial patronage to reward his followers. He has extorted from me under duress, so to speak, a promise in writing not to attempt to control any Federal patronage. I have reluctantly yielded. But what will be the result when Burke goes to Washington?"

Tower gazed meditatively at Wyley. "You mean, I suppose," he said, "that the President may not receive Burke with open arms?"

"Exactly. The President is a stately gentleman of the old school. Burke is an ignorant, Northern boor and he will irritate the President in every possible way. The President's association with Southern gentlemen has confirmed him in the practice of those amenities and courtesies which should prevail in social and political intercourse. Furthermore, he is in favor of our plan of extending slavery to the Territories. Burke is hotly opposing this indispensable economic institution of the South and Southwest, and is shouting loudly with those black abolitionists of the North for free soil in all the Territories."

"What you say is quite true, senator. But how will that release you from your obligation to Burke?"

"I am not the man who gives out the patronage appointments the Federal officials—it is the President. I any event, I could merely advise him. If I refrain from asking for offices, shall I not thus keep the letter and spirit of my promise?"

"Unquestionably."

"But if the President were to urge me—let us even say, order me—to give him my advice and counsel concerning candidates for Federal offices on this Coast could I, either as senator or citizen, refuse?"

"It would be unpatriotic for you to do so," assented Tower, with something like a twinkle in his usual sombre eyes. "But if the President gives Burke the go-by, it will ruin him politically. He is mortgaged to his eyes with promises of Federal patronage."

"All the more reason why the President should ignore him," replied Wyley, contemptuously. "If Burke were consulted, he would embroil the President in all sorts of complications. He has promised the office of port collector to three separate and distinct candidates. I have the positive assurance that this is true. I am also told on good authority that Burke intends to submit all three of these names to the President, and then request him to appoint one of the three. He has solemnly promised each of the three men that he will urge his appointment. He hopes to evade his pledged word by this flimsy expedient. But I know the President well, and my experience tells me that he will demand that Burke recommend but one man and that he recommend his candidate in writing."

"In writing, eh? That will prove rather embarrassing for a senator with three promises for the post."

"It will prove more than embarrassing; it will prove fatal to his hopes of being the party dictator. He will be forced to refuse the President's very reasonable request, for fear of exposing his broken promises. You know he is always bragging about his 'loyalty to his followers' and the 'sacredness of his pledged word.' When the President insists on his thus stultifying himself in writing, Burke's violent temper will break out, and there will be an open rupture. What will be the result?"

"There can be but one," said Tower laconically. "But one—you are right. The result will be that the President will fill all the Federal offices in this State on the recommendation of a single person; and that is—myself."

As they clasped hands and parted, Tower turned away imbued with a keen admiration for his sagacious and long-headed leader. But as the recollection of the pregnant letter to Burke rose up in his mind, he shook his head uneasily. "I don't like it," he mused, "I don't like it at all. If Fox is balked of his Federal judgeship, and Burke fails of his Federal patronage, they will hatch some devil's plot with that letter yet."

Fox and Burke were busy enough with plots, although not yet with Wyley's letter. Their various new alliances, false and true, made necessary a rearrangement of their voting forces. Fox had requested his nephew Alden to vote for Keller and not for himself, telling him that in certain contingencies he would probably ask Alden to change his vote from Keller to Fox. In explanation of this, he assured Alden that it was part of the prearranged plan to maintain the Burke-Keller alliance.

Now, however, he came to Alden with the request that instead of changing from Keller to Fox he should change from Keller to Wyley.

"But I do not want to vote for Wyley," demurred Arthur. "I have expressed myself freely against him. He is a Southern man; I am a Northern man. He is in favor of slavery; I am opposed to slavery. He is for slave soil; I am for free soil. In every way I should stultify myself were I to vote for him. I can not consent to do so."

"My dear Arthur," said Fox blandly, "if you wish to make your way in the world and in your profession you must study your interests. Circumstances have now made it absolutely indispensable for you to vote for Wyley. I can not tell you the exact programme, as I am bound in honor not to do so."

But Alden firmly declined. "I will willingly consent to change from Keller to you," he replied, "leaving you to explain to Keller why I changed. I do not know him, and as he did not ask me to vote for him and as you did, the explanation will naturally come from you. But I must decline to vote for Wyley."

Fox pleaded long and earnestly, but Alden remained adamant and refused to consent.

Somewhat cast down by his failure with his nephew, Fox went to Don Pablo Bernal; he and his friend, Don Teofilo Guerrero, were two of the little band of native legislators who represented the original owners of the oil. Both of them prided themselves greatly on being descended from Castilians, and of pure blood rather than of Mexican lineage alloyed with Indian—*Castillos viejas*, as they would have expressed it. Both of these old gentlemen had a high sense of Castilian honor, both were warm friends and admirers of Judge Fox, and both had reluctantly consented at his request to vote for Keller, although they greatly preferred to vote for Fox.

As in the case of his nephew, Fox had assured them that at a certain point in the proceedings he might ask them to change their votes—they had of course supposed the change would be to Fox.

"It is now that I come to you, señores," he said, "to lay at your hands the favor that you promised to accord me—that of changing your votes."

"*Par cierta!* It is a pleasure to be permitted to oblige our good friend Señor Fox," remarked Don Pablo.

"*Pues que sí!* Yes!" echoed Don Teofilo. "Is it then that we are to vote hereafter for you, our honored friend, instead of for the Congressman Keller?"

"No, señores. I have to ask you now that you will list your votes at the next ballot for Senator Wyley." The two old Castilians looked at each other doubtfully.

"Wyley? No—*nunca!*" said Don Pablo.

"No! Wyley? *Nunca jamas!*" chorused Don Teofilo. Noticing that Fox's countenance fell, Don Pablo added:

"Wyley is not a man of honor. He was one of the inspirators in the appointment of the infamous Land Commission that is trying to steal our lands. *Sirviré usted con mis pasibles.* But Wyley? No. Wyley

is a rascal. For Wyley we will not vote. *Nunca! Never!*"

"Never—no!" assented Don Teofilo.

Fox was somewhat discomfited by his failure in his own family and with his friends, the two Castilians. However he succeeded in finding more tractable material and making the changes necessary for Burke's revised programme. Burke had the votes of the Fox followers, and of several doubtful Keller and Milton men to be obtained in various ways; he had also a small band of trusted adherents discreetly coached and loaned to him by Wyley. With these he would suddenly break the deadlock by electing himself to the long term. Then, when the Keller men were thrown into confusion by this crushing blow, he would judiciously rearrange his joint forces, and elect Wyley to the short term.

This change in the plans of Burke and Fox was of course known only to them, and partially to Wyley. Still, there was evident a certain change in the workings of the legislative machinery, and all sorts of rumors began to circulate. Loyal adherents of the various candidates began to find their loyalty put to the test.

Colonel Coney of Oro Fino, for example, a Burke man, was suspected by his associates of coquetting with the Keller camp. On the Sunday after the inception of Burke's scheme, Colonel Coney was invited to drive down the river by Charlie Costa. Coney was much flattered, for Costa not only ran a square fero bank "down to the Bay," but he drove the finest horses in the State. Costa had come to Sacrosanto as the devoted friend of Burke, and was engaged in looking out for the loyalty of the Burke legislators. The unsuspecting Coney accepted the invitation, and Costa took him out behind his spanking team along the planked road known as the Riverside Drive. According to the subsequent narrative of the confused Colonel Coney, it seemed that Costa suddenly developed an extraordinary fit of drunkenness. He urged his horses into a wild run, yelling to Coney at the top of his voice "Jump! Jump!" This the dazed statesman did. Fortunately he described a parabola, landing on the levee in a sand-bank and not on the hard boards of the planked way.

According to Colonel Coney, Costa disappeared in the distance, miraculously recovering control of his horses, as he afterwards related. But Colonel Coney was obliged to foot his way back to Sacrosanto, where he faithfully reported the occurrence at the Burke headquarters. This frankness saved him from further doubts about his virtue, but it was decided that he was a weak sister and needed guardianship. He was therefore taken from his small hall bedroom, placed in the "bridal chamber" of the Orleans Hotel, and regaled with fine wines and cigars, while alert guards stood at his door to keep away the Keller prowlers.

Although Costa was known to be a devoted Burke adherent, this occurrence caused deep resentment among many of the Burke men. They did not attempt to palliate Coney's toying with the temptations of the Keller camp, but they considered Costa's attempted punishment too severe. Attempting to lay a man by the heels in bed for weeks, merely for thinking of selling his vote—this to them seemed monstrous. In fact, so strong grew the feeling that Burke was forced to take cognizance of it. He hinted privately to Costa that his absence would be desirable, and therefore that too-zealous henchman took himself and his horses "down to the Bay" again.

With trivial incidents like these, with others where weapons were drawn and bloodshed barely averted, with bitter caucuses prolonged often until dawn, the long fight drew to an end. At last Burke had his plans perfected, his genuine alliances cemented, his treacherous ones ready to cast off. He had expended nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and was in debt to many men, but he did not care for money. The ambition of his life was about to be accomplished.

When the last Burke caucus was held, the word was given that on the morrow the thirty-ninth ballot would mean victory. And so it was. The first move was the introduction of a resolution postponing the short-term election until after the long-term vacancy was filled. To the amazement of the Keller men it was carried. They whispered together as the roll-call showed the changing votes. Next the assembly proceeded to the election of a senator for the long term. The Keller forces found that there were traitors among them. Further, they saw evidences of a plot between Burke and Wyley, for enough Wyley men voted for the Northern Democrat to insure him exactly two votes more than a majority. Scarcely had the voice of the clerk recorded the vote which made Burke's election certain than a shout of applause went up from his adherents on the floor and in the galleries.

But there was no time to be lost in adjournments and recesses, with openings for possible plots and counterplots. That the hand of a master controlled the legislature was evident to all. That body obediently began to prepare for the second election. Rage and despair were painted on the faces of the Keller and Milton men; they saw that the legislature was "fixed"; that a caucus programme was being carried out with the smoothness and precision of well-oiled machinery.

As the first ballot began Wyley showed surprising strength; when three Fox men went to him in a body, some prudent legislators began changing their votes; and finally when a solid block of Burke men from the Bay City cast their entire vote for him, the suspense was over. Wyley was elected senator for the four-year term.

In a committee room in the capitol building sat

Burke, conferring with Fox, and waiting for the reports brought to him every few minutes from the scene of the senatorial battle. When the news finally came that he had not only been elected, but had carried everything before him, and had named as his colleague the man who was in his power politically, Burke's dark face glowed with pride. At last he had reached the summit of his ambition. For two years he had kept vacant a seat in the Senate of the United States; he had defeated one rival, and forced the other to accept the short term; he had compelled his new colleague to bend to his will, or to be defeated; he had elected himself senator, with undisputed control over the Federal patronage; and he was now beyond question absolute dictator of his own State. Yet to this State he had come, but a few years before, poor, unknown, a stone-cutter's son. No wonder his face showed his pride. No wonder this hour of victory was sweet to him, as his friends and followers crowded around him eager to take the great man by the hand.

"Extra! Extra!"

The sound of boyish voices calling in the street below came through the windows.

"Fox, do you know what the newsboys are calling?" inquired Burke.

"It must be an extra with the news of your election," replied Fox.

"Hardly time for them to get it on the press yet," commented Burke.

Here Colonel Coney intervened. "No, senator, it's news from the Bay," he explained. "I just bought one, but haven't had time to read it yet." And he laid the sheet down on the desk before them.

Fox leaned over, and spread the paper out, so that all might read its staring head-lines. And this is what they read:

"Extra! Fitzwilliams, editor Evening Tribune, killed by Michael Clancy. The editor accused Clancy of stuffing ballot-boxes to elect delegates pledged to Daniel Burke for senator. Clancy shot him down. The Vigilance Committee is organizing. Clancy in great danger. The Vigilantes have summoned Senator Burke to appear before them!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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No other American had more intimate relations with the great men of music in his day than William Mason. His death, in his eightieth year, severs one of the few strands that have connected this day with one of the golden eras in music. Dr. Mason had made the acquaintance of Schumann, Liszt, Brahms, Wagner, Rubinstein, Raff, Joachim, and a large number of other musicians of the middle of the last century. His life covered also a period of great expansion in musical appreciation in America and contributed largely to it. His father, Dr. Lowell Mason, whose name is known today chiefly because of the enduring hymn tunes he composed, was one of the musical pioneers of the country. When twenty years old young Mason went abroad. Of the five years during which he studied, mainly in Germany, the last he spent as a member of the famous circle which surrounded Liszt at Weimar. Since then, for over fifty years, he has been one of the influential musical forces in America. His reputation as a pianist is exceeded by his reputation as a teacher. He has been more than a teacher of the piano; he has been an apostle of the musical art. He was virtually, if not literally, the first to give piano recitals (unembellished with vocal "attractions") in the United States. With Theodore Thomas, as the first violin of a string quartet, he helped to introduce Brahms to American audiences as early as 1855. He did perhaps more than any one else to make Schumann known here.

Major Hodder is a very inquisitive Englishman, who has been wondering why the Barbados, alone of the Antilles, are free from malaria. He thinks it must be because the Barbados, alone of the Antilles, are free from gnats. But why no gnats? Because of the wild and beneficent profusion of fish called "millions." The millions eat the gnats while they're still larvae. Acting on Major Hodder's theory, the Jamaicans, the people of Colon, and the colonists of British Guiana have imported millions, and lo! the gnats vanish. In Africa, where rage the most deadly swamp fevers, millions are employed with immense success. The same means has been adopted by the Italian government to rid the Roman Campagna of its insect foes.

The list of waifs who have become famous is a long one. It includes Sir Henry Stanley, Queen Catherine the Good, Alexander Hamilton, Rose Bonheur, Edgar Allan Poe, Rachel, Leonardo da Vinci, and dates back as far as Moses. All these were homeless children—children who if left to their fate would undoubtedly have drifted into evil ways. Instead they have lived to add glory to their names and have contributed to the knowledge of the world at large through the fruits of their genius.

An Italian scientist proposes to supply a safety valve for Vesuvius by boring a tunnel in the base of the mountain and letting the lava escape into the sea. His idea is to bore the tunnel while the crater is in a state of coma, and he believes that when the volcano becomes active such a channel would be sufficient to carry away the lava. His whole proposal, however, is not to let the lava escape altogether, but to run it into molds and make it into blocks for use in the streets and quays of Naples.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

Captain Amundsen Tells the Story of a Wonderful and Adventurous Voyage.

The news that Captain Roald Amundsen had reached the goal of a century's effort, that he had located the magnetic North Pole and navigated the Northwest Passage, was received without the full sensation that it would have created a few years ago. It may be that commercialism has hunted the edge of romance. It may be that we are a little satiated with daring achievement and adventure. It may be that a thoughtless *cui bono* has dulled our interest in Arctic exploration. In scientific circles there was no abatement of curiosity and enthusiasm. The intelligence of the world was everywhere thrilled just as it would have been a generation ago, but it is certain that the triumph of Captain Amundsen failed to lay hold of the imagination of the populace as it would once have done and as it ought to have done now. Perhaps the time perspective is needed, and certainly Captain Amundsen's fame will not lessen with the flying years.

The two fine volumes now before us show us clearly what has been accomplished and the colossal difficulties that were overcome. To say that this intrepid navigator writes modestly is hardly necessary. Such courage and resolution as his are always accompanied with diffidence and self-effacement. Of his companions, only six in number, Captain Amundsen can not say too much. Of himself he can not say too little. It is they who are ever in the foreground and he who is ever in the background. If we want to realize his full contribution of leadership and inspiration we must read between the lines, and over this intangible record Captain Amundsen has, fortunately, no control.

The story of the voyage is clearly and concisely told and with an eye to the popular rather than to the scientific interest. The journey began in 1903 and it ended in 1907, a trip full long and arduous for such a little craft as the *Gjoa*, of only forty-seven tons register and intended by her builders for the prosaic herring trade. A thirteen-horse-power motor was fitted, and in the spring of 1903 the little vessel took on her stores in Christiania, not far from the former herth of the *Fram*, and by May she was ready for departure.

Naturally enough a very large part of these volumes consists in descriptions of the Eskimo, who seem to have made a profound impression upon the mind of the author. He contributes indeed so much that is new about these strange people as to constitute a valuable feature of his work. His first meeting with the Eskimo is amusingly told. The advancing party were at first mistaken for reindeer. Hansen was asked if he had no mind to shoot reindeer that day, but he replied, "Ah, yes, but not that kind of reindeer over there—they walk on two legs":

All the information we had gathered concerning these Arctic barbarians rushed back into our memories. We knew from old books of travel in these regions that the North American Eskimo were not always amicably disposed. But we had learned from Ross and Klutschak that the Eskimo word "Teima" was the best greeting with which to approach them. It meant something like a right hearty "good-day," and we had rehearsed this word "Teima" in the most varied styles of pronunciation. However, we did not dream of being so foolish as to put our whole trust in one feeble word. The only right course was to consider the newcomers in the light of enemies, and our plan of campaign was laid. I was going with two men to meet the enemy; Hansen and Lund volunteered. The rifles were carefully examined and loaded to the utmost capacity of the magazine. Down on the ice I drew up my troops and inspected them, and even the most critical general could not have found fault with their appearance and hearing. I myself threw out my chest as well as I could, drew myself up, made a regulation right-about turn, and gave the command "Forward—march!" With my brave men close behind me I advanced, casting a sidelong glance up to the deck where the lieutenant and the cook stood side by side. It seemed to me that their expression, at the sight of our little host, was not exactly one of admiration, not even of seriousness. Well, I thought, it is easy enough to be gay when standing well sheltered on board, while we were going forth to meet the uncertain, possibly death, here on the open field.

The Eskimo were now at a distance of 500 yards and were coming down the hillside towards our vessel. I advanced in my best martial style, and behind me I heard the tramp of my men in well-timed cadence. When within about 200 yards distance the Eskimo halted. Several strategic possibilities presented themselves to my mind, offensive, defensive, etc., but I thought it safest to command a halt. My men bore themselves splendidly, in faultless alignment, with their feet set at an angle of 45 degrees, and with a mien betokening courage and confidence in their leader. I thereupon reconnoitred the opposing host. They appeared to be talking excitedly, pointing with their hands, laughing and gesticulating, without any noticeable indication of hostility. But suddenly they deployed in skirmishing order and advanced. Well, I thought, rather death with honor than saving our lives by craven flight. "Forward—march!" And on we marched, expecting every moment to see the enemy take their bows from their backs and level an arrow at us. Pat no! Evidently they are of a different mind. Is this a ruse?

Suddenly, there flashed through my mind, leavened with the excitement of warfare, the word "Teima!" and "Teima!" I shout with all the power of my lusty lungs. The Eskimo stop short. But now our excitement can no longer be restrained, we must bring matters to a crisis, and we must for-

ward ready for action. Then I hear the call: "Manik-tu-mi! Manik-tu-mi!" And this has quite a familiar sound—I well remember it from McClintock—it is the Eskimo's friendliest greeting. In a moment we fling away our rifles and basten towards our friends, and with the universal shout of "Manik-tu-mi! Manik-tu-mi!" we embrace and pat each other, and it would be hard to say on which side the joy is greater.

They were jovial fellows, these Eskimo, helpful, generous, and unselfish. But for them the difficulties of Arctic travel would be intensified tenfold.

The dogs, too, constituted an incessant problem.

Before Christmas seven of the best animals were dead and Amundsen came to the conclusion that a lack of fatty matter in their food was the cause of the mortality. Here is a curious incident, almost unprecedented, it may be imagined, in dog history:

Ah! those dogs! They have splendid appetites, as I know to my sorrow. They are always on the lookout for some extra, wherewith to supplement their rations. The other day they helped themselves to an extra meal in a fashion as unexpected as it was unpleasant. Silla, who was in a highly interesting condition, had been shut up in the passage outside the *Magnet* to await her confinement. One fine morning, however, she managed to steal out, and proceeded straightway towards the vessel. Midway she was met by all her attendant cavaliers, wildly excited at seeing the lady again. They surrounded her and escorted her on her way. But it so happened that poor Silla was suddenly seized with labour, and her progeny had to content themselves with a snow-drift for a cradle. At a signal, given, of course, by Lurven, all the other dogs rushed at the pups, each snatching up one and consuming it on the spot. When Silla became aware that her pups had vanished, she raised herself and walked on. Again she was seized, and gave birth to her last puppy. Then, lest the other dogs should appropriate this one also, she hastily consumed it herself. This almost incredible scene is vouched for by eye-witnesses.

But to return to the Eskimo. We have an interesting account of the building of the snow huts. Amundsen was to be the guest in the hut under construction and describes the moving in of the Eskimo belongings, the water bucket, cooking pot, hlubber lamp, provisions, etc., and lastly the women's personal belongings, "which I dare not specify more fully." Then comes the man, Atikleura:

When Atikleura has removed his wet foot-gear, he puts on a pair of dry "kamiks" and a pair of low seal-skin shoes—"hamileitkun"—corresponding to our slippers. In winter these are used inside the hut only, but during the transition period between winter and spring they are worn outside. As far as the care of the outer man is concerned, Atikleura is now ready, and is therefore at liberty to think of the needs of the inner man. And these are not trivial, after the trying day's work. A fine salmon is served up, and all the members of the family partake freely. Frozen though it is, it seems to be highly relished, and very shortly there is nothing left but the clean-stripped skeleton. The saucepan, now full of fresh clean water—a few hundreds of reindeer hairs, of course, are not looked upon as impurities—is emptied, and refilled with snow and suspended again over the fire. Water is the only drink the Nechilli Eskimo know; no "half-and-half" of any kind is to be had there. They now announce that there is no more room in their stomachs for either salmon or water, and the meal is finished. It is time to turn in. Nalungia prepares the bed for the night, arranging the beautiful soft skins; Atikleura closes up the entrance securely with a block of snow, slips in under the large family bed rug, and there disrobes. Unlike the Greenland Eskimo, these people, of either sex, never disrobe in the presence of strangers, except in the greatest emergency. The guest of the family is assigned a place at one side of the hut—little Anni and Errera have turned in long ago—and the berth nearest the fireplace is reserved for Nalungia. She extinguishes the light and arranges her toilet in the dark. The large skin bed-rugs are their only covering at night. Vigorous snoring soon announces that they are asleep.

The scene outside is very different from the one which we pictured in the summer. The tents have all disappeared, and, in the peaceful moonlight, the low cupolas of the snow huts are almost merged in the snow-covered field. A stranger passing by would hardly suspect that quite a little world is slumbering there, and, least of all, a world of glad and happy people, happier, perhaps, beneath their lowly snow roofs than many a rich and mighty one under a roof crowned with turrets and battlements. Rancour and envy, calumny and malice, are banished from the world of this ice desert; the peace of the night is unbroken, and the moonlit atmosphere is pure around the abodes of these men.

Captain Amundsen is not alone in deploring the corrupting advent of civilization to these primitive people, whose native virtues so easily give way to acquired vice. Fortunately for them, there is but little in their desolate frozen country to tempt the white man:

As regards the religious ideas of the Eskimo I will not venture to give any account. The statements I could obtain on this subject were exceedingly imperfect and vague, and left most things to one's imagination. If these people had any belief in a higher being they at any rate concealed it very jealously. They imagine a life after death; at any rate good men are assigned an abode in the moon, the bad in the earth; the stars are destined for those who had something of both in their nature. Natural phenomena, such as the aurora borealis, shooting stars, thunder and lightning, rain, etc., they regarded with complete indifference. Evidently they loved life, but on the other hand they had not the slightest fear of death. If they were sick or in misery they bade farewell to life with a tranquil mind and strangled themselves. Two such cases occurred during our sojourn among them. During the voyage of the *Gjoa* we came into contact with ten different Eskimo tribes in all, and we had good opportunities of observing the influence of civiliza-

tion on them, as we were able to compare those Eskimo who had come into contact with civilization with those who had not. And I must state it as my firm conviction that the latter, the Eskimo living absolutely isolated from civilization of any kind, are undoubtedly the happiest, healthiest, most honorable, and most contented among them. It must, therefore, be the bounden duty of civilized nations who come into contact with the Eskimo to safeguard them against contaminating influences, and by laws and stringent regulations protect them against the many perils and evils of so-called civilization. Until this is done, they will inevitably be ruined. All honor is due to the Royal Danish Training Company for the manner in which it has treated its Greenland colony. It is to be hoped that other nations will follow the Danish example in this respect, and will be fully alive to their responsibility in regard to these splendid and doughty children of nature up at the Pole.

My sincerest wish for our friends the Nechilli Eskimo is that civilization may never reach them.

Connection with civilization was resumed on August 26, 1906, when the American ship *Charles Hansen* was sighted:

The *Charles Hansen*, of San Francisco, did not seem to be rigged out in a very luxurious manner. A ladder, by-the-by, was superfluous, as the ship was deep in the water. We took hold of the chain-wales and crawled on board. Our first impression was most peculiar. Every available space on deck was occupied to such an extent that it was nearly impossible to get along. Eskimo women in red dresses, and negroes in the most variegated costumes were mingling together, just as in a land of fable.

An elderly man with a white beard advanced towards me on the quarter-deck. He was newly shaven, and nicely dressed, evidently the master of the ship. "Are you Captain Amundsen?" was his first remark. I was quite surprised to hear that we were known so far away and answered in the affirmative, owning that I was the man. "Is this the first vessel you have met?" the old man asked. And when I admitted it was so, his countenance brightened up. We shook hands long and heartily. "I am exceedingly pleased to be the first one to welcome you on getting through the Northwest Passage." We were then most courteously invited down below to his cabin. There was not much room, though slightly more than on board our own vessel, the *Gjoa*.

There was much hard work still to be done, but the imperishable glory of the Northwest Passage had been won. The reception at Nome "defies my powers of description." The author can not quite say how he got ashore, "but a jubilant roar of welcome issued from a thousand throats, and through the darkness of the night a sound burst forth that thrilled me through and through, bringing tears to my eyes; it was the strains of our national air:

Ja vi elsker dette landet.
(Yea, we cherish this our country.)"

"The Northwest Passage," by Roald Amundsen. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; two volumes; \$8 net.

The Thunderer in Court.

With a perfectly serious show of mystery and popular ignorance, London papers publish such items as the following in their reports of court proceedings:

The partnership action of Sibley and Walter, which was commenced in December, 1905, came before his lordship, Justice Parker, for further consideration. The business engaged in is that of publishing certain papers. Mr. Clauson, before stating the nature of the proceedings, said: "It will not be necessary for the purposes of this hearing for me or any of my friends to mention the names of the papers which this partnership publishes, and if any person in court conjectures the names in public through the press or otherwise it will be entirely at his own risk." . . . Counsel then read affidavits by Mr. Bell and Mr. Soames stating what had been done; and, all the parties interested being represented, his lordship sanctioned the minutes as agreed.

As the names of the defendant, Walter, and counsel, Soames, are almost as well known as that of the paper—the *Times*—the item is fully informing to all readers, in spite of its cryptic method.

Howells in Youth and Age.

W. D. Howells has just returned from a tour of Europe. During his stay abroad he wrote a series of descriptive letters for the *New York Sun*, and of these entertaining epistles the *Sun* remarks, editorially:

There shall he in this place no setting off of date against date; no appraisal of earlier or later methods; still less, any sentimental reflection suggested by an obvious interval of years. Let those, however, who are curious in the matter of the endurance of special gifts of preeminent quality turn back to the press reviews which hailed and welcomed young Howells as a fine observer and an artist and humorist of unique distinction, and note how precisely the adjectives then employed fit the aftermath.

The fasting Succi of Nanterre has taken up the challenge of the fasting Succi of Turin, according to a news dispatch from Paris. The question of which is the real fasting Succi is to be proved by ordeal. The Succi of Nanterre will fast against the Succi of Turin whenever and wherever he pleases for thirty days, fifty-one days, or sixty days. The fast is to be conducted in a coffin for each man, and watched over by any number of doctors.

Julian Harris, son of Joel Chandler Harris, and the "little boy" of the folk stories, succeeds his father as editor of *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, retaining also his original position as general manager.

CURRENT VERSE.

Adeimantus.

The dream of Adeimantus,
Who carved for a Grecian prince
Statues of perfect marble
Fairer than all things since,
Wonderful, white and gracious,
Like lotus flowers on a mere—
Or phantoms born of the moonbeam—
Beyond all praise but a tear.
The dream of Adeimantus,
As he lay upon his bed,
Wonderful white and gracious,
And this was the word it said:
"Arise, oh Adeimantus,
The breath of the dawns blows chill,
The stars begin to fade
"Ere the first ray strikes the sill.
Arise, oh Adeimantus,
For here is work to your hand,
If the fingers fashion the dream
As the soul can understand."
He rose from his troubled bed
"Ere the dream had faded away,
And he said "I will fashion the dream
As the potter fashions the clay."
He said in his great heart's vanity,
"I will fashion a wondrous thing
To stand in a palace of onyx
And hind the eyes of a king."
He said in the pride of his soul
As the birds began to sing,
"I will surely take no rest
Till I fashion this wondrous thing.
I will swear an oath to eschew
The white wine and the red,
To eat no delicate meats
Nor break the fair white bread.
I will not walk in the city,
But labor here alone
In the dew and the dusk and the flush
Till the vision smiles from the stone."
Six days he wrought at the marble,
But cunning had left at his hand,
And his fingers would not fashion
What his soul could understand.
Six days he fasted and travailed,
Hard was the watch to keep,
Till the chisel fell from his fingers
And he sank with a sob to sleep.
Then a vision came to his slumber,
Beautiful as before,
Floating in with the moonbeam
Gliding over the floor.
It floated in with the moonbeam
And stood beside his bed,
Wonderful white and gracious,
And this was the word it said:
"Courage, oh Adeimantus,
I am the perfect thing
To stand in a shrine of jasper
And hind the eyes of a king.
I am the strange desire,
The glory beyond the dream,
The passion above the song,
The spirit-light of the gleam.
I come to my best beloved
Not actual, from afar,
Fairer than hope or thought
More beautiful than a star.
Courage, oh Adeimantus,
Lay strength and strength to your soul,
You shall fashion me in part,
And know the perfect whole."
—Alfred Browning Stanley Tennison, in *Contemporary Review*.

Love's Tapestry.

Said she, "Go fetch from the palest stars
That blossom in the summer skies,
The amber tissue of the sun,
A flight of opal butterflies.
"A skein of silver from the moon,
And trembling green from off the trees;
The rainbow that but yesterday
Was wonderful against the breeze.
"The whitest rose that ever blew,
The dewy emerald of the lawn;
And all the apple-buds that laid
Their pearls lips against the dawu.
"And fetch the nights I watched for him,
And find the veil of tears I cried;
And bring the little sob that broke
My heart upon the night he died.
"Then in the twilight I shall sit,
And never hear the years that flee,
But weave a beauteous tapestry
Of dreams about my love and me."
—Archibald Sullivan, in *Smart Set*.

Babylon.

Like magic architects the winds have made
Of radiant clouds a city in the air,
Temples and citadels and gardens fair,
With all the show of pompous art displayed;
Burnished and dyed with every fleeting shade
Of sunset—gold and rose and emerald rare—
Until a phantom Babylon is there,
A crown of blooming stars upon her head.
The tangled constellations wane and die,
The witchery of waking dawn entwines
A wreath of primrose glory in the sky
And all the orient incarnadines—
Lo, Babylon has vanished with the night
And whither have the builders taken flight!
—William F. McCormack, in *New York Sun*.

Lord Clive, that hero of strong passions
strong temptations, and brilliant achievements
has never until now been rightly honored by
his countrymen. He was refused a peerage
and was rebuked and praised by his fellow
members of the House of Commons in on
breath. He was, in short, finally driven to
self-destruction at the age of forty-nine
Nearly a century and a half later the first
statues are to be erected in his memory. Lor
Curzon announces that the sum of \$25,000
has been collected for two statues of Clive
One, in bronze, is to be set up in Westminster
at the end of the broadened roadway
Charles Street, Whitehall, facing St. James
Park.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

By the death of the Canadian poet, Louis Fréchet, we are reminded that old Canada is still French to the backbone in sentiment and tradition. When Fréchet went last year from Quebec to Paris to be crowned by the Academy of France he was received as a Frenchman and as one who found no conflict between his political loyalty to England and the devotion of his heart, which was poured out as a poetic libation to France. Fréchet's first poems, "Fleurs boreales," were published in 1881 and received the honors of the Prix Montyou. "Poésies Canadiennes" came later, with many another work of poetry and prose referred to by Camille Doucet when, speaking of the French Academy, he said, "We know him only by his verse, but Canada knows him by prose as well as poetry, and Montreal has received with enthusiasm the great drama written by him. It is in French, gentlemen, that they speak and think in that land once French—the land we love, the land that loves us."

Louis Fréchet was not for long to enjoy his honors. He went home only to die, and by his death France loses one of her most brilliant children, whose loyalty was not lessened by a flag not her own.

Quickened, by Anna Chapin Ray. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Thorne Alstrom, under grave financial embarrassment and fearing criminal exposure, leaves New York and secretly makes his way to Quebec. There he begins life anew, calling on the reserves of his character to make amends for the past, but with the perpetual dread of shame and detection. Entering into the social life of the place, he meets Denise Allard and her family, falls in love with Denise, is forbidden to marry her because of the difference in religion, and eventually wins his way by joining the Roman Catholic Church. Discovering eventually that he stands in no danger of criminal proceedings and that his father, who was his chief victim, freely forgives him, he returns to New York and the shadow is removed from his life. But he confesses his past to his friends in Quebec and resolves to face all possible penalties before he knows that he has been forgiven, and so gives proof of a real repentance and of a character of unusual fortitude. The story is powerfully told, while the description of French-Canadian life is from an intimate knowledge and sympathetic insight.

But as an argument for the Catholic faith—and for this it is undoubtedly intended—the book leaves us in some perplexity. It never occurred to Alstrom to join the church until he found that he could marry Denise in no other way, and while he is at first refused admission on the ground that his conversion is self-interested, he would certainly never have joined at all if he could have won his wife in any other way. The human mind is fearfully and wonderfully made, with a penchant for self-deception, and however great Alstrom's sincerity may seem, his change of religion can never escape the suspicion of self-interest. For the same reason he would have become a fire-worshiper or a Shintoist, and would have auto-suggested himself into the same sincerity. Putting the winsome Denise upon one side, the book contains no religious appeal whatever, unless we except the usual platitudes of sentiment about the grandeur, the antiquity, and the mystery of the church, with such occasional and perplexing assurances as that it is nearly as old as the Laurentian Hills. From the religious point of view, "Quickened" will be read with satisfaction by those already persuaded, but it will leave the others wholly untouched. None the less there will be full agreement that as a romance the story deserves a high place, that it is written with conscientious care, and that it is rich in pathos and accurate delineation.

The Wayfarers, by Mary Stewart Cutting. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

The story is laid in New York, but it might have been laid anywhere else, while six houses out of ten throughout the country contain just such people as the characters in "The Wayfarers." Not one of them rises above the commonplace, not one of them has an idea, an ideal, nor an ambition above the ordinary. Theodosia Linden, who comes from her Southern home to live with Justin Alexander and his wife in New York, is the ordinary type of pretty girl, clean-minded, enthusiastic, and a little neurotic. We watch her various love affairs with an indulgent interest, having seen the same sort of thing next door or around the corner a dozen times. Her earlier infatuation is naturally for a handsome scamp, although we know all the time that she will eventually meet and marry the interesting stranger who saved her from the railway wreck. Justin Alexander is a man of unusual force and intelligence, who might even be lovable if he sometimes allowed his soul to escape from his business. This, however, he never does, and when he finally becomes temporarily insane we can hardly impeach the justice of nature.

But all this is by no means a censure of "The Wayfarers." To be able to give a fasci-

nation to the commonplace, to create an interest in such people as the Alexanders and their familiar set, is no small achievement. The author can make "bricks without straw and they are good bricks. No one will lay down her book half read, and if we pause sometimes to ask why we are so charmed we shall leave the question unanswered, content with things in their unexplained state and eager to finish the story.

Canon and the Text of the New Testament, by Caspar René Gregory. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

This scholarly work will be received with satisfaction by theologians throughout the world, although it may disturb some unreasoned convictions and open the road to unwelcome but salutary doubts. The author has the courage to face the various related problems of the scriptural canon in their due and logical order. Complaining of an established method of pre-supposing the existence of a canon and of entering upon its history as upon that of something concrete, indisputable and undeniable, he reverses the procedure, asking first of all whether there is indeed a canon, whether or not there existed at an early period in the history of the Christian church a positively official and authorized collection of books that was acknowledged by the whole of Christendom, that was everywhere and in precisely the same manner constituted and certain, and that corresponded exactly to the New Testament now generally in use in Western Europe and in America. The question has of course been asked before, but the answer has usually been given from the standpoint of unreasoning antagonism or from an equally unreasoning theological bias. Now we have a profound and critical analysis as comprehensive as it is judicial.

The scope leaves nothing to be desired. Beginning with a study of the apostolic and post-apostolic ages, we have weighty chapters on "Irenæus," "Origin," "Eusebius," and "Theodore." Passing from the canon itself to the text, we have chapters on the "Papyrus," "Parchment," "Large and Small Letter Greek Manuscripts," "Lesson Books," "Translations," "Church Writers," "Printed Editions," "Externals of the Text and the Early History of the Text." A profound erudition holds sway throughout five hundred pages, nor is there anywhere a departure from the atmosphere of sound intellectual judgment untainted by special pleading or prejudice.

In the Land of Mosques and Minarets, by Francis Miltown and Blanche McManus. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$3.

The appearance of this delightful book has the single drawback that it will tend to popularize a part of the world that popularity will spoil. There are, it is true, no virgin lands awaiting discovery, no part of the habitable world wholly untainted by the tourist, but Algeria and Tunisia and other parts of Mediterranean Africa have preserved their individuality in face of a limited invasion that it would be dangerous to increase. Perhaps it is the Mohammedan religion that gives to them a salutary conservatism.

The book is indeed an exceptional one. It contains no trace of the superiority usually adopted by the white man when writing of the colored races. The Arab is always a man and a brother, whose ways are not ours, but who demands from us the good-fellowship of respect and sincerity. The authors' knowledge of their subject is evidently not

confined to the surface of things. It is not of the vagrant order, but goes deeply into realities and always with a kindly and admiring sympathy. They have produced a notable book about a region from which great events may yet spring, a book vividly written and full of illustrations, colored and monochrome, of a high order.

Lady Julia's Emerald, by Helen Hester Colvill. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author has created one striking character and surrounded her with nonentity and vice. Lesley Duncan, with her narrow Puritan education, is a winsome figure, and that she preserves her integrity when liberty, popularity, and the artistic life come to her is a tribute to her strength of character. But why does she fall in love with Victor Penruddocke, whose original intention toward her

was of the earth earthy and who never rises far above the commonplace? Indeed, the book needs a good man to give it ballast, and there is not one. Victor's mother, Lady Julia, is a cleverly drawn character, but her séances, her trances, her ridiculous mysticism and clairvoyance are overdone and she is too grotesquely selfish to be tolerable. Lesley's *roué* father, artist, gambler, and blackleg, has none of the sentiment that sometimes makes such rascals bearable, while Sir Francis Miller, to whom this precious scoundrel tries to sell his daughter, has a dormant chivalry that hardly helps to redeem him. Much as we admire Lesley and wish her well after her many vicissitudes, we wish that we could leave her in the hands of a real man rather than in those of Victor Penruddocke, whose good intentions and generosity are unstained by the moral fibre that alone gives virility.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Henry Miller and his company begin next Monday evening the last week of their engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, and will repeat "The Great Divide." This eminently successful American play was enjoying remarkable public favor when it was withdrawn to make room for the pre-arranged coming of "The Servant in the House" company, and its return will be welcomed. Mr. Miller's Stephen Ghent, in this drama of Western life, will undoubtedly be remembered as one of his most vivid conceptions. Few recent productions have been more written about, and no heroic figure of modern type has been more seriously discussed and warmly commended. William Vaughn Moody, the author of "The Great Divide," brought to his work the enthusiasm of a poet and the terse expression of a leader in action. Strengthening the dramatic situations in which his characters are presented, faultless stage management has made every picture perfect in its suggestion, yet always subordinate to the story of living interests. Those who did not see the play during its first run should not miss this opportunity, and those who saw it before will hardly be able to resist the temptation to see it again and fix in mind the details of what must be treasured as a notable memory of theatrical art.

At the Princess Theatre this week there is more than a feast of fun. Whatever the design of "The Girl from Paris"—and nobody will give that issue a thought after the curtain has been up a quarter of an hour—that "it is to laugh" in this presentation may not be denied. May Boley, who is swiftly but surely winning the right to consideration as one of the half-dozen American comediennes, is a living picture of humor as Ruth, and finds her only difficulty in confining her ability to delight the audience to the limits of a single performance. William Burriss has only a few lines, and those in the second act, but the stage and all in sight are his while his scenes continue. Arthur Cunningham easily assumes a new and pleasing disguise, and sings a rattling song, as Major Fossdyke of the Butterfly Shooters. Evelyn Frances Kellogg, in the name-part, is very attractive to the eye. Zoe Barnett wins a renewal of former regard as Norah, and sings "Sweetheart Days" charmingly. Sarah Edwards, whose real ability and notable voice have won continued and increasing favor, would be more impressive and even more pleasing in moderated efforts with the commanding exigencies of her part. Walter Catlett, with a good grasp of comedy possibilities, is another who works too vigorously, too incessantly, and too obviously. In Wallace Brownlow, who makes his first appearance in this performance, the company has gained a fine haritone voice and an actor of sympathy and intelligence. Among the many distinctive features of the production the dance by Grisella Kingsland deserves mention as a graceful interpolation worthy of its place. This week ends the run of "The Girl from Paris."

Next week Ferris Hartman, the comic-opera and burlesque comedian whose fame is almost co-extensive with that of the old Tivoli Opera House, makes his first appearance at the Princess Theatre. It is four years since he has been seen on a San Francisco stage, and his welcome will be a warm one. "The Idol's Eye" has been chosen as the medium for his revival of old-time favor, and in it he will display the eccentric comedy possibilities of Ahel Conn, the American magician. Arthur Cunningham will be Don Pahló Tobiasco, as in former years; Zoe Barnett will have the rôle of the Nautch girl Damayanti; Evelyn Frances Kellogg will be the Maraquita, and Wallace Brownlow the Ned Winner. Sarah Edwards, Walter Catlett, Walter de Leon, and the other favorites of the company will have favorable opportunities.

White Whittlesey as Eric Temple in "Heartsease," supported by Bessie Barriscale and the New Alcazar Theatre company, will be the winning attraction at the Sutter-Street playhouse next week. It is a play of sentiment with several moving situations, and will be presented with the careful attention to every detail that distinguishes the management of the theatre. The vocal music which is a feature of "Heartsease" will be given by a selected octet of singers of which Homer Henley and Mrs. Millie Flynn Gish are the principals. Mr. Henley consented to come from Sacramento to arrange the music and conduct the rehearsals, and this motive in the drama will be in keeping with artistic requirements. Mr. Whittlesey has made a success of the leading rôle of "Heartsease" on former occasions, and will repeat his triumphs at this engagement it is certain.

The Orpheum, as usual, will offer a new programme beginning with the matinee Sunday, and in it are several features of special importance. As headliners will be presented the Four Rianos, comedy acrobats, who have a sketch, "In Africa," prepared to display to good advantage their skill and originality. A farce entitled "Fix in a Fix" will be offered by Charles H. Bradshaw, comedian, and it is said to be witty and winning. Something out

of the ordinary in singing is promised by the Big City Quartet. A study of animal comics and agilities will be displayed by Raffins's Simian Performers, a collection of monkeys and hahoons that includes a number of astonishingly versatile and intelligent four-handed acrobats. In consequence of the enthusiastic recognition which has been accorded to the young lyric soprano, Miss Fay Carranza, her engagement has been extended for another week. Bernard and Sealey, the Tennis Trio, and Franklyn Underwood and company will conclude their engagement with this programme. Mr. Underwood, with the assistance of Frances Slosson and George Bloomquist, will present an entirely new sketch, entitled "Mr. Stung's Mistake."

The American Theatre has secured an attraction of much more than ordinary notability for an engagement beginning Sunday evening, August 23, in "The Love Tales of Hoffmann," to be given by the company which presented the opera with great success in Oakland last month. This work, which was first produced after its composer, Offenbach, had passed away, is considered the most important of his works. It was given by Hammerstein's grand opera company at the Manhattan Opera House last season and was at once accepted as a valuable addition to the list of operas which could justly claim the serious attention of great singers.

Particularly pleasing in connection with this announcement is the information that the company that will present the opera at the American Theatre is headed by Edith Mason and Thomas H. Perse, two artists who are well and favorably known to San Francisco playgoers. Many have retained pleasing remembrances of their triumphs in the old days, when they were introduced here by the Southwell Opera Company at the old Grand Opera House. Miss Mason won a favor that will not soon be lost, and Mr. Perse, the tenor, is associated with all her successes. Bernice Holmes and Arthur Mesmer are two more who will receive the greetings of old friends. Ann Tasker and Charles Swickard are also members of the company.

"The Man of the Hour," George Broadhurst's play of politics, comes back to the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, August 24. A feature will be the engagement of Cyril Scott for the rôle of the Mayor. Mr. Scott has been for the last three years the star of "The Prince Chap," and will again, following this special engagement, go out as a star, under the management of Brady & Grismer, in a play being written for him by Mr. Broadhurst. Miss Mary ("Polly") Stockwell, daughter of that old San Francisco favorite, L. R. Stockwell, comes as leading woman of the company, in the rôle of Dallas Wainwright, the ward of the unscrupulous politico-financier. Miss Ethel Brandon, another favorite here and the mother of Miss Stockwell, returns in her rôle of the Mayor's mother, and two other successful players of last year's cast, Louis Hendricks and Felix Haney, come back in their creations of the Big Boss and Alderman Jim Phelan, respectively.

David Warfield will return to the city of his nativity next month as one of the most brilliant stars in the dramatic galaxy, and his first appearance will be in "The Music Master," that powerfully pathetic play by Charles Klein which has been played for four consecutive seasons in New York City. Of course Mr. Warfield will be seen at the New Alcazar Theatre, under the Belasco management, and during his engagement there the newer play, "A Grand Army Man," in which David Belasco has signally displayed his gifts as collaborator and artist in stage effects, will also be produced.

Henry Miller has decided upon "The Great Divide" as the play in which he will make his London appearance during the coming season.

The Van Ness Theatre management has hooked eight of the most prominent stars on the English-speaking stage in their new productions for the coming season.

From Rome comes the report that Gloria Nevada, the young daughter of Mme. Emma Nevada, who won such success at her début at the Costanzi Theatre last winter, in "The Barber of Seville," has been re-engaged by the same theatre for next winter to sing "Ophelia." At the same time negotiations are going on with Mme. Nevada that she also sing, either alone or with her daughter.

Franz Molnar was a struggling and unknown Hungarian newspaper writer in Budapest until his play of "The Devil" took Vienna by storm. The piece is now scheduled for separate productions in twenty-four European cities for the coming season and managers are hiding in as many different tongues for the rights to his next effort.

George Ade, playwright and humorist, has delivered to Cohan and Harris the completed manuscript of "The City Chap," the new play that Jack Norworth will be seen in late this season.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder has conferred upon him by France the Order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. This is a well-deserved compliment, for Mr. Gilder has combined practical service in civic reform with the writing of verse that goes to the heart of city misrule and evil. The first complete edition of his poems will be published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company in October.

The volume of "Recollections" which David Christie Murray left will be published at once. Christie Murray's career differed in many respects from the usually placid life of the novelist. He was a soldier, then a journalist, and thirdly a war correspondent. In the course of his varied life he visited nearly every part of the globe, and met all sorts of notable personages. The book contains letters from some of these, including Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Seven Splendid Sinners" is the title of a book by W. R. H. Trowbridge, soon to be published in London. One of the "sinners" was Catherine of Russia, another the Comtesse de Lamotte, who stripped the last rag of respect from the throne of France, a third, the Duchesse de Polignac. Then there were Mme. de Châteauroux, the Pompadour, the Georgian Duchess of Kendal, and Lola Montez—a notorious and brilliant gallery, it will be seen.

It is perhaps not known to most of the many American admirers of "The Golden Age" that its author, Kenneth Grahame, holds the responsible position of secretary of the Bank of England. His retirement for ill-health is announced, but it is to be hoped that he will still be able to give some time to writing—he has a really charming gift.

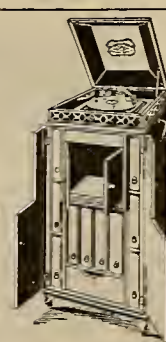
New Publications.

"That Man from Wall Street," by Ruth Everett, is a story of the New York studios and of a woman who loved two men at the same time. The novel has much to recommend it in the way of incident and character delineation, but we are not inclined to fall in love with any of the *dramatis personae*. It is published by George Thiell Long, New York. Price, \$1.50.

"British Highways and Byways from a Motor Car," by Thomas D. Murphy, comes easily among the best hooks of its kind not only for its charm of style and completeness, but because it is so broadly written as to be equally useful to the traveler by rail as by road. The author has made himself intelligently acquainted with the country, historically as well as pictorially, while his illustrations, colored and plain, are unusually fine. The book is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

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HENRY MILLER'S SYDNEY CARTON.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

A curious change has come over Henry Miller's Sydney Carton, which is difficult to explain, because it is not a falling off in acting power. If it were, one might brand it as the indication of indifference resulting from routine, or the lethargy that sometimes falls like a cloud over a veteran actor, dulling and obscuring the brilliancy that had marked his work in the past, and might still mark it in the future.

Even Booth, during the later years of his career, was subject to such sudden, unexpected, unescapable drops from the high excitement of mood by which the player by instinct is held captive during the hour of achievement.

But no such blight has fallen upon Henry Miller. He carries the rôle of Sydney Carton with lessened nobility, but with lessened romantic charm. It is said that nothing can be really well done without a sense of pleasure in the doing of it. Henry Miller, after long years of stage youthfulness, and of some considerable supremacy in romantic rôles, has suddenly entered upon a new phase. The character of his face is completely altered, and with the coming of that comfortable clinging off of form and feature there has come, too, a fortunate recognition on his part of his ability to represent characters of a worldier, more materialistic type.

For that reason his politician in "Mater" was a particularly logical and consistent characterization.

His Sydney Carton of the present has lost the romance of atmosphere in which he was formerly enveloped. Women could look upon his earlier Sydney Carton with that reflection of sympathetic longing to help, to reform, to redeem, which in real life has so often been the despair of their relatives. Girls, seeing in the slender, picturesque sinner a warm reflection of his earlier graces of nature and of heart, could elevate him to a hero's pedestal and dream of him as a chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

But a drunkard with increased girth, diminished eyes, and a double chin—no! The romance has in great part evaporated. And yet that first act of the realism of the part was somehow intensified. It was as if we saw Sydney Carton at a later stage in his downward career, his features coarsened, his will weakened, and his innate nobility of nature temporarily dwarfed by the graceless shadow of his self-indulgence.

It is the scene of scenes in the play, the one, in spite of the thronging shapes of terror which the Manettes and Darnay must face in the later acts, which leaves the deepest impression upon the mind; for it gives the keynote to Sydney Carton's dual nature.

Henry Miller plays the act through in masterly style, but he recognizes clearly that the era of romanticism for him is drawing to a close, and not in aspect alone, but in the spirit of his acting, does he show it.

The play is intensely romantic, but almost a deathblow is dealt to this already weakened element in it by the unfitness of Mary Hall for the rôle of Lucie Manette. Lucie is a thoroughly characteristic portrait of womanhood as conceived by Dickens. His women, for the most of them, take turns in being rabs, drunkards, devils, or angels, and Lucie Manette is one of the angels. Like the Princess Flavia, she is animated only by the sweetest amiability, the deepest nobility, the most unexceptionable sentiments. We do not get at Lucie Manette's heart, for she is all surface—the surface of the lay figure that had done duty in so many novels preceding Dickens's time. She is own sister to his Agnes, his Dame Durden, his Florence Dombey, his Little Nell, and all his galaxy of saintly stars.

So, after all, it would not be such a crushing misfortune to have an unsatisfactory Lucie if she were only superficially suited to the rôle. But Mary Hall is the reverse. Her physiognomy is absolutely the opposite of what Lucie's should be, and her amiability is honeyed as to be cloying. In fact, I can not conceive of any pair of lovers being more profoundly uninteresting than Lucie Manette and Darnay, for they miscast Charles Goddold, who is not in the least romantic in style, as Darnay.

One of the most striking figures in this later representation is that of Defarge. This character was so unhappily cast before as to have had no adequate representation, but Frederick Lewis, the young actor who made so successful a Michael in "Mater," lent a

sinister vitality to what had hitherto seemed a perfunctory stage villain. His make-up was striking, and so were the furtive look and pose, the sudden predatory, feline gestures he bestowed upon the vindictive avenger of his family's wrongs.

It was he that gave us the first thrill. It was in the scene before the republican tribunal, when, while the fate of Darnay is wavering in the balance, Defarge takes the floor and by the eloquence wrought to a white heat through his passionate sense of wrongs to be avenged, he turns the fluctuating sentiment of the mercurial mob once more to thoughts of vengeance. In this scene, while the blood-reddened, howling mob by turns dances the Carmagnole, fraternizes with the accused, or shrieks for vengeance, he would be cold indeed who could not once more surrender his imagination to wild pictures of the terrible events that have lighted like a flaming torch the encrimsoned pages of French history.

One of the most noticeable and picturesquely appropriate figure in the present performance is that of Dr. Manette, as played by George Oshourne. The worn, venerable figure bears the look of having met shipwreck and been shattered in some terrible wind of destiny, and falls in entirely with one's mental conception of the portrait that Dickens drew.

The character of Mimi is a concession, a sort of sop to the sentimental Cerberus who would find Dickens's brief but pathetic and moving picture of the little seamstress who was caught up in the eddies of the Terror as entirely lacking in significance if she did not bear her part in some romance of her own. Mimi is not an essential character of the play, and her figure lacks vitality. Nevertheless, Laura Hope Crews, with her natural vivacity entirely eliminated, played the part with some effect of pathos. A certain tendency to the lachrymose could not be entirely banished, even by Margaret Anglin, who was utterly thrown away in the part, on the occasion of Henry Miller's first production of the piece here.

"The Only Way," like all dramatizations of famous novels, is bound to disappoint some people from its unlikeness to the original. That brilliant exotic among Dickens's many tales of a soberer people, "A Tale of Two Cities," has so startled and thrilled generations of readers that it would be a wonderful play indeed that could rise to equal heights. The thing, in fact, can not be done. But all the same "The Only Way" is a very skillful piece of dramatic concentration of a story that in the original covers a great extent of time, taking in many characters, and including a tremendous national tragedy the like of which the civilized world has never seen.

That the play in its working out gives so graphic an idea of this tragedy and its effect upon individuals is enough to prove its construction to be no small feat in the realm of dramatic literature. True, we have lost the quietly terrible Mme. Defarge. But on the stage male villains are more convincing than female ones, and Defarge, with his fateful look, and the touch of republican crimson in costume, is a better selection for the rôle of the family avenger.

The play calls for many rôles, and they were carefully assigned to competent players, but for some reason, perhaps because of a loss of inspiration in the main character, it goes with less vividness, with greater tameness, than before, and I think it doubtful if Mr. Miller will find it a good drawing card for the remainder of his engagement.

Henry Miller has grown fat, and "Heartsease" is to be laid aside forevermore. "So spake in sorrow and in tears" the gently

chiding matinee maiden, for "Heartsease," as a matinee attraction, is it. But cheer up, girly girls, for who do you think—oh, my goodness, gracious me, who do you think—is going to play "Heartsease"? Who but White Whittlesey. And with this knowledge a great calm falls upon the composite soul of the matinee maids and matrons, and they say in their hearts "All is well," for they will once again see the Whittlesonian calves becomingly outlined under silk stockings; once more the Whittlesonian hands will be snowily defined beneath the fall of lace ruffles, and yet again the Whittlesonian form, in all its conquering grace, the Whittlesonian voice with all its caressing cadences, will work havoc in the ranks of those who openly revel in the sentimental drama. Those who make up the ranks of the sentimentalists have, however, had no reason to complain. "Raffles" was a distinct drop into melodrama, but "If I Were King" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" have been sufficiently soothing sustenance to keep them appeased.

Not that one is at all justified in classing "The Prisoner of Zenda" with "Heartsease." The latter is squash, pure and simple, while "The Prisoner of Zenda" is not only extremely clever melodrama, but has in it a distinct vein of irresistible comedy. As for the sentimentality of it, it would be—in fact—romance, and very charming romance at that, if the Princess Flavia were only less of a lay figure, and had more clearly defined characteristics, so that she might not seem

A creature not too bright and good For human nature's daily food.

Bessie Barriscale makes of her a charmingly young and very pretty sentimental coquette, who makes great eyes at her handsome kinsman with a certain precalculation of aim and intention that detracts somewhat from the delicate spontaneity of Flavia's surrender to this hitherto unfeared attraction of the young king. It is a pretty point in the romance of the play, and one that prettily repays delicate treatment.

We do not ever see James Hackett on these Western shores, but I distinctly remember his Rudolph. Hackett has not a correct instinct in comedy, or at least when we saw him he had not learned to employ it with delicacy. He was, I remember, a little exaggerated, and gave a slightly farcical touch to Rudolph's perplexities and mistakes at the coronation. But he carried himself, both in the prologue and later acts, with a princeliness of manner and bearing that lingers pleasantly in the recollection.

White Whittlesey's height and good looks stood him in good stead in the rôle, but he, too, gave the comedy scenes so broadly that the frivolity of the piece rather drowned out the sentiment.

Maher's little bit, when Rassendyll's artist friend had an unexpected audience with "Mr. King," was neatly and very humorously given, but the long list of characters seemed, on the whole, to have received a more perfunctory rendering than is generally the case at the New Alcazar, even when the piece given, as in the present case, is a revival of a well exploited play.

The Del Monte Dog Show

Deep interest is being taken in the annual dog show which is to take place at Del Monte on the 28th and 29th of August. A great many entries have already been received by W. E. Chute, who is in charge of the entries here in the city. The trophies, which are handsome cups, were made by Shreve & Co., and are on exhibition in their windows on Van Ness Avenue.

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VANITY FAIR.

Should a girl dance at a private house with a man to whom she has not been introduced? This is one of the questions now agitating French society, and if it hardly rises to the level of a social problem in America, it is because the American girl settles such questions for herself, dances with whom she wishes, and recognizes *les convenances* only to the extent of ignoring them at her own sweet will. But the French girl is still subject to direction and allows such questions to be settled for her by social and domestic authority.

But even the French girl is tentatively taking the bit between her teeth just by way of experiment and to find out how far she can go in braving the mysterious dangers supposed to await the unchaperoned and the un-introduced. Mme. Juliette Adam laments that men are now so scarce at private parties that the old-time rules must be relaxed if there is to be any intercourse at all. There was a time when anxious mothers could pick and choose and when the absence of an introduction was an impassable barrier between the man and the maiden. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* There is no longer a crowd of men to be separated by the maternal eye into eligibles and ineligibles. Men are few and far between at the dancing parties and they have therefore acquired a value which outweighs all considerations as to their being detrimental or otherwise. Mme. Adam says plaintively that "even to know how to dance at all is 'open sesame' for a man, and a hostess can not afford to pick and choose." Mme. Adam regrets the good old days when mammas "played the wallflower behind their girls" and arranged with them a code of signals by which the dear young things might know where their smiles and their encouragements might more safely be bestowed.

Times have indeed changed, and the change is not wholly with the men nor even with the girls, who actually dare to "go off and talk in corners alone with their partners." The mothers have changed, too, perhaps because they find that their vigilance is unseconded and their signals unobserved. The dear girl is learning to take care of herself. She has her own ideas of eligibility, and if they are a little vague and unworlthy, her ideas of having a good time are clear-cut and precise. And so mamma, her occupation gone, seeks relaxation at the bridge table in another room and amuses herself irresponsibly, perhaps losing more money than she can afford and setting an example to her daughter that the said daughter would be better without.

In this one respect of introductions the French girl is rather better off than her English sister. In England the rule is inflexible, and the introduction is as much a *sine qua non* in the ballroom as in the street. Of course the introduction has ceased to mean anything. It is given indiscriminately and the names are usually unheard. It is merely the skeleton of a social rite that once had flesh and blood enough to be an essential reality, but none the less it is religiously followed, and it may be hoped that the young British maiden profits from even so perfunctory an observance of the proprieties.

The common-sense plan seems to be to waive introductions altogether. The fact that two people have accepted an invitation to the same private house upon the same occasion is in itself an introduction. Such an acceptance carries with it an implication that the other people present will be congenial, and all other formalities may quite well be waived.

M. Marcel is not among those who were born to honor. He belongs in the more distinguished ranks of those who have achieved it. M. Marcel is the author of the "wave" to which his own immortal name has been given. The Marcel wave, with its natural undulations following the outlines of the head, is known all over civilization, and what therefore can be more proper than the reception accorded to this truly great man by the English hairdressers on the occasion of his recent visit to London. A banquet at the Holborn restaurant and the presentation of an illuminated address in a casket were some of the marks of esteem and admiration bestowed upon merit and upon world-wide benefaction.

Any future study of hero-worship should surely give to this incident its proper place. A long procession of distinguished people has recently passed through London. There have been crowned heads galore, not to speak of the amiable and capable head of the French republic. But the English hairdressers remained unmoved. If they felt enthusiasm they failed to show it, at least in their corporate capacity. They have their own honorable ideals, these hairdressers. They rise superior to popular acclamation, and when the crowds in the streets, the mere vulgar and inartistic people, shout their enthusiasm and their applause the hairdressers remain contemptuously aloof. How can they admire the man who is bald, who is threatened with baldness, or who shows no sign of special or skilled attention to his hair? Genius always has its external signs, and true greatness never fails to leave its outward mark for the guidance of the initiated. The hairdresser knows where to look for it, and if he fail to find it he hardens his heart against the contagion of unthinking cheers and waits for true

greatness to disclose itself. It has just done so in the person of M. Marcel, and the "Grande Fête Marcel" is proof that the hairdresser has a heart as well as a scalp and that he too can prostrate himself before genius.

What are we coming to? To what extent has a Jacobin radicalism invaded the sacred domain of aristocratic privilege when tradesmen, mere tradesmen, grocers, butchers, and the like, refuse to furnish their commodities to the representatives of "high life" unless such commodities are paid for? Surely such *canaille* ought to be grateful for a patronage that is their one point of contact with celestial social spheres that they can never hope to enter, without tarnishing the relationship by sordid demands for money which every one knows it is beyond the power of "society" to furnish. Truly the gods are overthrown and the rabble have taken the bit between their teeth.

It is a Newport grocer who has thus lighted the torch of incipient rebellion and red revolution, and he rushes into print with his riotous fulminations. "Hereafter," says the traitor, "we have made up our minds to give credit to no one beyond ninety days. We no longer can take cognizance of hard-luck stories from multi-millionaires." To this plebeian soul the mere honor of supplying dainties for monkey dinners appeals not at all. He is not to be paid by condescensions nor compensated by recognition. He must have cash, hard cash, and he must have it in ninety days.

Although King Edward is the most democratic of monarchs, his majesty always insists that his ministers must have the necessary court dress before they are allowed into his presence. It will be remembered that when the Right Honorable John Burns was given a seat in the Cabinet two years ago he petitioned the king to dispense with court dress in his case. His majesty, however, was obdurate, and, in spite of his high position, the president of the local government board had to conform to court regulations before he had an audience with the sovereign. The late John Bright, however, had better luck in his effort to dispense with court dress. Mr. Bright's objection was not a democratic but a religious one. Belonging to the Society of Quakers, he was unwilling to wear the sword which is a part of the ceremonial dress, and the difficulty being brought to the attention of Queen Victoria, her majesty gave special permission for the omission of the weapon. Mr. Burns's objection to court costume is presumably a democratic one, but then he should have thought of this before accepting an office that necessitates an occasional display of frippery, gold lace, and knee breeches.

All Cabinet ministers and other high state officials are expected to possess at least two court uniforms. A complete court dress will cost anything from \$900 to \$1050. The coat is made entirely from royal blue cloth of the choicest and costliest order, richly embroidered with gold thread, about 800 yards of this thread being used, and it is this item that makes the garment so expensive. The waistcoat is of the same material and splendidly embroidered.

To make the outfit perfect there are breeches of the finest silk, with cream silk hose and footgear of the choicest porpoise hide, adorned with rich silver buckles. These, with a cocked hat and a sword worn by the side, complete the orthodox court suit.

More than 5000 yards of the costliest gold thread are lavished upon the official uniform of the earl marshal. This is probably the most luxurious suit for court wear, and costs the earl marshal \$1150.

The complete court dress of a lord chancellor costs that high dignitary \$1050. Compared with some of the other court dresses it is rather unpretentious in appearance, but it is made of the finest silk, exclusively woven for this purpose, and that is what makes it a rather costly garment. The correct color for the coat collar of a Cabinet minister is Damascus scarlet, while the collars of some other garments vary in color according to the rank of the wearer, some of the foreign ambassadors wearing white and others royal blue. On these, as on other court garments, there is always bestowed plenty of gold thread, and they range in price from \$800 to \$1050.

In order to put an end to perplexities on the subject of court dress a book is about to be published by the lord chamberlain stating precisely what may and may not be worn. Hitherto there has been a good deal of latitude allowed and this has resulted in a gradual departure from established rule. An official of the lord chamberlain's department interviewed on the subject says: "It has happened sometimes that a gentleman ordering a suit for court wear has suggested a little more embroidery down the front, a little more cording or a few more buttons on the cuffs. The tailor has adopted the suggestion, and if the result was pleasing others followed the example."

In future no such discretion will be allowed. The king's watermen, the king's swan-keepers, the royal bodyguard, and all the other old and quaint liveries and uniforms will henceforth be absolutely correct. The king himself suggested the book, as the inac-

curacies in court dress at levees have frequently annoyed him. The king, as is well known, is a great stickler for absolute correctness in matters of this kind, and his knowledge of them is as great as his consideration. The text-book is therefore to be published by his own booksellers and printers. One result of the publication of this book will be to throw open the market for the supply of court dress. This has hitherto been a very close preserve, and those tailors who had any information on the subject of particular costumes or uniforms guarded the secret very jealously and are now none too pleased at the appearance of a guide giving complete information to every wielder of the shears.

We don't know very much about Finland. It is off the beaten track of the tourist and is usually associated in his mind with aborigines and fish. But as a matter of fact the civilization of Finland is among the finest of the world, her people among the most attractive and intelligent, and her institutions, political and educational, among the most advanced. Last, but not least, the women of Finland have achieved a political equality with men, and as pioneers in so radical a change the experiences of Finland deserve to be noticed. At the present time the Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg, member of the Finnish Diet, is on a lecture tour through Europe in order

to make her continental sisters better acquainted with what has been done in her own country. She says that the Finnish women have not been unsexed by their political successes. They continue to love their husbands, to bear them children, to cook, and sew, and care for the house, just as if they had not the right to vote. "Politicians thought we are," the baroness says, "we Finnish women recognize that a wife's first and main duty is to make a happy home for husband and children, to be the husband's loving mate the children's true and careful guardian."

The female deputies in the recently dissolved Diet did not come up to the expected standard of intelligence. That was freely admitted by the baroness, but much had been learned from initial experience and a greater care would now be used in the selection of candidates. There were nineteen female deputies, among them seven teachers, one student, one farmer's wife, one laundress, one servant girl, and one policeman's wife. The women deputies succeeded in passing the following bills: Providing better education for girls and fixing the marriageable age at seven teen years, instead of fifteen. "Encouragement of morality and temperance have been the motto of Finnish suffragettes from the start," concluded the lecturer, "and our great triumph is that we helped to down alcohol."

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The opening scene is in New York, where we are introduced to two Jewish families from Germany. The next scene is twenty years later in Missouri. The second generation is growing up in the new Western world, but not without the religious disabilities and creed prejudices that should belong exclusively to a past day in human history. The story is a long one and the plot is intricate, but it is vividly colored by splashes of genuine passion and of real tragedy. The "irresistible current" is the tendency toward a better philosophy of life, an agreement upon the essentials of human conduct that shall take the place of creeds, and a reliance upon a human love and brotherhood that is, after all, the highest expression of the best religion.—*The Argonaut.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Being asked once whether he had read any of the books of a popular novelist, Thackeray rejoined: "Well, no. You see, I am like a pastry cook. I bake tarts and I sell 'em; but I eat bread and butter."

Lord Houghton's sister was often annoyed at her brother's indiscriminate hospitality. "Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X was hanged or acquitted?" "He must have been hanged, or you would have had him to dinner long ago," replied the lady.

Recently two or three politicians called to see Mr. Kern at his office. One of them jocularly asked Mr. Kern why he wore "those whiskers." Mr. Kern stroked them thoughtfully and lovingly a few seconds and then remarked: "Well, boys, I don't know, but I think I wear them chiefly because they belong to me."

Judge Robertson of Chandler stopped a little newsboy at the Brown Palace at the Denver convention and asked for an Oklahoma paper. "Where is Oklahoma?" asked another newsboy who stood by. "I don't know where the h— it is, but it's where all this convention came from," answered the first hopeful.

The late Dr. W. B. Robertson of Irvine was once addressing a hoys' meeting, and having delighted them with some of his racy anecdotes, he began to draw to a close by saying: "Now I'm going to point out the moral of all this." "Never mind the moral," shouted a little fellow from the middle of the hall; "gie's anither story."

A physician in a small town was distinguished by his inability to remember names and people. One day, while making out a patient's receipt, his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful, and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an e or i. The lady smilingly replied, "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."

They were discussing the relative position of various countries as musical centres. Germany seemed to have the most votaries, much to the evident displeasure of one excitable Italian, who wished his own country to carry off the palm. "Italy is turning out the most musicians, and has always turned out the most," he cried. "Ach Gott!" exclaimed a German present, "can you plame dem?"

A king's coachman is a personage of no small importance. Certainly the coachman to her late majesty, Queen Victoria, had a hefting sense of the dignity and responsibility of his position. On the occasion of the jubilee of 1887 he was asked if he was driving any of the royal and imperial guests at that time quartered in Buckingham Palace. "No, sir," was his reply. "I am the queen's coachman; I don't drive the riffraff."

Two stories are told of the time when the Athenæum Club, while its club-house was undergoing renovation, were hospitably taken in by the United Service Club. One was of a distinguished officer who, after a vain hunt for his umbrella, was heard to mutter: "That comes of letting those hishops into the club!" The counterblast is to the effect that when an Athenæum man, while his club was still the guest of the other, asked for the librarian, the answer was: "Please, sir, he is in the dining-room, carving the roast heef!"

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea, and well known as a hrother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day, in the King's Road, he saw Carlyle coming in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying: "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was: "Tom Alexander, I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him five pounds, he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The five pounds were at once forthcoming.

Minister Ransom, when he was in the Senate, was one day going down the capitol steps when he saw approaching a very dull, long-winded man. Ransom was in no mental or physical shape to hear the droning of a full-fledged bore just at that moment. As the dull one drew near, Ransom greeted him with sour shortness, and hurried by. The other had paused; but at this brief dismissal turned away. Ransom, smitten of conscience at his own rudeness, turned pleasantly when some ten steps separated him from the bore, and called out: "Good-by, Simpkins! I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins!" At this, Simpkins began to he-

tray symptoms of returning. "But don't come back, Simpkins," remonstrated Ransom, wildly motioning with both hands; "I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins; but don't come back; don't come back!"

On one of the week-end cruises the Hartford ran into Castine, Maine, where crowds of visitors hoarded the ship. One old, grizzled farmer fell into the hands of a youngster from Montana. For the time being ventilators became torpedo tubes, those "sticks" up in the air were to hold up fog nets, the ropes were clothes lines, the engines ran by radium, and the Hartford was the fastest ship afloat. The old hoy seemed deeply interested, especially in the chute for getting overboard the legs and arms that might be adrift in action, and the valve for letting out whatever water might run into the ship. When he finally went over the side he was profuse in his thanks. Turning to his escort he drew out his card, on which was engraved: "Rear-Admiral, U. S. N., Retired," and said: "The old ship has changed since I commanded her!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Milk and Sugar.

The milkman and the grocer:
Were walking on the strand.
"I dearly love the water!"
The former chuckled. And
The grocer with a wink averred
He just adored the sand!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Faithful Prune.

The shortcake halts a moment on its way,
The watermelon hath a henceward trend,
The cantaloupe drops in, but not to stay—
The prune alone is faithful to the end.
—Cleveland News.

The Olympiad "Foreigners."

The hammer throw had been announced, the huggles had been blown;
The heavy hammers flew and bounced, by mighty giants thrown.
"Who wins it?" cried the eager throng. "Who captures this event?"
And the Irish entries came along, retiring on their tent.

"A foreigner has beaten us,"
They answered with a groan;
"A foreigner—United States—
A fellow named Malone."

A dozen men were crouched to start, and the starter fired the gun;
And as a how projects a dart, the men were off to run.

"Who wins it?" cried the eager crowd. "Who captures this event?"
And the German sprinters, sad and howed, retired upon their tent.

"A foreigner has conquered us,"
They said, and winced a bit;
"A foreigner—United States—
His name is Otto Schmidt."

The hurdle race was duly called, and the starter fired the shot;
And some there were were overhauled, and some there were were not.

"Who wins it?" cried the multitude. "Who wins this last event?"
And the Frenchmen, beaten and subdued, retired upon their tent.

"A foreigner outthurdled us,"
They said with little heart;
"A foreigner—United States—
A man named Bonaparte."

The running jump was on the card, and men went high aloft;
And some men hit the island hard, and others hit it soft.

"Who wins it?" cried the eager mass. "Who captures this event?"
And the Swedish jumpers sadly passed, retiring on their tent.

"A foreigner has won," they said,
"Some fellow from Wisconsin—
He yump like sixty, and his name,
His name han Yonny Yonson."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Remedial Partisanship.

Park Wells's hay trotter, Queen Thoroughbred Bess,
Got hit on th' track by th' Lightnin' Express,
An' they heat Park in court, 'cause th' railroads is rich.
So he's down on th' courts an' th' railroads an' sich;
He voted for Teddy last time, but he said
He's afraid Taft aint no such huster as Ted.
So it's Bryan for him.

Jay Gibbons aint got no job any more
An' they shut off his credit at Jenkins's store;
So Jay is ripoarin' an' makin' 'em jump,
Th' hankers an' shylocks, from out on th' stump.
He's read all th' platforms, behind an' before,
An' says that th' Bryan one promises more.
So it's Bryan for him.
—New York Sun.

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question: "Here at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered: "My victuals."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

These weeks of late summer and early autumn have plunged the world of holiday-makers into the limbo of between-seasons. Returning from country to town, everybody is unsettled and everything is waiting to be settled. Nothing definite can be expected of the weather, because it is the turn of the season, the summer styles and fabrics are passé and the autumn ones are not yet established, and by the same token nobody knows where to locate anybody, for those who were in the country yesterday may be in town tomorrow and vice versa.

The engagement is announced of Miss Madeline Bohrmann of Sausalito and Mr. Henry Clay Miller. No date has as yet been decided on for the wedding.

Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush announces the engagement of her daughter, Florence Beale Hush, to Mr. Charles Harvey Bentley.

The marriage of Miss Grace Davis and Mr. Frank E. Booth was solemnized Saturday by Rev. Bradford Leavitt at the Davis home in Baker Street.

A dinner in honor of Miss Irene Van Arsdale and Lieutenant Kurtz, U. S. N., was given Saturday on board the U. S. S. Intrepid by the officers of the ship.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier was hostess at a bridge party at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago. Mrs. Currier's guests were: Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Walter Quick, Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. George Tay, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Somers, and Miss Gwin.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose entertained a house party over the week-end. Their guests were: Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clem, Dr. Field, U. S. N., and Mrs. Field, Colonel Brainard, U. S. A., Colonel Lockwood, U. S. A., Captain Johnson, U. S. A., and Mr. Whitney.

Mrs. Louis Hobart entertained a number of friends recently in honor of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander at her home in El Cerrito.

Miss Maude Payne was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Janet Coleman at her home on California Street. Miss Coleman's guests were: Miss Maud Payne, the Misses Calhoun, Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Miss Marguerite Barron, Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Anita Davis, Miss Ysabel Brewer, and Miss Viola Meyers.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be a found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan are still in Paris and are planning to return to California in the autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Dimond are spending a fortnight in the Tahoe region.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden are at Tahoe, where they will spend a week or two before returning to town.

Mrs. Charles Fee and her daughters, Martha and Elizabeth, have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they have been all summer.

Baroness von Schroeder and her two daughters, Jeannette and Edith von Schroeder, came up from the Von Schroeder ranch last week and spent a few days in San Rafael.

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. A., has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Llewellyn Jones.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and the Misses Alexander of New York are making a tour of the southern part of the State.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly McConagle and their son Douglas are motoring through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown have returned from their visit to Boca.

Misses Frances and Mary Jolliffe are in Ireland, guests of their cousin, Mrs. Cryan.

Miss Polhemus and Miss Mills expect to return next month to San Jose, after an extended residence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister are at Lake Tahoe for several weeks.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, who has been visiting friends in the southern part of the State, is expected to return to her home in this city within a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall are in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Evan Pillsbury has been entertaining Miss Madeline Bohrmann during the past few weeks at her home in Montecito.

Mrs. Porter Ashe has returned to her home, after her visit to relatives near Philadelphia.

Mr. Hubert Mee and her son, Hubert Mee, have returned from Lake Tahoe to their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle have taken a house in town and are planning to close their home in Menlo Park.

Rev. Edward Morgan, rector of St. Luke's Church, is spending his vacation at Tahoe.

Mr. Spencer Grant has returned to town, after several weeks spent in Yosemite Valley.

Rear-Admiral James H. Dayton is spending the week at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Vera de Sahla has returned to her

home in San Mateo, after a visit to Miss Maude Wilson in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond when last heard from had joined their son and his wife, the Richard Hammonds, in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman, who have spent the summer at Del Monte, have returned to their home.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and the Misses Newhall have returned from Tahoe to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bocqueraz have sailed for Europe, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch are at Santa Barbara, the guests of friends.

Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Hooker, and Miss Charlotte Land of New York are at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. A. M. Easton of San Mateo is taking an extended motor trip through the State.

Miss Cora Smedburg is the guest of Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin at San Mateo.

Mrs. L. L. Lawson sailed on the out-going transport Sheridan to join her husband, Captain Lawson, U. S. A., in the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, who have spent the summer across the bay, are at home again on Ellis Street.

Miss Minnie Moughton is at Lake Tahoe for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, who have been in Paris, are now making a tour through Italy.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was a guest at The Peninsula, San Mateo, last week, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Colonel L. H. Clement, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clement and their daughter, Miss Ethel Clement, are at the Hotel California for the winter.

Mrs. A. W. Bjornstad, wife of Captain Bjornstad, U. S. A., has arrived from Cuba and is at the Fairmont.

Commander Edward Darrell, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. West Virginia, and Mrs. Darrell are visiting Mr. Thomas C. Grant at his country place in Napa County.

Mr. William H. Keith is visiting his mother at her home in this city prior to his departure for New York and Paris.

Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith has been the guest of Mrs. William Wood at Lake Tahoe during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott are motoring through the Tahoe region.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and Miss Hazel King are at Lake Louise, Canada.

Mrs. A. D. Sharon and Miss Florence Breckenridge are entertaining Miss Mary Keeney at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman have returned from their trip abroad and are at their country place at Ross for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. A. N. Towne is one of the recent arrivals at Tahoe.

Miss Lucie King has returned to town from a series of visits in the country.

At the Hotels.

Admiral Swinburne has been at the St. Francis for the past few days. Mrs. Swinburne, who has been a guest of the Cuyler Lees and a recent visitor at Del Monte, has joined her husband, and when the admiral goes to Honolulu in command of the Pacific Squadron intends to go over to the island accompanied by Mrs. Emile Brugiere.

Colonel Marion P. Maus of Monterey, who succeeds General Funston, arrived with Mrs. Maus last Sunday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Judge Alton B. Parker has arrived at the St. Francis with Mr. Delancy Nicoll of New York.

Mr. John J. Akin, general manager of the Los Angeles street railway system, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Akin.

The Maharajah of Sikkim is at the St. Francis with Major O'Conner of the British army.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan Hill of Washington, D. C., are guests of the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Charles Strauss of New York is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Strauss and their children, Edith and Eugene.

The latest accessions to the theatrical colony at the St. Francis are the principals who are to appear in the cast of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Y. Rice were also guests prior to their sailing on the Siberia. Mrs. Rice is the authoress of the famous novel from which the play was dramatized.

The following have engaged suites for the fall and winter at the Hotel Jefferson: Mr. and Mrs. C. Mason Kinnie, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Washburn, Mrs. W. W. Young and Miss Ella Young, Mrs. N. A. Whitaker and Miss Gertrude Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Butler, Mrs. Norman Rideout of Marysville, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter and Miss Mary Carter of Honolulu, Mrs. J. A. Hopper and Miss Margaret and Miss Katherine Hopper of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Shearn, all of New York, motored down from Pleasanton, where they have been spending a short time at Mrs. Phebe Hearst's home, and were the guests of the Fairmont while in San Francisco.

Mrs. L. L. Armsby of Washington, D. C., arrived from the Orient on the Siberia and left for the north on the steamer President.

During her stay in this city Mrs. Armsby was the guest of the Fairmont.

Mrs. Marion Lambert and Mrs. Nichols of St. Louis, Missouri, are now at the Fairmont.

Rear-Admiral Theo F. Jewell, U. S. N., retired, accompanied by Mrs. Jewell, has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Los Angeles are in the city and are registered at the Fairmont.

Mr. M. J. Connell of Los Angeles was a guest of the Fairmont for a short while this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Towle of St. Paul are making an extensive trip on the Coast and are at the Fairmont for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox, U. S. N., and Mr. F. P. Williams, U. S. N., are among the latest additions to the navy colony at the Fairmont.

Mr. Z. A. Spalding of Hawaii is one of the visitors now residing at the Fairmont.

Dr. and Mrs. L. Duncan Bulkley of New York are at the Fairmont for a short visit, as are Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Coffin of the same city.

Major Burnham, soldier, hunter, and traveler, is at the Fairmont. Major Burnham makes his home in Pasadena.

Among visitors from the South at the Fairmont are Mrs. M. E. Cantherm of Lampasas, Texas, and Miss Nan Wilson of Atlanta, Georgia.

Mr. A. Besack, a merchant of St. Petersburg, Russia, is stopping at the Fairmont.

Miss Adele Schroeder, Miss Ellen M. Fiske, and Mr. Edward P. Cormins, all of Boston, are among the guests at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Aubrey and Surgeon S. J. Call of the United States Reclamation Service are at the Fairmont. They are registered from El Paso.

Mrs. S. W. Haynes of Piedmont has taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Dr. Henry Steven Kierstedt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kierstedt came up from Del Monte Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harriman in their private car and engaged rooms at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro, who have been spending the summer out of town, have returned to pass the winter at the St. Francis.

Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy will be at the St. Francis for a few days with his wife (Miss Mathison) before her departure for the East with the Henry Miller players.

Mr. A. H. Branner of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hobart of New York, Mrs. F. M. Taylor and Miss Taylor of New York, are among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont.

Mr. E. H. Harriman was the guest of the Fairmont during his stay in San Francisco. Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who with her daughters went to Del Monte from Sacramento, have arrived in this city and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Harriman is accompanied by Miss Harriman and Miss Carol Harriman, while the two boys are with their father.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Normandie are Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dubbell, San Bernardino; Mrs. F. Birdsall, Sacramento; Mrs. C. E. Darling, Nome; Mrs. Emil Steinmann, Miss Alice Steinmann, Miss B. Graham, Sacramento; Mrs. T. C. McGirr, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Harrison, Menlo Park; Miss C. M. Hotopp, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Stewart M. Last, Mrs. C. F. Last, Miss S. Menzies, Los Angeles.

The German law does not forbid the granting of a commission to a Jew either with the colors or in the reserve; but there is not one single Hebrew officer in the active army, and but few in the reserve. The law is with them, but race prejudice wholly against them, and even the Kaiser seems powerless to break this down, although he is making new efforts.

Four little Angora goats, drawing a small conveyance and their master, are making a trip across the American continent from San Diego, California, to New York. The goats travel on an average fifteen miles a day.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

The officers who participated in the walking contest were Colonel John C. Clem, U. S. A., Colonel G. H. Torney, U. S. A., Colonel Adam Slaker, U. S. A., Colonel J. Walter Bennet, U. S. A., Colonel G. L. Anderson, U. S. A., Major W. A. Bethel, U. S. A., and Major J. M. Kennedy, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Gresham, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., chief umpire of manoeuvres to be held at camp of instruction at Murray, Washington, will proceed from Boise Barracks to that camp for duty.

Leave of absence to and including October 31 is granted Major Daniel E. Devore, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., to take effect upon the completion of his duties in connection with the camp of instruction to be held at American Lake, Washington.

A board of survey consisting of Major H. C. Dawson, A. Q. M., and First Lieutenant A. B. Owens, U. S. A., is ordered to convene at the office of the depot quartermaster, U. S. M. A., San Francisco, California.

Paymaster George P. Dyer, U. S. N., who has spent two months in San Francisco engaged in fitting out the supply ships of the battleship fleet, has returned to Washington, D. C.

Assistant Naval Constructor E. C. Manner is detached from duty with the Second Torpedo Flotilla and assigned to duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Passed Assistant Paymaster B. A. McMillan, U. S. N., is to be detached from duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and assigned to duty as general storekeeper and pay officer at the Naval Training Station, San Francisco, August 15.

Captain Albert E. Truby, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as a member of the Board of Medical Officers appointed to meet at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for the purpose of conducting the preliminary examinations of applicants for appointment in the Medical Corps of the army.

Captain Morton J. Henry is relieved from duty in the Philippine Division, to take effect on or about October 6, and will then proceed to San Francisco, California, and upon arrival report by telegraph to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Leave of absence for three months on surgeon's certificate of disability is granted Captain Joseph Matson, Coast Artillery Corps U. S. A.

Captain Leroy T. Hillman, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is transferred from the Forty-Fifth Company to the One Hundred and Twelfth Company and will join the latter company.

Captain William H. Tobin, U. S. A., will occupy the office of quartermaster at the Presidio of San Francisco until the arrival of Captain Abraham S. Bickham, U. S. A., from Manila.

Captain A. J. Matthews is detailed as judge advocate of general court-martial at the Navy Yard at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Edwin W. Dodd, U. S. N., of the *Granpus* (submarine) is stationed for temporary duty at Mare Island.

First Lieutenant Charles H. Knight, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the First Battalion, Corps of Engineers, at Fort Mason, and will proceed to St. Louis for duty.

First Lieutenant Frank O. Whitlock, U. S. A., unassigned, Fourteenth Cavalry, has been assigned to Troop M, Presidio of San Francisco.

First Lieutenant Hiram A. Phillips, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with Company B, Hospital Corps, General Hospital, at the Presidio of San Francisco, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order, and will proceed on the transport to sail from San Francisco on or about September 5 for the Philippine Islands, and upon arrival at Manila will report in person to the commanding general of the Philippine Division for assignment to duty.

First Lieutenant Otis R. Cole, U. S. A., upon his arrival in San Francisco en route to the Philippines will report in person to the commanding general of the Department of California for duty pending the departure of the transport on which he may secure accommodation.

Leave of absence for two months upon completion of his duties at the Pacific Rifle and Pistol Competition, Presidio of Monterey, is granted First Lieutenant Austin M. Pardee, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.

First Lieutenant Charles T. Leeds, U. S. A., Corps of Engineers, is relieved from his station at Los Angeles and will proceed to Pasadena and take station.

Lieutenant George E. Turner, U. S. A., will be stationed at Gilroy while on duty with the progressive military map of the United States.

Arrangements are going forward to install a postoffice on every ship in the United States navy, authorization having been made at the last session of Congress. Enlisted men on each ship will be appointed postmaster and assistant postmaster, their regular pay to be increased by \$500 and \$300 a year respectively.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Miss Genevieve King and her brother, Mr. Frank B. King, went to Del Monte last week and spent the week-end.

Mrs. T. W. Morgan Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper are at Del Monte, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Miss Harriman, and Miss Carol Harriman arrived at Del Monte in their private car last Thursday, and after a couple of days' stay departed for San Mateo, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker for a few days before joining Mr. Harriman at his hunting lodge on the shores of Upper Klamath Lake.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Harry H. Scott, and Mr. S. E. Sherwin spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle and their son, Douglas, arrived at Del Monte on Sunday for a short visit.

Eight army officers under command of Colonel A. Lundeen, post commander of the Presidio, who are on the ninety-mile endurance ride in accordance with President Roosevelt's order, spent Monday and Tuesday at The Peninsula, San Mateo. The party consisted of Colonel J. A. Lundeen, Major Stevens, Major Williamson, Major Pickett, Colonel Marsh, Major Wright, Major Schreiner, Major Ruckman.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, who are living at The Peninsula, San Mateo, gave a dinner last week at which were present Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Enrico Grau, Miss Alice Hager, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wangerheim have taken apartments at The Peninsula for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Jr., spent Sunday at The Peninsula.

Mrs. Columbus Waterhouse and Mrs. S. W. Waterhouse were among the automobilists at The Peninsula Sunday.

Miss Elise Clark of San Francisco is a guest of the A. P. Reddings at The Peninsula.

Miss Black, daughter of General Manager Black of the United Railroads, is a guest at The Peninsula for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Scott were over-Sunday visitors at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Miss Hooker of San Francisco, Mrs. Samuel Knight of Burlingame, and Miss Land of New York are guests of Mrs. George Lent of San Francisco at Etna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fimmel of San Francisco are guests at Etna Springs.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gilmartin, Mr. Harry Leap, Dr. Louis Stern, Mrs. Henry Williams.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte include Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Miss Dorothy K. Fries, Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Miss Ynez Pischel, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford, Mr. and Mrs. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kidwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clark, Judge Jeremiah V. Coffey, Mr. J. V. Coffey, Mrs. S. D. Freshman, Mr. J. O. Tobin, Mr. J. H. Noyes.

The following guests from San Francisco are registered at Etna Springs: Mrs. George Lent, Miss Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fimmel, Miss Brown, Mr. Thomas F. Boyle, Mr. Solomon Davis, Mr. Robert A. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hanna, Mr. F. H. Coon, Mr. H. E. Monroe, Mrs. T. F. Boyle, Mr. Eugene Unger, Mr. Sol Arenson, Mr. George A. Cohn.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel Del Coronado for the week ending August 9 were Mr. John S. Howell, Dr. and Mrs. George K. Frink, children and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Lindblom and son, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lowenstein, Mr. A. L. LeCompt, Mr. M. R. Pratt, Mr. Ward A. Dwight, Mr. Burton Haines, Mr. A. Glass, Mr. Louis E. Pels, Mr. F. J. Berf, Mr. J. C. Feige, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Stewart.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Questioner—I hear his wife is a brunette, but I thought he married a blonde. *The Joker*—He did, but she dyed.—*Houston Post*.

Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks. *Cook*—Ah, go on wid yer blarney!—*Town Topics*.

Nurse (announcing the expected)—Professor, it's a little boy. *Professor* (absent-mindedly)—Well, ask him what he wants.—*Boston Transcript*.

Passenger (on tram car)—Don't you always shiver when you pass this cemetery? *Conductor*—Not me; I'm going to be cremated.—*The Mirror*.

"Now, did the missus shay 'ave only two whiskies and get 'ome by twelve; or (hic) 'ave twelve whiskies (hic) and get 'ome by two?"—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Hix—I always have Dr. Emdee. When my mother-in-law was at death's door he pulled her through. *Dir*—Which way did he pull her?—*St. Louis Republic*.

Nell—I don't suppose Mr. Sillicus has any vices. *Belle*—Vices? Why, he belongs to a glee club, an amateur theatrical society, and writes poetry.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Suppose women should vote. What would be the result?" "Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, petulantly. "Perhaps we'd have hand-painted ballots."—*Washington Star*.

Patience—Those two girls dislike one another, and yet they always kiss when they meet. *Patrice*—Yes, I suppose each hopes the other will get the microches.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Grimsey—What is the psychological moment? *Cholly*—It is when you get a tip on a dead sure thing and do not happen to have the money to hack it up.—*New Orleans World*.

He—Did you hear me singing under your window last night? I hope your father didn't hear it? *She*—Yes, he did; but you needn't worry, he thought it was the cats!—*Stray Stories*.

"Yes," said Mr. Tamho, "I passed around the hat today." "And why," inquired Mr. Bones, "did you pass around the hat?" "I had to. It was a merry widow."—*Washington Herald*.

Merchant—I'll give you a position as clerk to start with, and pay you what you are worth. Is that satisfactory? *Applicant*—Oh, perfectly; but—er—do you think the firm can afford it?—*Illustrated Bits*.

Critique—Ah! Wagner and Strauss give us the music of the future. *Causitive*—Well, after hearing some of it one has a curiosity to know what the noise of the future is going to be like.—*Boston Traveler*.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to want me!"—*Boston Globe*.

Lady (after tendering a shilling for fare)—And here are two huns you may have, my man. *Cabby*—Thank you kindly, lady. I suppose you don't 'appen to 'ave a wisp of 'ay for the 'orse?—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

"That was a nice trick you played to run away from me with your umbrella and hold it over a pretty servant girl carrying a pitcher of beer." "Sorry, but I had to do it; it was our servant and my beer."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

His Daughter's Beau—I—er—er—want to ask you, sir, for your—er—daughter's hand, sir. *Her Father*—I'm not disposing of her in sections, but I'm willing to listen to any proposition involving all of her, sir.—*Cleveland News*.

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. *Domestic*—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable, you'd have as many friends as I have.—*Boston Traveler*.

Mally—I should think Mrs. Roosevelt would be afraid to let her husband go out after lions. *Coddle*—Pooh! *Molly*—Why do you say that? *Coddle*—Because she knows very well there isn't a lion living that could bite him first.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

"I once spurned a bribe of \$100,000," said the orator, naturally evoking a round of applause. "Nay, friends, do not cheer," he continued. "It is the duty of all to be honest. Besides, the services demanded by the brazen scoundrel were worth double the money."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Willie—And so you quarreled? *Charlie*—Yes; she sent back all my presents. And what do you suppose I did? *Willie*—Can't guess. *Charlie*—I sent her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd taken about that much home on my coat since I'd known her.—*The Gossip*.

Mrs. Newlywed—Fred, dear, I have done you a great injustice. *Mr. Newlywed*—In what way? *Mrs. Newlywed*—Well, I suspected you without reason. I asked several

of your friends that you go to the club with if you knew how to play poker, and every one of them thought a minute and said you didn't.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. De Style—So your hahy girl is three weeks old; my, how time flies. *Mrs. Gunbusta*—Yes; just think, in thirty years from now she will be twenty-one years old.—*The Sphinx*.

Mother—What did Mrs. Meanly give you for cutting her grass? *Willie*—Nothing. *Mother*—Why, she promised you 10 cents, didn't she? *Willie*—Yes, but I used her sickle to do it with and she charged me 10 cents for the use of it.—*Pioneer Press*.

Old Lady—My little hoy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing about idling away your time? *Boy*—I aint idling away my time! There's Mr. Hankinson inside making love to my sister, and he is paying me sixpence an hour to watch for pa.—*Chips*.

Policeman (to tenant of flat)—And you say the rug was stolen from your hall. Can you give me any particulars of it? *Tenant* (nervously)—Oh, yes. It was a fancy reversible rug—red on one side and green on the other. *Policeman* (impressively)—Ah—and which was the green side?—*Punch*.

"Has that girl next door to you still got her parlor melodeon?" "No, she exchanged it for a cornet, I'm glad to say." "But, gracious, if she plays the cornet that's worse, isn't it?" "Not at all. It's only half as bad. She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"How true that old saying is about a child asking questions that a man can not answer," remarked Popleigh. "What's the trouble now," queried his friend Singleton. "This morning," replied Popleigh, "my little hoy asked me why men were sent to Congress and I couldn't tell him."—*Chicago Daily News*.

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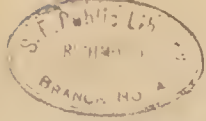
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man. Nor have we heard of anybody else who knows such a man. Those who are opposing the reelection of Senator Perkins do so upon purely negative and personal grounds. They don't like Perkins for some reason or for no reason; and, therefore, they object to him. They wish to substitute for him not so much a superior man as some other man. The weakness of their position is instantly manifest when they are asked to name somebody in Mr. Perkins's place. Pardee, a weak creature of essentially feminine mind; Spreckels, an ignoramus known alike for his stupidity and his arrogance and commended only by his money; Metcalf, an excellent man with no qualifications superior to those of Mr. Perkins—these are the names we most commonly hear. What could possibly be gained for California by the substitution of any one of these for our present senior senator? From any rational standpoint, Pardee and Spreckels are unthinkable. The election of either, if it were possible—which, praise be to God, it is not—would simply be to put vanity, insufficiency, and inexperience in the place of expert and proved working capacity. Mr. Metcalf, a man of distinctly better type, likewise a man of wide acquaintance at Washington, would come to senatorial duties as a new man with inside senatorial relations to be established. It would take him ten years at least to get himself so adjusted as to equal the position in which Mr. Perkins stands by virtue of long service and thorough acquaintance in combination with industry and excellent working abilities. In sending Mr. Metcalf to the Senate we would not get the supreme gifts above referred to; we would not give to the Pacific Coast or to California a stronger personality or a larger voice than she has today. We would simply be substituting one excellent and highly respectable man for another. It would be a change without reason or justification in high motives or in any motive excepting those which rest upon mere personality. And, speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* has no respect at all for merely personal motives in relation to public affairs.

Mr. Perkins, as we have said before, makes no pretensions as a profound, original statesman. He is essentially a practical man and his work in the Senate is, above all else, on practical lines. At the same time he is a very intelligent man, a man of wide experience in affairs and familiar with the general obligations and operations of government. He is a man of cooperative mind and of genial manners, and therefore commands respect and friendship in the Senate and out of it. He is an untiring worker, sparing himself at no point where the interests of the State or the country at large are concerned. He stands among the little group of senators—only eight or ten all told—who enjoy a special prestige and influence through long service. His committee assignments are the best and have been especially chosen with respect to legislation affecting Californian interests. In brief, Mr. Perkins, while not a great statesman and while making no pretensions to that character, is a highly practical and useful man in the Senate. He stands well not only with this administration, but with that which is to come, and his capacity for the accomplishment of general legislative purposes is large.

We are about to enter upon a new administrative deal at Washington. Among other things, the tariff is to be revised. The material interests of California are largely bound up in the tariff scheme. Would it be wise from any point of view in such a crisis to turn out an experienced and faithful man thoroughly acquainted with his work and so placed as to be of vast service to the State, and to substitute for him a new man without senatorial experience, and therefore without special prestige or influence in relation to senatorial duties? The *Argonaut* thinks not. It thinks we would make a tremendous practical mistake at this time to retire Mr. Perkins and to send in his place another man who could not possibly hope for years to

come to command the position now held by Mr. Perkins. It is, of course, possible that there are men among us whose talents are great enough to offset Mr. Perkins's many and manifest advantages. But there is nobody of this type in sight.

A Democracy or a Republic.

Mr. Bryan's demagoguery is more pronounced in his latest utterances than it has been at any time during his long career as a Democratic candidate for the presidency. The facility with which he abandons tentative policies, and the rapidity with which he veers to the gusts of popular opinion surpass all previous performances of this inimitable political acrobat. His third address of acceptance fairly reeks with appeal to the prejudices and animosities of the mob. The constructive quality is entirely lacking in Mr. Bryan's letter; it is destructive throughout, not only in its assault upon "predatory wealth," which he declares is responsible for all the ills to which this nation has fallen heir, but also in its demand for complete and absolute "rule" by the people. His obvious target is the Republican party and the Republican administration, but his real motive is the subversion of the Constitution itself. He would change the basic structure of the nation by removing the foundation of the republic and substituting the unstable and chaotic conditions prevalent in an absolute democracy. There is no middle ground for Mr. Bryan. The wisdom of the fathers is obsolete and the only hope of the commonwealth is in direct government by the people, whose best guide, philosopher, friend, and prophet is William Jennings Bryan.

"Shall the people rule?" asks Mr. Bryan. The inference of the question is plain. The people do not rule. The people are in nowise responsible for the conditions which Mr. Bryan insists are so deplorable. The Republican party, for example, is not sustained and perpetuated by the people; it is wholly in the grasp of an oligarchy of "predatory wealth"; the people have been defrauded of their birthright; they have been reduced to a condition of abject serfdom; the people no longer have a voice in the administration of the laws of the country they once owned. This is Bryanism in its simplest terms—the blatant outcry of an arrant demagogue striving for his own aggrandizement.

So much for the impotence of the people, manifest, of course, in their inability to elect Mr. Bryan to the presidency of the republic. But if the answer to Mr. Bryan's question shall be in the affirmative; if it shall also include the election of Mr. Bryan; the proposition will wear quite another aspect. He "recognizes" in his last letter of acceptance that he is indebted for his nomination to "the rank and file of our party," and he is free to confess that his election must come, "if it comes at all," from the "unpurchased and unpurchasable suffrages of the American people." He promises, therefore, that if intrusted with the responsibilities of this high office, he will "consecrate" whatever ability he has "to the one purpose of making this, in fact, a government which will do justice to all," and much more in like strain. This is Mr. Bryan's latest if not his final remedy for the "hideous wrongs" with which this nation is afflicted.

There are, therefore, according to the Bryan estimate, two kinds of people in this country—the kind that elect and sustain wicked representatives, but who are not responsible for the evil they thus create and maintain; and the kind that will vote for Mr. Bryan and by that beneficent action will participate in the great good that Mr. Bryan promises to accomplish if it shall happen that the Bryan kind is more numerous than the other kind.

Mr. Bryan is probably aware that the fathers of the Constitution distinguished between a democracy and a republic and that this distinction was based on a literal definition of the two words. A democracy meant, as these statesmen believed, a polity in which the people legislated and governed directly and in their own per-

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Senatorship.

The *Argonaut* would like to see the Pacific States represented in the Senate of the United States by men of the very highest and broadest capability. It would like to see a group of Websters, Clays, and Blaines commanding by their talent the admiration and approval of the country and in reasonable and worthy ways dominating legislation. Particularly, the *Argonaut* would like to see California magnificently represented in the Senate; we would like it if we had in the Senate a supreme man capable of declaring the voice of the Pacific West not only with respect to our immediate affairs, but in relation to those vast interests which are arising in the new world of the Pacific Ocean. If anybody can point to an available man, competent by his character and his talents, by the possession of public confidence and by the eagerness of his individual force, to meet these requirements, the *Argonaut* will gladly give him such support as it may, without respect to the color of his hair or to its own private likes or dislikes. Name the man big enough and we will venture so far as to pledge him very active and earnest support.

Very frankly let us say that we know of no such

sons as they did at Athens, Rome, and Florence. A republic was more restricted, being a form of government in which the people legislated through elected representatives. It was the belief of the fathers that a democracy, pure and simple, would be subject constantly and unrestrainedly to the clamor of the rabble because a direct vote would elevate time-serving demagogues to the high offices; whereas, it was argued, a republic in the sense applied by the wise men that framed the organic law of this nation, would be subject to the rule of those who are fit to rule—men of character, approved integrity, ability, experience, and unswerving patriotism.

It is probably also within the purview of Mr. Bryan's knowledge that the senatorial function, the operation of which he so roundly denounces, was the bulwark erected by the Constitution makers to oppose and check the rising tide of radical democracy. The framers of the Constitution were profoundly conversant with the consequences of unlimited popular liberty, and they sought to temper the rash impulses of the mob by interposing a conservative body of legislators not directly responsible to the passion-swayed mass of the people. Since it was essential that their democracy should include every white male citizen who had attained or passed the age of twenty-one years, without even the qualification of education or property interests, it was but wise and eminently politic that there should be established a sovereignty within the sovereignty with power sufficient to modify and ameliorate the oftentimes tyrannical and frequently insensate demands of the people expressed through their immediate agents in the House of Representatives. It was clearly recognized by the framers of the Constitution that a Senate not immediately appointed by the people, and for the term of six years, might gradually acquire a dangerous preeminence in the government, and finally transform itself into a dominating and domineering aristocracy. This possibility was actually debated in the convention and was met by the proponents of the existing clauses defining senatorial jurisdiction with the answer that liberty may be endangered by the abuses of liberty, as well as by the abuses of power; that there are numerous instances of the former as well as of the latter; and that the former, rather than the latter, is apparently most to be apprehended by the United States. It was fear of the people and a demagogue-driven democracy that created the Senate of the United States and vested it with powers and functions which Mr. Bryan would now abolish by making it as subservient to the votes of a heterogeneous populace as is the House of Representatives.

Mr. Bryan's statesmanship, however, does not admit the cogency of the argument upon which the constitutional scope of the Senate rests. This argument premised that before the Senate could strike down the legitimate liberties of the people it must in the first place corrupt itself; it must next corrupt the State legislatures; must then corrupt the House of Representatives; and must finally corrupt the people at large. It is evident, the framers of the Constitution contended, that the Senate must be first corrupted before it can attempt an establishment of tyranny. Without corrupting the State legislatures, it can not prosecute the attempt, because the periodical change of members would otherwise regenerate the whole body. Without exerting the means of corruption with equal success on the House of Representatives, the opposition of that co-equal branch of the government would inevitably defeat the attempt; and without corrupting the people themselves, a succession of new representatives would speedily restore all things to their pristine order. It was not deemed possible by any means within the compass of human address that the proposed Senate could arrive at the object of a lawless ambition through all these obstructions.

Therefore, Mr. Bryan is at variance with the statesmen who made the Senate a part of the government of the United States when he advocates the popularization of that legislature, for he tacitly accuses not only the Senate, the State legislatures, and the House of Representatives with corruption, but he charges that the people themselves are so corrupt that they are no longer fit to elect the representatives whom they intrust with the sacred duty of appointing supreme arbiters to balance and conserve the ill-considered and ill-digested policies demanded by the parties and factions of a seething, turbulent, clamor-directed democracy. On this "issue" Mr. Bryan narrows the question to one involving the alternative of an absolute democracy or a republic—a communism whose laws are dictated by "the voice of the people," or a nation governed by

intelligent statesmanship and wisdom acquired and accumulated from the experience of the ages.

A Mystery and a Guess.

The so-called confession of Peter Claudianes has this grievous defect, namely, it gets nowhere. That one miserable wretch, incited by another miserable wretch, touched match to powder means little unless it can also be told who inspired and planned the deed. So far the only person who acknowledges that he knows all about it is Mr. Heney, who is cock-sure that it was the work of certain "higher-ups." The trouble with Mr. Heney's information is that it comes from a fount too well filled. We have always a disposition to question the out-givings of one who knows all about everything.

The *Argonaut* does not believe for one moment that the Gallagher explosions were inspired by anybody who may be regarded as a leading figure in the graft cases, either on one side or the other. We do not believe, in spite of Mr. Heney's assurances, that the "higher-ups" did it, nor do we believe with certain theorists that it was prompted by Detective Burns as a means of turning the tide of public sympathy. Claudianes probably did the deed, and he probably was employed, as he says, by Felix Pauduveris. This man Pauduveris appears to have been a factor in the Ruef machine and for this reason there are some who argue, and not without a certain plausibility, that Ruef will be found at the bottom of the plot.

Now the *Argonaut* hardly needs to say that it believes Abe Ruef to be a gross scoundrel; at the same time it is not easy to conceive of him as a cold-blooded assassin, planning wholesale murder without any kind of rational motive. Whatever else he may be, Ruef is no fool; it has not been his way to do things without any reason for doing them. If he had sought to kill Jim Gallagher, who no doubt he would gladly see in sheol or anywhere else out of the way, he would not have gone about it in an ineffective fashion and through such agents as Pauduveris and Claudianes. The fact that the job was stupidly conceived, stupidly executed, and came to nothing in the end, is suggestive to the mind of the *Argonaut* that Ruef had no part in it. Pauduveris is an ignorant Greek of the lowest type. He probably conceived the idea that if he should get Gallagher out of the way by any means, he would do his friend and patron Ruef a service and win his everlasting friendship and favor. Probably the job was his own, under such inspiration as there was in a criminal friendship with Ruef.

This, of course, is merely a guess; but the situation is one in which one guess may be as worthy of credit as another. In the end the truth will come out. Those who conceive and commit deeds of this kind are always moral cowards, and when the pressure of events puts them upon the grill they almost invariably expose themselves. Claudianes has already told his story, which in its leading lines is probably a true one. Pauduveris is in hiding, but time will almost certainly bring him into the clutches of the law and work the truth of this whole business out of him. In the meantime nobody but that strangely reserved and silent man, the all-knowing Francis J. Heney, late of Arizona, is in possession of the true dope.

It hardly needs to be added that this crime is one beyond the bounds of palliation or mitigation. Men may do many wrong things and yet something may be said for them. Even the murderer who strikes in the heat of passion may plead moral weakness and the insensibility which comes with insane rage. But the cold-blooded, plotting assassin—for him no excuses may be offered, no mercy can be justified. As we have already said, the truth in relation to the Gallagher explosions will come out; and when it does the guilty person or persons—whoever they may be—must be made to suffer the full penalty of this awful crime.

Aguinaldo's New Ambition.

Fame is a fickle jade. It seems but yesterday that the name of Emilio Aguinaldo was ringing round the world to the accompaniment of battle, murder, and sudden death in the paddy-fields and jungle fastnesses of the Philippines; only a little while ago the great newspapers were spending thousands of dollars in cable tolls for news of the movements of Aguinaldo and the campaign vigorously operating for his suppression. For a brief time Aguinaldo was a menace to American supremacy in the archipelago that Dewey had wrested from the Spanish empire. Then came Funston, and Aguinaldo ceased to trouble and the

wearry army of occupation was at rest. After that we heard little of Aguinaldo; and finally he was forgotten entirely in this country. Even the anti-imperialists of Boston abandoned him. Aguinaldo, the erstwhile patriot of Luzon, was as one dead and buried without a monument to mark his last resting place or an epitaph to lie about his pre-mortem virtues.

So completely had Emilio Aguinaldo passed from the limelight that beats upon a dictatorship that many of us were surprised to learn from casual gossip of passengers arriving on the transport *Buford* that he is still striving for power and place. The announcement was not deemed sufficiently important to warrant its transmission in a cable dispatch from Manila, and only brief space was allotted in the newspapers for the statement that the once famous Aguinaldo is seeking the office of municipal trustee of Manila, a position equivalent to that of a San Francisco supervisor. The office is not important, but the fact that Aguinaldo is after it may be significant. It may be but an entering wedge for a higher ambition. As an American citizen of the Philippines Aguinaldo may aspire to the highest office in the gift of the Filipinos, and this humble office may be a stepping-stone to anything under a commissionship. If Aguinaldo possesses a genius for politics, there is no telling where he will stop. As a political boss the former leader of the revolutionary forces of Luzon would exert a commanding influence on his countrymen, and notwithstanding the limitations and restrictions under which he would be compelled to operate, he might prove a more troublesome factor in the affairs of the islands as a politician than he was when he bore arms against the invading American.

The Springfield Mob.

Close by the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, the author and promulgator of the proclamation of emancipation for negroes held in slavery in this country, in the city of Springfield, capital of the sovereign State of Illinois, a riot incited by hatred of the race that Lincoln freed has culminated in the death of seven persons, black and white. The immediate incentive to this fatal violence and the only excuse offered by the leaders of the mob for thus flagrantly defying the laws of the commonwealth is in the allegation that a black man assaulted a white woman. South of Mason and Dixon's line, where caste distinction between the whites and the blacks is a hereditary canon and a social tenet indelibly impressed upon the educational fabric of every community, the inalienable right of white citizens to deny to black citizens the justice guaranteed by the laws and the Constitution is scarcely questioned. Lynch law for negroes whenever, in the opinion of their white fellow citizens, any valid accusation against the "inferior race" is made, is regarded as a matter of course and a logical sequence of the accusation. The bullet, the rope, or the stake are the implements of popular vengeance, as the varying sense of humanity in the several sections of the South may elect.

It is seldom, however, that the negro is denied the right in the Northern States to defend himself before a regularly constituted court of law. Persons accused of atrocious crimes are frequently hanged by mobs in the Northern States, but these lynchings are inflicted without regard for the race, color, or previous condition of servitude of the victim. They are ebullitions of the barbarity common to all communities, requiring, oftentimes, only the slightest provocation to convert the apparently peaceable and law-abiding citizen into a raging, murderous savage. The mobs of the Northern States do not, as a matter of principle, prefer to hang or shoot an accused criminal because he happens to be a black man. In this section it is the crime rather than the man that is visited with the community vengeance.

This is why the riot in Springfield commands closer attention than would attach to a similar episode in Texas. It is not the custom to lynch negroes in Illinois in preference to other persons accused of crime. That custom does prevail in the Southern States. The Illinois riot and lynching, therefore, seem more flagrant than a Georgia or a Mississippi lynching and riot. Both are evidences of the barbarity of those actively participating; it is trite and commonplace to reiterate this self-evident deduction from the circumstance. Both are inexcusable and indefensible defiance of the law of the land; it is unnecessary to insist upon this phase of these lawless acts. But the Springfield riot is at least one degree more inexcusable and indefensible than a similar defiance of the law in the South because heretofore public sentiment in Springfield has

insisted that all persons accused shall be fairly tried and legally convicted before being subjected to the punishment prescribed by the statutes. In the State of Illinois it has been the habit of its citizens to respect the law and to abide by the decisions of the courts. Occasionally, as in other habitually law-abiding communities, mobs have arisen to wreak vengeance on the objects of their wrath, but as a rule no provocation, however irritating or aggravating, has been sufficient to arouse the barbaric instincts of the citizens to the wholesale-murder pitch.

There is but one way to deal with a mob. Brute force must be opposed to brute force. The proper retort of the law upon those who defy it is organized violence. The issue is law or anarchy. Rebellion is never justifiable except when it is successful. Then it rises to the dignity of revolution, and again the law becomes supreme. Might does not make right, but it enforces its definition of right. Aside from every other consideration, the Springfield rioters are subject to the condemnation of right-thinking men because of the arrant cowardice they have displayed throughout; their cowardice in killing helpless persons, some of whom were not even accused of any crime; and their cowardice in the presence of an opposing force whom they outnumbered and whose only advantage lay in their military organization. Mobs are proverbially cowardly, and the mob of Springfield was no exception. This mob trait can be utilized in the future enforcement of the law in Springfield. If the punishments meted to the rioters and other criminals after conviction are as drastic as the law permits, the probabilities of repetition of this kind of lawlessness in that community will be reduced to a minimum. The opinion of rogues who feel the halter draw is always tempered by fear of the law that draws it, and other rogues are thereby deterred from rascally emulation.

Depopulating France.

Race suicide in France has reached such proportions and has been so long in progress that the hideous fact excites little comment among the people of that country. Not steadily, but in a ratio more perceptible than the process of decimation, the population of France is decreasing at its natural source. Recent statistics show that while marriages have steadily increased for a number of years the birth rate has declined to such an extent that in the total balance for 1907 the deaths exceeded the births nearly 20,000. The figures show, however, that in France the age of marriage is later than in any other country, which is obviously one factor in the record of the comparatively small birth rate. The figures also show that the number of divorces in France has increased from a little more than three and one-half among 10,000 inhabitants in 1900 to five and one-half in 1907; but divorce in France would have little effect on the birth rate in any event and is many times counterbalanced by the steady increase in marriages, especially since the gradual removal of legal restrictions hitherto imposed which made lawful marriage exceedingly difficult.

There were 42,000 more deaths and 62,000 fewer births than the average in 1890; the death rate in 1891-2 was unusually heavy; in 1895 there were 24,000 fewer births than usual; and in 1900 there were 53,000 more deaths than usual. The rate for 1907, however, emphasizes the terrible truth that the apparent trend towards depopulation indicated by the figures cited was not temporary or exceptional. In 1907 there were 45,000 more marriages than in 1890 and 46,000 fewer births than should have been recorded regularly; with an increase of 13,693 deaths.

Quoting from the comparative statistics published by the French ministry of labor and social *prevoyance*, the record shows that in 1906 the German empire had 910,275 more births than deaths for only one-third more population than France. Austria-Hungary had a similar excess of 466,241; England and Wales, 403,800; Italy, 354,178; and there were 69,994 more births than deaths in Belgium, with only one-sixth of France's population. Until 1905 the population of France still had an average annual increase of eighteen for every 10,000 inhabitants; this figure fell to seven in 1906; and in 1907 there was a decrease of five in every 10,000 inhabitants.

The cause assigned for these conditions is the same that is pleaded in other countries where the race suicide tendency, however slight, is observable. It is urged in France, as in those other countries that as nations and peoples become civilized the desire to enjoy the comfort of that civilization is more insistent. The

rearing of large families is not deemed compatible with the full enjoyment of the manifold blessings conferred by modern civilization. Among the well-to-do it is chiefly the care and attention necessarily involved in the responsibility of a family of children that deters parents from exercise of the duty that they owe to the State and humanity. However limited this responsibility may be by reason of the pecuniary ability to shift the burden upon others, there is still a certain loss of time and an expenditure of energy that those who are compelled to bestow them begrudge as wasted from opportunity for fuller enjoyment of the comforts and pleasures that can be purchased with money. Among the poorer classes of a highly civilized community the same desire is prevalent coupled with the fear that "more mouths to feed" will bring the wolf closer to the door and render the struggle to keep him out of the house more strenuous.

The civilization of France is very ripe. Luxury and high living are more alluring, more necessary, perhaps, in that country than in any other, because this condition has become habitual. The desire to get all the enjoyment possible out of life is the dominant idea of the populace, rich and poor, and there is not wealth enough in the nation to enjoy French civilization to the limit and at the same time sustain the expense of rearing large families. Ease and independence are the *sine qua non* of super-civilized nations; and France has reached that condition. Fortunately for other civilized nations, France is the first to pay the penalty of her crime against the natural law. She may serve as a salutary example for the other nations.

Literary Value of Two Statesmen.

Carping critics and censorious journalists have taken President Roosevelt to task because it is rumored that he will receive a dollar a word for his articles descriptive of his proposed hunting trip in Africa. These same fault-finding, meddlesome busybodies have also ridiculed and lampooned Mr. Bryan for making loads of marketable hay while the limelight shines. Such envious comment and objection is not only ill-timed and discourteous, but it is puerile. President Roosevelt is a mighty hunter before the nation; none is mightier; Mr. Bryan is also a mighty hunter, renowned throughout the world for his persistent quest for the American presidency. Why should there be objection to the bestowal of substantial reward upon these famous Americans for any achievement they may undertake? Is a dollar a word an excessive rate for something that will please every American citizen? Is the profit accruing from a million subscribers to the *Commoner* or the golden usufruct of Chautauqua an extravagant compensation for that which provokes and promotes the gayety of the nation? The answer is clearly and unmistakably in the negative—a prolonged and clamorous dissent from the primeval forests of the Penobscot to the wave-washed piers of San Diego.

Like bread cast upon the waters, the dollar a word which it is said is to be paid to President Roosevelt will return to the publishers in a few days and each dollar will be accompanied by its double. Every dollar contributed to the accumulating wealth of Mr. Bryan will add that much to the wealth of the nation, for eventually it must find its way back into the channels of trade. Mr. Bryan can not consistently hoard all that wealth. He must manage to get rid of it somehow or he will be debarred from further participation in presidential campaigns that derive their vitality from principles absolutely destructive of personal wealth in any form.

In either instance it can not be charged that the money paid to President Roosevelt and the money paid to Mr. Bryan is unearned increment. President Roosevelt has earned his reward by success; Mr. Bryan has earned his tribute by failure; and both laborers are indubitably worthy of their hire.

The Hair and the Hat.

They do some things better in France, but then the French people are accustomed to paternal legislation and the regulation of domestic and sumptuary details that are left elsewhere to good taste. For example, a law has just been passed requiring ladies to remove their hats in the theatre if they are requested to do so. Who shall say that France is a decadent nation with such a proof of robust courage before us? An actual legislative interference with women's hats is worthy of the traditions of Austerlitz and Wagram.

But for some mysterious reason the law does not go into effect until September 1, and in the meantime the

hats are growing larger while male patience is dwindling. At some of the theatres there are nightly protests against the hat that obscures the stage as effectively as a barn wall. As a rule the obstruction is removed with that suave feminine acquiescence that scorches and scarifies, but sometimes there is opposition. A few nights ago two ladies repulsed their assailants with heavy loss on the plea that "it is really impossible for us to remove our hats, as our hair is fastened to them."

Now what does that mean? We had supposed that the hat is always fastened to the hair, and indeed we have often admired the intrepid way with which a ten-inch pin is plunged through the fabric of the hat and apparently into the brain of the wearer. These hat-pins have a stern reality about them, as was proved by a well-known public man in London recently who received about four inches of steel in his dorsal vertebrae from a pin that was being used by a lady behind him to fasten her hat to the back of the seat. Of course he remonstrated audibly and with that intolerance of trifles that distinguishes the uninteresting sex. But we are still in doubt as to why these ladies in the Paris theatre were unable to remove their hats.

Are we to infer that the hair itself was removable and in a sort of inseparable juxtaposition to the hat? If so, we can understand at once why the law does not come into immediate operation. There must, of course, be time to rearrange the architecture of the feminine head and to devise some plan by which the hat may be put on and off without a process of general disintegration that would be distinctly humiliating outside the privacy of the bedroom. There are, of course, adjuncts to female loveliness that are built into the fabric of the dress, and there are articles of apparel that were once separate and distinct and that have now entered into combination, but we did not know that there was such an alliance between the hair and the hat or that they hunted, as it were, in couples. With every desire to be helpful in the matter, we do not see anything for these ladies except to confer an entirely separate autonomy upon hair and hat, or to stay away from the theatre after September 1.

Editorial Notes.

Now it is said that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League—or is it the Roosevelt-Lincoln League?—will concentrate its energies upon the judicial ticket in San Francisco this fall. It will undertake a combination between politicalized labor unionism, marshaled by that eminent citizen, Mr. Michael Casey, and Spreckelsism in support of judicial nominees of the Judge Dunne type, dependable partisans and tools of the so-called graft prosecutors. The *Argonaut* makes no pretensions to prophecy and it is not always a good guesser; still we suspect that the people of San Francisco will prefer to elect judges of approved character and pledged to nobody. However, we warn the machines of both parties to be careful in the matter of nominations. It would indeed be a hard choice to decide between one set of nominees programmed in the Spreckels interest and another set programmed for the "higher-ups."

The Democratic party has always been shy at the point of newspaper championship—so much so as to give a very sharp point to the old gibe that one of the essentials of a steadfast Democrat is that he shall not be able to read. The Southern newspapers are, as a matter of course, Democratic, but their Democracy is based on the race question and they do not as a rule contribute anything worth repeating at the North in respect to the general issues. Southern journalism, like Southern oratory, is mostly sound and fury, and it is so intensely local as to be useless anywhere away from home. The Hearst papers now for some years have formed the main journalistic strength of Democracy in the North. True, what we may call the Mugwump press, the *New York Evening Post*, the *Springfield Republican*, and others of that type, are more nearly Democratic than Republican, but they fall very far short of being dependable as party organs. The diversion of the Hearst papers from support of the Democratic ticket to support of the so-called Independence party has practically left Democracy without a newspaper champion in the North, since all the great independent papers—the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Evening Post*, the *Springfield Republican*, and others—have declared for Taft. Here in California there is not one newspaper, if we except a few local weeklies, which supports Bryan. All of which from the standpoint of party hope is discouraging. But to Mr. Bryan his

there is a silver or possibly we had better say a golden lining to the cloud, due to the fact that those anxious for the real Democratic dope are turning by the hundreds of thousands to that true-blue champion of Democracy, the *Commoner*.

It is not very long ago that Messrs. Spreckels and Heney were justifying their miserable bargain for immunity with Abe Ruef on the ground that the "low-downs" ought to be let go as a means of getting the "higher-ups." Now, when there are some developments tending to connect this same Abe Ruef with the black-hand assault upon friend Gallagher we note a disposition to reinterpret the character of Mr. Ruef and to classify him as a "higher-up." The logic is a trifle lame, but what is a little matter of logic and consistency among men of infallible moral instinct?

Admiral Evans formally retired from the active list of the American navy on Tuesday of this week, having reached the age limit of sixty-two. His health, so long a matter of solicitude to his fellow-citizens, is described in his own phrase, "fit as a fiddle." There was a time not very far back when Admiral Evans's condition was very different. And let it not be forgotten that it was the soothing and healing waters of a California spring that literally put him on his feet again.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

There was a time when Colonel Watterson looked askance upon Mr. Bryan, when he even said unkind things about him and groaned in travail of spirit at the thought that the party of the unafraid were once more doomed to travel the broad path that leadeth to destruction. But those times have passed. Colonel Watterson has all the enthusiasm of a man who has suddenly seen a great light and all the zeal of the newly converted. He and Mr. Bryan have eaten salt together, and now whatever Mr. Bryan does not like to say for himself this new Sancho Panza is prepared to say for him.

For example, there are some people of a malignancy so extraordinary as to suggest that Mr. Bryan has made so much money as to alter the pulsations of his Democratic heart. He has lectured to many thousands of people who were privileged, like visitors to Artemus Ward's immortal show of "wax figgers," to pay without going in, but who could upon no account go in without paying. He has made money in many other ways, honest ways, of course, but none the less remunerative. No one ventured to blame Mr. Bryan for thus gathering honey from every opening flower, but there was none the less an uneasy suspicion that political profit was to be found rather in poverty and in unremunerated toil than in the fat things of life, and that the service of God and the service of Mammon were just as far apart as ever they were.

So Colonel Watterson steps into the breach with all the positive knowledge of a tax assessor. He talks as one having authority and not as the Scribes, and no doubt he gets his information from the highest sources. He speaks of Mr. Bryan as "suddenly elevated to party leadership, a young man and as poor as a church mouse." He had to live somehow, says Colonel Watterson, and with a perverse irrelevancy we are reminded that when Napoleon received a similar plea that truly great man replied that he saw no such necessity. So Mr. Bryan started the *Commoner*:

It has been reasonably successful. He could have revelled in wealth had he prostituted its columns. He went upon the platform. He worked like a slave and commanded audiences, which, happily, stayed with him. But there was money to give away as well as to earn; gratuitous service of many kinds to render; and, we speak what we know to be the truth when we say that his entire accretions since 1898, when his bark was fairly launched upon its new career, do not exceed \$150,000, and have never reached \$400,000 a year; a sum which the average speculator of the stock market would regard with disdain, and which, if Mr. Bryan should die tomorrow, would leave his family a bare competency.

Who would have thought that the ownership of the *Commoner* could enable its proprietor to revel in illicit wealth. We live and learn, and Colonel Watterson, a newspaper man himself, knows well of the unflinching rectitude that tramples temptation under foot and defies the Greeks bearing gifts who besiege his office doors.

But there is a moral to this text. If Mr. Bryan is a poor man—his accretions "have never reached \$40,000 a year"—there is so much the more need for Democratic liberality. Therefore the smallest contributions will be thankfully received. Even 50 cents, offered in the right spirit, will not be despised:

And so, fellow-Democrats and fellow-countrymen, if we are to fire a gun, or even to burst a cap, you are the boys that will have to furnish the wherewithal. Whitney died years ago. There are no Thomas Fortune Ryans or August Belmonts to put up in this campaign. They are against us now. Bryan would make no sign—the simpleton!—he might at least have winked his eye!—only he didn't!—and—! Well, that is all there is to it! Nor can we wait for the singing of the doxology before we pass the plate! This is your fight—nobody's else. If you want to win it, send a letter containing what you are able to give and address to "The National Democratic Campaign Fund, care of the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky," and the amount, big or little—\$10, \$5, \$1, or 50 cents—shall be carefully compiled and duly forwarded to Governor Haskell, the treasurer of the National Democratic Committee.

The hint should be enough. It is just as well, as Colonel Watterson says, to pass the hat before singing the doxology. Who knows? We may never reach the doxology at all.

Mr. Hearst's party has suffered a bereavement. The loss

of Supreme Court Justice Samuel Seahury of New York nearly cuts it into halves. Justice Seahury is said to have been the strongest single figure in Mr. Hearst's political movements, and now the flags of the Independence party are at half mast and Justice Seahury has resigned.

The learned justice, interviewed by the *New York World*, had no objection whatever to stating his reasons, six in number. He had them arranged, tabulated, summarized with all the precision of the legal mind. Perhaps he knew that some inquisitive person would come round with a note-book. Here are the six reasons:

First—That there never has been a national convention which was so completely dominated by one man as the Independence party's recent convention at Chicago.

Second—That regularly elected delegates were denied admission to the convention and other delegates were prevented by threats of physical violence from expressing their views in the convention.

Third—That a delegate who attempted to present William J. Bryan's name in the convention was grossly insulted and forcibly ejected from the hall.

Fourth—That Mr. Hearst has come to regard the vote polled by the Independence League in 1905 and 1906 as a purely personal asset to use for the promotion of his own ambitions or to gratify desires for personal revenge.

Fifth—That William J. Bryan's failure to support Mr. Hearst's candidacy for the presidential nomination in the Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1904 does not justify Mr. Hearst in using the organization of which he is the leader to injure Mr. Bryan.

Sixth—That the purpose of Mr. Hearst's Independence party in nominating a ticket is to divide the opposition to Mr. Taft.

Now these are very good reasons, but Justice Seahury neglects to explain his own guileless innocence in supposing that any other conditions would be likely to prevail in the Independence party. He has been connected with the Hearstian programme for some time, amply long enough to show him what he had to expect. Did he ever yet get a glimpse of an intelligible conviction behind that programme? Did he ever see a sign of tolerance for free opinions, or of a diplomacy that openly disclosed its objects? But let us not be censorious of Justice Seahury. There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men made perfect.

Echoes of the Brownsville fray are still borne upon the political wind. That Mr. Taft should be pictured as an enemy of the colored voter is one of those political amenities against which it is useless to protest. That Mr. Taft was at the war office at a time when executive authority made itself felt by the dismissal of the negro troops is sufficient for those who want only an excuse for their attack and a peg upon which to hang their slanders. But now comes Lieutenant-General Henry C. Corbin with an assurance that Mr. Taft had nothing to do with the disciplinary edict and in fact that he urged the President to reconsider the order discharging the men. He has silently borne the imputation of his own responsibility. General Corbin says:

It is to his everlasting credit that he has never, even to his most intimate friends, hinted that the responsibility, blame, or credit rested anywhere but in the War Department, although the facts are that the order was the President's very own, made and executed by his own immediate and special direction, and for which he always stood.

As a matter of fact Mr. Taft was not in Washington when the order of discharge was made. He was absent upon duty from October 27 to November 17. The Brownsville order was issued on November 9, eight days before his return and while General Oliver was acting as Secretary of War. Upon his return the order was brought to his attention. That the President might have an opportunity to reconsider the matter, Mr. Taft suspended the order. General Corbin explains that he does not happen to have a copy of Mr. Taft's cablegram to the President, who was then in the West Indies, but here is what the President sent back in reply:

Cablegram received. Discharge is not to be suspended unless there are new facts of such importance as to warrant your calling me. I care nothing whatever for the yelling either of the politicians or the sentimentalists. The offense was heinous, and the punishment I inflicted I imposed after due deliberation. All I shall pay heed to is the presentation of facts showing the official report to be in whole or in part untrue, exculpating some individual man. If any such facts shall later appear I can act as may be deemed desirable, but nothing has been brought before me to warrant the suspension of the order. I direct that it be executed.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

This corresponds generally with the contemporary impression, but it is unfortunate that General Corbin did not better equip himself before going into print. No one except the prejudiced will dispute either his facts or his conclusions, agreeing as they do with the general belief. But it is unfortunate that he did not supply himself with Mr. Taft's cable to the President. That he interceded for delay and reconsideration can not be doubted, but his message to the President to that effect is really the *pièce de résistance*, and that the general's communication should lack its clinching effect is to be regretted.

The *New York Sun* in a message from Hot Springs, Virginia, says that Mr. Taft's forthcoming speech at that place will be addressed to the Southern people generally and will mark the beginning of an effort on the part of the Republican national organization to break into the solid South.

Reports from all quarters in the South have encouraged Mr. Taft and the Republican Congress campaign managers in the belief that they have a better chance this year to carry one or two of the Southern States than at any time in the last quarter of a century. Letters have come from Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee urging him to impress upon the national committee the exceptional opportunity offered this year.

The letters from Georgia have been particularly encouraging, especially since the nomination of John Temple Graves for Vice-President on the Independence League ticket. The general tone of all the letters from Democrats in the South is that they can't stand Bryan a third time.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* thinks that this is a tactical mistake:

Chairman Hitchcock ought to understand the South. A few months ago he proved his ability to deal with Republican politicians in that section. While dealing with them he should have kept his eyes open for the ways of the controlling elements of the South. If he were alive to their sentiments he would never "invade the South." If the Republican party outwardly ignores the South—leave it to its own people—the Democratic candidate may meet a few losses. Indifference to Bryan and Kern, with a marked tendency in many quarters to be pleased with the doctrines of Watson and the Independents, might easily reduce the Southern Democratic vote to unprecedentedly small dimensions. If anything would arouse Democratic enthusiasm and bring out the vote it would be a clashing of shields, a haring of trumpets, and a waving of banners by the Republican National Committee. Mr. Hitchcock needs only to be as astute in politics as he is forceful to decide upon saying little about what he is going to do in the South. He would let the conservatism of the South, strengthened by a great crop output and a business revival, take care of its own politics. The Southern Democratic vote will drop lowest if the Republican organization is most completely out of sight.

There may be something in this. Mr. Bryan, "who is as dextrous as an Athenian sophist in catching a point for momentary advantage in debate," will use Mr. Van Cleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, for his opening assault. His cue is to inflame labor as much as possible, and he will use Mr. Van Cleave to emphasize the Democratic claim that the Republicans favor employers against labor.

Eugene W. Chafin, the Prohibition candidate, has had a long interview with Mr. Bryan at Lincoln, Nebraska. The interview was private, and a palpitating world may never know the nature of the weighty matters that were discussed or the new schemes for the regulation of the solar system that were broached. Mr. Bryan himself said that the conversation turned mainly upon the philosophy of Tolstoy. Perhaps the binomial theorem was also touched upon, and the Precession of the Equinoxes. Who can tell? Under the benign influences of lemonade the tongues of these eminent statesmen may have been injudiciously loosened, and it is perhaps just as well that a veil of privacy hangs over their deliberations.

The *New York Globe* says that by his announcement that under no circumstances will he take part in the political campaign John Mitchell emphasizes the difference between his kind of labor leadership and that of Samuel Gompers. Gompers, of foreign birth, stands for what may be called the European idea that labor unions should take part, as such, in partisan politics. Mitchell, of American birth, stands for the American idea that labor unions should as rigidly keep out of politics as do the churches:

Mr. Mitchell, an American, may be assumed to be better acquainted with the spirit of American workingmen than Mr. Gompers, originally an alien. The one knows better than the other what can be done. Mitchell perceives that even were such a result desirable it is not feasible to prevent members of labor unions, educated in the same schools, belonging to the same churches, and subject to the same influences as other citizens, revealing the same difference of opinion concerning politics as other citizens. As there can not be unanimity or anything approaching it, he would rigidly exclude the factor that would make for unending discord. In scattered instances labor unions have gone tentatively into politics, and in practically every case the effect has been vastly weakening. This is the record known of every intelligent union man, and hence the protest that cool heads like that of John Mitchell file against following the imported Gompers policy.

Mr. Debs seems to take somewhat the same view. He asks what is to be the effect of Mr. Gompers's pronouncement?

First and foremost it will tend to the political solidarity of the working class. It can not be expected that the vote of organized labor will be delivered solidly to the Democratic party simply because Mr. Gompers favors that party and publicly announces his preference. Indeed, it may well be doubted that his attitude will have any appreciable effect on the general result. Nevertheless it marks an epoch in the labor movement.

Mr. Debs is not great in prophecy, but he says what is practically certain is that a large number of labor votes will be cast for the Independence party and a surprisingly large number will be cast for the Socialist party.

It was a saying of that interesting member of Parliament, The O'Gorman Mahon, that there were only three individuals entitled to the prefix "the." They were himself, the Pope, and the —, well, the gentleman who is rarely mentioned in polite society. He forgot, however, The MacGillycuddy of the Reeks, whose fifty-sixth birthday occurred recently. He is, if ever there was one, an Irish chieftain and descendant of Irish kings. He owns no longer that fine chain of Kerry Mountains known as the Reeks, although he retains the title and also a residence of the same name. The surname MacGillycuddy dates from ancient Roman Catholic times, and means the son of the servant (or devotee) of St. Cuthbert, whose name "Cuddy" is an affectionate diminutive. The wives of The MacGillycuddys, as of other feudal Irish chiefs, are always distinguished by the title of "madam."

A few days prior to the Marathon race in the London stadium an advocate of fruit diet, chiefly bananas, aged forty-three, offered to run a race with a flesh-eater around the island of Zealand. Since the banana man has earned a good many triumphs as a runner in the sporting world of Denmark the beef-eaters did not show any burning zeal to accept the challenge till the well-known paper, *Politiken*, offered a prize of 100 kroner to the winner. A grocer's assistant, aged twenty-one, was selected as the upholder of beef eating and for two days and a half the runners kept abreast of one another. Then the banana man flagged, and when after nearly five days the young grocer arrived at Copenhagen, having duly finished his course, his opponent had vanished. The butchers of Zealand have presented a silver bowl to the victor.

THE MARATHON RACE.

An Occasional Correspondent Describes the Finish From the Spectacular Standpoint.

The Olympic races will belong to ancient history and the "has-beens" long before this letter can reach San Francisco. The results will be known and canvassed all over the English-speaking world, and it may be hoped that even some of the acerbities will be laid to rest before the mail can supplement the news carried by the overburdened telegraph. But, after all, a letter has virtues to which the cable message can never aspire. It carries with it a touch of individuality that excuses its belated appearance, and from all this it will be seen that I am anxious to write a letter to the *Argonaut* and am simply casting about for the necessary excuses. In the way of fact I can add nothing to what is already a part of the world's news. Still less would I offer myself as a witness in the overheated discussions that have centred around the great race. These must be settled by men who are better qualified than myself and whose feelings prompt them to utterance. I was present in the stadium and I saw the finish of the Marathon, but I shall abundantly satisfy my own enthusiasm by a few words of personal and cursory description and shall be well content to leave contentious matter to those whose inclinations lie in that direction.

My visit to the grounds was indeed a matter of sudden impulse and was free from premeditation. The summer sun and the general air of festival tempted me from the overheated city streets, and with a sudden reckless abandon I consigned business cares to the limbo of temporarily forgotten things and hurried away to the Tube station. The long queues standing outside showed a considerable number of the like-minded and proved the extraordinary attraction exercised by the great games over the London populace. It seemed as though half the metropolis were wending its way westward, and if qualms of conscience were at all disposed to trouble me they were dissipated by finding that I was sinning with the majority. The crowd was indeed almost embarrassing, but patience and elbows were as effective as ever, and a perspiring multitude eventually emerged from the station to charge the ticket office recklessly.

They were repulsed with still more reckless charges. I was fortunate enough to reach the "cheap" counter, where they salved my economical conscience by assuring me that all the cheap seats were sold out, but as a special favor I was allowed to have one for a guinea.

The sight on entering almost takes one's breath away. You have heard of massed bands, but here were massed theatres. It seemed as though the auditoriums of every place of amusement in London had been placed by some freak side by side with endless tiers of seats banked up from the ground. I regret that I can not give you the cost of erection, which perhaps shows that I have not the true reportorial instinct, but it is said that the first American reporter was stricken with paralysis while trying to obtain the figures.

Comfortably ensconced amid a crowd of Americans, I took stock of the events. Here in one place was a wrestling match on an elevated stand, there in another a swimming competition, pole-jumping elsewhere, three events in continuous progress at the same time, and all the heats succeeding each other with such lightning rapidity as to make one regret that he was not Argus-eyed. A roar from the Swedish section, a yell conducted by the root leaders from the American boys, and a cheer that only the British lion can emit rent the air time after time as one champion after another asserted his supremacy. But there was a nameless, restless excitement and distraction of attention behind all this.

Anxious glances at the relentless sun, lists of candidates unfolded and their nationality considered, all showed that the thoughts of the people were divided, and throughout the afternoon it was as plain to discern as the *leit motiv* that dominates a Wagnerian opera that the hearts and souls of those present were centred in the great Marathon race. At 2:30 the attendants announced by megaphone that the start had been made from Windsor, and almost every half hour hereafter messenger boys arrived and the progress of the contestants was announced to the royal box and the stadium with the never-failing cheers that put every other event into the shade. The fact that the representatives of England were announced as leading contributed not a little to the heartiness of the applause.

Fed upon such morsels, our appetite was whetted to starvation when the heralds finally announced "Clear the course for the running competition," and we maintained a state of what can only be described as suspended animation for the next ten minutes.

The interval seemed endless, the tension of this strange stillness of over a hundred thousand human beings being something indescribable.

Suddenly the unmistakable sound of cheers in the distance drew nearer, there was a movement at the entrance and all eyes were turned to acclaim the proud entry of the victor. There was a roar expressing the first syllable of hurrah which froze on every one's lips as they caught sight of the dazed white figure in red slips swaying unsteadily, trying to recover its balance and falling prone to the accompaniment of sobs from every quarter of the stadium. It was the most dramatic entry I ever wish to witness.

It struggled on, fell again, and, half held up, half pushed by too eager sympathizers, managed to get within twenty yards of the queen's box.

Fourteen seconds later a second figure crossed the entrance to the stadium, dusty and footsore, but still keeping some semblance of a run, and on catching sight of the Stars and Stripes the crowd gave vent to their unstrung emotions in a shout that raised the roof. This penetrated to the Italian's numbed senses. With a final effort he rose to his feet and, unaided, forced his muscles to respond to his will, making a pathetic run that just carried him beyond the royal box and mercifully into swoonland for a long spell.

So ended the first and last Marathon race I ever wish to witness. Human endurance is always a magnificent spectacle, and that it has lost none of its fascination was proved by these tense throngs moved beyond the power of speech. But there was something pitiful, something that almost smacked of vivisection, in the appearance of these racked runners, strained to the point of collapse and in a visible agony that imparted itself by sympathy to the spectators. There was somehow an unpleasant reminder of the old gladiatorial days, and, as I have said, I for one do not wish to see it again.

LONDON, July 30, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Last Minstrel.

[Prelude to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."]

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy,
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of horder chivalry:
Far, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey horse,
He carolled light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The hignets of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's hirschen hower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed.
Whose ponderous grate and massy har
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And made her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though horn in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
And of Earl Walter—rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to hattle rode:
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hands, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble hoon was soon obtained:
The aged Minstrel audience rained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his hoon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according gle
Was blended into harmony.
And then he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made.
And oft he shook his hoary head:
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighted up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void.
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

MEMORIES OF BISHOP POTTER.

His Wit and Outspoken Independence, and the Work That Conquered New York.

America lost its most prominent churchman last month in the death of the Right Reverend Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New York. Bishop Potter was born in Schenectady, New York, in 1834, and came of a family of churchmen, being the son of Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania, and nephew of Bishop Horatio Potter of New York. After an education in the Theological Seminary of Virginia he was ordained deacon of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, in 1857. He remained there two years, was for a period minister of St. John's Church, Troy, and in 1866 moved to Boston to become assistant rector of Trinity Church. In 1868 he was appointed rector of Grace Church, New York, in which capacity he began his close connection with institutional and, subsequently, political work.

Declining the proffered bishopric of Iowa, the rector continued his work at Grace Church for seventeen years, till January, 1884, when, having been raised to the episcopate as assistant bishop of New York three months previously, he resigned to devote all his energies to the assistance of his uncle, Bishop Horatio Potter. By his uncle's death, in 1887, he succeeded to the bishopric.

Bishop Potter had a dry wit which sometimes flavored his sermons, but was perhaps more interesting in his private conversation. He was never ritualistic. He refused for a short time to visit the most advanced of the ritualistic churches, but his refusal arose less from his objection to the services than from the disobedience of some of the clergy in persisting in practicing against his authority. He frequently attended the most elaborately ritualistic services wearing only his lawn sleeves and black silk gown, however ornate the vestments of the others might be. It was after such a service that he met one of his old friends, a woman active in the work of the diocese, but rather prejudiced against the ritualistic practices:

"And you mean to say that you were at that church, hishop?" she said to him one day. "Don't you know they call that man 'Father'! Don't you think that is outrageous?"
"Oh, I can't say that I do, Mrs. Smith," was the deliberate reply of the hishop. "He certainly has a right to be called father. Everybody tells me that he has five very attractive children. If five don't give a man the right to that title I'd like to know how many it takes."

This is an account of one of his sermons, which at the time created something like a sensation:

The occasion was the centenary of President Washington's first inauguration, and President Harrison sat in the pew that Washington had occupied before him, expecting an exultant and complimentary address. Instead, the hishop mournfully contrasted with the simplicity of Washington's time "the growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, which by their very existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swagger of our American speech and manners, taking higness for greatness and sadly confounding gain and godliness." And then he denounced "the conception of the national government as a huge machine existing mainly for the purpose of rewarding partisan service," and asked what Washington would have done if any one had dared to approach him on the basis of "practical politics."

A case in which he opposed a large body of public opinion was his assistance in establishing the Subway Tavern, the aim of which was to supply food and non-intoxicating drinks as well as liquors under decent conditions—an enterprise which failed through the notoriety that it evoked. He also came into conflict with the Women's Christian Temperance Union by advocating the reestablishment of the canteen in military posts.

Eight years ago the great popular movement which overthrew the Tammany régime and installed Seth Low as Mayor was inaugurated by Bishop Potter's letter to Mayor Van Wyck, in which he scathingly denounced police protection of vice on the East Side of New York City. He followed this up by a noon-time address in St. Paul's Chapel entitled "God and the City," in which he pleaded for the organization of a body to combat civic corruption. The result was the formation of the Committee of Fifteen, and the victory of the reform element at the polls.

It was after the marriage of Bishop Potter and Mrs. Clark that the story of his stepsons was told among his friends:

The second Mrs. Potter had several sons who were grown up at the time of the wedding, but much younger than was their stepfather. Bishop Potter also had several daughters. "Do you know, I think I'll ask your daughters," Mrs. Potter said one day to her husband, "to call me Elizabeth, by my first name."

The hishop was contemplative for a second. "Perhaps you had better not after all," he answered with his invariable calmness. "If you did maybe your sons would want to call me Henry."

The suggestion, made as it was in a spirit of humor, appealed to the wife, and his daughters were not requested to call her Elizabeth.

One of the stories that Bishop Potter always loved to tell about himself dated back to a visit to Tuxedo, where he went to confirm a class of candidates:

He stopped as usual at the house of a member of the church he was visiting. He passed a comfortable night and the next day returned to New York for other duties. Several days elapsed before he received a letter from his hostess. In it she vaguely but with evident concern referred to the silver toilet set that had been spread out on the dressing table. She even ventured to wonder if the hishop had by mistake packed it up with his own things when he went away. It was then he remembered what had happened to the pieces. So he sent a telegram to quiet the apprehensions of the nervous hostess. It read: "Not guilty. Look in the top bureau drawer." The magnificence of the silver outlay had been too much for him, and on his arrival he had put it into the drawer and his own articles.

THE VIGILANTES FORM.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXVII.

In "practical politics" Burke's right-hand man was Michael Clancy. Burke wanted him anchored hard and fast in the city, so he had given him a position on the board of aldermen. In this there were rich pickings for the thrifty Clancy, while his post as chairman of the election committee enabled him to look out carefully for the political interests of his chief. This he had done so well as to incur some harsh criticism. The reformers of the period objected to Mr. Clancy's methods, and called him a "ballot-box stuffer." At these strictures for a long time Clancy laughed. But at last there came a newspaper reformer whose attacks stung the callous Clancy. This was Prince Fitzwilliams, editor of the *Evening Tribune*, a man of unquestioned physical courage, and one wielding a bitter pen. During the long senatorial fight at Sacrosanto, Fitzwilliams had not ceased to attack the corrupt sources of Burke's power—the fraudulent election returns by which his delegation had been sent to the capital. And he daily held up to public scorn the leader of Burke's ballot-box stuffers, Michael Clancy.

When Fitzwilliams began his crusade against Burke's ballot-box stuffers he probably did not realize the vigor and the venom of the forces opposed to him. He thought that exposing one or two of the most flagrant offenders would result in terrifying the lesser fry. But he did not know how bold a band were Burke's henchmen. So from day to day his attacks, as he saw that they were apparently fruitless, became more and more bitter.

Fitzwilliams learned that Michael Clancy had come from New York State with some dark pages in his past. Fitzwilliams hinted at revealing them. Clancy sent him word that such a revelation would mean the editor's death.

But Fitzwilliams did not hesitate. He may have lacked judgment, but he did not lack courage, and on the very day after receiving this significant warning of his danger, he printed these lines:

The delegation at the capital which purports to represent the electors of this city, and which is pledged to elect Daniel Burke senator of the United States, represents nothing but fraud. It was fraudulently seated by Michael Clancy through ballot-box stuffing.

The fact that Michael Clancy has been an inmate of Sing Sing prison in New York is no offense against the laws of this State, it is true. But that this ex-convict should believe he has the right to stuff the ballot-boxes in this city in the interests of Daniel Burke, and thus to thwart the will of the honest electors, is not only an offense, but a crime. And if it is not stopped he will richly deserve to have his neck stretched for such a fraud on the people.

This article appeared in Fitzwilliams's paper about three o'clock. An hour later, as Fitzwilliams was leaving his office for his residence, a man lurking behind a carriage sprang out, tossed back his short cape cloak disclosing a cocked pistol, held ready in his hand. Leveling it at the editor, he fired. An inarticulate cry, "I am shot!" came from Fitzwilliams; he staggered a few steps, and fell into the door of a shop near at hand. He was lifted up on a counter and a surgeon sent for. But the examination showed that his wound was mortal—he had only a few hours to live.

In the neighborhood Clancy had several convenient friends, who escorted him to the police station at the jail. This apparent readiness to submit to arrest was very generally ascribed to the fear of a popular uprising and a well-grounded belief that the city prison was the safest place that he could find.

The day after the assassination incessant rumors ran around that the "Vigilantes were forming." So persistent became this rumor that at last the municipal officers took alarm. They telegraphed to the capital for the governor, who hurriedly left for the Bay.

Early in the afternoon of the day following the attack, Fitzwilliams died. The news was communicated to the waiting city by the tolling of the engine-house bell on the plaza. But the mournful sound seemed to be a signal for telling something more than the passing of a life. In the heart of the city there speedily began to gather knots of determined-looking men. These groups conferred quietly in undertones, gradually coming together, until finally a body of several hundred men had collected in front of a vacant building, the Pacific warehouse. The owner sent for his agent and secured the keys, and in a few moments the crowd filed in. When the doors were closed, Thomas Fitzwilliams, brother of the murdered man, leaped on a packing-case.

"Citizens!" he cried, "do you intend to pass over in silence this cool, premeditated, and cowardly murder? It is a plot arranged by the Burke gang of ballot-box stuffers, backed up by the gamblers and criminals of this city. Citizens, if we do not besiege that jail and take that convict he will never be executed. We must revive the Vigilantes. Clancy is a cold-blooded murderer. If he is to be hanged, we must hang him ourselves."

His speech was received with applause, and Fitzwilliams produced a notebook and began taking down the names of those around him, in order, he said, to enroll them in a Vigilance Committee. But this had a curious result—many of those accosted refused to give their names; some of those whose names were known refused to allow their addresses to be registered. It was apparent that many of the men present distrusted the loyalty of others. There were whispers that

traitors lurked in the gathering, and it soon began to break up.

But the word was passed around, among those men who knew and trusted each other, that a meeting would take place that evening.

"Come to the old Know Nothing Lodge Room," ran the whispered word. "There you may be certain there will be no traitors. William Carleton will head the movement, and no man will be admitted unless he can be vouched for. The roster of the old Vigilance Committee is in the possession of Carleton and Bascom, the former secretary. That committee never disbanded."

When the evening came, sentries stood at the door of the old Know Nothing Lodge room, while within were Carleton, Bascom, Carwell, Truax, Lupkins, and others who had been prominent in previous Vigilance Committees. Every man, when he had passed the sentries, was carefully scrutinized through the wicket.

Soon some two hundred men were gathered in the lodge-room who were known to be loyal to each other and to the movement. Carleton arose and called the meeting to order.

"Vigilantes," said he, "you are familiar with the lawless conditions in this city. You know the cowardly crime which has just been committed. You know that the man who has been assassinated laid down his life trying to uphold the purity of the ballot. You know that the man who killed him is a professional gambler, a corrupt vote-manipulator, and a ballot-box stuffer. You also know that the murderer is a leader in the gang which has been looting this city for so long. The condition of the courts is such that we can not look to them for relief. The time has come when we must revive the old Vigilance Committee. It has never formally disbanded. Those here present we of the old committee personally know to be honest and loyal men. We intend to form a new and larger Vigilance Committee, whose task will be to see that the law is carried out; then if it be not done by the officers of the law, we shall carry out the law ourselves."

"Mr. President," interrupted Bascom, "I move that a roster be at once made of all here present; that each man's name be numbered, and that hereafter each member of this Committee of Vigilance be known by his number and not by his name."

It was so ordered, and the President appointed Bascom as secretary. The roll was already prepared; it was headed by an oath, under which every signer pledged his loyalty to the Committee, swore to maintain absolute secrecy concerning the Committee's actions, and bound himself to implicit obedience to the Executive Committee. All signing this oath affirmed that they were prepared to back it up with their property and their lives.

Carleton, the president, was the first to take the oath and sign the roll. He was put down as Number One. Bascom, the secretary, rapidly enrolled name after name succeeding to Carleton's.

"Come, Bascom," said one man grinning, as he signed, "how about yourself? I don't see your name—are you going to take no chances?"

"Right you are," replied Bascom with some chagrin. "I was so busy getting the roll signed that I neglected to sign it myself. Just think—I might have been Number Two! Now sixty-five men have signed. Well, better late than never, so here goes!" And in a firm hand he set down "66—Isaac Bascom."

Among the records of that stormy time no words or figures ever carried with them such power over life and death as the strange signature, "Sixty-Six, Secretary."

When all present had been enrolled, the new Vigilantes were ordered to report in future at the permanent headquarters on Washington Street, in the heart of the business district. A stout three-story brick building, which was temporarily vacant, stood there. Each Vigilante was urged to secure new recruits among men for whom he could vouch, and the members were significantly given to understand that each Vigilante was responsible for his recruits.

The next day the Committee was installed at its permanent quarters on Washington Street, and the work of registering recruits began. All that day and for several days thereafter, from morning until night, lines of applicants stretched up the street and around the corner waiting for admission.

In addition to the work of recruiting, the executive committee devoted itself to the task of fortifying its headquarters, securing arms and ammunition, and drilling its men.

Several days had elapsed, with the Vigilantes arming and drilling, and the regular authorities taking no steps against them, further than to notify the governor of the State. Such was still the disturbed condition of affairs in the Bay City when Governor Jackson arrived there from the capital. From the International Hotel he at once sent out two messengers. One summoned Judge Fox, the other General Herman.

In the dying days of the late legislature Fox had succeeded in securing his coveted honors—on a certain influential recommendation the President had appointed him to the Federal bench. Therefore Fox represented, in a way, the Federal government; Herman, who was an ex-army man, would speak from the standpoint of the military arm. The governor hoped for moral and perhaps material support from both.

They did not keep him waiting—in an hour both were in his rooms. To the governor's demand for news, General Herman replied:

"The news is bad, governor. This organized mob calling itself the Vigilance Committee seems to be growing more arrogant every day."

"Are the regular authorities taking no steps to assert the law, judge?"

"None, whatever, so far as I can learn, governor. But as the questions involved are purely municipal, and not Federal, they have not been brought before me."

"They are more than municipal, judge, for I am told that the Vigilantes are now threatening to resist the power of the State as well. Have you not heard rumors to that effect, general?"

"I have heard threats that your constitutional authority would not be heeded. I have rebuked all making such threats in my presence."

"Then, general, I may count on you in case of need?"

"Absolutely. I have as yet taken no part in this civic brawl. Were I to join any extra-legal body to combat the Vigilantes, it would be merely one mob against another. But when the highest officer of the State calls out its citizens, they thus become empowered as a posse, and their status is legal."

"I thank you heartily for your offer, general. It is what I expected of you. Yes, I need your assistance and I think your military knowledge will be extremely valuable. I shall appoint you as general commanding the militia forces of the State, and your commission will be made out at once."

"I wish, governor, that I could be as useful to you as General Herman," here interrupted Fox, "but I fear I can do nothing but offer you my good wishes. This crisis is purely a State and municipal affair, and as a Federal judge I must have nothing to do with it."

"I thank you too, judge. I am aware of the complex Federal and State conditions of which you speak, and know that you are at present debarred from acting. In the meantime, however, I shall be very glad to have your aid and counsel. Can you give me any late news of the situation?"

Fox hesitated. "I presume that the matter will remain confidential?" he ventured. Both the others assented, and he went on: "I have a trusted man in my employ," he said, "who is now—ahem!—acting as an enthusiastic member of the so-called Vigilance Committee. He reports to me daily. I heard from him only an hour ago. He tells me that the Vigilantes are still actively engaged in recruiting, and that during the first twenty-four hours over fifteen hundred names were registered."

"Who is the ostensible head?" inquired the governor. "William Carleton has been elected president. Isaac Bascom is secretary, and they have elected an executive committee of forty members and a Vigilante police force of twenty-six men."

"Are they attempting military organization?" inquired Herman.

"Yes. The foreigners bothered them at first. My agent tells me that Carleton had to call for interpreters. Finally the French and Germans were formed into a Foreign Legion and the other foreigners to'd to classify themselves as ordered by officers elected by themselves."

The governor and Herman looked at each other in amazement.

"Why, governor," cried the general, "this is more than an insurrection—it is a rebellion! We shall require a large force—perhaps even the military forces of the United States to suppress this."

The governor shook his head apprehensively. "It looks bad, general," said he. "But let us first see if we can not suppress it with the State's own forces. I give you full powers. As commanding general of the State's National Guard you can enlist recruits in any number and in any way you choose. As for money, the emergency fund in the State treasury is large; draw on it freely. As for equipment, there are arms in the armories of the State militia in this city and elsewhere."

"I am afraid, governor, that there are no longer any arms in the city armories," interrupted Fox. "My agent informs me that the Vigilantes seized them all last night, and that they are now safely hidden at their headquarters on Washington Street, which, by the way, they call Fort Vigilant."

"Fort Vigilant!" shouted Herman. "Damn the fellows! What astounding impudence! But this rumor about the arms is grave. If all the arms in the State armories have been seized, governor, we must look elsewhere."

"We can do so, general. There are armories in other cities and towns."

"It would take too much time, I fear, to go hunting round the State. There are plenty of arms in the United States arsenal on Yedras Island here in the Bay. Suppose you make a requisition on General Ruhl. I think he might let us have arms."

"Wouldn't that be a little irregular, general?" asked the governor, doubtfully.

"Regular or not," said Herman, briskly, "let's get the arms first and discuss the legal phase afterwards."

"Judge, is it merely bombast, calling their place Fort Vigilant, or are they really fortifying it?"

"My agent tells me it is fortified. He says they have piled up sand-bags in front and by the side of the building, which is on a corner, to a height of about eight feet. They have mounted cannon behind this breastwork, and they also have placed several six pounders on the roof of the building."

"How many pieces of artillery have they, do you know, judge?" inquired Herman.

"My man has counted twenty-five. Most of them ar-ship's howitzers mounted on the fore-wheels of wagons with the guns lashed to the axles."

"Have you any knowledge of the number of small arms?" asked the general.

"He tells me that they have over five thousand muskets, two hundred and fifty rifles, and a large number of miscellaneous weapons, such as revolvers, cutlasses, and so on. He saw a sort of portable framework on wheels intended to serve as a scaling ladder, and he observed much miscellaneous material, including litters and mattresses."

"Litters?" cried the governor. "Why, have they a hospital force?"

"Yes; they have two or three ambulances in the yard, and several rooms are fitted up as a hospital, with surgeons in attendance."

"Are the president and other officers located in this building?"

"Yes, there are offices for them on the floor above the drill-room, among them the offices of the grand marshal, the major-general, the brigadier-general, the quartermaster, the sergeant-at-arms, the police chief, the armorer, and the chief surgeon. In the armorer's shop I am told there are benches and tools for eight or ten workmen. In the hospital there are some twenty cots. On the roof they have erected a heavy framework of planks, in which they are now hanging a large bell. By set signals this is to summon to Fort Vigilant the members of the executive committee not permanently on duty there—the grand council or the entire body of Vigilantes may also be summoned by general alarm."

"Do they observe military discipline and precautions?" inquired Herman.

"Yes, there are sentries on duty night and day. The police live in the building, as do the hospital corps and some other attendants. There is constantly on duty a certain number of infantry men—one company, I believe, at a time; also there are always saddled in the yard a dozen horses, for there is a patrol of a dozen cavalymen on duty night and day. A small sutler's stand is in the fort so that the men on duty there can get food without leaving the premises."

"This is astounding!" cried Herman. "It is rank rebellion! Governor, you must crush it while it is yet time."

The governor's face had gradually grown graver.

"I agree with you, general," he said. "But you are a soldier, I am a civilian. Let us first see if we can not take some steps which will cause these misguided men to pause before they are brought into actual collision with the military forces of the State—perhaps even of the United States. Let us go at once to this so-called Fort Vigilant. I am the governor of this State, and you are the general commanding its military forces. If the leaders of this movement are honest men, there is no reason why they should refuse to receive us. Come, general, let us go."

As they hurriedly departed, Fox laughed sneeringly. "And a fine job they will make of it. A precious pair truly to suppress such a rising, this weakling of a governor, assisted by this retired military martinet."

When Fox had reached his chambers, he was told that a gentleman was waiting to see him. He was surprised to see that the visitor was Burke.

"Why, senator, I supposed you were still in Sacramento," he cried. "I don't know but that you would be wiser to stay away. The men who are on top in this mix-up are no friends of yours."

"That's why I've come to see you. By reason of your Federal position, you are debarred from taking sides. Both parties must be inclined to treat you with less distrust than one of the opposition. So you must know the inside doings of these Vigilantes. Now, I may as well tell you frankly that I have been summoned to appear before the Vigilantes—merely as a witness, I believe. What do you think of it?"

Fox paused, and reflected for some time. At last he spoke: "Well, of course you heard of the shooting of Fitzwilliams?"

"Yes, of course."

"And of how the Vigilantes came to organize?"

"Yes, but I don't know who are behind them."

"The same old crowd, senator—practically the same men who led the last Vigilance Committee. Carleton is at the head, and Bascom is secretary."

"But the old Committee confined themselves to attacking criminals of the lesser order. Do you think, judge, that this present gang would dare to go for—well, for men prominent politically and socially?"

"So they threaten, and it seems to be the belief of the community that they will. For example, as you know, Clancy has many friends. You yourself are spoken of everywhere as his patron and protector. Yet it is common rumor that the Vigilantes intend to take Clancy out of the jail and hang him."

"Indeed," said Burke frowning. "If there were any way of rescuing Clancy now—"

"I fear there is no way. The Law-and-Order party in this community is merely a corporal's guard. The militia are disbanding—whole companies of them have one over bodily to the Vigilantes, and have been mustered in as part of that organization. General Herman has been commissioned by the governor as commander-in-chief of the militia. But he has no militia to command. Even if he had the troops, he has nothing to arm them with—the muskets have been taken from the armories by the Vigilantes, and are now at Fort Vigilant. The governor and Herman were here less than half an hour ago, and they are now trying to secure weapons from the United States arsenal."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

Fox laughed sardonically. "Being a Federal official myself," he said, "and tolerably conversant with my fellow officials, and acquainted with General Ruhl, who commands the military post and arsenal, I doubt their

success. The governor and Herman will ask Ruhl if they may have weapons. Ruhl in an ambiguous fashion will say that they may. Both of them, being impulsive and non-accurate persons, will be satisfied with this reply. In due time they will send their requisition to Ruhl; he will inform them that he promised to deliver the weapons only on certain conditions; those conditions will be so numerous and so ambiguous that no one can understand them, not even Ruhl. As a result the governor and the general will find themselves without the State militia, without the State's weapons, without Ruhl's promised assistance, and without any troops or weapons at all."

"If that is your opinion, judge, it is my opinion that the state of my health indicates that the Bay climate at this particular season is not suited for me."

"I am not a physician, my dear senator, but as a layman I have no hesitation in agreeing with you. The climate here is contra-indicated. It would be wise for you to go to the springs, or to the capital."

"And pay no attention to the Vigilante subpoena?"

"As a lawyer, I may remark that the body of men calling themselves Vigilantes can not issue subpoenas."

"That settles it," cried Burke suddenly, "to hell with the Vigilante summons!"

"Of course you understand that this is extra-judicial—an *obiter dictum*, as it were. And now let me ask you for news of the capital city. I hear that Tower is bitterly opposing the Vigilantes. What is his motive?"

"All of the Chivalry crowd seem to be opposed to the Vigilantes. It is odd, but it is so. Where they come from, in the sunny Southland, Judge Lynch has held permanent court for many years, and there is scarcely a man among them who hasn't helped hang a nigger now and then. But they form part of the political party on top here, and as every man-jack of them holds a political job, has held one, or expects to hold one, they are on the side of law and order."

"But that is the general feeling among them. Tower seems to have some special and rancorous feeling against the Vigilantes. Why is it?"

Burke paused and reflected for a moment. "I don't know what his motive may be," he said at last, "unless it is that he is on the bench and therefore opposed to those who defy the law. I am told he has been especially irritated by a threat on the part of the Vigilantes to defy his writ of *habeas corpus*. In that event, he declares that he will leave the capital and come here personally to see that it is served, and that the body of the Vigilantes' prisoner is brought before him."

"Will he though?" cried Fox with keen interest. "Now I believe in letting sleeping dogs lie. I am not looking for any writs to be brought before me leveled at the Vigilantes. So Tower threatens to come here to enforce service of his writs, does he? Well, he will get into trouble if he does."

"Yes, I think he will. But Tower is a man of indomitable courage. I do not think he fears the Vigilantes. As soon as there is a prisoner in Fort Vigilant, Tower will come."

A knock sounded at the door. A man entered, who, after glancing at Burke, whispered a few words in Fox's ear. When he went out Fox turned to Burke and said:

"Then Tower will soon be here. I have just learned that the Vigilance Committee has held a prolonged executive session, at which they decided that tomorrow morning they will attack the jail."

"And does your information go so far as to tell you what they will do at the jail?"

"Yes. They will seize Michael Clancy, Charles Costa, and Reuben Milligan, and take them to Fort Vigilant."

"And then?"

"And then," said Fox, "Clancy and Costa are to be hanged."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Queen Victoria's complaint against the terrible summer heat and the equally trying winter cold of the Spanish capital precipitates the question of the advisability of moving the government to Barcelona. Latest indications are that the matter may be compromised; that Madrid may remain the fall and spring capital, while Barcelona may become the summer and winter capital. The reasons for keeping the government at Madrid appear to be largely sentimental and economic; it is the old capital of the long line of Spanish rulers extending back for centuries, and the opposition to moving the government is deep rooted in national pride. The cost of moving the seat of the kingdom would be enormous and the finances of the nation are none too prosperous. Madrid is situated unfavorably from almost any standpoint. The surrounding plateau is treeless, exposing the city to the scorching south winds in summer and to the frigid breezes that descend from the snow-covered Sierra Guadarrama in winter. In contrast with this uncomfortable situation Barcelona's equable climate, due in large part to her position on the Mediterranean, appeals strongly to the Spanish love of ease. Barcelona has long been the commercial centre of Spain.

The most enduring memorial of Bishop Potter is the great, unfinished cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights, which will have cost, it is estimated, over \$20,000,000 when it is completed, well on in the present century. This was his own conception, and it was his influence alone that secured the financial backing which made its commencement possible.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin is about to establish a newspaper in Milwaukee of which he will be the editor.

Sergeant Walsh, U. S. A., recently finished at New York City a walk across the continent from San Francisco in sixty-four days. He is fifty-two years old.

King William and Queen Charlotte of Wurttemberg recently made a balloon ascension with Count von Zeppelin, an experience said to be unique among members of royal families.

Richard Harding Davis has been sworn in as deputy sheriff at White Plains, New York, at his own request, so as to police his property in North Castle, where there have been some daring hold-ups.

Thomas A. Edison, at sixty-one years of age, and said to be worth \$25,000,000, is ready to relinquish his long-sustained and strenuous work in the line of inventions, and to do only scientific work that has special interest for him.

Carl Goldmark, the veteran composer, at the age of seventy-eight has brought out a new opera, "A Winter's Tale," with text from Shakespeare, which is spoken of as a new departure, and has been meeting with much success in Europe.

Kingdon Gould, son of George J. Gould, is working in the mines of Guanajuato as a common miner under the instruction and supervision of Professor Kemp, instructor of geology of Columbia University, where young Gould has been studying mining engineering.

Sir Walter Hilyer has been appointed expert adviser to the Chinese government. Sir Walter was born in China of English parents and is a learned sinologue. Li Hung Chang once said that he spoke and wrote Chinese as well as the most highly educated mandarin.

Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, a noted Italian student of Roman history, will come to America in the fall of this year, and will deliver a series of lectures on Roman history before the Lowers Institute of Boston, the Harvard University, Columbia University, and the University of Chicago.

Waldorf Astor, son of William Waldorf Astor, is a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, to represent the ancient city of Plymouth, from which came the founders of New England. The young man is a Conservative, or, as members of the party are known by its opponents, a Tory.

David Jayne Hill, the American ambassador, delivered the inaugural lecture at the International Historical Congress in Berlin a few days ago in the presence of a remarkable assembly of scholars from all countries. His subject was the ethical functions of the historian. His paper was delivered in German.

Miss Isabelle Hagner, private secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt, is the human "who's who" of Washington. To be on the good books of Miss Hagner is social preferment enough in itself. Potentates, diplomats, and strugglers for recognition bow before this Southern girl, who wields so potent an influence on social destinies. Hostesses clamor to have Miss Hagner assist them at their teas.

Señor Canella, rector of the Asturian University of Spain, has sent invitations to university professors and officials throughout the world to attend the tercentenary of that institution next month. The Asturian University was inaugurated at Oviedo in 1608 by the munificence of Fernando Valdes, on a foundation dating much farther back. Of late years it has shown great intellectual activity and has exerted an important influence in modern Spanish culture.

Miss Charlotte Warren of Newport has been awarded the title as the most daring huntswoman at the meets of the Monmouth County hounds, of which Peter Collier is master. Miss Warren takes any old wall or fence the hounds rush over or under and Newport has never seen her equal as a daring rider. There was a time when Mrs. Thomas Pierce was thought to be the queen of the high jumpers, both at the hunts and at the Newport horse shows, but Miss Warren has eclipsed her best records.

William Voight, the celebrated "Captain Koepenick," has been released from the royal prison at Tegel, near Berlin, where he had been confined for twenty months for his exploit in arresting the municipal authorities at Koepenick and robbing them of several thousand dollars. He still had twenty-eight months to serve, but was pardoned by the Kaiser. Voight left the prison penniless. He will soon marry and open some business, his admirers having collected enough capital for him to make a start with. Frau Wertheim, a wealthy Jewish woman, has settled an annuity of \$300 on him.

Count von Zeppelin, the aeronaut, was born in 1838 and devoted what air for most men the best years of life to military service. Retiring in 1880 with the rank of general, he turned with a boyish enthusiasm to pursuit of his hobby, aerial navigation. To the solution of the problem which had baffled the investigators of two centuries he sacrificed his fortune, with little apparent progress toward the goal. Poverty spurred him to greater exertion. In 1892 he made a successful balloon journey from Berne to Lucerne, but his work was lightly esteemed until 1900, when the surprising success of the first dirigible caused a genuine sensation. Since that time his progress has been easier.

A STORY OF INSANITY.

Clifford Wittingham Beers Writes a Unique Book About a Rare Experience.

Perhaps the author of "A Mind That Found Itself" is wise in his day and generation in prefacing a story "so strange as to challenge belief" by a letter from Professor William James of Harvard University. Mr. Beers, the author in question, submitted his manuscript to Professor James, who hastened to express his admiration and his hope for its publication. Professor James goes on to say that "it is fit to remain in literature as a classic account 'from within' of an insane person's psychology." Foreseeing the challenge of incredulity, the professor adds that the story "reads like fiction, but it is not fiction; and this I state emphatically, knowing how prone the uninitiated are to doubt the truthfulness of descriptions of abnormal mental processes."

Mr. Beers's book—a volume of some three hundred and sixty pages—is the story of two years of insanity. Others, similarly afflicted, have related their experiences to the best of their ability, but never before has such a story been told in so much detail, with so clear and detached a view of a past mental condition, or with such unusual literary power. Mr. Beers looks back upon his abnormal condition with the same clear vision that he would use toward a discarded political opinion. He dissects and analyzes his malady with the precision of personal knowledge and with all the judicial impartiality of entire detachment.

No adequate idea of so remarkable a book can be acquired without a perusal in its entirety. The alienist will wish to be fully informed as to the first warnings of mental disease and its gradual advance from suspicion to certainty. The humanitarian will be attracted to descriptions of asylum management and to the accusations of occasional cruelty and incompetence that find a place in Mr. Beers's book. But a few extracts will at least serve to show how convincing and vivid a document the author has given to us and the value of the light that it throws upon a distressing problem.

Mr. Beers was twenty-four years of age at the time of his great trouble. His brother had been stricken with epilepsy and as a result "I thought of epilepsy, I dreamed of epilepsy until . . . my overwrought imagination seemed to drag me to the very verge of an attack." Then came an accident to intensify the mental disturbance of which the real nature was still unsuspected:

Soon my disordered brain was busy with schemes for death. I distinctly remember one which included a row on Lake Whitney, near New Haven. This row I intended to take in the most treacherous boat obtainable. Such a craft could be easily upset, and I should so bequeath to relatives and friends a sufficient number of reasonable doubts to rob my death of the usual stigma. I also remember searching for some deadly drug which I hoped to find about the house. But the quantity and quality of what I found was not such as I dared trust. I then thought of severing my jugular vein, even going so far as to test against my throat the edge of a razor which, after the deadly impulse first asserted itself, I had secreted in a convenient place. I really wished to die, but so uncertain and bloody a method did not appeal to me. Nevertheless, had I felt sure that in my tremulous frenzy I could accomplish the act with skillful dispatch, I should at once have ended my troubles.

Many of the symptoms recalled by the author with extraordinary accuracy are familiar features in the history of insanity, but never before have they been recounted from the regained haven of sanity:

Handwriting on the wall has ever struck terror to the hearts of sane men. I remember as one of my most unpleasant experiences that I began to see handwriting on the sheets of my bed staring me in the face, and not me alone, but also the spurious relatives who often stood or sat near me. On each fresh sheet placed over me I would soon begin to see words, sentences, and signatures, all in my own handwriting. Yet I could not decipher any of the words, and this fact dismayed me, for I firmly believed that those who stood about could read them all and found them to be incriminating evidence.

I imagined that these vision-like effects, with few exceptions, were produced by a magic-lantern, controlled by some of my myriad persecutors. The lantern was rather a cinematographic contrivance. Moving pictures, often brilliantly colored, were thrown on the ceiling of my room and sometimes on the sheets of my bed. Human bodies, dismembered and gory, were one of the most common of these. All this may have been due to the fact that, as a boy, I had fed my imagination on the sensation news of the day as presented in the public press. These papers I had been accustomed to read thoroughly, reading first the worst news and ending with the best—if I had time. Despite the heavy penalty which I now paid for thus loading my mind, I believe this unwise indulgence gave a breadth and variety to my peculiar psychological experience which it otherwise would have lacked. For with an insane ingenuity I managed to connect myself with almost every crime of importance of which I had ever read.

This furnishes a somewhat grim commentary on the mischief wrought by the sensational press. It was the mental disease that enabled these pictures of crime to assume a torturing dominance, but that they must in every case persist in conscious or subconscious form waiting for abnormal conditions to assert themselves is evident. How great may still be their pernicious effects,

even when confined to sub-conscious regions, remains a matter for determination.

Here, too, is another symptom of a retributive nature:

For a month or two, "false voices" continued to annoy me. And if there is a hell conducted on the principles of my temporary hell, gossipers will one day wish they had attended strictly to their own business. This is not a confession. I am no gossip, though I can not deny that I have occasionally gossiped—a little. And this was my punishment: persons in an adjoining room seemed to be repeating with reference to me the very same things which I had said of others on these communicative occasions. I supposed that those whom I had talked about had in some way found me out, and intended now to take their revenge. If all makers of idle talk could be put through such a corrective course, idle talkers would be abolished from the earth.

My sense of smell, too, became normal; but my sense of taste was slow in recovering. At each meal, poison was still the *pièce de résistance*, and it was not surprising that I sometimes dined one, two, or three hours over a meal, and often ended by not eating it at all.

There was, however, another reason for my frequent refusal to take food, in my belief that the detectives had resorted to a more subtle method of detection. They now intended by each article of food to suggest a certain idea, and I was expected to recognize the idea thus suggested. Conviction or acquittal depended upon my correct interpretation of their symbols, and my interpretation was to be signified by my eating, or not eating, the several kinds of food placed before me. To have eaten a burnt crust of bread would have been a confession of arson. Why? Simply because the charred crust suggested fire; and, as bread is the staff of life, would it not be an inevitable deduction that life had been destroyed—destroyed by fire—and that I was the destroyer? On one day to eat a given article of food meant confession. The next day, or the next meal, a refusal to eat it meant confession. This complication of logic made it doubly difficult for me to keep from incriminating myself and others.

The sense of humor is evidently consistent with insanity, as witness the following incident:

It became again highly expedient to the family purse, upon which my illness was so serious a drain, that every possible saving be made. Therefore I was transferred from the main building, where I had a private room and a special attendant, to a ward where I was to mingle, under an aggregate sort of supervision, with fifteen or twenty other patients. Here I had no special attendant by day, though one slept in my room at night.

Of this ward I had heard alarming reports—and these from the lips of several attendants. I was therefore greatly disturbed at the proposed change. But, the transfer once accomplished, after a few days I really liked my new quarters better than the old. During the entire time I remained at the sanatorium I was more alert mentally than I gave evidence of being. But not until after my removal to this ward, where I was left alone for hours every day, did I dare to give evidence of my alertness. Here I even went so far on one occasion as to joke with my new attendant. He had been trying to persuade me to take a bath. I refused, mainly because I did not like the looks of the bathroom, which, with its cement floor and central drain, resembled the washing-room of an improved stable. After all else had failed the attendant tried the rôle of sympathizer.

"Now I know just how you feel," said he, "I can put myself in your place."

"Well, if you can, do it and take the bath yourself," said I.

The author combats the general idea that the insane can not reason logically. Their premises may be delusional, but the superstructure of argument raised upon them may be rational. He says that his mental processes were those of the ordinarily well-ordered mind:

Having now no special attendant I spent many hours in my room, alone, but not absolutely alone, for somewhere the eye of a detective was ever more upon me. I soon fancied that my case had been transferred from the State to the Federal authorities, and the fear of an all-powerful Secret Service did not tend to ease my laboring imagination. Comparative solitude, however, gave me courage and soon I began to read, regardless of consequences. During the entire period of my depression, every publication seemed to have been written and printed for me, and me alone. Books, magazines, and newspapers seemed to be special editions. The fact that I well knew how inordinate would be the cost of such a procedure in no way shook my faith in it. Indeed, that I was costing my persecutors fabulous sums of money was a source of secret satisfaction—a psychological phenomenon, perhaps associated with delusions of grandeur which long afterwards asserted themselves. During the earliest stages of my illness I had lost count of time, and the calendar did not right itself until the day when I largely regained my reason. Meanwhile, the date on each newspaper was, according to my reckoning, two weeks out of the way. This confirmed my belief in the special editions as a part of the "Third Degree."

Most sane people think that no insane person can reason logically. But this is not so. Upon unreasonable premises I made most reasonable deductions, and that at the time when my mind was in its most disturbed condition. Had the papers which I read on the day which I supposed to be February 1 bore a January date, I might not then for so long a time have believed in a special edition. Probably I should have inferred that the regular editions had been held back. But the papers I had were dated about two weeks ahead. Now if a sane person on February 1 received a newspaper dated February 14, he will be fully justified in thinking something wrong, either with the paper or with himself. But the shifted calendar which had planted itself in my mind meant as much to me as the true calendar does to any sane business man. During the seven hundred and ninety-eight days of depression I drew countless incorrect deductions. But such as they were they were deductions, and the mental process was not other than that which takes place in a well-ordered mind.

The paragraph in which Mr. Beers describes the sensation of returning sanity is so suggestive that it may well be quoted:

I have already described the peculiar sensation which assailed me when, in June, 1900, I lost my reason. At that time my brain felt as though pricked by a million needles at white heat. On this August 30, 1902, shortly after regaining my reason, I had another most distinct sensation in the brain. It started under my brow and gradually spread until the entire surface was affected. The throes of a dying reason had been torture. The sensations felt as my dead reason was reborn were delightful. It seemed as though the refreshing breath of some kind Goddess of Wisdom were being gently blown against the surface of my brain. It was a sensation not unlike that produced by a menthol pencil rubbed ever so gently over a fevered brow. So delicate, so crisp and exhilarating was it that words fail me in my attempt to describe it. Doctors have it, in theory at least, that my depressed condition had been caused by a defective circulation of blood in the brain. The clated phase of my illness, which immediately followed, was, on the other hand, due to an over-stimulation of the brain-cells, caused by an intoxicating supply of blood vouchsafed by an abnormally joyous heart. Few, if any, experiences can be more delightful than that which followed. If the exaltation produced by some drugs is anything like it, I can easily understand how and why certain pernicious habits enslave those who contract them. For me, however, this experience was liberation, not enslavement.

The author's comments upon asylum management must be allowed to speak for themselves. The appendices to the volume show that they have been received with the attention that they deserve. They can not be dismissed as phantoms of a once disordered mind. The book itself, with its array of marshaled facts, its clear and connected narrative, its forceful and logical coherence, compels the attention of the thoughtful; its pathos and its tragedy must appeal to a benevolent humanitarianism that seeks to allay the sufferings of the insane and that has already substituted a kindly common sense for the rigors that were once thought to be remedial. "A Mind That Found Itself," by Clifford Wittingham Beers. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Three Weeks" on the Stage.

In the half-column description by the London *Express* of the private performance at the Adelphi Theatre in London, July 23, of "Three Weeks," with the author in the leading feminine part, there is no criticism of the play or of any of the actors who assisted Mrs. Glyn. Much attention is paid, however, to the character of "those present," as the following paragraphs will show. Strange to say, the *Mail* and the *Chronicle* did not notice the performance:

Prince Francis of Teck was in Lord and Lady Lonsborough's box, and the Grand Duke Michael was in the box above that. Mrs. Keppel and Mrs. Willie James shared a box with Mrs. Hall Walker, to whose beautiful house in Regent's Park the king paid a visit on the previous day.

In the next box, in deep mourning, sat Lady Paget, who had taken a direct personal interest in the production of the play.

The Duchess of Rutland, Lord Curzon, Lord Lamington, Lord Redesdale, the Austrian and German ambassadors, and Mrs. George West were in the stalls, as were also a group of famous actors and actresses, including Sir C. Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Alexandra Carlisle. There was no distinction between pit and stalls, the barriers having been thrown open, and all the seats on the ground floor and the dress circle were occupied by persons of social distinction.

The actual production of the play was by Mr. Hawtrey, who took the final "call" with Mrs. Glyn. The piece was staged in a most lavish manner, the total cost to Mrs. Glyn being about £700. The authoress herself took the part of the queen, or, as she was described throughout the play, "The Lady." Her dresses were charming; they were by "Lucile," her sister, who is in private life Lady Duff-Gordon.

Mrs. Glyn's voice was too delicate to carry far over the footlights, but her performance showed signs of considerable study of technique.

A few departures from the novel were noticeable in the play. The chief point of difference from the story was in the final interview of the young Englishman with the queen, just before the latter is murdered by her husband.

A prologue has also been added, and this was considered by many of the audience as unnecessary.

Another unusual incident in a theatre was the serving of afternoon tea at intervals by stately servants in knee-breeches and silk stockings. They came, as a matter of fact, from the house of one of the best-known hostesses.

The part of the queen was very emotional, and involved great strain on Mrs. Glyn, who showed some signs of distress at the close.

When Meredith Nicholson comes downtown in Indianapolis these days he waves off all his friends and cries "Unclean, unclean." He sometimes takes the middle of the road. Those who have heard about him whip up as he passes, and he himself admits that chauffeurs turn on their hill-climbers to get away from him, while the night-blooming dogs contemplate him with meanest mien. It is the whooping cough! "My children are now whooping in the hills north of New York somewhere," he says, "and they gave it to me as I was leaving them so that I could not fail to remember them in absence. As a memento, a slight souvenir, so to speak, the whooping cough has any other form of memorabilia whipped off the reservation. The seismographs at Washington, Greenwich, and that most sensitive one on the Isle of Wight all record me now."

CURRENT VERSE.

On a Portrait by Tintoret.

An old man sitting in the evening light
Touching a spinnet; there is stormy blow
In the red heavens; but he does not know
How fast the clouds are faring to the night;
He hears the sunset as he thrums some slight
Soft tune that clears the track of long ago,
And as his musings wander to and fro,
Where the years passed along, a sage delight
Is creeping in his eyes. His soul is old,
The sky is old, the sunset browns to gray;
But he, to some dear country of his youth
By those few notes of music borne away,
Is listening to a story that is told,
And listens, smiling at the story's truth.
—"Michael Field," in "Wild Honey from Various Thyme."

The Dead Faith.

She made a little shadow-hidden grave
The day Faith died;
Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,
And smiled aside—
"If less I ask," tear-blind, she mocked, "I may
Be less denied."

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,
The day Faith died—
"Now glad," she said, "and free at last, I go,
And life is wide."
But through long nights she stared into the dark,
And knew she lied.
—Fanny Heaslip Lea, in *Gunter's Magazine*.

In the Children's Hospital.

May be it was her littleness, may be
Because she looked so dumb and so forlorn,
But when, in that sad place, they showed to me
The shy, small stranger, and I knew the morn

Must pass to noon, and noon give place to night,
Bringing no promise of a better day;
And she, so meek, so grateful for the sight
Of ought to drive her misery away:

Then with a sacred pity my heart bled,
And seemed rebuked for all its easy years;
Down on that pillow we I bowed my head
And cherished her; her tears became my tears.
—Richard Burton, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Martin's Song.

Dear Heart, today, somewhere I heard a mating
martin sing,
In his wild flight above my head upon a tireless
wing.
And with the note so new and sweet, so plaintive,
strange, and low,
There seemed to flood within my soul love songs
of long ago.

He did not linger in his flight to rest nor yet
to sing,
I only caught a fleeting glimpse of polished breast
and wing;
But with it came the fragrant scent of climbing
roses red,
And with it came the memory of Summer days
long dead.

Sweet Summer days and glorious nights, when
hearts beat fast and true;
When down the primrose path of life I wandered,
Love, with you;
But now the days of youth are dead—the path
of life is long;
And only memories of all come with the mar-
tin's song.
—Will D. Muse, in *Uncle Remus's Magazine*.

Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley, who died recently at her home in Jackson, New Hampshire, is best known as the biographer and translator of Honoré de Balzac. She was a master of style—Balzac's own and her translations are fairly rivals in expression; and she will remain an influence in thought and letters thereby. Few have thought of her, as her work has been so continuous and so able, as having reached the great age of seventy-eight. She was born at Ipswich, England, January 14, 1830, daughter of Rear-Admiral Ralph Randolph Wormeley of the English navy, and his wife, Caroline Preble, who was a niece of Commodore Edward Preble, one of the founders of the United States navy. Miss Wormeley came to this country when she was a girl of sixteen, and her home then and for the greater part of her life was Newport, Rhode Island. In the course of the Civil War she early volunteered as nurse in field and hospital with the Union army. Besides her Balzac, in forty volumes, she translated Molière's works, in six volumes; the memoirs of Saint Simon; Versailles historical memoirs, in twenty-nine volumes; Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon" and "Kings in Exile."

In connection with the Quebec tricentennial celebration it is worth while to remember that Thoreau's "A Yankee in Canada" gives an interesting account of Quebec and the St. Lawrence country. This title is no longer to be found on the cover of any of Thoreau's books, but the story itself forms a large section of the volume entitled "Excursions." Thoreau quotes two explanations of the origin of the word "Quebec." One is that Jacques Cartier's pilot exclaimed in Normar French at first sight of its lofty headland "Que bec!" (what a peak!) The other was given by a St. Francis Indian, Tahmunt by name, whom Thoreau came across in the Maine woods in 1853. He said, "When the English ships came up the river they could not go any further, it was so narrow there they must go back—go back—that's Quebec" which, as Thoreau intimates, is more than doubtful etymology.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

An illustration of President Cleveland's modesty is worth recalling at a time when this particular virtue is not exactly aggressive. In compiling "The World's Famous Orations" the Funk & Wagnalls Company wished to include two of Mr. Cleveland's speeches, but upon asking for Mr. Cleveland's permission they were met by an emphatic refusal on the ground that in his opinion he had never delivered a speech worthy of so high a place and that none of his orations were worthy of a position in such a collection. Mr. Halsey, the associate editor of the book, finally undertook a journey of remonstrance to Princeton and he returned successful, but only after he had given his assurance that the speeches were chosen for publication not because of their oratorical excellence, but because of their connection with important historical events. Mr. Cleveland's modesty was not, of course, confined to his literary or oratorical achievements, and the incident illustrates a characteristic noticeable from other points of view.

Miscellanies, Volume IV, by John Morley. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The reading of Lord Morley's essays always suggests a regret that their distinguished author should have been tempted from the contemplative paths of literature into the partisanships of practical politics. He is peculiarly fitted by nature to regard men and events from the outside with the detachment of the non-combatant, although it must be admitted that his hand has lost none of its cunning nor become calloused by contact with the rough mechanisms of political administration.

The present volume contains seven essays, all marked by grave earnestness and ripe scholarship. To say that "Democracy and Reaction" is the best is perhaps a mere personal preference, although it would be hard to find a better illustration of the author's power of judicial survey. The essay on "Machiavelli" contains much that is new to the average reader, although it was delivered as a Romanes lecture in 1897. "A New Calendar of Great Men" is a deserved word of critical appreciation of the labors of Conte and of his followers, while other essays are on "Guicciardini," "John Stuart Mill," "Lecky on Democracy," and "A Historical Romance." Lord Morley is one of those men, all too few upon the public stage, who are not afraid to tell both masses and directing classes what they judge to be the truth without fear or favor, and this, as he well says, is "what the salvation of democracy depends upon."

A Modern Prometheus, by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A woman's heroine is always an interesting study and we have such a study here in elaborate and comprehensive detail. Clare, Countess Variani, soon after her marriage to an Italian husband finds that his graces, however fascinating, are external only, and that inwardly he is a brute and a débauché. A separation follows and we are told that Clare, like the child in the poem, might have cried out:

Lost or strayed from Paradise,
A little girl with woman's eyes!
Who will take her by the hand
And lead her back to Fairyland?

Clare is indeed one of those women who need to be taken by the hand, and in spite of the suspicion that we are expected to admire her we are forced to regard her as spineless, neurotic, hysterical, and a bore.

She remains in Italy with her mother in a condition of mental and dreamy hypochondria seeking distraction in religious antiquities, her memory full of spectres of disillusion, dreading alike the visions of the past and the prospects of an unguided and undirected future. Then comes the Jesuit Bernardino with instructions from his order to win over this weak soul from Protestantism to his own faith, to reunite her with her husband for the ultimate good of the church, or to persuade her into a convent for the same end. The larger part of the book is occupied with the wiles of the priest and the mesmerized flutterings of the woman whose education and intelligence are alike powerless against the credulity and dependence of her abnormally exaggerated sex and the trained will and shallow sophistry of the priest. It is a pitiful story and almost a disgusting one. Why the manly young American, Lloyd, should wish to marry her is a little strange, but if this story had been told by a man Lloyd would have made short work of Bernardino and of the web of sickly religion that he throws around Clare. That she ultimately breaks loose is due not to a healthy reaction in favor of Lloyd, but because she finds that Bernardino has deceived her as to the details of her husband's murder. Even then she parts from him with his assurance "you will come back, my daughter; you can not stay away," and to this she replies, "Who knows, my father, who knows." Whether she ultimately marries Lloyd we do not know. We can only hope that some one takes care of her and tells her

what she may believe and what she may do. She certainly can not take care of herself.

But none the less the story has unusual merit. It persuades us that there are such women as Clare, whose culture is wholly inadequate to the evolution of any scheme of brave and independent life and who are as autumn leaves before the wind of disappointment. As a study of Italian life and land the book must take a high place. The author is evidently saturated with Italian religious lore, and although she does not present us with a single character except Lloyd who can command more than a tolerant contempt, her hook remains not only an interesting, but an important one.

The Woman Pays, by Frederic P. Ladd. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

We can hardly suppose that this repulsive story represents any considerable phase of life in New York or elsewhere. We seem to know all about the Rev. Harry Arthur Leslie from the description of his praying abilities with which the book opens. Why any woman should be fascinated by such a tinkling cymal is one of the mysteries, but we are not surprised when we find him a frequent visitor upon the charming wife of Winthrop Kent, and we can only wonder that Kent does not kick him downstairs when he finds him there at midnight in a state bordering upon intoxication. The inevitable follows quickly in the shape of clandestine meetings, the ruin of a woman, and the destruction of a home. It would have been so easy not to write this ugly story.

Italica, by William Roscoe Thayer. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.50.

These essays are well selected and with an eye to the public demand. Although some of them were published as much as ten years ago, they represent thought that is living and they appeal to a general interest that is as keen today as ever it was. The sketch of Fogazzaro, although too short, is particularly good. So, too, is "Mazzini's Centenary" and "Dante in America." Other essays are "The Election of a Pope," "Cardinal Hohenlohe," "Italy in 1907," and "Giosue Carducci." There are fourteen essays in all and they are marked by an evident comprehension of the Italian spirit and a fine recognition of worthy sentiment and literary achievement.

Drama and Life, by A. B. Walkley. Published by Brentano's, New York.

This hook comes opportunely at a time when the drama is asking for a place among the scholarly arts and when the dramatic conscience is uneasily stirring under a sense of neglected possibilities. Mr. Walkley's voice is not entirely alone upon its lofty plane of praise and censure, but there is certainly no criticism more searching and no more righteous intolerance of unworthiness or inefficiency. No one, for instance, has more unerringly pointed out that Mr. Shaw can never be a dramatist until he learns his responsibilities to his material, until he ceases from speechmaking, until he learns to observe the great realities of life rather than its oddities and inconsistencies. Mr. Shaw is a very small pebble upon Mr. Walkley's beach, and where, by the way, is Ibsen? Ibsenism "soon passed away."

There are twenty-three essays in this volume, and they are general and particular. Among the former is a comparison between the English and the French drama, a consideration of the processes of thought in play-

making which is indeed all too short, but yet long enough to show us that "there is no orthodox method of play invention," a treatise on the art of acting, and another one on the elements of curiosity and horror in the theatre. Horror, it seems, is still a compelling force and thus the inner primeval man yet holds sway, lust for strong emotion is greater than art, and once more we face the commonplace that our civilization is only skin deep.

Among the subjects for particular essays are Euripides, Shakespeare, Irving, Pinero, Barrie, Shaw, Duse, Bernhardt, and Rejane. Principal plays are considered critically and historically and we are reminded of a thousand and one things that start into obviousness for the first time. Mr. Walkley draws from an extraordinary fund of knowledge. The drama has evidently been his life study and he ap-

proaches it with an enthusiasm, a capacity, and an abandon beyond all praise.

The Happy Moralist, by Huhert Bland. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.25.

These pleasing essays may be safely commended to the man of the world who wishes to have his easy philosophies confirmed and to be beguiled into thought on men and manners. In a style that reminds us of Anthony Hope and the "Dolly Dialogues," Mr. Bland charms us with light and amusing discourse—we may even say cultured chatter—on love, literature, art, religion, and kindred diversions. It is all very readable, very clever, and sufficiently unencumbered by tiresome thought to be read at any hour of the day or night, week days and Sundays alike.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is being told of Renan in Paris that his contemporary Boissier came to him beamingly to hoast that one of his autographs had been sold at an auction for a dollar, while Renan's had brought only 60 cents. "Well," said Renan, "now let me tell you the reason." And he produced the identical dollar autograph from his desk. There were three mistakes in spelling and it had been bought in at a fancy price to keep the public from learning that an academician could not spell.

Mr. William Heinemann, the well-known London publisher, is a man of varied talents. It is known that he has successfully appeared in London in a number of copyright performances of modern standard plays, and now he has been displaying his skill as a photographer in a number of striking snapshots that he has taken of Mr. William DeMorgan, author of "Somehow Good," and "Joseph Vance," in Florence. Although it is known that Mr. DeMorgan is considerably over forty, he does not look a day over it in these pictures, all of which show him in the best of humor. Most of them were taken in the beautiful Cachine Park, one of them at the spot where Shelley wrote "The Ode to the West Wind." Still another shows Mr. DeMorgan on the Lung Arno near where Dante met Beatrice.

An English publisher recently stated that the authors of the cheap novelettes published in London receive \$15 for a work of 30,000 words. An enthusiastic, hard-working fictionist is able to turn out one of these productions in a week, if necessity compels.

Frederic S. Isham, author of "The Lady of the Mount" and other novels, has been traveling in Russia and Siberia for purposes literary and otherwise. "Two pictures seen in this big realm linger in the memory," writes Mr. Isham, shortly after leaving Vladivostok, to his publishers. "One impression is bright, beautiful, shining; that of Peterhof, the summer palace of the Czar. They were 'house cleaning' in anticipation of his coming, and the statuary of the wonderful fountain, or series of fountains, recalling Versailles, were being gilded: the palace, favorite abode of Catherine, dazzled the gaze with its splendor. Paint; gilt; marble; flowers! Before it the sea, where Peter the Great was wont to stand, not to dream, but to plan great accomplishments. What is Nicholas thinking of today as, like the monarchs of old, he walks in these gardens enchanted? Of the second picture? He has never seen it."

Miss Irene Osgood, an English novelist, has offered three prizes, amounting to twenty pounds, for the three best criticisms of her new novel, "Servitude." Miss Osgood declares that she wishes to get at the opinions and advice of the reading public.

Miss Anna McClure Sholl, whose third novel, "The Greater Love," has just been published, is a niece of the distinguished Browning scholar and friend of Browning, Dr. Hiram Corson, who for over thirty years filled the chair of English literature in Cornell University. Miss Sholl resides in New York City, but was born in Philadelphia, and comes on her mother's side of a Quaker family of French-Huguenot origin. She is an essayist as well as a novelist, and contributed many biographical essays to Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature."

Anatole France may yet receive a fuller share of American recognition than has yet fallen to his lot. The John Lane Company are about to issue a complete edition of his works, and the first volume, "The Mother of Pearl," is now ready for delivery. This will be followed by "The Red Lily," "The Garden of Epicurus," and other well-known novels, essays, and biographies until the complete works have been issued.

New Publications.

The Elite Music Company, San Francisco, have published "Seven Heart Songs," with music composed by Leila France. Price, \$1.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "The Land of Make-Believe and Other Christmas Poems," by Wilbur Nesbit. Price, \$1.40.

"The Marquis and Pamela," by Edward H. Cooper, is a story of aristocratic life in England as found in racing circles. The characters are titled betting men, roués, gamblers, sharps, thieves, mistresses, and nasty women. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

B. W. Huebsch, New York, has published a little volume of wise and homely philosophy by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who is now in his eighty-fourth year. The book is entitled "Things Worth While." It appears in The Art of Life Series and its price is 50 cents.

Miss Bennett has written a useful book under the title of "The Vegetable Garden." Besides dealing fully with various vegetables that form the staple of the small garden, the book has excellent chapters on fertilizers, insecticides, and cookery. It tells us all that we need to know, from the planting of the seed to the appearance of the vegetables upon

the dining-table. It is published by the McClure Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

The American Book Company has published "Cuentos Modernos," edited with notes and vocabulary by Albert Bushnell. In this little volume are grouped nineteen short stories by fifteen of the leading modern Spanish authors. Price, 60 cents.

A poetic work by Alice Maude Ewell has been issued by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. It is entitled "The Heart of Old Virginia," and it is enriched by twenty-one full-page drawings by Sue Berkeley Alrich. Both poetry and drawings are delicate and pleasing. Price, \$1.

The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, have published "A Child's Guide to Pictures," by Charles H. Caffin, a volume of original critical judgment of the qualities required in all good pictures. The book is illustrated by many examples and several diagrams. Price, \$1.25.

Brentano's, New York, have published a volume to be treasured by school girls. It is called "School Days, A Memory Book," and its scope is from the first day in school to graduation day. The arrangement and the pictures upon every page are by Josephine Bruce and space is left for diary purposes.

"Country constables who make a living arresting speeding automobilists wouldn't have half so much trouble stopping the scorchers if they used a little ingenuity," says one of the offenders. "Chains across the road and moving vans hocking the highway are all right to accomplish the purpose, but they're cumbersome. A better idea for causing a prompt slow-up is to scatter a lot of grain in a road and turn a lot of hens loose. They would block the road all right, and if there's one thing that will make a chauffeur slow up it's a hen. Dogs are bad enough, but a hen always runs the wrong way, and if the machine is going at any speed usually ends up under the wheels. Hitting a hen will sometimes throw the front wheels out of line and cause the car to swerve so drivers almost invariably slow up and give poultry a chance to get out of the way. A hen speed trap is a great idea, to my way of thinking, and of course if one of the birds were killed the cost could easily be added to the driver's fine."

Joseph O'Mara, who has been singing for some time abroad in opera, and who will be remembered as the Irish tenor who made a hit in "The Highwayman" and some other operettas, has been engaged by Brooks and Dingwall, and will sing in "Peggy Machree," the Irish musical comedy by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan.

George M. Cohan has just given a new twist to his versatility by writing a minstrel afterpiece for the burned-cork company headed by George Evans, which recently began with *clat* its career.

James Duncan Hague.

James Duncan Hague, a consulting mining engineer, president of several mining companies, and a member of many New York clubs, died August 4 at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. He had a summer home there, but spent a large part of his time at his town house, in New York City.

Born in Boston on February 24, 1836, Mr. Hague was educated in private schools and at the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. Then he went to the Georgia Augusta University, Göttingen, Germany, and to the Royal School of Mines, at Freiberg, Saxony, where he remained from 1836 to 1858. He married Miss Mary Ward Foote at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1872.

Before that, however, he made a long trip of exploration to the South Seas, in 1859-1861, and in 1862-1863 he had a period of service in the United States navy. For three years, until 1866, he was a manager of copper mines in the Lake Superior region. While there he participated in the development of the Calumet property. Next he was an assistant geologist on the United States Geological Survey, and from 1871 to 1878 he was a consulting mining engineer in California. He was commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1878.

During Mr. Hague's residence in San Francisco he made many warm friends. He was a member of the Pacific Union Club, and all who met him were impressed by his dignified courtesy and unvarying geniality. He returned to New York in 1879, and was a member of many literary, scientific, and fellowship societies. He was an author of several books, and often contributed articles to the monthly magazines.

Mr. Peter Curran, a member of Parliament, speaking recently at Tottenham, said that being in the House of Commons did not tend towards a man's moral or intellectual improvement, and he questioned whether he was equal intellectually to what he was years ago. He was doubtful whether he had ever been in such bad company as that which he had been compelled to associate with in his experience as member of Parliament.

That is an unkind blow which Sir Charles Wyndham aims at America, and must go far to offset the praise bestowed upon our speech by the German Dr. Brandl. "It must be remembered," said Sir Charles, "that Americans are always talking. They imbibe fluency with their mothers' milk. I do not consider, however, that there is anything like the same proportion of really good public speakers in America as in England."

May and Flora Hengler, two dainty dancers, well known on the vaudeville stage, will go out next season as twin stars in a musical comedy.

The report that M. Coquelin was to make a farewell tour in this country is denied.

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—News and Courier.

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—The Interior.

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—New York World.

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—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

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—The Forum.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

There is never room for doubt concerning the loyalty of San Francisco theatre-goers to a player who has once won their favor. Age does not stale and even custom-made musical force does not wither the variety of their devotion. Yet of all stage favorites it is probable that the comic-opera comedian retains his popularity by the most precarious hold. His box of tricks is sparsely furnished because of the limited demands of the materials with which he works, and very soon his admirers have an intimate acquaintance with all his baggage. The turn of his eyebrows, the up-curving and down-drawings of his mouth, the inflections of his voice, the heaving of his shoulders, the waving of his hands, the antic versatility of his nether limbs, all these become as familiar as the rise and fall of the curtain. Withal, the comic-opera comedian persists, and the public rallies enthusiastically to his support.

Ferris Hartman, long-time funmaker in chief at the old Tivoli Opera House, faced a San Francisco audience Monday evening at the Princess Theatre for the first time in four years, and the plaudits that filled the crackling atmosphere from the orchestra rail to the congested lobby were a meaty, satisfying tribute to his continued popularity. And he still the Ferris Hartman of those other days, the buffoon of fifty burlesques, from "Ship Ahoy"; the comedian of a more comic opera, from "Madame Favart" to "Pinafore"—intimately genial, unassuming, unmusical, yet humorously winning. His welcome must have recalled to him an even more enthusiastic greeting of former years, when he returned to the Tivoli from a long absence in the East.

"The Idol's Eye," written for Frank Daniels, and never an overwhelming success with that compact and grotesque mummer, was the offering chosen for the opening of Hartman's engagement, and it is serving fairly well the requirements of a week's run. As was planned, the comedian is the central figure in each of the three acts, but in the progress of years other rôles have taken on something more than minor importance. When the piece was originally produced, Alf Wheelan forced a Scotch humoresque from the fourth position up near the front, and his success in the part did much to lessen Daniels's regard for the work which had been constructed to order for him. At the Princess Theatre this week Walter Catlett does excellent work in the Wheelan part, though his make-up is needlessly repellent.

As Damayanti, the Nautch girl, Zoe Barnett comes into her own, and is all that the rôle requires in beauty and grace. She reads her lines with entire seriousness, and the "warm Oriental nature" insisted upon by the librettist makes her still "too fond for idle scolding." Sarah Edwards is Priestess of the temple with a single song, which is well done; a single scene of dramatic purpose, which is fairly well carried off; a single shout of command, which wakes the echoes of the scene loft. Evelyn Frances Kellogg is a pretty picture as Maraquita.

Arthur Cunningham is a truly torrid Tosasco, with a hybrid Cuban-Italian-Hibernian dialect, and Wallace Brownlow a tuneful but inconsequential American lover—the inconsequentiality altogether the fault of the book. Mayhelle Baker is not only a dashing lieutenant, but a figure of such lissom shapeliness that even the prima donna can not win from her the limelight of masculine admiration.

Even Frank Daniels, with complete realization of the value of thronging and impersonal auxiliary attractions, never crowded his stage with such a chorus as is provided at the Ellis-Street opera house. Its numbers increase steadily, but the standard of comeliness and rhythmical movement is never allowed to droop. Stage Manager George Lask well deserved the share in the applause which Comedian Hartman with craft attempted to divert to him on the opening night.

Next Monday night "The Toymaker" will be put on. Hartman is very happy and more genuinely a comedian in this musical conceit. His Johannes Guggenheimer is a distinct conception, and is done without rubbing of the outlines. All the principal members of the Princess company are mentioned in the cast.

"Brother Officers," the play which will be put on at the New Alcazar Theatre next Monday, with White Whittlesey in the rôle of Lieutenant John Hinds, is one that has a special interest here, as it had its first production in this city. Henry Miller brought it out at the old Columbia Theatre eight years

ago, and the approval given to it here was indorsed later in New York. The drama tells a story of human interest, and the difficulties and sorrows that beset the military officer who rises from the ranks are skillfully pictured. Mr. Whittlesey has found the part to be congenial in most particulars, and wins a success in it that bears comparison with that attending his more romantic efforts. It gives him opportunity for genuine comedy touches, as well as for true manly sentiment. His support in the play will be of the capable sort never failing at this playhouse.

At the American Theatre Sunday evening an opera of unfamiliar interest, but of real artistic worth, will be presented. "The Love Tales of Hoffmann," last of Offenbach's works, and never produced during his lifetime, is perhaps the most ambitious of all his compositions. His genius reached its greatest height in this opera, and it will continue fresh and inspiring even after those other inimitable productions of his earlier years have been forgotten. The company that will appear in the opera has for principals a number of popular favorites who have not been seen here for several seasons, and they will undoubtedly be warmly welcomed. Edith Mason, the charming prima donna, will certainly renew her former success, and Thomas Persse, no less favorably remembered, may confidently anticipate a particularly friendly greeting. Bernice Holmes, Arthur Mesmer, and Joseph Fogarty are also prominent in the cast, and their names come with pleasing recollections. Paul Steindorf, the musical director, long ago earned the regard of music lovers here, and his return will be auspicious, as he will lead a large and well-balanced orchestra. It would appear that attention has been given to every detail of the production, and an engagement of much more than ordinary interest should result. Everywhere the production of the opera has been attended with notable success, and all indications are favorable for a continuation of its gratifying record.

The De Haven Sextet, an interesting feature of which is Sydney C. Gibson, will be the headline attraction for the week beginning with the Sunday matinee at the Orpheum. They will appear in the terpsichorean operetta, "The Understudy," and Mr. Gibson, Miriam F. Carson, the Barrett Sisters, Florence Williams, and Elsie Krebs introduce in it a variety of songs and dances and many changes of costume. The Four Baltus, Olympic gymnasts, who recently concluded a triumphant engagement at the New York Hippodrome, will be seen for the first time in this city. They are exceptional athletes, whose skill entitles them to rank in a class by themselves. Eugene and Willie Howard will present their singing and dancing skit, "The Hebrew Messenger Boy and the Thespian." Dolesch and Zillbauer, the original Viennese street singers, who were the first to depict the itinerant minstrel on the stage, will have a pleasing musical number. Next week will be the last of the Big City Quartet, Charles H. Bradshaw and company, Raffin's Simian Performers, and the Four Rianos.

Next week at the Van Ness Theatre that striking play of American political life, "The Man of the Hour," returns for a short stay. Notable in this connection is the appearance of Cyril Scott, last seen here as the star of "The Prince Chap." In "The Man of the Hour" Mr. Scott will assume the rôle of Mayor Bennett, the central figure of the drama, and offer a contrast to his more romantic part in the earlier success. It is said that the author, George Broadhurst, had Mr. Scott in mind when he fashioned the leading character in his play of politics; however that may be, the actor fits the part. With Mr. Scott a number of well-known people of the stage will claim recognition, among them Miss Ethel Brandon in her former rôle—that of the mayor's mother. Ruby Bridges, Felix Haney, and Louis Hendricks are still playing their original parts in the play.

Henry Miller and company are in the last nights of their engagement, and the farewell performance of "The Great Divide" will be given Saturday night.

"Heartsease" is drawing well this week at the New Alcazar Theatre, the romantic hero, Eric Temple, being presented to the life by White Whittlesey. The introduced music by Mrs. Millie Flynn Gish and others, under direction of Homer Henley, is a distinct addition to the allurements of the play.

"The Girl Question," a musical comedy with a successful record, follows "The Man of the Hour" at the Van Ness Theatre.

Blanche Bates is rehearsing the new play, "The Fighting Hope," by William J. Hurlburt, and it will be produced September 7 at the Belasco Theatre in Washington, going to the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, two weeks later.

While it is not generally exploited, it is known that twenty-three of the soloists singing in the leading parts in grand opera in Germany today are Americans. The force at Covent Garden in London this summer also largely depended upon its American singers.

Bronson Howard's Plays.

Many columns of eulogy have been written of Bronson Howard, the American playwright, whose death occurred August 4, at his home in Avon, New Jersey. Mr. Howard had been writing plays for nearly forty years, and he averaged about one play for each two years. He was president of the American Dramatists' Club and was a member of the Players, the Authors, and the Lotos clubs of New York, of the Savage and the Greenroom clubs of London and of the Prismatic Club of Detroit.

Detroit was the place of his birth, on October 7, 1842. His father was Charles Howard. He was educated at Russell's Institute at New Haven, Connecticut, and in October, 1880, he married Alice Wyndham, a sister of Sir Charles Wyndham, in London, England.

His principal plays were all produced originally in New York. Among the long list of comedies and other dramas are "The Henrietta," "Shenandoah," "Saratoga," "The Banker's Daughter," "Diamonds," "Old Love Letters," "Hurricanes," "Moorcroft," "Wives" (from Molière), "Aristocracy," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Peter Stuyvesant" (in which Brander Matthews collaborated), "One of Our Girls," and "Met by Chance." Several of his plays have been produced in London and Berlin.

Mr. Howard was a newspaper man in early life and worked successfully on the *Evening Gazette*, the *Mail*, and the *Tribune*. He turned his attention to the stage during those years and wrote several plays which were not accepted. Success came with the production of "Saratoga," in 1870, by Augustin Daly. In 1887 he wrote his merriest play, "The Henrietta," for Stuart Robson and William H. Crane, and Bertie, the Lamb, will be known on the stage long after the best character in "Shenandoah" is forgotten. The latter was played created a sensation and was the most successful of the Howard dramas, from a financial standpoint at least. In 1892 he set New York talking with "Aristocracy," a very brilliant comedy, which was the last thing of dramatic moment he wrote.

Maud Allan's "Salome" dance is by no means the one feature of her performances at the Palace Theatre in London. A few days ago the dancer presented a number of novelties, adding four new illustrations of her art to numbers chosen from Tschaiakowsky's Casse Noisette suite, which was originally written for a ballet based on Hoffmann's fairy story of "The Nutcracker." Of the four the last, "Valse des Fleurs," gained the most applause. In it Miss Allan, garlanded and girdled with roses, was in the merriest mood. In nothing hitherto, not even in the "Spring Song," has she shown so supreme a joyousness and abandon, so perfect an accompaniment of physical motion to sprightly melody. Yet it was in the Arabian dance, with its weirdly fascinating droning music, that Miss Allan perhaps gave an even finer example of her powers of interpretation, and her mastery of the whole art of dancing.

The play which Clara Morris has written around the character of Mrs. Siddons deals with the great actress in her youth. It will show how she protected the daughter of an old sweetheart, how she was hissed from the stage, how she encountered a highwayman, and how she conducted herself in the moment of final triumph. A considerable amount of romance seems to be mixed up with the reality.

"Humph! Him? He'd run before he'd fight me!" "I guess he'd have to."—Houston Post.

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VANITY FAIR.

We don't know very much about Lady Meath in this country, but we may assume that she is some one of importance from the attention given to her remarks on the over-dressing of Englishwomen. Lady Meath writes a letter to the *Daily Mail* in which she voices her discontent with an extravagance in female attire that she feels to be on the increase. It has come to her knowledge "as a matter of astonishment" that some women spend as much as \$40 and even \$60 upon a single hat, and while it is true that the hats have nearly doubled in size, this seems no sufficient reason why they should also double in price.

But surely Lady Meath has not yet learned the full extent of our folly. Some one must have been breaking this thing to her gently and the worst is yet to come. Even allowing for the far cheaper prices that prevail in England, we think nothing nowadays of such figures where a hat is concerned, and a new headgear once a week is by no means unusual. Lady Meath is behind the times and she does not seem to realize that the object in paying a high price for a hat is not to have some particular kind of a hat, but rather a hat of a particular price.

Lady Meath's indictment of the over-dressed woman has called forth a good deal of comment. Modistes and milliners agree that it costs about twice as much to dress a woman today as it did a few years ago, but they say that this is due to a finer appreciation of the artistic values of dress. That, of course, is exactly what the modistes and milliners would say. "The woman of today is not content with an Empire gown," said a court modiste, "but her lingerie must show traces of the same influence. Hosiery must be Empire, so must the wrap; even the jewelry must harmonize. The same applies to the Directoire modes. It may mean heavy expenditure, but not ostentation or bad taste."

They have plenty to say for themselves, have these satellites of the sun of fashion. There is a new demand for real lace, for hand embroideries, and hand-woven fabrics, as well as for an elaboration of details. The various ingredients of the costume must now be *en suite*, and hat, sunshade, hosiery, and jewelry must match each other. A change in one means a change in all. Then, again, ostrich feathers have come back into favor and higher prices are the result. The cost of furs has increased, sable having nearly doubled, as well as chinchilla and ermine, while boot-makers are doing a roaring business because of the fashions in colored footwear. All these things are urged in extenuation, but it is hard to see where the extenuation comes in. The defense simply amounts to this: that fashionable women are not really more foolish, fickle, and extravagant than they used to be; they are simply more extravagant, fickle, and foolish. A distinction without a difference, mesdames.

Sir James Crichton-Browne has come to the relief of the gourmet, and, by the way, it is a little strange that the excesses of wealth can always find a scientific apologist. But, to be fair, Sir James has no excuses for those who eat too much. His defense is of the quality and not of the quantity of the food consumed. Over-eating, says Sir James in effect, is the most widespread and the most deadly malady of the day. The stomach, too much distended, interferes with the working of the heart, and there you are. It is only necessary to label the result with a high-sounding name and compose a suitable epitaph for the dear departed.

Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham Davis, writing to the *Daily Mail*, says that "the gourmet, the man or woman with a delicate taste in food and drink, generally eats because he or she prefers very much what the family doctor would tell them to eat because it is good for their health." The gallant soldier then asks us to look with him for a moment at such a dinner as is eaten by the ordinary person of refinement during the summer, and say whether or not any self-respecting doctor could find fault with it. Here it is:

The little feast will be sure to begin with a slice of cantaloupe melon well iced. This is expensive, certainly, but it is very probably the first course of the first dinner that Adam and Eve ate in the Garden of Eden, and it is beautifully simple.

A cup of iced consommé, the concentrated essence of beef or poultry, will come next, or one of those Russian soups which combine all that is best in meat and vegetables.

Probably the fish most in favor with gourmets at this time of the year is a trout taken from some clear stream, and it will be at its best either grilled or "au bleu."

A tiny piece of meat, a "noisette d'agneau," perhaps, a vegetable dish, a quail and salad, if he who dines is very hungry, and either some cheese straws or a macédoine of fruits, according to the sex of the diner—and there you have a typical summer dinner of the luxurious classes, at which, I am sure, no doctor would frown. If I were ordering this dinner for myself I should omit the "noisette" and keep the quail in the menu.

Personally we should have no objection whatever to this dinner, and if our medical adviser should see fit to enter a caveat he might be governed by his own advice, for certainly we should not. The only criticism we should feel disposed to make would be directed against the assumption that persons

of refinement usually indulge in such a choice little spread as this. Take, for instance, newspaper men, who are almost invariably of an unsurpassed refinement and of a lofty morality, but who sometimes go for two or more days together—through pressure of work—without such a repast as this.

We were under the impression that the English suffragettes had some real grievances and that they were ground under the iron heel of a despotic and effete monarchy. But not so. It seems that there are no less than fourteen ladies who have a legal right to sit in the House of Lords and legislate for the nation. But they refuse to do so, and we must attribute their refusal to pure cussedness. Fancy having the power to pass laws and neglecting it. The average woman reformer confidently believes that nothing stands between us and the millennium but a carefully chosen selection of laws, and yet here are these peeresses who have the power to regulate the solar system and to compel all sorts of people to do all sorts of things that they don't want to do and to refrain from doing all sorts of things that they want to do, and yet they fail to live up to their responsibilities. Something ought to be done. The women's clubs ought to take it up. One of these privileged women is Lady Kinloss, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. Chandos house, the London residence of the family, was sold some years ago to that American girl who became Countess of Strafford, and keeps royal state there. Lady de Ros, wife of Andrew Dawson, the youngest brother of the Earl of Dawtrey, is said to hold the premier barony of England. It harks back to 1264 and the title has been held by five women. The present baroness is a great-granddaughter of the Duchess of Richmond, who gave the famous ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. She is the twenty-fifth holder of the title. Baroness Wentworth, who before succeeding to the title was known as Lady Mary Milbanke, derives the peerage from her father, the Earl of Lovelace, and inherited the barony of Wentworth from his mother, the daughter, Ada, of Lord Byron. The baroness is said to possess literary ability and is an accomplished musician. There are two very young peeresses in the group of those who have the right to sit among the peers in the House of Lords, Baroness Beaumont, born in 1894, and Baroness Clifton, born in 1900. Lady Beaumont was but seven when King Edward was crowned, but walked in the great procession in her robes of state, which must have sadly weighed down her child's shoulders. She owns a splendid country seat in Yorkshire called Carlton Towers, which will become her absolute property when she comes of age. Until that time she remains in the guardianship of her mother.

It is frankly admitted that the closing of the De Beers mines is for the purpose of restricting the output of diamonds and so enhancing their value. An official of the company says: "The important point to be considered is that the production of diamonds never takes place from the mines direct, but from the reserve blue ground, which has been accumulated and kept on the floors on the top of the mines. If all the mines of the Consolidated Company were shut down, there is sufficient blue-ground reserve—ten million loads of 1600 pounds each—to supply the normal diamond demand for two years. The Diamond Syndicate, which sells the output of the De Beers Company, has an accumulated stock of from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000 worth of rough, uncut stones."

The highest price for diamonds was reached in 1907. Since then there has been a steady fall and the present value is only about half what it was then. There was a time when the purchase of a diamond was considered to be a very satisfactory way of hoarding money, but that time has passed away. The diamond gets much of its value from the manipulations of a monopoly, and the remainder of its value depends upon the whim of women. The De Beers Company hopes that a comparative scarcity of diamonds will enhance their price, and if the stones were a necessity of life their expectations would be well grounded. But the stones are not a necessity. Their sale drops to zero with the first breath of hard times, and of this we have had evidence enough during the last year or so.

A well-known daily newspaper, not to be otherwise specified, prints the following news item:

A handsomely dressed woman sat in a big red machine down the street. By her side in the seat reclined a fat, repulsive-looking young hullo.

Another fashionably dressed woman passed that way. She came out of a department store, where she had been worrying the life out of a few harmless shop girls for two or three hours, and her lofty gaze fell full upon the little dog in the automobile. She stepped to the curb, patted the little ugly beast on the head, and said: "Ou tweet! little sing; let me tuss um!"

And she did! She stooped over the prostrate, helpless form of the innocent brute—fit subject for the dog pound—and printed her painted lips on the dog's chaste nose.

The asthmatic beast snuffed a little and the grand lady passed on.

The ostensible object of the publication was, of course, to reprobate the inanity of the

"fashionably dressed woman." The real object was to gratify the natural and God-given inanity of the average reader, who loves to hear about such incidents as this, while at the same time swelling up his bosom with a hypocritical indignation. On the whole, the newspaper in question occupies a somewhat less enviable position than the woman. Her idiotic action would have passed within the space of a minute into the limbo of ridiculous and forgotten things. Thanks to a free and enlightened press which gives it nearly three inches of space—probably more than it would give to an affair of serious national importance—it is placed upon record for the delectation of fools. But the dog seems to be blameless in the matter.

Mrs. William B. Leeds must pay duty upon her pearl necklace and the treasury of the United States will be thereby enriched to the tune of over \$200,000. Mrs. Leeds bought her necklace in Paris and gave \$340,000 for it, which is a good deal of money when one comes to think of it. Strange as it may seem, there are some people who do not earn so much money in a year—so, at least, it is said. After the necklace was bought the pearls were separated and brought into the United States as separate gems in the hope that they would be admitted under that head upon the payment of 10 per cent duty instead of the

60 per cent duty imposed upon necklaces. But the collector of the port was made of sterner stuff than that. He ruled that the pearls were originally a necklace and would again be a necklace, that their detached form was a transitional and not a permanent state, and that 60 per cent was the correct assessment. In this conclusion Judge Lacombe agrees and the owner thus has an opportunity to contribute substantially to the depleted treasury of her own, her native land. Her necklace will thus cost her considerably more than half a million dollars and we can only express the charitable hope that she will try and live up to it.

Mrs. Augustina Rylands, who died recently leaving an estate of some \$17,500,000, is supposed to have been the richest woman in England. According to a London dispatch to the *New York Times*, the death and legacy duties levied upon it by the British government amount to more than \$2,750,000, or about 16 per cent.

"That will do," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, sternly, "you will leave on Saturday, and you needn't bother me about a recommendation." "Faix," replied Bridget, "O! hov no intintion o' givin' ye a ricommindation. O! I'll tell the truth about ye to ivery girl thot axes me."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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Is saturated with an object that is expressed with every evidence of conviction and with no small literary skill. That differences in creed should be an enemy to love, that Jew and Gentile should be separated by religion, is unfortunately no new thing, but Mrs. Lowenberg helps us to appreciate its folly, its pathos, and its needless tragedy.

The opening scene is in New York, where we are introduced to two Jewish families from Germany. The next scene is twenty years later in Missouri. The second generation is growing up in the new Western world, but not without the religious disabilities and creed prejudices that should belong exclusively to a past day in human history. The story is a long one and the plot is intricate, but it is vividly colored by splashes of genuine passion and of real tragedy. The "irresistible current" is the tendency toward a better philosophy of life, an agreement upon the essentials of human conduct that shall take the place of creeds, and a reliance upon a human love and brotherhood that is, after all, the highest expression of the best religion.—*The Argonaut*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Western congressman is quoted as saying that when he first entered Congress he wondered how he ever got there, but later on he wondered how any of them ever got there.

Gioacchino Rossini, who was a great jester, was once seen embracing a Spaniard with great effusion. Asked the reason, he replied: "Because without Spain we would be the last nation."

Some one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his hoard and clothes."

On one occasion an actress grew tempestuous with Perin, the Parisian manager, and gave him a stormy quarter of an hour. "And what did you do, my dear Perrin?" asked Fehvre. "I said nothing—and watched her grow old."

Father Healy's wit seldom had a sting to it. On one occasion, however, some vulgar people asked how he got on so well in fine houses. "Faith," said Father Healy, "it must be from my mother I got it, for papa was as common as any of you."

When Sir Robert Walpole retired into private life, time hung heavy on his hands, and Horace exerted himself to amuse his father. One day he offered to read to him. "What will you read, child?" asked Sir Robert, wearily. Horace suggested history. "No, no," replied the veteran statesman; "not history, Horace; that can't be true."

Sir Gavan Duffy, formerly Speaker of the legislative assembly of Victoria, was once returned to his seat by a single vote majority. On visiting his constituents subsequently, he was received with a special warmth by an Irish fellow-countryman. "And so," said Sir Gavan Duffy to his friend, "you were one of my supporters." "No, sir," was the reply, "I was two of them."

Early one morning, many years ago, a hurglar was running at the top of his speed along a London thoroughfare, pursued by a lady who vociferated "Stop thief!" A milkman intercepted the fugitive, who promptly exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, let me go. It's my wife, and she'll just about kill me." The milkman was a married man himself, and he allowed the malefactor to escape.

Professor Jowett's comments on the young men of Balliol often took the form of crushing sarcasms. "The college, Mr. X, thinks highly of you," he once said; "perhaps too highly; but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself." After a lengthy survey of one's person, as if one was some rare animal, he has been known to ask of the instructor: "Mr. A is an intelligent young man, is he not, Mr. Y?"

A lady in a town lying under the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator and asked him what he understood by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'rain belt.' It never rains there."

A Chicago whist enthusiast, who thinks that he is a great player, wrote and published a hook on the game, and sent one copy to a famous Milwaukee player for his opinion of it. In about a week the hook was returned to him, with the following letter: "My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 10th instant, accompanied by your hook, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist."

The Rev. Samuel Pearson, of Portland, Maine, was a witness in a divorce case. "Mr. Pearson," asked the judge, "were you on this bench in my place and acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?" "Most certainly, your honor," replied the minister. "But how do you reconcile this statement with the injunction, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder'?" "Your honor, I am satisfied that the Lord never joined this couple," replied the clergyman.

The story is told of an English militia regiment whose reputation was none of the best, that on one occasion a detective from Scotland asked he be allowed to inspect the regiment to discover if possible if a certain malefactor were in the ranks. Permission being given, the detective, accompanied by the adjutant of the regiment, made the tour of the various companies, front rank and rear rank. When the official had got to the last man of the rear rank of the rear company, he stopped suddenly and gazed earnestly at the

rather embarrassed warrior. "Why, you surely have made a mistake," exclaimed the adjutant indignantly; "why, you have pitched on the best man in the battalion. He has been with us for more than twenty years, and he is our pattern soldier. His arms are a mass of good-conduct badges, and he is the example of all that is best in the life of a soldier. You surely do not know him?" "No," replied the detective, "I do not—but I know all the others."

A Western judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done, "That act has been repealed."

At a card-party in the West not long ago a cross-eyed man was giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice, and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the lordly air he assumed and made up her mind to howl him over if she got a chance. A few minutes later she was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying, "Now, go ahead, Miss Back Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never looked up, but, in the most innocent way imaginable, said: "Which eye, Mr. Jones?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Team.

The nine lovely Muses
Can never enthral
Like nine lowbrow heroes
Who really play ball.
—New York Sun.

La Merveilleuse.

Leshia's skirt is like a sheath.
How the deuce did she get in it?
Sharp and thin the knees beneath,
They might cut it any minute.
Bolder grow the styles you chose;
If you're plump, madame, a winner
You will be as "merveilleuse";
But avoid it, sisters thinner.
—New York Times.

The Carriage Waits "Without."

"The carriage waits without, my lord."
"Without what, gentle sir?"
"Without the left-hand running board,
Without the French chauffeur,
Without a drop of gasoline,
Six nuts, and the can of oil,
Four pinions, and the limousine,
The spark-plug, and the coil,
Without the brake, the horn, the clutch,
Without the running-gear.
One cylinder—it heats the Dutch
How much there isn't here!
The car has been repaired, in fact,
And you should be right glad
To find that this much is intact
Of what your lordship had.
The garage sent it back, my lord,
In perfect shape throughout;
So you will understand, my lord,
Your carriage waits without."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Omar Revised.

A Book of "Auto Rules" underneath the hough,
A Stalled Machine, a Busted Tire, and Thou
Beside me lying in a Slushy Ditch—
Ah, Slushy Ditch were Paradise now!
—Lippincott's Magazine.

November's "Absent-Minded Beggar."

He bragged about his loyalty to party and to cause,
He made his neighbors tired with his tongue;
He held himself responsible for right and proper laws,
And praises of his candidate he sung.
He told us that the safety of the nation was at stake,
There were mighty issues hanging on a vote;
He urged us on election day to be alert, awake—
And columns to the magazines he wrote.

He ranted of the hallot as the sceptre of mankind
With which to guide the destinies of state;
Our duty as true citizens he faithfully defined,
And warned us we were keepers of our fate.
In fact he talked so freely that he hadn't time to think
(A consequence considered worthy note);
He quite forgot to register, and through this missing link
Our man of many missions lost his vote.
—New York Sun.

"You want to marry my daughter, eh? May I ask you what chance you have for getting on in the world?" "I have an automobile, a yacht, and an airship." "Well, you seem to have every means for getting on. She's yours, my boy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The oncoming gayeties of the approaching autumn are being suggested by small events which tell that summer delights are nearly waned. Though many will remain some weeks for the halminess of country air, yet the jaunts to town are increasing as wedding events succeed one another in now rapid succession. These are the principal occurrences in the life of the smart set at present, but will in a few weeks give way to the more exciting pleasures of teas, dinners, and dances. To the latter attraction the list of debutantes is eagerly looking forward, especially as the dates for the Greenway cotillions are established and this betokens the definiteness of winter's society functions.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Eldred Hamlin and Lieutenant Hensley Lacy of the United States ship *New Hampshire*. Miss Hamlin is a niece of Mrs. Parker Syms of Warren, New Hampshire.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Ernest Friedrich, commander of the torpedo boat *Hopkins*, and Miss Mabel Claire Southard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Southard of Baldwin, Long Island, New York.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Louise Smith and Lieutenant James E. Abbott, Engineer Corps, United States Army, took place on Monday, August 10, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Smith, in Washington, D. C. Miss Esther Smith acted as maid of honor, and Lieutenant Abbott was attended by Captain Sanderson of the United States Marine Corps. Lieutenant Abbott and Mrs. Abbott will make their home at Fort Mason, after a wedding journey through the East.

The wedding of Miss Anna Foster and Dr. Lawrence Draper will be an event of today, taking place at the Foster home at San Rafael.

The wedding of Miss Jeannette Wright and Mr. Edward Torney took place at 8:30 o'clock on Wednesday evening, August 12. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, in Scott Street, by the Rev. Charles Ramm. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Marian Wright, and the groom by his brother, Mr. Frank Torney. The groom is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, chief surgeon of the Department of California.

The marriage of Miss Madeleine Bohrmann and Mr. H. Clay Miller has been arranged to take place on August 29, somewhat sooner than originally planned. The ceremony will be performed at noon at the home of Mr. Charles Foster in Ross Valley.

The marriage of Miss Betsy Angus and Mr. St. George Holden will take place on September 2 at the home of the bride's parents on Union Street.

Mrs. John A. Lundeen entertained at a luncheon a few days ago at her home in the Presidio. The affair was given in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway entertained at a luncheon last Saturday at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Jessie Tyson of Baltimore. Mrs. R. P. Scherwin and Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., were among the guests.

Mrs. C. C. Clay was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday week in her home in Fruitvale. The affair was given in honor of the Misses MacCorkle of Philadelphia.

Miss Christine Pomeroy entertained at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Anna Foster.

Medical Inspector and Mrs. Frank Anderson of Mare Island were entertained at the Officers' Club on Thursday evening of last week, prior to their departure for Washington, D. C. Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, with their daughter, Miss Eleanor, will leave September 1.

Colonel and Mrs. John L. Clem and Miss Annie Sullivan were guests of honor at a dinner given by Major and Mrs. Albert E. Truby in the Presidio on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Adrian Spivaco entertained at a dinner last week in her home on Jackson Street in honor of her father, Captain W. E. Mighell.

Mrs. John W. White of Highland Park, Oakland, announces the engagement of her daughter, Ione Virginia, to Captain Ross L. Bush, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A. Captain Bush is now on special duty at Alcatraz Island.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Swinburne, wife of Admiral Swinburne, will sail on a liner for Honolulu next week, where she will meet her husband, with the Pacific fleet.

Captain George A. Nugent, United States Coast Artillery, left on Saturday for his new station at Fort Monroe, Virginia. Mrs. Nugent, who left a fortnight ago, will meet the captain in New York.

Dr. Arnold Genthe, who is touring through

some of the unexplored portions of Japan, expects to return to San Francisco next month. He has spent some time among the Ainos, where much scope is given for photographic beauty, which Dr. Genthe will reproduce.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale and Miss Irene Van Arsdale are expected in town next week from their country home in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, who have been touring abroad, are registered at the Seville in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and family have taken permanent quarters at the Hotel Fairmont for the winter.

Mrs. Helen Hecht has taken up her residence at Hotel Fairmont over the winter.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, are at the Hoffman, New York.

Miss Dollie McGavin has returned to town, after a few days' outing with friends in Marin County.

Mrs. Worthington Ames has gone from Carlsbad to Paris and will spend several weeks in the latter city.

Miss Juliet Borden of Los Angeles, who came to San Francisco to attend the wedding of her cousin, Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones, will return to the south this week.

Mrs. Vincent Whitney will leave soon for Los Angeles for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned from a week-end visit to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin at Burlingame.

Captain Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long will be the guests of Mr. A. D. Sheppard at Castle Crag for a portion of the summer.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has been in town for several days, the guest of Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Commander Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove have spent part of the week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Dudley Wright Knox (formerly McCalla) will sail for the Orient this month to join Lieutenant Knox.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker are at McCloud, where they arrived a few days ago in their private car, for an outing.

Judge Alton B. Parker and Mr. Delancey Nicoll of New York have been visitors at Del Monte and Paso Robles during the past week. Miss Maud Bourn will sail this week for Europe, having left San Francisco several days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker of Burlingame are entertaining Miss Jeannetta Alexander.

Mr. George W. McNear and Miss Elizabeth McNear are at Tahoe Tavern.

Miss Mayhelle Toy has been the guest of Miss Helen Dean at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. Charles West Clark will return within a fortnight from Paris, where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Raoul Duval. Her brother, Mr. Richard Tohin, will accompany Mrs. Clark.

Mrs. Philip Andrews sailed on the *Siberia* last Tuesday for Honolulu. She will be the guest of her parents for several months, before going to Hampton Roads, where she will meet Lieutenant Andrews.

Mrs. Gertrude Jolliffe is among the home-comers, having arrived from Lake Tahoe, where she has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt.

Miss Maud Payne was the guest of honor at a luncheon on Monday given by Miss Ysabel and Miss Marie Brewer.

Mrs. Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Draper, have been at Del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell, all of San Francisco, with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs of Burlingame, are at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. Samuel Knight is the guest of Mrs. George Lent at Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Lendal M. Gray will return home on Sunday from their trip abroad and will spend the remainder of the summer at their country place in Fair Oaks.

Among San Francisco visitors registered at Aetna Springs are Mr. and Mrs. William L. Gerstle, Dr. John C. Spencer, Dr. E. K. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick, Mrs. B. G. Lillenthal, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow, Miss Margaret M. Gleason, Mr. L. Van Laak, and Mrs. L. Hertzell.

The twenty-four grand-tier boxes in the new Hammerstein Opera House are not to be sold by auction, but allotted to the elite by a committee of five women of ancient Philadelphia ancestry. "We want opera in Philadelphia," said one of the committee, "but we do not want the best seats in the house to go to every one who applies just because he has money enough to buy them. We want the seats in the grand tier to go to the representative Philadelphia families who have a right to them."

Recent Wills and Successions.

As a result of the conclusion of the two contests brought by members of the Schander family, uncles of the decedent, the will of the late Bertha Dolbeer will be carried out in all its provisions. Miss Etta Warren will receive \$750,000, other bequests will reach the sum of about \$200,000 and a sum estimated at \$129,000 will be paid out in inheritance taxes and legal fees. The inheritance tax will amount to \$51,000, of which Miss Warren will pay \$43,000. William Mugan, the executor, will receive \$14,000 and E. S. Pillsbury a like amount. It is estimated that the fee of Garret McEnerney will amount to \$50,000.

The legacies, outside of that to Miss Warren, are as follows: To Ellen M. Hall of Epsom, New Hampshire, a cousin of Miss Dolbeer, \$25,000; Elizabeth C. Phillips of San Francisco, \$10,000; Ralph Chase of Berkeley, a cousin, \$10,000; Ethel F. Roche of San Francisco, \$20,000; Percy J. Brown of Eureka, \$10,000; Peter Kyne of San Francisco, \$5,000; Helen L. Wagner, now Mrs. Thomas Eastland, of San Francisco, \$5,000; Elsie I. Chase of Holyoke, Massachusetts, \$10,000; William Carsen Tyson of Alameda, \$5,000; Margaret H. Warren of San Francisco, \$25,000; Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of San Francisco, \$2,000; California Woman's Hospital of San Francisco, \$2,000; Children's Hospital, \$2,000; Florence Crittenden Home, \$2,000; Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$2,000. In addition the sum of \$50,000 was left for a family mausoleum at Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

Friendly suits have been brought by the Suro heirs to accomplish the partition of the vast estate. The petition asks that all the property be cut up among the legatees, with the exception of that affected by the trust. The part which the heirs seek to have divided includes the big forest, a large area of beach land and a long stretch extending about Fort Miley and including the ocean bluffs and the site of the old Cliff House. The famous Suro Heights are not included in the holdings which the heirs desire to divide at this time.

The trust covers several hundred acres, extending from the rear of the Almshouse tract over to the Corbett road and along the vegetable gardens toward the ocean, as well as the beautiful park known as Suro Heights. The legality of the trust clause of the will is to be passed upon soon by the Supreme Court.

The value of the holdings which the heirs now desire to divide reaches into the millions.

Two suits were filed, covering different portions of the property. The first was brought by Mrs. Kate Nusbaum, Moritz Nusbaum (her husband), Rosa Morbio, Pio Albert Morbio (her husband), Clara Angelina English, William English (her husband), Edgar Emanuel Suro, Charles S. Wheeler and Garret McEnerney, as plaintiffs, against Emma L. Merritt (administratrix), George W. Merritt (her husband), Charles Suro, Henrietta Suro and John C. Brickell. McEnerney, Wheeler, and Brickell appear in the case as mortgagees of certain portions of the estate.

The interests of the various parties in the property named in this suit are set forth as follows: Kate Nusbaum, Rosa Morbio, Clara English, 1360-9600 each; Edgar Suro, 1054-9600; Charles S. Wheeler and Garret McEnerney, 480-9600 each; Emma Merritt, 1600-9600; Charles Suro, 1600-9600, and Henrietta Suro, 406-9600.

The parties named in the second suit are the same as those in the first, except that McEnerney and Wheeler do not appear as plaintiffs. The interests of the legatees in the property named in the second suit are as follows: Kate Nusbaum, Rosa Morbio, Clara English, Emma Merritt, and Charles Suro, one-sixth each, and Henrietta Suro, 9-240.

Ethel Barrymore is in Paris, where a niece, to be named after her youthful but illustrious aunt, recently came as a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore.



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WEEK-DAY	SUN-DAY	WEEK-DAY	SUN-DAY	WEEK-DAY	SUN-DAY
9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 P.
11:35 P.	8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
SATUR-DAY	9:45 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
DAY	11:15 A.		2:45 P.	SATUR-DAY	1:40 P.
Tamalpais	12:45 A.		4:40 P.	DAY	3:10 P.
			5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
	1:45 P.			Tamalpais only	9:50 P.
	3:45 P.			Muir Woods only	6:40 P.
	4:45 P.				8:15 P.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston relinquished command of the Department of California on August 10, leaving for Fort Leavenworth, where he is to be in command of the three service schools of cavalry, artillery, and infantry. These will open on September 1.

Passed Assistant Paymaster J. A. Bull is ordered to the Pacific Station and will sail from this port September 5.

Assistant Surgeon G. W. Shepard is detached from the Naval Hospital at Mare Island, to go into effect on September 1, and will go to the Medical School at Washington on October 1.

Assistant Surgeon I. F. Colin is ordered to the Naval Hospital at Mare Island.

Brigadier-General Charles F. Robe, U. S. A., retired, has been in town during the past week from San Diego. En route he visited the Yosemite.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, formerly commanding the Presidio of Monterey, assumed command of the Department of California upon the departure of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston on August 10. He will be in San Francisco until the arrival of a permanent department commander, whom the War Department has not yet named.

Colonel William A. Simpson, adjutant-general of the Department of California, has, in addition to his other duties, taken charge of the office of inspector of small arms, vice Lieutenant Hornsby Evans, Nineteenth Infantry, aide-de-camp to General Funston.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Colonel John B. Bellinger, and Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney left last week for Atascadero in connection with affairs pertaining to the maneuvers.

Commander W. R. Rusch, U. S. N., is detached from the *Wilmington* to the *Ranger*.

Lieutenant-Commander G. G. Mitchell is detached from the *Mohican* to the *Ranger*.

Major Walter A. Bethel, judge advocate of the Department of California, is ordered to proceed to Seattle to attend the annual meeting of the American Bar Association on August 25.

Major George W. Vandeusen, Second Field Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered to report to the commanding general of the Department of California after the close of the camp of instruction at Fort D. A. Russell. He will be on temporary duty here until the departure of a transport for Manila, when Major Vandeusen will report there for duty.

Lieutenant D. S. Mahoney, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard at Mare Island to the *Washington* as senior engineer officer.

Lieutenant H. N. Jensen, U. S. N., is ordered to additional duty as fleet ordnance officer with the Pacific fleet.

First Lieutenant of Engineers J. B. Coyle has been ordered to inspect construction work on the vessel for immigration service at San Francisco.

Lieutenant S. J. Major is detached from the *Rainbow* to the Naval Station at Olongapo.

Ensign C. W. Nimitz is detached from the *Denver* to the *Ranger*.

Ensign G. C. Carter is detached from the *Wilmington* to the *Ranger*.

Ensign J. S. Wadsworth, Jr., is detached from the *Mohican* to the *Ranger*.

Ensign E. L. McSheehy is detached from the *Galveston* to the Naval Hospital at Yokohama for treatment.

Ensign J. H. Newton, Jr., is detached from the *Concord* to the *Ranger*.

Captain Edward M. Shinkle, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., will arrive on this Coast within a short time. He was stationed recently at the Presidio, at which time his marriage to Miss Marjorie Gibbons took place.

Captain Daniel W. Hand, First Field Artillery, is ordered to a vacancy in the Quartermaster's Department, vice Captain Henry B. Farrar, who will proceed to the First Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., returned last Sunday evening from Washington, D. C. He left San Francisco a fortnight ago in connection with testimony referring to his brother. Lieutenant Russell T. Hazzard, who was ordered to appear before a retiring board.

Lieutenant Clarence H. Knight, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the First Battalion of Engineers at Fort Mason and will proceed to St. Louis. He will relieve Captain Gustave R. Lukesh of his duties and report to the president of the Mississippi River Commission for duty as secretary and disbursing officer of the commission.

Lieutenant R. L. Moseley, Philippine Scouts, is in the city on a leave of absence.

Lieutenant Graham Parker is granted a month's leave of absence.

First Lieutenant E. E. Mean has been designated to supervise the examinations for cadet and cadet engineer in the revenue cutter service at San Francisco.

The *Albany* and the *Yorktown* have been detached from the Pacific fleet and placed on special service.

The three military schools at Fort Leaven-

worth are to open September 1. The student officers reported there last Saturday, when the assignment of houses was made.

The cruisers *California* and *South Dakota* left Vallejo last Sunday afternoon for California City to coal. The *West Virginia* and the *Maryland* left on Monday afternoon and all will return to Vallejo within a week or so.

The *Charleston* will leave San Francisco about October 1 for the Asiatic Station for duty as the flagship of the Third Squadron of the Pacific fleet.

The army transport *Crook* will sail from this port on a special trip to Manila on September 10. She will relieve the *Warren* in the Philippine interisland service, being a larger and better boat than the *Warren*, with much greater capacity for passengers and freight. The *Warren* will be placed out of commission on arriving at San Francisco.

At the Hotels.

Among the guests now at the Hotel Jefferson are General and Mrs. J. C. Muhlenberg, Major and Mrs. R. H. Rolfe and family, Colonel and Mrs. L. C. Allen, Mr. Levin C. Allen, Major and Mrs. George Williamson, Mrs. H. E. Creary and Miss K. C. Creary, Admiral and Mrs. H. M. Manney and children.

Among the guests at the Hotel St. Francis are the following: Mrs. W. C. Greene and Mrs. F. M. King, of Cananea, Mexico; Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Swinburne; Mrs. W. O. Edmonds and Master W. H. Edmonds, of Upper Lake; Miss Isabel Irving; Mr. Paul Shoup, of San Mateo; Dr. Scbittman, of Dusseldorf; Dr. W. Greif, of Baden; Herr von Meyer, of Knoonow; Mr. Ben Wile, Mrs. Wile, and Miss Wile, of Owensboro, Kentucky, and Mr. B. W. Adams, of Dubuque, Iowa.

The following are among the guests registered at the Fairmont: Mrs. J. A. Gilman, Miss Cordelia Gilman, Miss Marjorie Gilman, Mrs. W. G. Fay, and Captain and Mrs. Wadhams, of Honolulu; Dr. and Mrs. Spaulding and the Comte de Montcalm, of Paris; Mr. Charles R. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharples, of Philadelphia; Mrs. H. J. Eabin, of Brooklyn; Miss J. C. Provost, of Oyster Bay; Mr. G. W. Trenwith and Miss Trenwith, of Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Drew, of Boston; Mrs. W. E. Gerber and Miss Irma Gerber, of Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fish, of Omaha, Nebraska; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sheets, of Salt Lake.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among those registered at the Etna Springs Hotel are Mrs. I. L. Requa and maid, Miss Amy Long, and Miss Sallie Long, of Piedmont; Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow and Dr. E. K. Hopkins, of San Francisco.

Among San Francisco visitors to Hotel Rafael are Miss M. Toy, Mr. L. M. Dempster, Mr. Martin Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rankin, Mrs. J. Steinberger, Miss N. Leibermann, Mr. and Mrs. Fischel, Mr. and Mrs. Unmack, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. C. B. Russell, Miss Hyde Smith, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Dorothy Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Strauss, Mr. and Mrs. G. Allen.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte from San Francisco include Captain and Mrs. H. L. F. Meyer, Miss Viola Meyer, Mrs. G. W. Stevens, Mrs. L. Schwabacker, Miss M. C. Taylor, Mr. D. W. Earle, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Beachboard, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pbelps, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lowenstein, Miss M. G. Donovan, Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Mrs. Joseph Ehrman, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sinsheimer.

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Missionary—What is that six-foot hox? Cannibal—That's my lunch hox.—The Bohemian.

Soid She—It is said that married men are hraver than single men. Said He—Yes; they have to be.—Chicago Daily News.

"Would you give up your seat to a woman in a car?" "How do I know? Never had a seat yet myself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"So your son is now a soldier, hey, Uncle Ben?" "Yes, sah; he's done jined de malicious corpse, sah."—Baltimore American.

Maud—But do you helieve in vaccination? Bessie—Rather. It kept my sister from playing the piano for nearly a week.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What do you want with this automobile catalogue?" "I propose to write some dialogue for it, and then it will be a motor novel."—Washington Herald.

Dowager—So you are commencing a practice here. You're rather young, aren't you? Young Medico—Oh—er—well—I only expect to start on children first, you know.—Punch.

"Are you related to the bride or groom elect?" asked the husy usher. "No." "Then what interest have you in the ceremony?" "I'm the defeated candidate."—Christian Register.

"Yes," remarked Farmer Hodge, "my hoy Joe gets a good deal o' fun out of motor cars." "But he doesn't own a machine." "Of course not. He's one o' the constables."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Officer (to new recruit doing "sentry go" for the first time)—Now, mind you, let no one go by without challenging them. Recruit—That's all right, gov'nor. Don't you worry. The slightest noise wakes me up!—Punch.

"And you say you almost starved to death in your last position?" said the kind housewife. "What position was it?" "I was treasurer of a poets' union, mum," replied the dusty wayfarer with a deep sigh.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Shopper (after inspecting everything in the store)—I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacy's and see what they have. They usually have a good assortment. Salesman—Here's a card of one of their salesmen; won't you kindly ask for him? Mrs. Shopper—Ah!

A friend of yours, I presume? Salesman—No, madam; he has owed me \$10 for the last three years.—Puck.

"Bill Peake is the orator of the day. He has a splendid delivery." "But has he anything to deliver?"—Life.

Marks—Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding-day? Parks—S-s-h-h! No man should speak that way about your wife!—Clover.

"So you refuse me admittance," complained the newly arrived spirit to St. Peter; "you turn me off into the cold." "No," replied the old saint, "into the hot."—Boston Transcript.

"I trust we shall make you feel quite at home," remarked the hotel proprietor. "Don't you try it," expostulated the married man. "I'm away for a good time."—Philadelphia Record.

Restaurant Keeper—What, you can't pay your check? Out you go, then. Guest at the Next Table—Here, landlord, while you are about it, throw me out, too.—Fliegende Blätter.

"Sometimes," said the press humorist, "I think my jokes are rotten. I s'pose that's my modesty." "No," explained a friend, "that's your common sense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What's all that clamor?" asked the traveler approaching Manhattan. "That, suh," replied the porter, "is the people of New York braggin' that they have abated useless noises, suh."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I was accumulating money of my own." "Yes," answered the graceless youth, "hut don't you think the public was easier then than it is now?"—Washington Star.

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding-house?" asked the young man who was contemplating a change. "A table of waits and measures," replied his friend. "The first long and the latter short."—Tit-Bits.

"But," exclaimed the man of delicate sensibilities, "will your conscience permit you to do as you suggest?" "Look here, friend," answered the New York politician, "I am accustomed to be hoss, even of my own conscience."—Washington Star.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Presumption of Innocence.

In an argument to the court recently Mr. Francis J. Heney railed against the legal presumption that a man accused of crime shall be held to be innocent until the prosecution proves him to be guilty. Mr. Heney denounced this as perversive of justice, and an invention of the lawyers. We know not how poor an opinion Mr. Heney may have of the profession to which he belongs, nor how far that opinion is reciprocated, but it seems certain that he is ignorant of the history of the growth of the law. In the beginning an accused person was presumed to be guilty and had the burden of proof that he was innocent. In the ruder ages he could prove his innocence by walking unshod on hot plowshares. If his feet were not burned he was innocent; if they were he was guilty. It was a swift and simple process, and there is no record of a acquittal. It was also the custom, in the prosecution of old women accused of witchcraft, to bind them and throw them into deep water. If they drowned, they were held to be innocent; if not, they were guilty. The principle which justified these tests was carried to the body of the law, where it persisted for a time, to be supplanted by the more merciful and just principle that the burden of proof should be upon the

accuser. This prevails now wherever there is a pretense of even rudimentary jurisprudence, except in Turkey, where the accusation is accepted as proof of guilt, and the accused, as a good subject of the Padishah, is expected to submit quietly to the bastinado or bowstring. The blood of the innocent cries out from many lands against the presumption of guilt, but in Mr. Heney's case it falls upon deaf ears. Naturally, the organ of Mr. Heney and his employers supports his remarkable demand that the legal presumption be changed. Perhaps it will in due time appear amongst the reforms which are godmothered by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League.

Mr. Heney argues that indictment by a grand jury shall be taken as presumption of guilt, and the person indicted shall be compelled to prove his innocence. The value of such presumption is seen in the admission, by the Oliver grand jury, that several persons were wrongly indicted by it. We believe that some of these indictments still stand, but how are the victims to prove their innocence? The case made against them by the indictment and the testimony upon which it rests can not be disclosed. The law definitely recognizes the right of a person accused of crime to be confronted by his accuser. The Constitution of the United States says that he "shall enjoy the right to be confronted with the witnesses against him," which obviously means, and is held by the courts to mean, that he shall know the evidence upon which he is held, in all its sufficiency or lack thereof, and that the burden of proof rests upon his acuser. The presumption of innocence, therefore, is not an invention of the lawyers, but is rooted in the Constitution itself. The history of jurisprudence discloses cases in which the proof of innocence was impossible, though the accused was innocent of the crime charged, and his only hope of escape lay in the failure of the prosecution to prove him guilty.

Putting the burden of proof on the accused was always the instrument of tyranny and oppression, and for that reason has been abolished in every country where the rights of man are respected and the vice of tyranny has been curbed.

Judge Hanford on Unionism.

In the United States District Court at Seattle on the 6th instant Judge C. H. Hanford issued a temporary injunction restraining certain striking longshoremen from interfering with the loading or unloading of vessels at that port. The case was one of some aggravation. Striking longshoremen had not only threatened to do violence to non-union workmen who had taken the places abandoned by themselves, but had systematically shadowed the non-union men out of working hours and had in several instances assaulted and beaten them. In rendering judgment upon the application for a restraining order, Judge Hanford took occasion to discuss the matter before him not only in its legal points, but in its broader aspects. The strikers, he said, violated section IV of the Sherman anti-trust law by acts of violence, by making threats and by doing things which in the contemplation of the law constitute restraint of trade and interference with commerce.

Proceeding, Judge Hanford declared that in the practice of advanced labor unionism a strike order means not simply that the members of the striking union must not work, but that they must by violence or other means prevent other men from working. Unionism, he said, assumes not only to control the acts of its members, but as well the acts of persons in no way related to unionism. This system of unionism, said the judge, is incompatible with the Declaration of Independence; it is in violation of the constitutional right of a citizen to peacefully follow a lawful occupation and earn an honest living. To no one citizen or combination of citizens, Judge Hanford further said, is there granted the right to say that another citizen or other citizens

shall not work at any lawful calling. The unionism founded in another theory, he declared, is lawless and essentially despotic; it has been borrowed from that aggressive and belligerent unionism of England which has driven over two hundred thousand persons into the London almshouses. This kind of unionism Judge Hanford declared to be incompatible with law or the common justice and common sense upon which law is based.

We have had nothing more direct and positive than this since the famous Taft decisions of ten years ago. Judges who have to win their elections from time to time, even though they commonly find the resolution and courage to sustain the law, are likely to be timid and paltering in discussing questions where the interests of organized labor are concerned. It is only now and again, and commonly at the hands of men like Judge Hanford, who stand above the temptations of demagoguery, that we have such plain and wholesome assertion of fundamental principle.

It is indeed curious that a principle so absolutely above and beyond question should be assailed. Nevertheless organized labor through its leaders and managers does deny it and resist it; not indeed in words, but by acts more potent than words. Mr. Gompers, for example, insists that organized labor shall have license to exercise its "normal activities"—and by normal activities he means the boycott, picketing, threat, assault, and all the rest of the ruthless and lawless acts which not only San Francisco but every other American city knows all about from cruel experience. Organized labor claims not only the right to work at its pleasure and to quit work at its pleasure, but to "protect itself in its rights" in employments which itself has abandoned. It goes so far as to seek to nullify the laws which protect property against violence and which support the non-union or other citizen from working at his own pleasure and upon his own contract in any lawful occupation of his choice; and it has so far succeeded through the eagerness of politicians for votes as to command the indorsement of the President of the United States in its demand for discriminating and partial laws, with the further indorsement of a candidate for the presidency, Mr. Bryan.

Judge Hanford is profoundly right in the position that the demand of organized labor for special privilege in contempt of the rights of other citizens is inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence; and he might go further to declare that this demand is inconsistent with the integrity of American institutions. What becomes of equality and liberty if one group or class of men may say to another, you shall not work at a lawful occupation of your choice excepting by our consent? What becomes of the very foundation stone of our system if we consent that one group or class of citizens shall stand above the law and enjoy special rights through the privilege of intimidating and enforcing others? These questions answer themselves. An "equality" or a "liberty" under these terms would be no equality, no liberty at all.

American patriotism has no higher responsibility and no more immediate duty than the assertion and maintenance of the principle which Judge Hanford has so emphatically declared. Politics has made cowards of many who ought to be at the front of the fight for equality and liberty. Self-interest has made cravens of other multitudes who ought to be active in the fight for the same principles. But not all are in politics, not all are "business men," not all are forgetful of the lessons taught us by our fathers and of the principles essential to the integrity of free government. The whole world—even Sam Gompers himself, if he were capable of the truth—recognizes the vitality of this principle and the necessity for sustaining it. And there are, praise God, enough of us who are neither time-servers nor cowards—neither craven nor afraid—to give it the support essential in its enforcement, ultimately if not immediately. Even though

President Roosevelt may counsel concession and though Candidate Bryan may roar, we shall stand by our guns, we shall fight this fight out until nowhere under the flag of our fathers shall there breathe a man with the temerity to demand for organized labor "rights" or privileges denied to other men.

The demands made in the name of organized labor must be answered by the American people precisely in the spirit of Judge Hanford's answer to the Seattle Longshoremen's Union. There has been timidity and paltering enough and too much. It is a time for speaking out—not only for speaking out, but for meeting this latest assault upon the integrity of American institutions in a spirit as bold as its own. The natural political agent for this work is the Republican party. The Democratic party dominated by Bryan or Bryanism, casting about for something to keep its head above water, has espoused and seconded the demands of unionism. The only force in politics capable of defending the principle of equality and liberty is the Republican party. It will come to a right stand on this question precisely as it came to a right stand on the slavery issue and on the money issue. There are those within the party who would postpone the day; but they can not do it much longer. Another four years and we will surely find the Republican party squarely and positively in line defending the right of every man to follow unmolested any lawful occupation of his choice.

The Saving Grace of the Bull-Whip.

The bull-whip has once more demonstrated its efficiency as a factor in the processes of the white man's civilization. It was used recently in dispersing a barbarian bunch of Piutes who had intruded upon a social function in progress on the beach of Lake Tahoe, where guests of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis had gathered about a camp-fire to while the evening hours with song and story and pleasant converse. The savages came out of the forest stealthily, as is the habit of savages, and when they had surrounded the group of society folk they uttered blood-curdling warwhoops and danced their uncouth war-dance. It may have been only a barbaric jest, a rude comedy conceived by some aboriginal practical joker; but those upon whom it was perpetrated were much alarmed, and it is related that while the red men were whooping and dancing the women of the party clung frightened and trembling to their "natural protectors," who in turn nerved themselves for the worst that could happen. Finally young Gordon Tevis slipped through the cordon of savages and sought the cottage of O. W. Dickey, superintendent of the Tevis place, to whom he related his tale of terror. Dickey was equal to the emergency. Snatching up a bull-whip he rushed to the scene of noise and fury and with a few swishes of the lash scattered the Piutes as the leaves of their native forests are scattered by the autumn wind. Two of the warriors were inclined to resist the castigatory admonition of the whip, but these were speedily reduced to sullen acquiescence by strenuous application of the leaded butt of the weapon. The social amenities were once more regnant in the wilderness and the savage denizens of Tahoe covered snarling and groaning with pain in their lairs, digesting the lesson of the bull-whip and gradually acquiring respect for the drastic methods by which the paleface enforces the tenets of his civilized creed. In the hands of men entirely civilized the bull-whip is mightier than the morality of the Sermon on the Mount.

As an indirect force in the advancement of civilization the bull-whip has exerted an important influence. It was the bull-whip that drove the oxen of the pioneers across the plains to California, there to found a great commonwealth and to build cities wherein all that makes life worth living should be gathered, assimilated, and fostered. It was the bull-whip, or its congener, the blacksnake, that aggravated and emphasized the odium of slavery in the United States of America, rousing the moral sense of a majority of the American people to a pitch of resistance that finally abolished this relic of barbarism. It can not be denied that there is much virtue in a bull-whip when properly applied and that even indirectly when used as a weapon of oppression and cruel despotism it may still serve to accomplish great results in the betterment of the conditions under which it is employed.

Why, then, when other means fail, when civilization itself is obstructed and retarded by rebellious elements within its own economy, would it not be an effective plan to apply the bull-whip to the backs of those who are primarily responsible for the evil that men suffer

by reason of wilful and deliberate lapses from the obligations, moral and otherwise, established and formulated in the interests of the highest civilization? There are many men who are apparently impervious to all ordinary admonition and counsel. Why not teach these case-hardened delinquents proper respect for the common decencies of life by corporal reminder that they are transgressing the rules of the game? Why not lash defiance of public opinion into courteous subjection to the code that prescribes a square deal under the laws of every civilized community? And what better instrument for this purpose than the bull-whip, already sufficiently tested as an effective civilizing force?

San Francisco might be redeemed and rehabilitated morally and politically by judicious resort to the bull-whip method of compelling order out of disorder and creating lovely form and honest substance out of chaos. Look about you; single out those whose actions are inviting the bull-whip as a final rebuke for persistent and perennial assault upon the patience of a long-suffering and hitherto all-enduring community. What other resource can be suggested as competent to still the clamorous outcry of Francis J. Heney? And how appropriate the proposed remedy! Poetic justice would certainly be fully achieved in the conjunction of Heney and the bull-whip. Is there anything that bellows louder or roars more insistently for that which calms and subdues the bellowing tribes and the roaring herds? The pillory has long been occupied by Heney, and the populace have joyously pelted him with sarcasms, objurgations, good advice, and ribald jests. But Mr. Heney has fronted the anger and scorn of his fellow-citizens with brazen hardihood, retorting upon them with incoherent and impudent rejoinder, seeking to justify his ineptitude, his inadequacy, and his utter uselessness, by defamation, false accusation, clamorous abuse, and denunciation of those whom he praises by calling them enemies of himself and the graft prosecution. There seems, indeed, nothing left for this howling Heney except the bull-whip.

Then there is Mr. Spreckels. It is doubtful if even the bull-whip would serve its ordinary purpose in the disciplining of Mr. Spreckels. His hide is very thick and he was born with it. It has never been calloused by the thwacks that have been inflicted in the vain effort to direct Mr. Spreckels in the way his neighbors thought he ought to go. Mr. Spreckels is not only thick-skinned, but he is stubborn; he would not go right even if he knew it was his best policy. Mr. Spreckels may be regarded as incorrigible to all ordinary methods of correction, and it is possible that even the bull-whip would not leave a scar upon his hide or his conscience.

Another difficulty confronts us when we propose the bull-whip as a remedy for Mr. Langdon. We are in doubt as to the precise extent of Mr. Langdon's culpability, because it is not yet determined that he is mentally and morally responsible, and we are not prepared to advise a cruel and unusual punishment in his case until evidence sufficient to remove our doubt is furnished. Mr. Langdon has himself accused others, and it is possible that some of the accusation against Mr. Langdon is as groundless as most of the accusations that Mr. Langdon has hurled at those others. We would not advise the bull-whip for Mr. Langdon unless further investigation shall show conclusively that he is personally responsible, for his acts are amenable to penalties in his capacity as a principal rather than as an agent. We would advise in the case of Mr. Langdon that the bull-whip be reserved.

Abe Ruef apparently deserves a full dose of the bull-whip; but on maturer consideration perhaps it would be just as well to sprinkle Abe with ashes mixed with chloride of lime and in lieu of a bull-whip dispose of him finally at the extremity of a dung-fork.

The bull-whip might reform bad manners of William J. Burns. Stranger results have followed similar reformatory measures. Mr. Burns is probably more sensitive to all kinds of censure than any of his confederates in the Spreckels-Heney-Phelan vendetta, and this probability is corroborated by the frantic rushes he makes into print every time his "motives are impugned" or his purposes suspected, which is almost daily. The bull-whip is therefore suggested without reservation in the case of William J. Burns. Its application to his tender hide might not make a better man of Mr. Burns, but it would almost certainly convert him from an actively pernicious influence in the community into what the mathematicians call "a negligible quantity."

It is a far cry from the shores of Lake Tahoe and Superintendent Dickey's bull-whip to the leading protagonists of the graft vendetta and the remedy for

their blighting influence upon the welfare and prosperity of the city; but it is a logical utterance from the crack of the whip that drove the savages of the Sierra back into their forest gloom to the crack of another whip that may yet drive the savages of the graft prosecution back into the gloom of the obscurity from which they emerged in response to the golden invitation of Mr. Spreckels. The bull-whip is not a subject for more than passing comment in the politest society (as it was in the Tahoe episode), but it serves to point a very good moral even if it does not adorn a very readable tale.

Why Should Women Vote?

Feminine politicians are abroad in numbers striving with the masculine prejudices of partisan conventions and central committees in an effort to secure "recognition" of woman's right to vote. The male politicians thus besieged are in serious doubt as to the validity of the arguments presented by the leaders of the equal-suffrage movement. Most of them have observed no strenuous indorsement of the movement among their own immediate feminine relationship; they have heard no loud outcry in their own families against the injustice and oppression of existing conditions, and they have naturally arrived at the conclusion that the demand is confined solely to the strong-minded, aggressive advance guard who are accustomed to assail political conventions and legislatures. They believe that if the mass of women wanted the ballot the fact would be obvious—so obvious, in truth, that no legislator would dare to go home and tell his wife that he had voted against an act proposing to place the electoral franchise in the hands of the women.

Aside from the extreme objection that universal suffrage would inject a further hysterical element into the already sufficiently hysterical trend of politics, there is evidence based on the statistics of the voting population that convinces every thinking citizen that the elective franchise is overloaded with voters utterly unprepared to exercise the privilege; and this condition, bad as it is in the concrete and dangerous as it is in the abstract, would be vastly aggravated if the woman contingent of these undesirable citizens were added. For many years illiteracy, brutality, anarchy, abject and consequently venal poverty, outcast citizenship, and riff-raff humanity have been pouring into this country from southeastern Europe and the slums of the old-world cities. Out of the male portion of this unclean immigration we have been making American citizens, and now it is proposed to give this same citizenship with the same unlimited privileges to the women of this foreign horde. It may be urged that the intelligent, patriotic womanhood of America would more than offset the vote of the Black Hand, the Mafia, and the anarchists who celebrate the anniversary of the Haymarket slaughter; but this contention is not a sufficient argument in favor of doubling or tripling the power at the ballot-box of these un-American organizations and thereby increasing by so much the menace of a demagogue-controlled radicalism that threatens at every election to subvert every cherished institution of the American republic.

The effect of woman's influence upon the politics and legislation of the country is manifest in the result of her successful petition to Congress in the matter of the abolition of the post canteen in the army. It is the verdict of the officers and of the police of every city where the soldiers are quartered that the "reform" is most pernicious; that vice has largely increased in the army, and that the only interest that has been subserved by the well-meant but ill-directed intention of the women who procured the enactment is the increased profit of the lowest doggeries that cluster about barracks and army posts. The example is not as flagrant as many that might be cited in the politics of men, but it is sufficient to show that women are as prone as men to mischief-making in politics and as provocative of evil even when they are most assured of the integrity and morality of their purposes.

Woman's influence for good in politics is more than doubtful. Women are more easily swayed in their passions and prejudices than are men. They would be even more intensely moved by the clamorous oratory of unscrupulous demagogues and more easily beguiled by the sophistries of political trickster than are their fathers, their husbands, and their brothers. It is the boast of many otherwise intelligent women that their "intuitions" are better ground to accurate conclusions than are the logic and reasoning powers of men. In practical politics "intuitions" are exceedingly dangerous and usually pervert th

understanding of the voter who relies upon them. The emotional voter is numerous enough already, and there is no need to increase the multitude by placing the ballot in the hands of an entire sex whose most characteristic quality is a tendency to emotionalism.

Woman, in civilized countries, has long been "emancipated." She has gained everything for which she asked. There has been protest from the men whom she has disturbed by her insistent demand for "equal privileges," but there has been no absolute denial. Woman today may enter any field of endeavor. The daughter may compete with the father in the labor market or she may force her brother from his place in the commercial world by offering her service at a lower wage. It is no longer demanded that the work shall be done in a thoroughly workmanlike manner in all departments of industrial activity. The first desideratum is the cheapness of the labor; after that the inquiry is merely whether the laborer can manage to accomplish the task imposed. Woman is largely responsible for this cheapening of labor in certain industries which they have virtually monopolized, in each instance ousting a male breadwinner upon whom was dependent a family, perhaps. Marriage, it is true, is the goal of these women, and most of them ultimately reach it; but the places of the dear departed are immediately filled with others of the same sex, animated by the same ambition, and willing to work for the same wages; and the scope of "woman's sphere" is constantly widening—the number of women and girls who insist that they shall be permitted to enter vocations hitherto occupied exclusively by men, whose duty it is to support women and girls, is rapidly increasing. Now the ballot is demanded by women who are not satisfied with "equal privileges" in the marts of industry, but insist that all women shall "have a share in making the laws of the nations and in naming the authorities by whom they shall be governed." In this demand, however, there is no tangible or convincing proof that the laws would be better than they are now or that they would be more justly or more honestly administered.

It is not the purpose of the *Argonaut* to offer objection to woman's demand for the ballot if woman earnestly and sincerely desires to vote. We do not believe, however, that the majority of the women of California or of the United States are as eager for the franchise as the leaders of the movement have always contended. And we see no necessity for thrusting the ballot into indifferent or unwilling hands. No doubt a mother, a wife, or a sister would be just as lovable as she is if she voted, as most of the mothers, wives, and sisters would vote, on the advice or in the party of their sons, husbands, and brothers. But what good would be thereby attained? Wherein would the moral uplift of the nation be achieved more surely or the cause of good government advanced more expeditiously by the feminine vote than it has been by the vote of men whom women have reared, educated, and directed for good or ill from the cradle to old age? Surely the influence of woman in affairs political may be as potent, if she chooses to exercise it, in the home and upon the men with whom she associates, as it would be if she were armed with a ballot and granted the privilege of casting it as these men directed. Women may invade the industrial field, where her inferior capability commands an inferior remuneration; but she will commit an egregious error if she attempt to exercise a similarly inadequate talent in the eminently masculine province of politics.

Senatorial Service.

It is easy to understand the value of continuous service in the United States Senate when it is recalled that out of ninety persons who were members of the senatorial body in 1902, only thirty-seven will still be members in March next. Retirements by death or failure of reflection are so many that there is not at any time more than a handful of men whose service has covered an extended period. Since committee assignments go by seniority, these few men long in senatorial service have the best places. Senator Perkins, for example, is now at the head of the Naval Committee and in the way of soon being at the head of the Committee on Appropriations. This means that every member of the Senate, every member of the House of Representatives, every department official, and even the President at one time or another during every congressional session, is in the way of coming to Mr. Perkins for some favor. So placed, a senator is in a position of tremendous influence. This is why it is that States, even though of no great importance other-

wise, which do not frequently change their representation, come to have a dominating influence in the Senate. Maine, for example, must be reckoned among the great forces in the Senate, due solely to the fact that her two senators hold high committee positions and therefore stand in a relationship of large influence and authority. The relatively unimportant State of Wyoming, by persistently keeping the same men in the Senate, has come to a position of authority which is of the greatest advantage to her general interests in legislation. On the other hand, the State of Oregon is notoriously weak in the Senate, due to her fixed habit of change. That State, by the way, holds the record in this respect, having accredited seven men as members of the Senate within the last six years. Of course, a State pursuing this erratic course can not possibly hope to hold anything like a commanding position in the Senate, for no sooner do those who represent her learn their way about Washington and fairly get their seats warm than they are turned out to make room for strangers.

The Phonograph in Statecraft.

When Edison invented the phonograph the first universal commentary was to the effect that posterity would erect monuments in token of its gratitude to the inventor for a device that could perpetuate the dead voices of the past even unto the wondering ears of ultimate generations of men. Babes unborn would hear the accents of their most distant ancestors; the children of the fortieth century would be able to compare the oratory of the twentieth century with that of their own age and period; the words of our wisdom now in the making would be transmitted for the edification and comparison, odious or otherwise, of a race of descendants who would probably need a glossary to elucidate the meaning of our obsolete words and quaint terminology. Since we have ceased to wonder at the possibilities of the phonograph we have somewhat modified our opinion of posterity's comment on Edisonian "wizardry." Familiarity with the "talking machine" has bred a certain contempt in our own minds for what some irreverent cynic has called "canned eloquence," and we begin to think that the "generations unborn" will not erect as many monuments as we had originally designed for Mr. Edison.

All of which is apropos of the announcement that Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft have embalmed choice fragments of their speeches upon the records of the phonograph. When we heard that Mr. Bryan had uttered his thought and opinion into the receiver of the phonograph we laughed. When we were told that Mr. Taft had also perpetuated his voice and politics upon a waxen disk we laughed again; but the laughter evoked by Taft was different from that provoked by Bryan. We laughed at Bryan because it seemed so appropriate that Bryan should speak to the clapperclawing groundlings through a tin horn; we laughed at Taft because it seemed so absurd that a probable President of a great nation should pose in the presence of vacancy to win the silent approval or the mute dissent of the multitude. Bryan and the phonograph seemed made for each other; Taft and the talking machine seemed an anachronism and an incongruity. Our laughter in either instance was the product of a genuine humor, albeit a humor sourced in quite different geneses of the phenomena.

We may regret, without derogation of the solemn dignity of the occasion, that Mark Antony did not speak his funeral oration over Cæsar into a phonograph, to the end that we might compare the real thing with Shakespeare's admirable report of that celebrated speech; but we could not tolerate a phonographic travesty of General Washington's farewell address to the army, or a similarly undignified "perpetuation" of his last inaugural. With what diverse emotion would we listen to the metallic wheezing of Catalina's defiance of the Roman Senate and the halting, jerky, muffled mockery of a "record" from John Adams! We can imagine a Sheridan or a Garrick rehearsing a speech in front of a wooden box and a brass horn; but a Burke, a Jefferson, or a Lincoln in similar situation is unthinkable.

We are living in a material age; an age of rank irreverence; a sordid, prosaic, machine-made age. We take it as a matter of course that William Jennings Bryan should roar his fustian rhetoric into a tin horn and we laugh at William H. Taft because he follows Mr. Bryan's suit. We see nothing sacrilegious in the use of the phonograph as a vehicle for campaign oratory, even though that oratory conveys the political propaganda of candidates for the highest office in the

gift of the greatest nation on the face of the earth. We treat it as a huge joke—one of the humorous phases of the campaign. "Come over to the town hall tonight and hear Bryan discuss the tariff." "What! Is Bill Bryan in town?" "No, but his voice is. Joe Smithers will wind 'em up." Or it may be in this wise: "Say, have you heard Bill Taft on injunctions down at Kelly's café?" "No; how much is he saying?" "Oh, he covers the issue all right; it's a twelve-inch record and a supplement." How's that for the dignity of modern American politics! How many self-respecting boys of the rising generation will exert themselves to fulfill the promise that ancient Americans love to utter for the inspiration and emulation of American youth—how many of these coming citizens of the republic will aspire to be President of the nation? As many, perhaps, as may desire to achieve fame in the leading rôle of a comic opera!

Conscription in England.

Predictions of military conscription in England are by no means new, but they seem now to have a better foundation than usual. For the past ten years or more the military experts of the old school have shaken their heads despondingly at the quantity as well as the quality of the raw material presented to them for training and have declared that the country is going to the dogs for the lack of good soldiers. Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley have made guarded demands for compulsory military service, while Lord Kitchener is popularly supposed to believe that any man who is not a soldier is therefore outside the general scheme of things. The nation at large has not responded to these overtures with any great enthusiasm, thinking no doubt that shop-keeping is a healthier avocation than soldiering and reflecting on the comfortable fact that England has got along fairly well with a volunteer army hitherto and will no doubt "muddle through" the difficulties of the future in the same way.

The Boer war was the first proof positive that times have changed. Not only was the regular army insufficient to overcome a handful of untrained men who could shoot, and ride without baggage, but the additional men who were scraped together in England were so undersized, so physically and morally deficient, that their presence was a danger to the army. It became evident then that the regular army, already below standard, was the only force available from England in an emergency. The call to arms no longer met a response from the sturdy yeomen who had helped to overthrow Napoleon or who defiantly watched his camp-fires across the channel. It may be that these same yeomen were not greatly attracted by a war waged in the interest of a few millionaire gold miners with un-English names, but the fact remains that most of the men who enlisted were not men at all, but boys who were more familiar with pocket-picking than honest labor. Then came a period of reflection and recrimination, the war office learned a few salutary truths of the estimation in which it was held, there was a frenzied demand for army reform and—nothing was done. The conscription advocates went on advocating, but inasmuch as the war was over and no other war in sight the people settled back comfortably into stolidity. Then, too, the war minister had a brand new scheme by which the home army could be raised to its strength of 300,000 men, and as everybody wanted to believe it everybody did believe it and became correspondingly somnolent.

But now it seems that the war minister can do nothing of the kind. In spite of the extraordinary blandishments of the recruiting sergeant, in spite of the efforts of titled people all over the country who show their patriotism by persuading other people to fight, the enlistments returns are disappointing both in quality and quantity. The scheme is a rank failure, and so the conscriptionists are talking louder than ever and there is an uneasy feeling generally that something must be done. Men who can fight and won't fight must be made to fight, always provided, of course, that British institutions remain untouched and that privilege remains as privileged as ever.

That is exactly where the fault comes in, and every one knows it. It is privilege that stands between the English army and efficiency. It is the rooted conviction that Providence intended some men to lead and other men to be led, in the army as elsewhere, and that Providence indicated the officer by giving him a family and a rent-roll and pointed out the private by giving him nothing at all except a body to be shot at. Count von Moltke said that the British army in South Africa was composed of "lions, led by asses," and the hope is

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for recruit may be excused if he objects to such leadership and if he has his own opinion about a system that allows the war office to be "run" by fine court ladies and perhaps by some even higher still. The British army officer, especially when he comes from a military school, is sometimes incompetent, he is more than suspected of despising his profession, he is occasionally vain and rapid, he makes hardly an effort to live upon his pay, and, while he is personally as brave as any one, mere bravery is not a qualification for the leadership of soldiers. All these things were made undeniably clear during the protest that followed the Boer war. The storm soon spent itself, and not one real abuse has been remedied. If England were to go into a great war tomorrow there would be the same bravery on the part of the soldiers, while from incompetent and luxurious officers would come the same monotonous telegrams with the stereotyped formula, "I regret to report."

The English are notorious for an almost superhuman skill in finding a way not to reform something. In civil affairs they pass an old-age pension bill as a welcome alternative to equalizing the burden of taxation and reforming the land laws. It is so much easier to be generous than to be just. In military matters they seem about to rush down a steep place into the sea of conscription rather than to declare that the war office shall no longer be a stamping ground for aristocrats or a means whereby court ladies can reward their favorites. The Englishman is pretty much what he has always been. There are no high wages in England to act as a counter attraction to the army. Assure the private of competent and comradely leadership, make him believe that grand pianos and champagne will no longer be found in the van of marching columns, persuade him that he will be officered by intelligence and skill, and he will go soldiering as readily as ever he did. There is an old saying that one volunteer is worth two pressed men, and it would be well to remember it just now.

Editorial Notes.

The latest government reservation relates neither to timber nor to water nor to minerals, but to wild bird life. The President has forbidden the shooting of birds on the lower Klamath, Harney, and Malheur Lakes in Southern Oregon, the purpose being to establish a reserve within which birds of all kinds may have their nests secure from molestation. In the few tracts abutting on these lakes which have passed out of the possession of the government and into private ownership the President's order is without effect. But these instances are rare and the order will in the main put an end to the killing of birds on the Southern Oregon lakes. An interesting effect of this order will be, through the maintenance of reserves all about it, to make wild game mighty plentiful on the Pelican Bay "ranch" of the President's special friend Harriman. There is not, we think, any serious danger that the President will be suspected of having made this order in Mr. Harriman's interest.

A Sacramento labor council has come out boldly with an official declaration that in politics, as in other things, it will "stand by its friends." Evidently the Sacramento council is not in sympathy with the prediction recently made by Secretary Pritchard of the New York Pavers' and Ramblers' Union that disruption will surely be the fate of the American Federation of Labor if it shall elect to go actively into politics. Behind Mr. Pritchard's prophecy there is some very significant and suggestive history. The Knights of Labor was a vastly important organization until it entered the political field. Its great leader, Mr. Powderly, was a man of high potentiality until he allowed himself to accept a political office. The Federation's ventures in politics, including the fights made two years ago upon Speaker Cannon in Illinois and Congressman Littlefield in Maine, have not resulted to its advantage. And today—since he has ventured into the political arena—Mr. Gompers is much less of a figure than he has been at any time this five years past. The record would seem to bear out the theory that the most expeditious and certain way to put a labor organization out of business is to induce it to antagonize the sentiments and destroy the allegiance of its members by getting itself into active politics.

The Hedjag Railroad, which will ultimately reach Decca, has now been built as far as Medina. A new mosque is to be opened near the railroad station with great ceremony on September 1.

Governor Hughes of New York is not among those who sink in their tents because his hour has not yet struck and it may be confessed that his prompt activity in favor of Mr. Taft compares favorably with the action, or rather inaction, of some others who also have their personal reasons for disappointment. Governor Hughes's Republican vigor is still more noteworthy from the fact that he is being vigorously assailed by the machine in his own State upon the ground that he is not a good Republican. Knowing what we do of the men who attack him, we need not take their complaint too seriously. Governor Hughes is not a good Republican because he has no rewards for display in the open market, but he seems to be a good enough Republican for Mr. Taft, who is readily accepting his campaign services in Ohio. No doubt Speaker Cannon and Vice-President Fairbanks and Senator Foraker will do their duty so far as their political consciences show them what that duty is, but their activities thus far are not so obvious as to make a dent upon the public mind, and we are reminded of the old saying that he who gives quickly gives twice. Emphasizing the point, the *New York Evening Post* says:

Only last week, at the meeting of the Republican State committee, several of the leaders were heard expressing the opinion: "We want a Republican for governor"; or, "Hughes is no Republican." Of course, what they really meant was: "We want a man who will give us something."

But that isn't the definition of Republican as it is understood by the mass of voters in this State or any State. Now when the bosses plead with the voters to help them nominate some one else, because "Hughes isn't a Republican," the voter can point to the man who is stumping the Middle West for the ticket, and reply: "He seems to be a good enough Republican for Taft. I guess he's good enough for me."

The sound and fury of Mr. Bryan's attack is leading that estimable gentleman into the quagmire of inconsistency, but what is a small matter of inconsistency among Democrats? He has already avowed that Mr. Roosevelt's popularity and success are due to his adoption of sound Democratic policies, but he now goes on to suggest that the financial panic is due to these same policies. We used to be taught that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, so that if Mr. Roosevelt's policies are Democratic and if at the same time they caused the panic, then the panic was caused by Democratic policies, which we are invited to adopt formally in the person of Mr. Bryan. Speaking of the Republican party, he says "they are accustomed to say that they can guarantee prosperity and that panic always follows Democratic success and yet . . . the panic last fall came more than ten years after the Republicans secured absolute control of all three branches of the Federal government." As it will be clearly remembered that Mr. Bryan claimed full credit as the author of these very policies which he now suggests were the cause of the panic, we owe him our thanks for clearing up a difficult problem and one that has worried our financiers not a little. Mr. Bryan himself says that his policies were the cause of the panic, and we need go no further nor be backward in expressing our thanks for the timely danger signal.

The *New York World* thinks that Mr. Bryan has a chance to influence the great masses of the independent vote throughout the country, but it is a chance dependent upon so complete a rebirth that it can not carry much consolation to the Democratic mind. The *World* demands of Mr. Bryan so complete a reversal of character, so entire a right-about-face of habit and inclination that we are reminded of the man who said he did not believe that Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him, but that they were the work of some other man of the same name. Mr. Bryan, as the *World* would have him, would not be Mr. Bryan at all, but "some other man of the same name." The *World* promises to treat Mr. Bryan with fairness and justice. Mr. Bryan will reflect with some dolefulness upon this, as justice is not exactly the thing for which he has most reason to hunger. The conviction of the *World* is "stronger than ever" that Governor Johnson or Judge Gray would have been the real Simon Pure and that they could have polled tens of thousands of votes that Mr. Bryan can not get. "But"—and now comes the plea for a change of heart and an almost tearful reminder that even the vilest sinner may return:

If Mr. Bryan should adhere to his admirable speech of acceptance and the gratifying pledges to bury the past, and should prove during the campaign that he has profited by defeat and unlearned his past follies in the school of experience; if he should resolutely keep his back turned upon the delusive issues which he has hitherto advocated; if he should refrain from attacks upon the courts; if he should avoid all appeals to class prejudice; if he should prove that he is not the old Bryan, but a new Bryan courageously leading the popular protest against the excesses of Rooseveltism, he can then appeal with fair prospects of success to the great independent vote—in some States the deciding vote—that will be governed not by clamor, but by reason, not by clap-trap, but by conscience, not by noise, but by facts and truth, not by appeals to class hatred and ignorance, but by appeals to public intelligence—public intelligence.

When Mark Twain was being boosted up the side of the Great Pyramid of Egypt by a swarm of malodorous and perspiring Arab guides he found some consolation in the reflection that his persecutors would be eternally damned unless they repented and that as Arabs never repent their inevitable retribution was in higher hands than his. There seems to be some such gentle and resigned anticipation in the exordium of the *World*. Mr. Bryan would stand some chance of success if only he would cease to be Mr. Bryan. If the Ethiopian would but change his skin and the leopard his spots, what an ideal world it would be. But then they never do.

The *New York Times*, on the other hand, says that Mr. Bryan has changed and belabors him for it. But then perhaps it is only his artfulness. Like the vaudeville performer, he alters his costume with lightning rapidity, but it is the same man all the time. The *Times* warns us that the quickness of the hand deceives the eye and that the fickle and illusory Mr. Bryan will maintain his character of gay deceiver

to the end. At the present moment he rails against trusts and predatory corporations. These alone are the obstacles that lie between us and the promised land. But twelve years ago it was the gold standard. Four years later it was imperialism. Now we hear nothing about these things. They are no longer the lions in the path, but something else has taken their place:

The people will naturally inquire whether, if Mr. Bryan is a candidate in 1912, he will forget all about predatory wealth and ruthless corporations, whether he may not then, obedient to some wave of reaction, preach the gospel of vested rights and defend property against its Populist assailants.

Surely he gives no guarantee of continuance as to corporations that he did not give about free silver in 1896. No skill in oratory, no dexterity in the choice of his topics, no prudent reticence about policies here and there unacceptable, will keep out of people's minds the question whether, after all, Mr. Bryan has any established convictions, any permanent principles. If they ask that question, his own public career and professions during the last twelve years supply the answer. Mr. Bryan, we fear, could appeal successfully only to an unthinking people. The American people do think.

The *Times* points out that constructive statesmanship holds no place in Mr. Bryan's programme. That would be dangerous ground, because it would invite attack. He is rich in vague generalities, such as that "the people should rule," but he does not say how this can be done more effectually than by giving every man a vote. He is eloquent in describing public wrongs and in inciting hatred against those who are supposed to inflict them, but we look in vain for any reasoned effort at a remedy, for any sign of constructive statesmanship, for any evidence of precise measures that he would advocate:

The great statesmen of our country have always treated the people with higher respect. All the early Presidents, from Washington down, addressed the people as though they were addressing an audience capable of understanding, weighing, judging, and judging correctly everything they said. Mr. Lincoln never attempted to fool the people—he pointed out in memorable words the futility of attempting to fool them. Mr. Cleveland spoke to the people as he would have spoken to his Cabinet advisers, treating them as equals, not as children to be wheedled and deluded. Mr. Bryan, among those who have aspired to the presidency, is almost alone in his assumption that devices of deception will conceal emptiness.

The recent editorial in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* in which John R. McLean gives up the fight for Bryan in the Middle West has naturally attracted a good deal of attention in New York and elsewhere. Mr. McLean is the most conspicuous Democrat in Ohio. He has been a leader for years and was once the candidate of his party for governor. His editorial says:

News from the West, from all the country west of the Ohio River, gives ample evidence that in every State of that vast region the Republican party has divorced itself from the element in its ranks that opposed or failed to heartily approve of the policies of President Roosevelt. The bold utterances, the loud criticisms, the abuse and revilings by politicians and representatives of business interests have suddenly ceased as against those policies, backed as they now are by the party's candidate, the party indorsement, popular approval, magnificent crops, and a renewal of prosperity.

It is difficult for an onlooker to see how the Democrats can gain Republican votes in the West under these conditions. Their chance was there three months ago, but the Republican new alliance surely is now a barrier. Mr. Bryan can offer no greater inducements than are now offered upon the bargain counter of the Republican party in the West. Not an important radical Republican leader has bolted his party. Why should he under such favorable conditions to radical ideas? Not an important conservative Republican can leave, for all other doors are closed to him.

It does not look so favorable to the Democrats in the West as it did one month ago, a fortnight ago, or a week ago.

Mr. Taft, asked what he had to say about this, maintained an attitude of masterly silence, but Mr. Vorys was more communicative. Mr. Vorys said that the news was gratifying, but not surprising, and that it confirmed the reports already received. Mr. Bryan also refused to say anything, presumably for the reason that he had nothing to say.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* points out some interesting statistics to show that Mr. Bryan's chances are hopeless unless he can win New York. The total number of votes in the Electoral College is 483. To be elected Mr. Bryan must receive 242 and these he can not get without New York. The *Eagle* thus classifies the electoral vote:

Eastern States—Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 3; Maine, 6; Maryland, 8; Massachusetts, 16; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 12; New York, 39; Ohio, 23; Pennsylvania, 34; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 4. Total, 160.

Southern States—Alabama, 11; Arkansas, 9; Florida, 5; Georgia, 13; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 9; Mississippi, 10; North Carolina, 12; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 18; Virginia, 12; West Virginia, 7. Total, 140.

Western States—Colorado, 5; Idaho, 3; Illinois, 27; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 10; Michigan, 14; Minnesota, 11; Missouri, 18; Montana, 3; Nebraska, 8; Nevada, 3; North Dakota, 4; South Dakota, 4; Utah, 3; Wisconsin, 13; Wyoming, 3; Oklahoma, 7. Total, 164.

Pacific Coast States—California, 10; Oregon, 4; Washington, 5. Total, 19. Grand total, 483.

Conceding every Southern State to Mr. Bryan, he starts with 140 votes and must get 102 more. The Western States have 164:

In 1896 Mr. Bryan carried five Western States—Missouri, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming—with a total of 36 votes. If, in 1908, he were to do as well he yet would be 66 short of a majority. But in 1900 all of these States, except Missouri, slipped away from him. There are divisions in the Republican party of Iowa and Wisconsin, from which large Democratic hopes are extracted. Well, if Mr. Bryan were to be successful in those two States he would receive 26 more votes, which would leave him yet 40 votes short of election. Even if the vote of Washington, which is a Pacific Coast State, 5, were added, he would yet be 35 short of an election. If he were fortunate enough to carry Indiana, he would have 15 more electoral votes; but would yet be 20 short of the requisite 242. And if he were to carry California, 10, and Oregon, 4, he would yet be 3 short of election.

Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, and North Dakota are, concededly, beyond his reach. Yet without one of them, the West, even aided by the Pacific Coast States, can not give him the requisite 242 in the Electoral College. Therefore, he must have one of the Eastern States. Were he to secure New York he could afford to lose some of the Western States now counted for him—a loss with which he is quite likely to meet. Indeed, New York is the only Eastern State which he has even a ghost of a chance of carrying.

And even for a ghost it is distinctly emaciated.

PARIS IN DARKNESS.

The Electricians, to Show Their Power, Cut Off all Light from the Capital.

The universal strike threatened by the Paris labor unions did not come off, but those who find much satisfaction from that fact are capable of a great deal of gratitude for very small mercies. In the general situation there is no improvement whatever. The comparative failure of the movement was not due to a lessened tension, but to a series of misunderstandings. The tension is as great as ever it was. The union men are as determined as ever to prove that they are masters of the industrial situation, while the government is in its usual state of perplexity as it is drawn in one way by its electoral professions and in the other by its belated sense of the general welfare.

Take, for example, the strike of the electricians. It was a strike not for an amelioration of a condition, but of spiteful revenge. As plainly as acts can speak it said, "Now we will show you our power and you shall understand what we can do if we will." Its immediate cause was the refusal of the Prefect of the Seine to receive a deputation that suddenly presented itself before him. There was no discussion, no attempt at conciliation, nor even the chance of mediation. The deputation immediately withdrew and the electricians plunged the city into darkness by cutting the main wires. This outrage occurred at a quarter to eight in the evening and it was the work of men who a few days earlier had flatly refused to join the general strike. What reason is there, then, to draw any favorable auguries from the supposed "moderation" of the groups of workmen who had their own selfish reasons for holding aloof from the General Federation of Labor?

We are so accustomed to the conveniences of civilization that we hardly realize the slender thread by which they are sustained. The electric light is so much a part of the night life of Paris that its sudden discontinuance produced an effect so weird as to be hardly imaginable. The restaurants were crowded, as they always are at that hour, and the effect of the darkness was first to produce a few moments of silence, then a few moments more of amusement, and then indignation and anger. Even a disagreeable novelty is momentarily welcome, so long as it be a real novelty. But the interest soon gave way to anger. Customers began to shout for light under the belief that the interruption was local. Others hammered on the table and on the plates with knives and forks, while the bewildered waiters ran here and there, as ignorant as every one else of the true cause, but doing their best to pacify their patrons. At one of the great clubs there were candles placed upon every step, strongly suggestive of a funeral, while the great Hotel Ritz was dimly illuminated by candles stuck into wine bottles and upon every point of vantage that would hold them. The Hotel Continental was about the only one that was entirely unaffected. The Hotel Continental has its own dynamo and does not depend at all upon the city supply. The theatres—most of them—had to discontinue their performances, and it is fortunate that there was no panic, while newspapers dependent upon electric power had to cease work altogether.

The strike only lasted two hours. The Prefect of the Seine did not surrender his position and the situation remained the same after the strike as it was before. As I have said, the strike was a wanton threat, a grim reminder of what the Paris workman can do if his will should be thwarted in any way. The Prefect of the Seine—one individual—had annoyed the Electricians' Union. Therefore the whole of Paris, rich and poor, young and old, laborer and aristocrat, must feel the whip of revenge. No matter how great the mischief done, no matter how great the injury to the innocent, all alike must suffer because a handful of workmen had been wounded in their pride. And the electricians' union is one of a hundred who thus have their fingers upon the throat of the city and would willingly strangle it for an absinthe-created whim.

The situation is very bad, as bad as it can well be. The American tourist sees the light and the splendor, the theatre, the hotel, and the dancing hall. He does not know that Paris is the centre of the insurrectionary forces of Europe. He does not know that there are probably more criminals to the square yard in Paris than in any other city of the world. He does not know that Communism is still a living and a burning force in these people and that Communism has never ceased to foster discontent and rebellion in the hope that its time will come again and that there will be revenge for the manner of its former suppression. The great *Confédération Générale du Travail* has nearly, but not quite, reached the point of moving all the labor unions in France like one man. The general strike will surely take place before long and it will be waged with the same spirit that plunged Paris into darkness and placed her at the mercy of the lawless elements that would speedily have been at her throat.

The incident was by no means an isolated one. It came only a few days after the riot at Villeneuve-St. Georges, where three men were killed and twenty were wounded. This was at a meeting specially called by the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. There were, of course, soldiers in attendance, but they made no hostile move whatever upon the crowd until they were themselves attacked by the strikers. Even then there was no reprisal until the crowd had been ordered to disperse twenty times nor until the first volley had been fired harmlessly in the air. Then, and not till then, did

the soldiers fire effectively. Now the government has ordered a judicial inquiry, which is a very good substitute for doing something. The government knows perfectly well that the federated unions are ready to attack any one or to defy any authority that is daring enough to interpose between them and entire social supremacy. The labor unions today are the masters of Paris.
PARIS, August 12, 1908. ST. MARTIN.

OLD FAVORITES.

Come, Sleep!

Come, Sleep, and kiss my eyelids down—
Let me forget
Hope's treachery, and Fortune's frown,
And Life's vain fret.

And would you hold me fast, dear Sleep,
I need not wake,
Since they are dead who used to weep
For my poor sake.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

When We Confront the Vastness of the Night.
When we confront the vastness of the Night,
And meet the gaze of her eternal eyes,
How trivial seem the garnered gains we prize;
The laurel wreath we flaunt to envious sight;
The flower of Love we pluck for our delight;
The mad sweet music of the heart that cries
An instant on the listening air, then dies—
How short the day of all things dear and bright!

The Everlasting mocks our transient strife;
The pageant of the Universe whirls by—
This little sphere with petty turmoil rife—
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a sigh—
This brief delusion that we call our life,
Where all we can accomplish is to die.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Were but My Spirit Loosed upon the Air.

Were but my spirit loosed upon the air—
By some High Power that could Life's chain unbind
Set free to seek what most it longs to find—
To no proud court of kings would I repair;
I would but climb once more a narrow stair
When day was wearing late, and dusk was kind,
And one should greet me to my failings blind,
Content so I but shared his twilight there.

Nay, well I know he waits not as of old—
I could not find him in the old-time place—
I must pursue him, made by sorrow hold,
Through worlds unknown, in far celestial race,
Whose mystic round no traveler has told—
From star to star—until I see his face.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

At Rest.

Shall I lie down to sleep, and see no more
The splendid affluence of earth and sky—
The proud procession of the stars go by—
The white moon sway the sea, and woo the shore—
The morning lark to the far Heaven soar—
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh—
The summer roses hued and bloom and die—
Will Life and Life's delight for me be o'er?

Nay! I shall be, in my low, silent home,
Of all Earth's gracious ministries aware—
Glad with the gladness of the risen day,
Or gently sad with sadness of the gloam,
Yet done with striving, and foreclosed of care—
"At Rest, at Rest!"—what better thing to say?
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

"Yankee ingenuity!" is the ejaculation of the bystander as he watches the working of a machine called the Simplex Pile Driver. A heavy steel tube forty-one feet long and sixteen inches in diameter, with an iron cap, slightly pointed, fastened to its lower end, is driven into the ground by an ordinary pile driver. When the tube has reached the desired depth buckets of concrete are hauled up to the mouth of the tube and dumped in. When the tube is filled to the surface of the ground it is pulled out, leaving a perfect concrete pier, with an iron base. A pile can be made in half an hour. The weight of the bucketful of concrete, 500 pounds, falling forty-one feet, packs itself solid, but the piles can be made even stronger by tamping them with an attachment to the pile driver. By pulling the tube part way out of the ground the concrete can be tamped into the interstices of the surrounding earth strata, and thus the frictional hold on the ground can be increased almost infinitely, so that the heaviest skyscrapers could be supported.

The islands in and around the Caribbean Sea, including Cuba, Hayti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Jamaica, and others of British possession, and the French, Dutch, and Danish possessions, have a total population of about 7,000,000, most of whom are supposed to be exceedingly lazy. Their commerce does not support this supposition. Its total is not far from 90 per cent of that of Japan, with a population of nearly 50,000,000. Moreover, while the people of Japan must devote themselves more and more to manufacturing imported materials into commodities for export or live in a state of awful poverty, the natural resources of the West Indies are sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of many times the present population.

Mundji Bey, the new chargé d'affaires pending the appointment of a new minister from Turkey, succeeding Mehmed Ali Bey, has been received in Washington. He was formerly a newspaper man and is frank in saying that journalism has more attractions for him than diplomacy. Colonel Mundji, as he prefers to be called here, is said to be a Turk, though most of his predecessors have been Syrian, Armenian, or Greek subjects of the Sultan. Turks rarely are willing to leave their country.

TONY PASTOR, FATHER OF VAUDEVILLE.

Career and Influence of the Veteran Singer, Comedian, and Manager.

Tony Pastor is seriously ill at his home in Elmhurst, Long Island, and the amusement-loving public of Manhattan suddenly realizes its interest in this old theatrical caterer. It is to be doubted if any member of his profession has earned a regard more sincere, and it is certain that any history of the theatre, merely metropolitan or broadly American, must give wide space and appreciative consideration to his efforts and influence. The present generation has seen his fame eclipsed even in his chosen field of vaudeville, but the syndicates and circuits of today are builded on foundations laid with good judgment and courage by Tony Pastor, and in scores of playhouses the audiences every night applaud the work of stars first discovered by him and owing to his instruction and methods much of their brilliancy and enduring fame.

At Tony Pastor's Theatre, 585 Broadway, opened by him in 1875, many of the prominent theatrical people of the present season, as well as of earlier times, made their first appearances in public. Any list made from memory would be far from complete, but a number of names well known wherever the English language is spoken are easily recalled. Nat C. Goodwin began there in February, 1876. Lillian Russell first sang upon its stage, as did May Irwin. Francis Wilson was a song-and-dance artist there in those early days. Denman Thompson appeared there in the sketch of rural life which was afterward expanded into "The Old Homestead." William J. Scanlan, the Irish comedian whose brilliant career was cut short by death, gave there his first evidence of a natural gift for melody and mirth. Harrigan and Hart, John and Harry Kernell, William ("Old Hoss") and James Hoey, Charles Evans, Pat Rooney, Gus Williams, and Dan Daly were "presented" to the public at Pastor's. Jennie Yeaman, Florence Bindley, Minnie and Helen French, Helen Dauvray, Vesta Tilley, and Bessie Bonehill gained their first fame there.

There is much more, however, than reflected radiance in Tony Pastor's career. He was the first to give character to what were known as "variety shows" in the years preceding his reign as a manager on Broadway. Those variety shows did not tolerate the presence of women in the audience, and even the best of them were offensive in many particulars. Tony Pastor inaugurated the change which has completely revolutionized this important division of the theatrical world. He put a ban on the coarser features, which had been considered necessary if not the most important parts of the variety bill of fare. He catered to mixed audiences, and he recognized and rewarded genuine ability in singing, dancing, and character-comedy. He demonstrated the fact that clean, bright, tuneful entertainment was demanded and would be well repaid.

Nothing in the early experiences of the pioneer vaudeville manager could have enforced the lesson which he taught his followers. Tony, named Antonio by his parents, was born in Greenwich in 1835, the son of a small dealer in perfumery, and at eight years of age was engaged by P. T. Barnum as an infant prodigy singer and appeared at Barnum's Museum. Four years later he went on the road with Raymond and Waring's circus, doing a tumbling act and appearing in the after-concert as a black-face singer. The next season he was a bareback rider in J. J. Nathan's circus and began the character work which displayed his talent for comedy, though it was shown in the "Pete Jenkins" act which was once an indispensable as it was an enthusiastically popular feature of all ring shows.

When the Civil War began, Pastor was a singer in a variety show at 444 Broadway, and one of the well-remembered incidents of the excitement following the reception of the news of the firing on Fort Sumter was his singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" in that dingy playhouse, and the wild enthusiasm that followed his appearance waving the flag. In the succeeding years he was with variety companies on tour, making popular many comic songs which he had procured from England. "Sarah's Young Man," "They All Have a Mate but Me," and "Jim, the Carter's Lad," are memories of those days. "Down in a Coal Mine," "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue," and "Pull Down the Blind," were no less successful ditties, mainly through his introduction. He had an inimitable manner in singing, and without the aid of grotesque costume or extravagant effort was always able to touch the mirthful appreciation of his audiences.

His first theatre was at 201 Bowery, the site of the present People's Theatre, and was called Tony Pastor's Opera House. He moved to 585 Broadway, as has been said, in 1875, and continued there till 1881, when he secured his present playhouse on Fourteenth Street, in the west end of Tammany Hall. There are few New Yorkers who do not cherish pleasing memories of one or both of these theatres.

With the theatrical folk there are few who have won a greater personal popularity than Tony Pastor. He is not merely admired and praised, he possesses the affection of all who have known him. The last few years have not been prosperous with the veteran comedian and manager. It is said that he has declined to renew his lease for the theatre, and that he has actually lost a fortune. He will never lose his friends, and at seventy-one may safely rest on a record won with more unselfishness and charity than are often manifested in careers of notable success.

FLANAGAN.
New York, August 13, 1908.

FORT VIGILANT AND ITS MEN.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXVIII.

Within the guarded walls of Fort Vigilant there was incessant activity. Men were at work there night and day. In the great drill-room on the ground floor the new recruits were being drilled in companies and battalions; in every unoccupied corner awkward squads were being put through the manual of arms by the sergeants. In the room above, the executive committee held continuous sessions of many hours.

In a few days the Vigilante forces had grown to some six thousand men. Their leaders, the executive committee, were men of more wisdom than the mass of members. But, however much they might strive to temper zeal with discretion, they found themselves obliged to listen to the thousands behind them. The more hot-headed among the mass demanded all sorts of rash proceedings, such as seizing the arms in the United States arsenal, capturing the artillery at the Presidio fort, and various other acts calculated to embroil the Vigilantes with the Federal government. The executive committee realized that it had all it could do to cope with the municipality and the State. The Vigilante leaders were thoroughly informed of the movements of the governor; they already knew that he had commissioned General Herman as commander of the militia, and that he had left the capital in order to attend personally to the disturbed conditions at the Bay.

The question which now engrossed the attention of the executive committee, and which had been forced upon it by the demands of the mass of the Vigilantes, was the method of hanging condemned men. The executive committee was in favor of hanging men out of the windows of Fort Vigilant. This, in the committee's opinion, was safer and more dignified. But the Vigilantes as a body were dissatisfied with this. They insisted that a scaffolding should be erected in front of the fort, guarded by cannon placed at the intersections of the streets, with the Vigilante troops formed in a hollow square about the scaffold. Preposterous as it may seem, these were the questions over which the executive committee had sat in discussion for many hours. As yet there were no prisoners in Fort Vigilant, and therefore of course no men to hang. But so idle is the temper of a mob, even of a disciplined one, that the mass of the Vigilantes thought more about how to hang their prisoners when caught than how to catch them.

While this discussion raged a medley of noises came from the assembly hall below—the steady tramp of men, the ring of musket-butts on the floor, the clash of fixing and unfixing bayonets, and the cries of the officers giving orders. To these presently was added another sound—the rapping of hammers.

The Vigilante president, Carleton, presided over the executive committee as chairman. When this new sound fell on his ear, he interrupted the discussion with the remark: "From the hammering we now hear I am inclined to think that the members are engaged in preparing the timbers for a scaffold—without any authority from us. In order to avoid discrediting our authority, I suggest that we pass a resolution in favor of erecting a scaffold in the street and executing thereon such prisoners as may be condemned to death."

Such a resolution was put, and hurriedly passed. "I would suggest, Mr. Chairman," said Judge Truax, "that this resolution be at once put on the bulletin board in the drill-room below."

It was done, and in a few moments the gratified executive committee heard roars of applause from below.

A messenger entered with a note, which he presented to the chairman.

"Gentlemen," said Carleton, after reading it, "I have here a brief message from the governor of the State and General Herman. They have been admitted to Fort Vigilant, and are waiting to see me in the ante-room. On my return I will report to you the result of the interview."

When Chairman Carleton entered the ante-room he found there Governor Jackson and General Herman. The party saluted formally, and the governor without further preamble said:

"Carleton, what is all this devil's business about?"

"It is indeed a devil's business, governor," replied Carleton. "This cowardly shooting on our streets has got to stop."

"I agree with you about that, Carleton. The only difference in opinion between us is as to the method. But it must be stopped by law. This Vigilante business is all wrong. The State has passed the period when such mob manifestations can be tolerated."

"But this is no mob, governor," protested Carleton. "The best men in the city are enrolled in the ranks of this committee. Nearly all of the leading merchants, many of the bankers, the professional men, and other private citizens of standing are to be found in our ranks. In fact," he added, pointedly looking at Herman, "from the difficulty which you and the general have experienced in endeavoring to organize the militia, you must know that the good men are on our side."

"Come, come, Carleton," said the governor, "let us no, discuss these academic questions. If you and your committee will disband your illegal organization and promise to support the law, I will undertake that Clancy shall be indicted at once and a jury drawn that will give him a square trial. If there is any indication of jury-fixing or other corruption in the matter, I will see

that the panel is canceled at once, and proceedings begun *de novo*. And it shall all be done as rapidly as decency will permit. But your Committee must disband."

"Even if we did disband," said Carleton evasively, "neither the Committee nor the community would have any confidence in the sheriff. He is allied with the Clancy gang, which is headed by Burke. We know and everybody knows that if Clancy is indicted by a grand jury or tried by a petty jury with which the present sheriff has anything to do, the proceedings will be a mere farce."

"Look here, Carleton," exclaimed the governor, vehemently, "I give you my word of honor that the proceedings shall be speedy and square. Furthermore, if you will promise me that Clancy shall not be taken out of the custody of the law, I will promise you that he shall be on hand for trial at a time to be agreed on. What is more, I will personally see that his trial is free from any attempts to tamper with justice."

Carleton wavered for a moment, but professed his inability to make terms. "I shall lay the matter before the executive committee, and see what can be done," he said. "It is not for me to decide."

After he had gone, Herman's trained ear dissected the sounds coming from the drill-room.

"Some of those men are used to marching," he exclaimed. "I can tell it by the sound of their footsteps. They march like trained men, two steps to the second. Hark!—listen to the bang of those hammers in the firing drill. That company is used to volley firing."

"So you think there are veterans among them?" inquired the governor in surprise.

"Without question. Hark! What's that? Listen to that! That shows it!"

Evidently the men had been at "rest," for the command was sounding sharply: "Tention, company!" "Attention!" in French, "Achtun!" in German.

"What does that mean?" asked the governor.

"Foreigners," said the general briefly. "I heard they had a foreign legion, but I doubted it. I see now it is true, for they are giving orders in French and German. Those foreigners have served in their own armies at home."

As he spoke Carleton entered the room, accompanied by four other Vigilante officials. The governor again urged them to disband, promising that Clancy would be executed if found guilty. They refused to disband, but made a verbal promise that Clancy should not be taken out of the custody of the law.

The governor and the general withdrew, not utterly cast down, but still with a feeling that the interview had been barren.

"They mean mischief!" exclaimed Carleton, when the two representatives of the State had withdrawn. "If we are going to act, we had better act quickly. Let us take the necessary steps at once for getting hold of Clancy. Let us lay our plans and take the man out of jail tomorrow morning."

"How about our promise to leave him in the hands of the law officers?" asked Truax, doubtfully.

"Our promise? Bah!" sneered Carleton. "Promises are molasses to catch flies!"

"I agree with the chairman," said Secretary Bascom. "So let's get to work with a map of the city and draw up our plan of action. But first let us draft from our entire force sixty picked men—cool men, men of tried courage, men who know they are chosen for a post of danger. Let this body-guard have the right of the line and the head of the column. Let them be the men to bring the prisoners out of the jail, and let them guard the carriages on their way back from the jail to Fort Vigilant."

"You speak of the prisoners," said Carleton. "Do you think it advisable to take more than one?"

"Yes," replied Bascom, "while we're getting Clancy we'd better take out Charley Costa and try him too."

"Why not take Reuben Mulligan at the same time?" cried Carwell. "He's in the jail."

Carleton reflected for a moment. "Mulligan is a cheap rascal, and not in the same class with the other two," he said. "Still it might be well to take him along for the moral effect, and keep him here in close confinement until we banish him."

The Vigilante officials then seated themselves around a table in the marshal's room on which lay maps of the city and plans of the jail. They discussed at length the arrangement of their forces. The jail was situated near the base of a steep hill. On the flank of this hill a bluff rose sharply; here they decided to place a squad of expert riflemen, thus from the bluff commanding the roof of the jail. One hundred picked men with pistols were to be distributed in the proximity of the jail. These men, with no external evidence of being connected with the Vigilantes, were to act as detectives.

The body-guard of sixty, the riflemen, and the hundred detectives being provided for, there remained only the disposition of the great body of the Vigilantes, who now numbered some six thousand. The leaders decided that Fort Vigilant and the entire block in which it stood should be surrounded by a guard of two thousand men; that the remainder of the Vigilante troops would all be under arms, and receive their orders in the morning; that the commanding officer of each division should have his men ready to start from Fort Vigilant at a certain time; that each division should take position at a specified point at a set hour. It was also agreed that at daylight on the following morning twelve companies should take their places around the block in which the jail stood. Later on, the other

divisions, which would be forming near Fort Vigilant, would take up their line of march, and one after another the various bodies of troops would converge on the jail, approaching it by different routes. The body-guard of sixty men were to act as executive escort at the head of the column, and also to escort the prisoners on the return from the jail.

For hours the Committee labored on their plan. As fast as their orders were prepared, the clatter of hoofs might be heard on the pavement, as messengers set forth seeking the commanding officers of the various divisions.

Far into the night they sat there, and soon the tramp of men, the ring of musket-butts, and the murmur of voices was heard from without. It was not yet daylight, but already the Vigilante guard was forming around Fort Vigilant. And half a mile away the Vigilante guard was also forming around the jail where slumbered Clancy, Costa, and Mulligan, under the protection of the law.

* * * * *

It was a brilliant morning. The usual veil of fog had been blown away on the breath of a warm wind from the south. The hills across the water stood out distinctly in the clear air; the islands in the bay were sharply outlined on the background of deep blue water flashing under a pale blue, cloudless sky. The peninsula was flooded with sunshine. The Bay City is a gray city—her tints are neutral, her sea fogs perennial, her trade winds cold. But when the sun crosses the celestial equator, the trade winds die down, the south winds blow, the fogs disappear, and the infrequent sun shines on her ardently as on other cities in low latitudes.

So beautiful was the morning that it seemed almost unfitting to be chosen for such violent deeds. This thought occurred to all three in one group of the many spectators who stood on the roof of the International Hotel, a building not far from the jail, earnestly watching the curious spectacle before them. For Eugene Yarrow, knowing of the threatened jail-break, had hastened to urge Mrs. Lyndon and Diana, who were at this hotel during a brief visit from Sacrosanto, to accompany him to the roof. All around the block in which the jail stood they saw large bodies of troops. The men were not uniformed, it is true, although they wore dark garments, white gloves, and black glazed caps. But all of them bore muskets with glistening bayonets, and many of them carried themselves with the erect port which betokens military training. In the rear of this wall of bayonets, but keeping at a respectful distance from the lines of soldiery, was a solid mass of people. On the hill which rose up behind the jail were scattering houses for a short distance, back of which was vacant land. On this elliptical hill, which looked down like an amphitheatre on the scene below, were many thousands packed together in serried ranks, while even the tops of the houses in the foreground were black with people. At the corners of the streets around the jail were pieces of artillery, their limbers detached and the artillerymen standing ready for action. All of the streets approaching the jail were thus commanded by artillery. In front of the building stood a piece of cannon pointing directly at the jail door.

It was nearly nine o'clock. For half an hour there had been no accessions to the ranks of the military. The infantrymen were standing at "place rest"; the cannoniers had loaded their pieces and then stood in place. The great crowd was restless and shivery with curiosity; but there was none of the audible restlessness, none of the slangy exclamations, the trivial cries usually coming from an impatient street crowd. The people stirred uneasily; the individuals talked in low murmurs; but the crowd, as a crowd, was dumb.

"Do you know who those two gentlemen are, Mr. Yarrow?" inquired Diana.

She pointed toward two men who from the roof followed the scene below with curious eagerness. One was tall and lean, and seemingly very excitable; the other was stouter, and more phlegmatic.

"Yes—the stouter one is Governor Jackson, the governor of the State."

"Are not the Vigilantes afraid that he will interfere?" asked Diana.

"They have prevented that by winning over the State militia and seizing the State's arms. The lean man with him is William Herman, the banker, formerly a United States army officer. Governor Jackson has appointed Herman commander of the State militia, but his army seems reduced to the governor and himself."

"It must be galling to them to witness such a sight—the State and city defied by thousands of armed men," said Mrs. Lyndon.

"Still, so far, everything has been done in the most orderly manner," said Diana, "a stranger would not know the movement was in defiance of the law. In fact, it is so quiet it is unexciting. What do you think they are waiting for, Mr. Yarrow?"

"I imagine that the chiefs of the Vigilantes are yet to come, and until they do, there will be no move made either by the Vigilante forces or by the defenders of the jail."

"Do you think it is possible that the sheriff and his men will attempt any defense of the jail against such an overpowering force as this?" asked Mrs. Lyndon in surprise.

"It would seem madness to do so, but the sheriff will probably make at least a show of resistance in order to square himself with the Law-and-Order party."

"Do you belong to the Law-and-Order party, Mr. Yarrow," inquired Diana.

Yarrow smiled. "Theoretically I do, Miss Diana," he replied, "but this is not a good day for a Law-and-Order man. I confess I don't believe in jail-breaks by extra-legal means. However, I hope that these disturbed conditions as well as the Vigilantes will both disappear, and that we shall have law and order again."

"But," cried Diana eagerly, "if the law is so slow and inefficient that criminals rule this city while honest men are robbed and murdered with impunity—what then, Mr. Yarrow?"

Yarrow shrugged his shoulders. "It seems to me, Miss Diana," he replied, "that there must be more honest men here than criminals. If so, why don't the honest men organize in aid of the law instead of against it? If they do their duty as judges, jurors, and witnesses, there would be no need of Judge Lynch. But look! Here comes another squad of Vigilantes."

They looked and saw the hollow square of troops opening to receive some new-comers. At the head rode two mounted officers, wearing red, white, and blue sashes. Then came several carriages occupied by men whose faces were known to the crowd, for their names speedily ran around from lip to lip. Last came three empty carriages. The picked guard of sixty men surrounded the little procession, which entered the hollow square of troops and took up its position before the jail.

"Who are the men in the leading carriages, Mr. Yarrow?" inquired Mrs. Lyndon.

"I don't know them all. The one in the first carriage on the left side of the rear seat is William Carleton; he is the president of the Vigilantes and a prominent merchant. The man on his right is Carwell, another merchant. The two men opposite I know by sight, but not their names. In the next carriage that man with the dark mustache is Bascom. He is the one who always signs the orders of the Vigilantes as 'Sixty-Six, Secretary.' Beside him is Judge Truax, a prominent lawyer. The others I don't know."

"Look!" cried Mrs. Lyndon. "That man is going up to the door of the jail. Who is he?"

"That is the grand marshal of the Vigilantes."

The marshal rode up to the door of the prison and rapped on it loudly with the butt of his riding whip. The wicket in the door was opened, and a face appeared. The marshal passed in a piece of paper; the wicket was closed and the marshal withdrew. In a few moments the wicket was opened, and again the face appeared. The marshal shook his head, and after some minutes' parley the jail door opened. Then four of the Vigilante leaders descended from their carriages, and, accompanied by a squad of ten riflemen, entered the jail.

There was a long wait, during which increased restlessness pervaded the masses of people on the house-tops and on the hill. The ranks of the Vigilantes stood unmoved.

"Isn't it exciting now?" cried Diana. "I wonder what they're doing?"

"I can't imagine. What do you think is going on within the walls of that gloomy-looking building?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"Probably the Vigilantes have demanded that the sheriff should turn over to them Clancy, the murderer. The sheriff will refuse, and the Vigilantes will threaten to open fire on the jail."

"And what will the sheriff do then?" inquired Diana.

"If he is as sensible a man as I believe him to be, he will immediately give up Clancy to the Vigilantes."

Even as he spoke the doors of the jail were thrown open with a clang, and the Vigilante leaders again appeared. They were followed by three pallid men.

For the first time the great crowd spoke as a crowd. A sound like "A-h-h-h-h!" came from thousands of throats. It was not a groan or a hoot. It was not condemnatory. It was impersonal. It was expressive of the crowd's curiosity—its interest in at last seeing the three men whom the Vigilantes had come to take. There was no chance for error. No one had to ask which were the prisoners. A child could have told. As the three men walked out from the dark jail, blinking in the garish sunlight, and gazed on the long lines of men with fixed bayonets, the cannon, the thousands of people gazing at them gravely from hill-tops and house-tops, they knew that they were going to their death.

Each prisoner marched between two armed Vigilantes. The little procession filed out into the street, where stood the cannon still pointing toward the jail door. Each of the three prisoners was placed in a carriage with three guards. The Vigilante leaders reentered their carriages; the marshal took his position at the head of the column; the body-guard surrounded the carriages; the hollow square opened; the procession filed down the hill. As the chiefs of the Vigilantes with their prisoners marched away, the square slowly disintegrated; from company to company ran the sharp cries of the company commanders and the platoon chiefs.

"Right by platoons! Right platoon—forward! Left platoon—right oblique! Left platoon—mark time! Right platoon—double time! Column—guide left—march!" Presently there was a long column of men tramping after the carriages. Marching thus by platoons in full front, the Vigilantes filled the street from curb to curb.

As the head of the massive column passed the building on whose roof they stood, Mrs. Lyndon exclaimed: "This is absolutely uncanny!"

"Isn't it?" assented Diana. "It affects one's nerves."

"Why?" asked Yarrow. "What phase of it do you mean?"

"The silent soldiery—that's what affects my nerves," replied Mrs. Lyndon. "Never before have I seen a large body of men marching this way in silence. Every body of troops that I have seen has had either a band of music or a fife or drum corps. But with this army the dull tramp of feet is the only sound I hear. I call it uncanny."

"So do I," joined in Diana. "But if it affects us so, how must it awe those unhappy men. Look at their pale faces! Who are they, Mr. Yarrow? Can you identify them?"

Yarrow looked down. The carriages containing the prisoners were just passing. Their ashen faces were drawn and set with apprehension. They knew that these thousands of marching men were bent upon their punishment—that they were already doomed. As Mrs. Lyndon said, the silence of the marching column seemed funereal. There was no squeak of fife or beat of drum—nothing but the metallic clash of iron-shod hoofs on the slippery cobble stones, and the dull "tramp tramp."

Yarrow gazed scrutinizingly at the prisoners through his field glass. "The prisoner in the first carriage is Michael Clancy, the man who shot Fitzwilliams," he said. "He is a noted ballot-box stuffer, and poses as a follower of Senator Burke."

"Are the other men murderers, too?" inquired Mrs. Lyndon. "I thought you said the Vigilantes intended to take only Clancy from the jail."

"So the rumor ran. But the Vigilantes were afraid of warning the friends of the other men, and thus giving them a chance to be removed from the jail before the Vigilantes got there."

"Who is that dark man in the second carriage?" asked Diana.

"That is Charles Costa—he shot Marshal Robertson some time ago. Costa is a gambler and a man of loose life, but more popular than Clancy. The other prisoner is Reuben Mulligan—the same stripe as Clancy, although a lesser scoundrel."

The massive Vigilante column was gradually drawing toward its end. As the last of the infantry fell in from the vanishing square, the battery of artillery wheeled into line. The last of the rifle battalion had descended from the jail roof and the house-tops, and took position with the rear-guard. A part of this battalion had gone in advance, acting as flankers; these riflemen carefully scanned the houses on either side of the street and the people on the roofs. Several times, when threatening demonstrations came from a roof, squads of riflemen would quickly enter, climb the stairs, and search for the persons who had made threats. Behind the battery of artillery came the ambulances, and several scaling ladders mounted on trucks. And last of all, as the heavy column rolled past them, Yarrow pointed out how thoroughly organized were the Vigilantes, for a troop of cavalry and the rifle battalion made up an imposing rear guard.

As the cavalry troop clattered down the street, the vast crowd poured down from the hills and debouched into the thoroughfare. Forming a serried mass, from wall to wall, the crowd followed the Vigilantes at a respectful distance. Thus in the heart of the populace, in the bosom of the citizenry, with an armed mob in front of and around them, an unarmed mob behind them, the white-faced prisoners fared onward toward Fort Vigilant from the violated jail.

Just as they were about to descend from the roof of the hotel, Diana paused and exclaimed:

"There is another procession coming over the hill. What do you suppose that is, Mr. Yarrow?"

Yarrow leveled his field glass toward the point indicated, and after a moment's scrutiny replied:

"It is a funeral procession; probably it is—yes, it must be—the funeral of Fitzwilliams."

"The man whom Clancy shot?" inquired Mrs. Lyndon.

"Yes. The line is very long—it must be the funeral of Clancy's victim. I wonder if it is by chance or by design that the Vigilantes selected this day for their jail-break."

"Look! Look!" cried Diana. "The two processions are going to intersect. They are meeting now at the foot of the hill."

It was so. As the two processions met, the grand marshal gave a signal and the head of the column stopped. All along the solid column of Vigilantes, repeated from company to company, there ran the command "Platoons—HALT!" Then came the ring of musket butts on the pavement as the men ordered arms. The column of avengers halted, while in front of the pallid wretches at its head there passed the funeral procession of Fitzwilliams going to his long home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Modern brick buildings of ten and twelve stories are being taken down and replaced by steel frame structures of greater height on Broadway, New York. While the foundations of the original skyscrapers are strong enough to sustain additions above, there is enough saving of space in the new plan of thinner walls to make the change profitable.

The Anti-Imperialist League of Boston recently awoke from a long sleep and celebrated the event by sending out an appeal to its friends to bolt Taft in favor of Bryan.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Gervais wrote an article a few weeks ago in a French newspaper protesting against the increasing practice of ridiculing President Fallières on the music hall stage.

Miss Anna Pritchett of Louisville, Kentucky, has just been appointed to the chair of economics at Wellesley College. She has just passed her twenty-fifth birthday and is the youngest member of the Wellesley faculty.

Miss Italia Garibaldi, a granddaughter of General Garibaldi, has just been appointed to take charge of the Methodist Girls' Home School in Rome. This school stands on the street named for General Garibaldi and almost in the shadow of his statue.

George Samler Davis, who was recently made president of the Normal College for the free training of teachers for its schools, at a salary of \$8250 per annum, together with an official residence connected with the institution, is the highest paid instructor in the public schools of New York City.

Paul Mauser, the aged inventor of the rifle bearing his name, at his home in Germany has invented a new military rifle, the principal feature of which is a twenty-five-shot automatic cartridge feeder. The new arm weighs but a few ounces more than the rifle now used in the German service.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has sent a letter to the London *Times* in answer to Mrs. Humphry Ward's recent attack upon the woman suffrage cause in America. Mrs. Howe has lived in America for nearly ninety years and thinks that she knows conditions here better than a transient English tourist.

Sir Charles Harding, the permanent under-secretary of the British Foreign Office, accompanied King Edward on his recent journey and conferences with the Kaiser at Kronberg and Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl. The same confidential service was performed by this official on the visits to the emperors a year ago.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist, outdistanced all her rivals for honors in growing flowers in old-fashioned gardens when, in the annual exhibition by the Lenox Horticultural Society, she was awarded the great bulk of prizes. Mrs. Wharton had been importuned to exhibit her flowers, and this year, before starting on a motor trip to Manchester-by-the-Sea and the Massachusetts coast resorts, she consented to allow her gardener to make an exhibit in her name.

General Daniel H. Rucker, U. S. A., retired, now ninety-six years old, is a reminder that the profession of arms is not always unfavorable to longevity. He was born before the war of 1812 began, and his name has been on the army list since October 31, 1837, when he accepted appointment as second lieutenant of dragoons. As our army dates from Washington's taking command in 1775, General Rucker is more than two-thirds as old as the service with which he has been so long connected.

David Lloyd-George, the British chancellor of the exchequer, has announced a visit to Berlin which is causing much speculation even in upper official circles, where the purpose of the British minister heretofore was believed to be only to study the German administration's old-age pension system. It is said that Mr. Lloyd-George will probably discuss the naval situation with the view of reaching an arrangement between the two countries in the future for a reduction in the outlay for armaments.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan was the only child of John Baird, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, a man of fine literary tastes and devout religious temperament. On the maternal side Mrs. Bryan comes of English stock. Her mother's father was Colonel Darius Dexter of Jamestown, New York. Mother of three children and grandmother of two at the age of forty-seven, Mrs. Bryan is still the confidant and helper of her husband, though no longer the girlish figure that accompanied her husband everywhere on his whirlwind campaign of 1896.

Ainsworth Rand Spofford, for many years Librarian of Congress, died at his old home in Holderness, New Hampshire, a few days ago, aged eighty-three. Mr. Spofford's life in Washington dated from 1861, when he was appointed first assistant in the Library of Congress. His exceptional fitness for the work soon marked him for promotion, and in 1864 he was made librarian-in-chief, which position he held until 1897. When he took charge of the library it contained only 70,000 volumes. In thirty years it increased tenfold, and had far outgrown the space allotted to it in the capitol, which afforded shelf room for only 300,000 of the 725,000 books. The alcoves and floors were piled with volumes and documents, while the 250,000 pamphlets and other miscellaneous copyrighted matter found asylum in the crypt. Mr. Spofford's phenomenal memory enabled him to make available any desired book or pamphlet in the mass. He himself was for years the congressional library, at least to all intents and purposes, and the number of congressional and senatorial speeches he influenced would run into the thousands. When the new library was completed, Mr. Spofford's services were retained, despite a lack of business instinct which had occasioned some confusion in the records. Herbert Putnam succeeded him as acting librarian, but Mr. Spofford was his chief assistant to the end.

A SOCIETY NOVEL.

Mr. Herrick Handles Some of the Problems of the Day in Unconventional Terms.

Readers of Mr. Herrick's new novel, "Together," would do well to take preliminary stock of their reserves of optimism, because they will be taxed to the utmost. Also they may as well lay aside the conventions of propriety that usually dictate what may and may not be discussed in popular literature, for Mr. Herrick cares nothing for them. It may be said, moreover, that he leaves nothing to the imagination, that he is a stranger to the delicate art of suggestion, and that he paints his pictures by sheer strength rather than by art.

Indeed, Mr. Herrick's intention—perhaps he would call it a mission—overmasters his literary skill. His object is to show us a diseased social condition, and as he would be hampered by the rules of an exact literary stagecraft he discards them and adopts methods of his own. His characters are not grouped according to the accepted canons of the art. They are jerked on and off the stage in couples and the monotony is only relieved when marital infidelities necessitate a re-assortment of the pairs. And it need not be said that with some few exceptions his characters are not nice. In point of fact, the smell of them arises to heaven and it is hard to say whether the men or the women are the more dreary and repulsive. Men and women alike are void of religion, of ideals, of aspirations, of any sense of right or wrong, of any kind of mental or moral foundation upon which to build the details of daily life. The women, it is true, have yearnings and a hazy sense of unsatisfied æsthetic longings, but they deviate into illicit passion and they culminate in adultery. The men are mere machines of ossified and mercenary intellect to whom a poem or a picture would have as much meaning as to a stone tiger and whose whole philosophy of life is a divided allegiance to money and to women. The amount of soul in the whole cast is hardly worth dividing.

John Lane and Isabelle, his wife, are leading man and woman, this seeming a better term than hero and heroine. They are married in the first chapter, and indeed all the couples are married with the exception of a few single men introduced as material for the subsequent *haissons*. That the author is fairly free from conventional restraints may be judged from his sketch of the conclusion of Mr. and Mrs. Lane's first day of married life:

Alone with him thus beside their little fire her heart was full of dream and content, of peace and love. The two seemed to have come up out of the world to some higher level of life. After the joyous day this solitude of the deep forest was perfect. When the fire had died down to the embers, he circled her with his arms and kissed her. Although her body yielded to his strong embrace her lips were cold, hard, and her eyes answered his passion with a strange, aloof look, as if her soul waited in fear. She knew what marriage was to be, although she had never listened to the allusions whispered among married women and more experienced girls. Something in the sex side of the relations between men and women had always made her shrink. She was not so much pure in body and soul as without sex, unhorn. She knew the fact of nature, the eternal law of life repeating itself through desire and passion; but she realized it remotely, only in her mind, as some necessary physiological mechanism of living, like perspiration, fatigue, hunger. But it had not spoken in her body, in her soul; she did not feel that it ever could speak to her as it was speaking in the man's lighted eyes, in his lips. So now as always she was cold, tranquil beneath her lover's kisses.

And later on their bed of houghs, with her husband's arms about her, his heart throbbing against her breast, his warm breath covering her neck, she lay still, very still—aloof, fearful of this mystery to be revealed, a little weary, wishing that she were back once more in the car or in her own room at the farm, for this night, to return on the morrow to her comrade for another joyous, free day.

But there are other couples, several of them, and we turn with relief to Mr. and Mrs. Darnell. Not that they are at all nice people, but Darnell at least has ideas which naturally isolate him in such a company and perhaps conduce to his early suicide. Here is Darnell at a fashionable, and financial, dinner party "discovered" in the act of throwing conversational bombs:

Darnell threw up his head, his lips curving disdainfully. He had emptied his champagne glass frequently, and there was a reckless light in his dark eyes. Isabelle trembled for the next remark:

"You are wrong, sir, if you will allow me to say so. The legislation that we need is not against poor, feeble-minded rats like that murderer. We have prisons and asylums enough for them. What the country needs is legislation against its honored thieves, the real anarchists among us. We don't get 'em from Europe, senator; we breed 'em right here—in Wall Street."

If some one had discharged asafetida over the table, there could not have been a more unpleasant sensation.

"You don't mean quite that, Darnell," Lane began; but the Kentuckian brushed him to one side.

"Just that; and some day you will see what Americans will do with their anarchists. I tell you this land is full of discontent—men hating dishonesty, privilege, corruption, injustice; men ready to fight their oppressors for freedom!"

Then there is Roh Falkner and Bessie, his wife. We quite like Bessie for a time, until

her social ideals become inflamed by her husband's success. Social ideals usually run faster than income, and Falkner, who would not be at all a had fellow if he had a conscience and some kind of property sense regarding other men's wives, finds it necessary to call a halt:

"As I have told you so often, Bessie, we are running behind all the time. It has got to a point where it must stop."

"What do you suggest?"
"You say that three servants are necessary?"
"You can see for yourself that they are busy all the time. There's work for four persons in this house, and there ought to be a governess besides. I don't at all like the influence of that school on Mildred—"

"Ought!" he exclaimed.
"If people live in a certain kind of house, in a certain neighborhood, they must live up to it—that is all. If you wish to live as the Johnstons live, why that is another matter altogether."

Her logic was imperturbable. There was an unexpressed axiom: "If you want a dowdy for your wife who can't dress or talk and whom nobody cares to know—why you should have married some one else." Bessie awaited his reply in unassailable attractiveness.

"Very well," Falkner said slowly. "That being so, I have made up my mind what to do."

"Well, what is it?" Bessie demanded in the other tone.
"I have a purchaser for the house at fair terms."

"Please remember that it is my house."
"Wait! Whatever remains after paying off the mortgage and our debts, not more than six thousand dollars, I suppose, will be placed to your credit in the trust company."

"Why should I pay all our debts?"
Her husband looked at her, and she continued hastily:

"What do you mean to do then? We can't live on the street."

"We can hire a smaller house somewhere else, or live in a flat."

Bessie waved her hand in despair; they had been over this so many times and she had proved so conclusively the impossibility of their squeezing into a flat. Men never stay convinced.

"Or board."
"Never!" she said firmly.
"You will have to choose."

So Bessie and Roh separate and the little woman goes home to her mother. Falkner reappears later as the suddenly discovered affiancee of a married woman, who seems really to suppose that she is fulfilling the highest duty of womanhood by her surrender. It is strange, by the way, how easily adultery takes place among the sublime obligations of life with these amazing women. They appear to regard it as the crown and the fruition of their lean and famished lives.

Of course there is the fashionable physician. These curious women go to Dr. Potts, whose intelligence is that of the pit. Here is a glimpse of Dr. Potts, and a little of Dr. Potts goes a long way:

The great Potts had the unfortunate habit of gossiping about his patients with one another. He had said to Conny: "Your friend Isabelle interests me. I should say that she had a ease of festering conscience." He crossed his legs and gazed wisely up at the ceiling. "A rudimentary organ left over from her hard-working ancestors. She is inhibited, tied, thinks she can't do this and that. What she needs"—Potts had found the answer to his riddle and brought his eyes from the ceiling—"is a lover! Can't you find her one?"

"Women usually prefer to select that for themselves."

"Oh, no—one is as good as another. What she needs is a counter-irritant. That husband of hers, what is he like?"

"Just husband, very successful, good-natured, gives her what she wants—I should say they pull well together."

"That's it! He's one of the smooth, get-everything-the-dear-woman-wants kind, eh? And then huses himself about his old railroad? Well, it is the worst sort for her. She needs a man who will heat her."

"Is that what the lover would do?"
"Bless you, no! He would make her stop thinking she had an ache." When Conny went, the doctor came to the door with her and as he held her hand cried breezily: "Remember what I said about your friend. Look up some nice young man, who will hang around and make her think she's got a soul." He pressed Conny's hand and smiled.

But there is another doctor, Renault by name, and of a different calihre to the unspeakable Potts. Renault casually mentions the soul to Isabelle, who naturally asks what he means. Really Renault ought to talk intelligently and with an eye to his audience. Here is some of the conversation:

"Will you tell me what you mean by the soul?"
"Can you answer the question? . . . Well, since we are both in doubt, let us drop the term for a while and get back to the body."

"Only we must not end with it, as Potts does!"

"No, we must not end with the body."

"First, what causes it—hysterics, nerves, no-goodness—the whole thing?"

"Improper food, bad education, steam heat, variable climate, inbreeding, lack of children—shall I stop?"

"No! I can't find a reasonable cause yet."

"I haven't really begun. . . . The brain is a delicate instrument. It can do a good deal of work in its own way, if you don't abuse it—"

"Overwork it?" suggested Isabelle.

"I never knew an American woman who overworked her brain," he retorted impatiently. "I mean abuse it. It's grossly abused."

"Wrong ideas?"
"No ideas at all, in the proper sense—it's stuffed with all sorts of things—sensations, emotions."

Perhaps we can stand a little more of Renault by way of anti-emetic. Renault is a

good man and somewhat given to social diagnosis. He succeeds in attracting Isabelle after she has resisted the temptation to elope with a young unmarried man, not of course upon moral grounds, but because he happens to have shot her brother. Renault speaks to Isabelle of the discipline of life, and Isabelle naturally resents an expression that seems incompatible with wealth:

"The discipline of life" he had said. The phrase was hateful to her. It stirred within her all the antagonism of her generation to the creed of her people, to the Puritan ideal, cold, narrow, repressive. And yet Renault was far from being a Puritan. But he, too, believed in the "discipline of life." And again when she had confessed her ambitions for "a broad life," "for experience," he had said: "Egotism is the pestilence of our day—the sort of base intellectual egotism that seeks to taste for the sake of tasting. Egotism is rampant. And worst of all it has corrupted the women, in whom should lie nature's great conservative element. So our body social is rotten with intellectual egotism. Yes, I mean just what you have prided yourself on—culture, education, individuality, cleverness—'leading your own lives,' refinement, experience, development, call it what you will—it is the same, the inturning of the spirit to cherish self. Not one of all you women has a tenth of the experience my mother had, who, after bringing up her family of eight, at fifty-seven went to the town school to learn Latin, because before she had not had the time." . . . To some defense of her ideal by Isabelle, he retorted with fine scorn:

"Oh, I know the pretty impression our American women make in the eyes of visiting foreigners—so 'clever,' so 'fascinating,' so 'original,' so 'independent,' and such 'charm'! Those are the words, aren't they? While their dull husbands are 'money-getters.' They at least are doers, not talkers! . . ."

"Do you know what you are, women like you, who have money and freedom to 'live your own lives'? You are sexless; you haven't nature's great apology for the animal—desire. Such women sin, when they sin, with their minds. Great God! I had rather those broad-hipped Italian peasant women of Calabria, with solid red-brown flesh, bred hasters for the country than have these thin, anemic, nervous, sexless creatures, with their 'souls' and their 'charm,' marry and become mothers! What have you done to the race? The race of blond giants from the forests of the north! Watch the avenue in New York!"

Again—"So what have you made of marriage, 'leading your own lives'? You make marriage a sort of intelligent and intellectual prostitution—and you defend divorce. The best among you—those who will not marry unless man can arouse their 'best selves'—will not bear children even then. And you think you have the right to choose again when your so-called souls have played you false the first time. . . . And man, what of him? You leave him to his two gross temptations—power and lust. Man is given you to protect, and you drive him into the market-place, where he fights for your ease, and then relaxes in the refined sensualities you offer him as the reward of his toil. With the fall of man into the beast's trough must come the degradation of women. They can not travel apart; they must pull to-

gether. What have you done for your husband?" He turned sharply on Isabelle. "Where is he now? Where has he been all these years? What is he doing this hour? Have you nursed his spirit, sharpened his sword? . . . I am not speaking of the dumb ones far down in the mass, nor of the humdrum philistines that still make homes, have traces of the nest-instinct left; but of you, you—the developed intelligences who flatter yourselves that you lead because you are free to do as you like. By your minds you are betrayed!"

But let us stop here and ask ourselves the good of it all. Are these people really worth six hundred pages? Do they represent a nation or even an entire caste? Is there any tangible social division against which our aroused scorn can be directed? Do these characters represent any but themselves and is the mere fact of their wealth and its attendant and incidental power a sufficient differentiation between them and the more humble figures who crowd the divorce and the police courts? Mr. Herrick has written a powerful hook about sordid and shameful and degraded lives, but will his hook have any reforming value, can it have any of the literary vitality that comes only from the ideals that never know either youth or age? Will it stimulate to right action, induce wholesome thought, encourage clean living? These, after all, are the attributes of real literature. Perhaps it will do these things. Such at least was the unquestionable intention, an intention so strong as to hlink to the danger of an aroused class consciousness and of an evil disposition to thank God that we are not as other men.

"Together," by Robert Herrick. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who died August 10, began her literary career at the age of fourteen, when she contributed a poem to a Boston newspaper. When she was eighteen she published her first hook—a small volume of stories, poems, and sketches which had appeared in periodicals. At twenty she married her publisher, William V. Moulton, who edited the Boston *True Flag*. That was in 1855 (she was born in 1835 at Pomfret, Connecticut), and was the beginning of a succession of many happy and prosperous years, very active both socially and in letters. As a writer she will be remembered longest for her poetry.

An extraordinary commission has been created in Paris to investigate the affairs of the Order of the Legion of Honor, created by Napoleon, as a signal mark of merit for distinguished service rendered to the State. This original purpose of its founder has been gradually subverted and the cross has been bestowed for rather ordinary causes, frequently political.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The total number of books published in America during 1907 was 9620, from which may be subtracted 695 new editions, leaving 925 really new books appearing in the United States.

Of these 6517 were by American authors or were new editions manufactured in the United States, the others being by English or other foreign authors or consisting of imported editions, bound or in sheets.

We are gradually making good our literary declaration of independence, every year producing a larger proportion of the books we read, especially fiction. In quantity if not in quality we are catching up with England, where last year 9914 books appeared, only 294 ahead of us, whereas in 1906 the English publications outnumbered the American by 1464.

Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard, Major-General United States Army. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. In two volumes.

Among personal recollections of the Civil War this fine work must take a high place. General Howard gives us the story of his life from childhood down to his participation in the presidential electoral campaign of 1904. From the personal standpoint the history of early half a century has never been better written.

The work is divided into four parts, the first of the four being devoted to early years, the second and the most important to the Civil War, the third to the Reconstruction period, and the fourth to military departmental work of various kinds, civil occupations and foreign travel.

The writer of personal reminiscences of an historical kind is always under temptation to wander afield and to diminish the value of his work by incursions into domains outside the sphere of his own observations. General Howard is to be congratulated upon the strictest possible observance of his self-imposed limits, and for this reason his autobiography has not only an extraordinary interest, but its evidential value is enhanced. He does not give us a history of the war, but of that part of the war that he himself witnessed, and how large a part that was needs no indication.

General Howard's active military life began with his appointment to the colonelcy of the Third Maine Regiment and his immediate departure for the front. It was the beginning of a strenuous service to which there are very few parallels. We have fine pictures of the battles of Bull Run, of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, Dalton-Resaca, Oostanaula, Cassville, Pickett's Mill, Kenesaw, Smyrna Camp, Peach Creek, Atlanta, Ezra Church, Jonesboro, Lovejoy's Station, Griswoldville, Averysboro, and Bentonville. The descriptions are always concise and easily to be understood by the non-military reader. The author has a happy facility in anecdote, narrative, and sometimes in dialogue, while his personal modesty is admirable, but not unexpected in conjunction with so much distinguished valor. There have been many books of Civil War reminiscence, but none that is better justified than this or that is more readable, more pleasing, or more instructive. By its conscientious preparation General Howard has rendered a service to history and to his country. The work is rounded off by eighteen well chosen and well executed illustrations.

The Next Step in Evolution, by Isaac K. Funk, D. D., L.L. D. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; 50 cents.

The fifth edition of this striking little work ought to find a larger audience than the earlier issues if only for the reason that the number of receptive minds is now much greater. Those who have not had farewell to spirituality because they find themselves in hopeless disagreement with the anthropomorphism of the churches will welcome an aspect of religious expectation that is sustained by the signs of the times and that does violence to any rational scheme of evolution. Dr. Funk believes in the "second coming of Christ," but as an incarnation in a collective humanity and a general awakening of spiritual comprehension rather than as a phenomenon appealing directly to the senses. He writes persuasively and from enthusiastic conviction, and although his book can be read in an hour or two it can hardly fail to leave an ineffaceable impression.

The Greater Love, by Anna McClure Sholl. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

An undeniably powerful story is a little narrowed by its narrow mental environment. Professing to show "that there is no escape from the consequences of an offense against the laws governing the sexes, no matter how extenuating the circumstances may be," we are presented with a picture of society claiming to be representative of the world at large, but actually representative only of its pigotry and its pettishness. Eleanor Valgrave

need not have endured the persecution of the miserable and washish clique in her native town for one moment longer than she desired. The great outside tolerant world was open to her and it would have learned her story with the polite shrug of kindly unconcern.

When Eleanor went to Paris she met Valgrave and was fascinated by him. He could not marry her, as his insane wife was still alive. He returned to her aid during the siege of Paris, when she was panic-struck and helpless, and as the legal tie was still impossible it was dispensed with. When Valgrave's wife eventually dies he is in Africa, and he is carried off by disease while on his way back to marry Eleanor, leaving her with a little daughter, Constance.

When Eleanor returns to her native town in America many years afterwards she is famous as an artist and wealthy. Her story is known only to her relatives, but it need hardly be said that it is divulged by an ill-tempered sister-in-law. Then the social persecution begins. The Rev. Magnus Hatherley, a rather ridiculous clergyman, breaks his engagement with Constance because he fears to perpetuate the taint in her blood. Constance herself leaves her mother and becomes a governess in another town when she learns that the union between her father and mother was irregular, and thus proves, contrary to the intention of the author, that she is a heartless little prig. Eleanor eventually leaves the country and effaces herself in order that she may not hinder her daughter's matrimonial prospects, and so we are left in a state of helpless disgust at the victory of conventions that doubtless exist in certain circles, but that are wholly strange to the wider world of real men and women.

The story will be read and enjoyed because of its strong human interest, but it will be read also with curiosity as affording a glimpse of social spheres that are as strange as they are repellent.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, by Jules Lemaître. Translated by Jeanne Mairet and published by the McClure Company, New York; \$2.50.

The character of Rousseau will always be an attractive one because it is so human. We have a wondrous fellow feeling with the sinner, and when the sinner suffers and repents we feel that here is indeed a lesson within the comprehension of us all.

A series of lectures is not perhaps the best way to study biography, but much may be forgiven when the lectures are so historical, so closely reasoned, and so critical as those of M. Lemaître. There are ten of these lectures in all and their subjects are so well chosen that the breaks in continuity almost disappear. Nothing could be better than the discourse on the "Confessions." That on "The Reveries" is equally good, while the lectures on the great epochs of Rousseau's life are discriminating and sympathetic.

Views and Reviews, by Henry James. Published by the Ball Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.50.

It is a little strange that these lesser writings of Mr. Henry James should now make their appearance for the first time. Unless we are mistaken, there is much more of the same kind that might advantageously be rescued from the ephemeral form in which it originally appeared.

As a reviewer we sometimes see Mr. James to best advantage. The present volume contains some twelve specimens of this kind of work, and it is well that they should be pre-

served as models of what literary criticism ought to be. The novels of George Eliot, for instance, have never received abler treatment. The famous libel suit between Whistler and Ruskin is inimitably recalled. Some of the limitations of Dickens are set forward with admirable insight, although we may wonder if Mr. James would say now as he said in 1865 that it would be an "offense against humanity" to place Mr. Dickens among the greatest novelists. Neither, perhaps, would he repeat his judgment of the same year that Matthew Arnold's supreme virtue is "that he is not offensively clever." Mr. Arnold certainly was not offensively clever, but perhaps Mr. James would now concede his positive as well as his negative claims to a place in the pantheon of literature. Even the verdicts of Mr. James, nearly all of them, need the kindly modifications of time, and perhaps this volume is even more useful as a study

of Mr. James than of the subjects to which the essays are devoted. But it should on no account be missed.

The Church of Today, by Joseph Henry Croker. Published by the Pilgrim Press, New York and Chicago.

This is a plea for the recognition of the church as a "supreme necessity," but the author seems not always to be aware that if the church is no longer so recognized it is the fault of the church, and not of the people, who are seldom indifferent to "supreme necessities." The book is written broadly, tolerantly, earnestly, but it would be more effective if it placed religious organizations upon the defensive rather than the people who are not therefore insensitive to spiritual needs because they find their gratification outside the church rather than within it.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Attractions with the charm of novelty will be noticeable by their absence next week at the theatres, but it may be said with truth that the plays to continue are well worth seeing. The New Alcazar Theatre will have a change of bill, though not an entirely new offering, and at the Van Ness and the Princess the pieces now running successfully will be kept on the boards. The Orpheum will present some new people in vaudeville, and one of the programme numbers is to be a dramatic sketch for which there is advance consideration.

"The Man of the Hour," George Broadhurst's comedy of political life and suggestion, will continue at the Van Ness Theatre. The play and the players in the cast are discussed in another column.

At the New Alcazar Theatre next week White Whittlesey will appear in the last offering of his engagement, "One Summer's Day," in which the star won deserved commendation on a previous occasion. Mr. Whittlesey is doing the leading rôle in "Brother Officers" this week with something more than satisfactory art. In fact, it may be said that the actor in the long line of heroes that has been waked to life under his always intelligent and sympathetic treatment has shown the ease of power and confidence to a greater extent than ever before. His success during his season at the New Alcazar has been positive, and yet no more than his talent and his application have fairly earned.

In "One Summer's Day" Mr. Whittlesey assumes the rôle of an old bachelor, outwardly cynical, but really sentimental. It is a John Drew part, was received with high favor when that polished actor first presented it, and Mr. Whittlesey will not fail in strength or pathos in his impersonation. The company will be well placed in the supporting cast and the management, as always, will give the mounting painstaking attention.

Ferris Hartman is doing some of his best work at the Princess Theatre in "The Toy Maker," which will be continued all next week. There is real comedy in the part and Mr. Hartman is peculiarly happy in his characterization. His songs, "I Got Plenty" and "A Picture No Artist Can Paint," have new verses, of course, but never enough for the audience. Zoe Barnett, as Elsa and the living doll, was never more completely possessed by the spirit of her part. It is a distinctive and harmonious creation, quite as commendable for its restraint and dainty discretion as for its graces of melody and movement. Walter de Leon is a handsome Frederick, thoroughly at ease in the rôle, and without the apologetic air which has marked his appearance in parts not so well suited to his ability. Arthur Cunningham has some good music in the monastery scenes and, as ever, sings it effectively. Mr. Cunningham realizes, though many singers do not, that most auditors like to hear the words as well as the vibrations of the voice, even if the sense and sentiment of the song are weak and the singing organ all that may be desired. In the toy-shop scene and in the dance at the opening of the second act the chorus does its full share.

At the Orpheum next week, beginning with the matinee performance Sunday, the leading feature will be Edna Phillips and a supporting company of four in a comedietta entitled "Lost, a Kiss in Central Park." The Grassys, three in number, have an illusionary novelty which is said to combine mystery and melody. The Wilson Brothers are German dialect comedians and yodelers, and are expected to please in each line. Carter and Bluford will sing and dance with appropriate stage settings of their own. Next week will be the last of the wonderful gymnasts, the Four Baltus; Eugene and Willie Howard, the Hebrew messenger boy and the thespian; and Dolesch and Zillbauer, the accordion duetists. The De Haven Sextette, with Sydney C. Gibson, will also terminate their engagement. A new series of Orpheum motion pictures will be the finale.

David Warfield, the San Francisco actor who has become one of the bright shining stars of the New York stage under the management of David Belasco, will return to the home of his youth early next month. His engagement of five weeks at the New Alcazar Theatre will begin Monday, September 7, in "The Music Master." He will be supported by the players who last appeared with him in New York. Reserved seat tickets for the Warfield season will go on sale at the New Alcazar box-office next Thursday morning.

"The Wizard of the Nile" will be presented at the Princess Theatre week after next, with Ferris Hartman in the title-rôle. Sybil Page, the favorite prima donna, will make her first appearance at the theatre in the musical comedy.

Miss Phæbe Davies came from New York specially to direct the staging of "The Man of the Hour" at the Van Ness Theatre.

Frank Worthing, whose long illness last season caused the abandonment of a plan to

star, will resume his place as leading man with Grace George in "Divorçons" for her preliminary tour, after which he will be placed at the head of a company of his own in the play called "Our Pleasant Sins."

David Warfield returned from Europe a few days ago, and during his vacation is thought to have broken a stage record. He did not go into a single theatre.

Frank Daniels has been added to the Charles Frohman forces and will be the chief feature of "Hook of Holland." It was "Miss Hook of Holland" in New York and London, but in compliment to the star they have removed the "Miss."

Isadora Duncan, who was last known in New York as the dancing teacher who marched her class in good order from the ballroom of the burning Hotel Windsor, nearly ten years ago, returned recently and appeared at the Criterion Theatre as a dancer of classical dances.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The 100th anniversary of Tennyson's birth—August 6, 1809—is to be celebrated at Haslemere next July by the reproduction of some of the scenes from the "Idylls of the King," parts of which were written at Aldworth, Haslemere, where the poet lived for many years and where he died.

The reminiscences of the Duke of Argyll have just been published in this country under the title "Passages from the Past." The author, at that time the Marquis of Lorne, was one of the most popular governors-general of Canada, and in the course of his career has come into more or less intimate contact with the public men of his day, both in this country and in Europe.

Richard Mansfield's biography has been prepared by his friend and secretary for many years, Paul Wilstach. Parts of it will be published in *Scribner's Magazine*, and it begins in the September number with an account of his apprenticeship.

Dr. Hale, Colonel Higginson, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, and Julia Ward Howe are about the only survivors whose work harks back to the time when Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton was at the height of her fame and conducted a sort of literary salon. In England, too, the literary characters with whom Mrs. Moulton was once closely associated have nearly all passed away.

Mary Sigsbee Ker made the cover design for the August *American Magazine*. She is a daughter of Commander Sigsbee, who was in charge of the *Maine* at the time it was blown up in 1898.

George W. Cable is reading the final proofs of a novel written by him which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish early in September. The title is "Kincaid's Battery." In time it covers the whole period of the Civil War, and the scene is mainly New Orleans and the region comprised within that city's line of defense.

New Publications.

A little volume on Brahms, by H. C. Colles, has appeared in *The Music of the Masters* series. It is pleasantly and competently written and is enriched by a Chronological Table and a Bibliography. It is published by Brentano's, New York.

"Our Rich Inheritance," by James Freeman Jenness, is a little volume of broad and rational religious thought dedicated "to those in every place and of every time who are minded to make the most of life with its gifts and opportunities." It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 30 cents.

"The Widow," by Helen Rowland. Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. We are not sure that we should have wished to marry this particular widow, but the fact that "the man" did wish to marry her is responsible for a little volume of really clever dialogue in which the widow shows an almost supernatural knowledge of men and of the human heart. *Chacun à son goût.*

Among practical books in singing an honorable place must be given to Professor Wanrell's "The Art of Singing," just issued from the office of the *Fresno Republican*. Professor Wanrell's personal reputation as a singer needs no mention. That he has deeply studied his subject from the educational point of view is evidenced by this valuable and original little treatise that can hardly fail to be of value to students of all grades. The price is \$1.

Ira D. Sankey, the noted hymn writer and singing evangelist, died August 13, aged sixty-eight, at his home in Brooklyn, after an illness extending over several years. He was for years associated with Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, and his hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," the words of which were written by Elizabeth C. Clephane, was one of his earliest works.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Caravan.

From underneath the carob shade
A wavering line of gray and white,
I watch it lose its form and fade
Like dreams across the face of night.

Whither it goes I can but guess,
Haply where ruined Tadmor stands,
The voiceless haunt of loneliness,
Amid the desert's swirling sands;

Or toward the Tigris' tawny tide
Into that land of ancient thrift
Where Bagdad's rich bazaars spread wide,
And Haroun's minarets uplift;

Or toward the swart Arabian skies,
The homes of sempiternal calms,
Where pilgrims seek their paradise
Through Mecca girdled with its palms.

Yet howsoever it fares, I fare,
In buoyant spirit I am one
With those that drink the untrammelled air,
The nomad children of the sun.

From camel-back I scan the waste
A fair oasis sign to find,
And stranger to all thoughts of haste
Let my kaffeyeh take the wind.

Sandaled with silence, on I press,
Rousing before the flower of morn,
Through spaces where forgetfulness
Seems to have dwelt since time was born.

And when, with soothing touch, comes night
After the round of jars and joys,
Above the head, in Allah's sight,
The hosts of heaven wheel and poise.

Throughout the strangely tranquil days
I join in prayer and fast and feast,
Looking on life with long, slow gaze
As does the fatalistic East.

And then—and then—the goal!—Ah, me!
At last, wherever rangeth man,
How well we know that there must be
One bourne for every caravan!

—Clinton Scollard, in *The Smart Set*.

Friend Death.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
Till I have finished my score with life,
Who has fooled and cheated me all the way,
With a witless strife.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
I have a duty yet to do;
There is the devil still to pay,
A good stiff reckoning, too.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay;
What of my wife and little one?
I must warn them well while yet it is day
Of the setting sun.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
A drink and a kiss for luck at the last;
I was ever one for a daring play,
Staked all on a cast.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay;
I must have time to think on God;
Surely you give one time to pray—
So soon a clod.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
It will all be over so soon, so soon;
I hear the pipes of my boyhood play
An old, old tune.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "O, friendly Death,
The music is calling and I am fair;
Fain for the home where I first drew breath,
And my mother again."
—R. W. Gilbert, in *"Goldenrod and Lilies."*

In the Place de la Bastille.

On a clear day in Paris, walking where
A century ago red riot leapt
Torrent-like down the streets, I was aware
How, far on the horizon rim, there crept
Pale, ominous clouds; and listening, I heard
Dim, unmistakable, a muttered word:
The thunder's prelude and the tempest's threat.
The hour was bright with sun and jest and song
In the hilite capital—and yet, and yet,
The place was Paris and men's woes are long;
Sudden, for me, beneath that tranquil sky,
The tragic tumbrels, hark! go rumbling by!
—Richard Burton, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Weingartner, the eminent musical director, recently concluded a letter of defiance in these words, addressed to the Graz Association and his Viennese critics: "I declare to you that I shall introduce in several of Wagner's works the cuts I deem necessary, without heeding in the least any kind of protest. Allow me to add to this declaration that I consider the terms 'Wagner' and 'Wagnerite' as by no means allied, but as diametrically opposed to each other. I esteem Wagner so highly that I must permit myself the honor of confessing myself to be a positively enthusiastic anti-Wagnerite." This declaration of independence recalls to the critic of the *New York Evening Post* that comic dictionary of musicians in which Wagner is referred to as the man who wrote some excellent operas, but also "foisted on the world the Wagnerites, which was not kind of him."

In recently published reports of the fair which took place at the home of the Daughters of Jacob, New York, mention was made of the chief usher, a "lad" aged 105 years, and of the "girls" who sold candy and lemonade, although they were only 103 and 107 years old. Some doubt was expressed as to the ages of these inmates of the home. Albert Kruger, the superintendent, said that there was no exaggeration.

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OFFENBACH'S LAST OPERA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Boredom must always fly before Offenbach's music. At the American Theatre "The Tales of Hoffmann" are so melodiously... the accompaniment of an orchestra throbbing with the sensuousness that is more particularly a characteristic of the music of Latin composers, that we feel that the opera gives almost a new sensation.

The piece is billed as "fantastic opera," but its entirety would perhaps come under the ad of comic opera, which includes such light, semi-serious compositions as the melodious "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." The music of the piece is so spontaneously, irresistibly sweet to be called ambitious, but could cast into shame the facile puerilities of our musical comedy composers. The harp, with its delicate prelude, at the beginning of the second act, the intermezzo ending the third act and the epilogue—some at indifferently performed, in spite of the able leadership of Paul Steindorff—the numerous lovely duets and trios, the delicious orchestration, all afforded music-lovers an evening of true pleasure.

The vocal strength of the company is not remarkable, but it is adequate to the demands. Miss Mason and Thomas Persse, formerly well known to San Franciscans for their work with the Southwell Opera Company, filled the principal rôles. Mr. Persse's inflexible tenor little changed. The singer made a handsome appearance in his gracefulness, but such extremely amatory individual as the German poet might have softened his vigorous tones to the languorous softness of love's quivering murmur. As it is, Mr. Persse sings evening through in strident, unshaded tones.

Edith Mason's once beautiful voice is used with such discretion that it must have been in use that deprived its upper range of some of the elasticity and beauty that once enabled the fair singer to appear to such advantage in some of the lighter rôles of Italian opera. Miss Mason never fails to make a successful and charming appeal, both to the eye and the ear. "The Toy Maker" has deprived the first act of "The Love Tales of Hoffmann" its novelty, but the mechanical movements and staccato warbling of the pretty, flaxen-haired automaton were so daintily done that they offered piquant contrast to the more vigorous effects attainable in subsequent acts.

In spite of faulty breathing, Bernice Ames's contralto pleased by its rich and pebbly quality, and Charles Swickard, who combines the triple responsibilities of tenor, stage director, and baritone, made a good stage appearance, and sang most acceptably.

A fairly good and quite numerous chorus added a grand-operatic air to the scene, and it was not for the vocal and histrionic qualities of the minor members of the company and a certain lack of finish in such little parts as the high-pitched mockery of the opera's fair guests over the discomfiture of the first man, one would be justified in most warmly recommending the performance to the attention of one's friends.

Paul Steindorff conducted with his usual ability, and received a very warm welcome from an enthusiastic house that seemed delightedly glad to renew the pleasures of olden days.

Truly, it is a world of graft. We are just beginning to find it out. Magazines, newspapers, and even novels have been enlightening the world as to its own corruption before the man took up the subject.

And who are the principal victims, since they realized its own power and began to use the steam-shovel ruthlessness and calm scrupulousness of capital? Who but the masses of professional and clerical toilers that are being crushed between the upper and the lower millstone of capital and labor?

Labor, in fixing prices, ignores the laws of supply and demand. The laborer comes in, goes earlier, and is paid, as he ought to be for every hour of over-work. The clerk works toils at night, and on holidays, doing the work of two while wearing himself out in the toilsome process of making his employer rich. The employer uses his valuable man as long as he is available, keenly noting his talent for obedience, his sense of duty, his lack of initiative, his honesty, his industry, and reliability; keenly noting, too, the graying hair, his stooping back, his air of nervous exhaustion.

The time comes when the slave is wrung dry of usefulness, and he is cast forth. Youth, with its illusions, its glowing ideals its high standards of honor, takes his place, and the drama is played out again.

The next thing we know of there will be a national union of clerks. For, at present, somebody has to pay, and he who is paying is the uncivilized wearer of holed shirts who does his work honestly, pays his bills, buys a homestead and a few small investments, pays his taxes without sneaking out of doing his just share, and keeps the treasury full for the greedy hands of grafting politicians. He is a patient man, is the white-shirted toiler, but his time of revolt will come, and "The Man of the Hour," with its revelation of the numerous nets of grafters that are spread wide to catch the accumulations of the patient workers that toil between millstones, will help to bring it on.

"The Man of the Hour," although possessing abundance of sentiment, is a man's play. An unusually large percentage of men attend, and rush out into the foyer during the entr'actes to talk it over luxuriously.

The company at the Van Ness Theatre is much the same as when the play was presented at an earlier date, except for the selection of Cyril Scott for the rôle of the young mayor who brings confusion to the ranks of the grafters.

Mr. Scott is a popular matinee idol in New York, it seems. I am rather surprised at it. He doesn't seem to have the make-up. I think it must be due to his air of church-social, devoted-son goodness, plus refinement and good looks. He was almost pretty once, I feel sure, with his small, neat features, curly dark hair, and a certain feminine sweetness of expression.

What constitutes matinee-idol charmfulness? I am sometimes persuaded that a little touch of femininity is one of the indispensable qualities. And yet women are supposed to be swayed by the lordly, domineering manliness that in primeval times exercised its prerogative of subjugating the chosen mate with a club. Probably what fetches the matinee maiden particularly is the successful appeal to her sense of romance. That is White Whittlesey's gift. He is something of an idealist. You can see it in the cut of his mouth, in the way he utters passages of poetry. And women like that, in this world of sordidness of money-getting, and of graft.

Which brings us again to "The Man of the Hour." Mr. Scott fills the main rôle with marked ability, though not, to my thinking, quite so acceptably as Frederick Perry, who gave to the reforming mayor the white heat and high-mettled resolve of a younger, less experienced, and less carpet-knight hero than Cyril Scott makes of him.

But the play is well acted, right through. Ruby Bridges speaks so well, so clearly, so feelingly, that in spite of the least suggestion in the world of primness, of prunes, and of prisms, she wins sympathy.

Mr. Butterfield repeats his success as the smiling and engaging Perry, and, in a series of scenes of boy-and-girl courtship with Evelyn Moore, who acts as a jocular reflector of his famous smiles, holds up the sentimental comedy of the play.

But the real and irresistible comedy of the piece lies in the character of the two bosses, played by Louis Hendricks and Felix Haney, the same live and virile actors that impersonated them before. The portrayures are doubly remarkable, partly from the inspiration of George Broadhurst's original conception, partly from the immense skill with which they are worked out. The contrast of the two types is so poignant—Horri-gan all direct momentum, uncompromising, pig-headed aggressiveness, and the domination of a brute will; Phelan shrewd, dimpled, florid, persuasive, genial, full of the

bonhomie of the more cheerful Celtic type, and with the instinctive good manners—of their kind—that proceed from a good heart. Phelan and his sort constitute the sunshine of muddy political weather.

Neil Moran, William Lamp, and William Lloyd acceptably filled out the rôles of the corrupt magnate, the Wall-Street plunger, and the venal judge, and Ethel Brandon is still retained to play the part of the mother. Several minor rôles—Mr. McQuarrie as the avenging spy, the footman with the broken-hearted voice, and the tempted alderman—were given with earnestness, and with a creditable absence of that effect of mechanical routine which so often stamps the work of players during a long run.

But that is partly because the play is a live play, since it is a faithful reflex of things that prevail in the life of today. It is a good thing for men to see. It heartens us up to see honor proudly hold its own, incorruptible in the midst of corruption, and in spite of Horri-gan's strong and fearfully convincing argument as to the prevalence of graft, one feels that the abstract love of right is a blessed thing in this place of temptations that somehow keeps the world in general on the right path.

During the past month death has removed two former favorites of the theatrical world who were especially well known and greatly admired in San Francisco. Helen Dineon, whose pathetic story is familiar, was in her day one of the brightest of comedienne, one of the most expressive and pleasing of singers. Gracie Plaisted, whose death occurred Monday, was even more widely known as a soprano in opera, and numbered her admirers by hundreds. She was born in Suisun, and was educated at Mills Seminary. After the success won at her first appearances in San Francisco she went East and afterwards to Australia, and sustained prominent rôles in many leading burlesque and opera companies. Returning to this city in 1891, she was for a long time one of the stars of the old Tivoli Opera House Company. She retired some years ago, but again returned to the stage last season, appearing in Seattle. She was the wife of George Bartlett, of Oakland, and her death occurred at their home in that city.

A gentleman who was buying a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim asked him, in making the purchase, if it was a tame turkey. "Oh, yais, sir, it's a tame tu'key all right." "Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?" "Oh, yais, sir; dere's no so't o' doubt 'bout dat. It's a tame tu'key all right." He consequently bought the turkey, and a day or two later, when eating it, came across several shot. Later on, when he met old Ephraim on the street, he said, "Well, Ephraim, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it when I was eating it." "Oh, dat war a tame tu'key all right," was Uncle Ephraim's reiterated rejoinder; "but de fac' is, hoss, I's gwine to tell yer in confidence dat dem 'ere shot was intended for me."

If Mme. de Sevigne, the great French woman writer of the century of Louis XIV, who in her "Letters" praised so much the virtue of the Vichy cure that she made it celebrated, came once more into this unhappy or happy world, she would find a considerable change in the Vichy of those days and the one of today. When in 1676 she visited this celebrated watering place, she wrote to her daughter, the Countess de Grignan, that only twenty-two "Christians" were taking the cure. Last year 87,066 visitors were registered, and they were not all "Christians," but people of all creeds and nationalities.

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VANITY FAIR.

The eternal problem of how to be happy though married sinks into insignificance beside the greater question of how to be beautiful though plain. Baths, massage, paints, powders, cosmetics, Christian Science, gymnastics, and good temper clamor competitively for recognition, and that all women are not yet alike beautiful is proof that something still remains to be discerned and that art and nature are not yet fully reconciled.

The satin bath is just now coming into vogue. It was practiced in ancient Egypt; that, of course, goes without saying. Nothing of the kind stands much of a chance nowadays without the assertion that it was known to the ladies of the land of Khem, although why that should be a recommendation it is hard to say, if we may judge from the angular presentations that have come down to us.

The results of the satin bath are said to be highly satisfying. The victim, or the patient, emerges pink and smiling. The skin reassumes its infantile texture and the hand moves visibly backward upon the dial of time.

The whole thing is really very simple. It can in fact be done at home and with the appliances that are usually to be found in the domestic laundry or in the tool-box of a long-suffering husband. The chief ingredients are pumice powder, fine sand-paper, the humble and unassuming flat iron and a variety of brushes.

Take, for instance, the hardness of the elbows. The elbows have a great deal of work to do. They are often uncovered and as a result they become out of shape and sometimes even calloused. All this, we are told, can be removed by sand-paper, which must, of course, be very fine. Rub steadily until the offending cuticle is removed. If the elbows become red and sore they should be anointed with cocoa butter and covered for a day or two. If the operation is carefully done the trouble will not recur for a long time. Perhaps a jack plane would be quicker, but its use is not recommended.

The pumice-stone powder performs useful functions. We are advised to take a soft brush, dip it in warm water and the powder and go over the whole body. This is said to "take off the dead complexion and wake up the muscles." Then there are the wire brushes, to which fabulous virtues are ascribed. They are dipped in soap lather and their application is said to make the nervous woman forget that there are such things as nerves. No less efficacious is the violet bath, compounded of hot water, ten drops of strong ammonia, a teaspoonful of horax, and some violet perfume. A little benzoin may be added.

The sheath skirt, it seems, is answerable for the various thinning processes now on the market. The sheath skirt is only for the slender, and the woman who goes the right way to work can lose seven pounds a week. The whole secret is in the pumice powder, but it must be applied relentlessly in conjunction with the other baths, and two or three hours a day of vigorous rubbing are by no means too much. As for diet, she can eat what she likes, except candy. She must not drink with her meals and there must be only three meals a day.

A valuable adjunct is the ironing process. First comes the bath and a massage with rough towels. This makes the skin soft and pliable. Then a covering of flannel is placed on the skin and the hot iron is applied as in other laundry operations. This is said to be "magical" in getting rid of superfluous flesh. Henceforth there will be no excuse for undue bulk. Five or six hours a day deducted from the usual periods of leisure is a mere nothing when devoted to the pursuit of lofty aims, and surely no self-respecting woman will grudge them.

That the enforcement of the Deceased Wife's Sister bill would meet with some opposition in England was inevitable. A good many clergymen denounced it as being in opposition to what they were facetiously pleased to call the law of God, but very few of them have dared to incur the penalties of direct defiance. But there was at least one such case and it has just been settled, although it turned not so much on the right to be married as upon the right to Holy Communion.

The plaintiffs were Celan Neville Banister and his wife, who were recently married under the new law. They were refused Holy Communion by the Rev. Henry Thompson, vicar of Eton, Norwich, on the ground that they were "open and notorious evil livers, so that the congregations are thereby offended." This seems rather strong language toward a couple who are legally married, and the result was an action against the vicar on the ground that he had committed a breach of ecclesiastical law. No action of course was needed to prove a breach of good manners nor a condition of congenital idiosyncrasy.

The case was tried before the Dean of Arches at Westminster, and that lofty potentate has just rendered his decision after the lapse. He would have thought five minutes enough. He finds that the plaintiffs are in every way suitable to receive such benefits and ceremonies as the church may have to offer, that they could in no way be described as "open and notorious livers," that the defendant had failed to justify his action and

must be admonished accordingly, and that he must refrain from such acts in the future. So much for the Rev. Henry Thompson, vicar of Eton, Norwich, who is thus in the unenviable position of being rescued from utter oblivion only by his own act of studied and wanton brutality. But then what can one expect?

We all know Marcel Prévost, the witty Frenchman who has studied women with an assiduity that, otherwise directed, might have placed him in the front rank of original scientific research. Mr. Prévost, writing in *Figaro*, revives an old charge against women's letters. A woman, he says, never intends by the letter what she seems to intend. There is always a veiled meaning, always a devious diplomacy. "Woman," he adds, "makes use of a letter just as she employs a glance, a smile, dress, or language, in a manner that is very precise, very carefully thought out, but is quite different from common usage. And after all, does a woman's hat serve to cover her head? Does a woman's parasol keep off the sun? Does a woman's watch show what time it is? Are a woman's shoes good for walking? Why, then, should a woman's letter serve to convey her real thoughts to the person addressed, just like the letter of some honest grocer, who writes 'I send you five pounds of coffee,' because he really does send you five pounds of coffee?"

That may be all very well in France, where letter-writing is still one of the fine arts. But one never writes letters in America. We send messages by mail and they are usually as direct as that of the grocer quoted by M. Prévost. Letter-writing, like all the other arts, has become one of the superfluities of life, as must be inevitable with every civilization that has lost its soul.

Mr. Kunz, whose name is associated with the California gem, kunzite, has some pronounced theories as to the jewelry that women ought or ought not to wear. He says that the barbarous jewelry now so much in vogue has a demoralizing influence upon the women who wear it. We might perhaps be disposed to join issue with Mr. Kunz upon this point and to suggest that it is demoralized women who wear barbarous jewelry. But let that pass.

"Women," says Mr. Kunz, "must take into consideration their adaptability to jewels quite as carefully as they consider the fit, the color, the design of a gown." That, of course, is a counsel of perfection, and perhaps Mr. Kunz forgets the fact that a great many women wear jewelry not from aesthetic considerations at all, but to show how rich they are. But Mr. Kunz speaks the words of truth and soberness when he goes on to point out that a woman's jewels are an intimate part of her character and that they emphasize the private nature of her temperament so clearly that sometimes they unconsciously reveal where they are intended only to hide. That, of course, is true, and it applies to other things than jewelry. A woman's exterior is infinitely more eloquent of secret things than that of a man, whose costume is regulated within very narrow limits by convention. And it is the little things in a woman's dress that huddle so unrestrainedly of her character. The polished finger nails, for example, or the costly jewel on the shirtwaist, are more eloquent of an innate vulgarity than even the Merry Widow hat, and when we have once noticed one of a dozen such details we need go no further. We know at once what she usually talks about, what she reads, how she holds her knife and fork, how she does her hair at breakfast time, and her general appearance an hour or so before she opens the street door to go out. No woman can dress contrary to her character. Beyond certain limits she has no free will in the matter at all. Place her before the hat counter or the jewelry case and she will gravitate irresistibly toward the articles that correspond to her nature, and as the variety is so immense the correspondence is a close one. It is one of nature's little ways to show her hatred of a secret. Cherish our privacies of character as much as we will, she compels us to label ourselves in the sight of all men.

But to return to Mr. Kunz, who is so anxious to be polite that sometimes he mitigates the deserved severity of his censures. Earrings, he says, "are becoming more and more fashionable, the pear-shaped pendant, rather long earrings with the screw attachment. Small pins, exquisitely jeweled haps and tortoise-shell combs and hair ornaments studded with precious stones such as diamonds and pearls are the regular adornment of a woman of good taste. The chief fault in the matter of good taste that one fortunately only occasionally sees in the jewels worn by American women is in a bad combination of precious stones and gown. Take the long chains and santeoire which may contain almost any variety of gems. They must have a certain harmony with the gown worn, because one must bear in mind that pink coral would be out of keeping with a rose pink gown, for instance, as also would turquoise be with bottle green."

On the subject of diamonds Mr. Kunz has not much to say, except that it is still the favorite stone for lovers. When in doubt as to the propriety of wearing diamonds, it is a

good safe rule to put them back in the drawer. To wear diamonds at the wrong time, in the wrong combination, in the wrong place, or of the wrong size is among the cardinal and unpardonable sins of the toilette. As to young girls, Mr. Kunz says:

The selection of precious stones most adapted to young girls, being very largely left at the discretion of their elders, is confined to turquoise, pearls, sapphires, rubies, or perhaps the stones little less rare, such as peridot, pink topaz, or small garnet. Coral, which occurs in so many tints, from pale rose and red to the dark ox-blood color, is particularly appropriate when worn with laces, or very thin filmy fabrics. The Oriental designs that are more or less barbaric in their design are worn only by certain women to whom they belong by reason of their adaptability to a certain style, but the most delicate designs in jewelry are the most adaptable to any type of well-dressed woman.

Mr. Kunz takes a liberal view, but then he does not say exactly what he means by a young girl. Girls who are really young would do better to avoid jewels altogether and certainly jewels of a bright color. Mothers can do almost more in the way of self-disclosure by what they allow their daughters to wear than by what they wear themselves.

The newspapers are printing a ridiculous story about the probability of an American girl becoming the "first lady of the land" in Turkey. It is based upon nothing more substantial than the fact that the leader of the Young Turks party, an exile in Paris, has been often seen in the company of an "American woman of excellent family." The name of the lady is not mentioned, but the far-fetched assumption is that Turkey is about to become a republic and that Prince Sabahedire will be its president.

No one can pretend to say what is on the

knees of the gods regarding Turkey, but a Mohammedan nation such as the T should become republican is about as likely as that it should be transplanted bodily to the moon, which would be a fortunate thing for civilization although a little rough to the moon. Turkish reform ideas do not very far beyond the possibility of substituting one kind of despot for another, and should there be a revolution we may render her with profit that those who draw sword usually perish by the sword and the leaders of revolution rarely profit by revolution. The "beautiful American woman of excellent family" need not therefore offer robes of state either this week or merely upon the ground that Prince Sabahedire has looked graciously upon her. We have no means of knowing whether he "was orientally has got" or whether the lady's question has a reasonable hope of being "added to the lot." Let us hope that dictation will forbid the bans.

From a letter in the *New York Times* we get a long desired definition of a lady. It is:

At a heavy transfer point on Sixth Avenue, a few seats being vacant on a Twenty-Third Street car, a youth darted under the arm of a woman and plumped himself down in the seat was about to occupy. Glaring, she hurled at him: "If I wasn't such a perfect lady I'd swear you on the mouth." Another young man arose, took his hat, and begged her to sit down. When she beamed upon him and said, "Sir, you're a gentleman; them others is hogs."

The Heiress—But why should I marry? I don't love you. *Her Suitor*—Oh, that's right. I shan't be at home very much, know.—*London Opinion*.

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The opening scene is in New York, where we are introduced to two Jewish families from Germany. The next scene is twenty years later in Missouri. The second generation is growing up in the new Western world, but not without the religious disabilities and creed prejudices that should belong exclusively to a past day in human history. The story is a long one and the plot is intricate, but it is vividly colored by splashes of genuine passion and of real tragedy. The "irresistible current" is the tendency toward a better philosophy of life, an agreement upon the essentials of human conduct that shall take the place of creeds, and a reliance upon a human love and brotherhood that is, after all, the highest expression of the best religion.—*The Argonaut*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A citizen of culture and poetic taste went to a public library and asked for Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." He was rather taken aback when the librarian replied with great hauteur: "We don't keep any unbound books in this library."

A doctor spending a rare and somewhat dull night at his own fireside received the following message from three fellow practitioners: "Please step over to the club and join us at a rubber of whist." "Jane, dear," he said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a difficult case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."

The pious old lady who, returning from a visit to the Zoo, announced that she "always did enjoy a visit to the Theological Gardens," and the servant who, describing her master's last illness, explained that the "doctors held a consolation and found that it was something eternal," have found a recent equal in the lady who observed that when she was in Italy she "saw so many people in the garb of monks with tonsils on their heads."

A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them the court, with great severity, said: "There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if any one wishes to know my opinion of you I hope that they will refer to me." Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium with the following, well displayed: "Reference as to probity, by special permission, the Lord Chief Justice of England."

There was one young woman in the box party at the theatre who took no part in the noisy clatter and giggle. With her gaze fixed upon the stage she watched the progress of the play, indifferent to the gayety around her except that her delicate, aristocratic, finely chiseled features bore a look of weariness and a scornful smile curled her lips. At last, however, she turned her head slowly and looked at the other members of the party. Then she spoke to the elderly matron sitting by her side. "That girl in the blue kimono," she said, "thinks she is the whole custard!"

Mr. Halloran returned from a political meeting with his interest aroused. "There's eight nations represented in this ward of ours," he said, as he began to count them off on his fingers. "There's the Irish, Frinch, Eytallians, Poles, Germans, Rooshians, Greeks, an'—" Mr. Halloran stopped, and began again: "There's the Irish, Frinch, Eytallians, Poles, Germans, Rooshians, Greeks, an'—aint it queer I don't remember the other wan? There's the Irish, Frinch—" "Maybe 'twas Americans," suggested Mrs. Halloran. "Sure, that's it," said her husband. "I couldn't think."

An English drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks, so as to admit the passage of a cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now I am the corpse. Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the lane, he turned round, regarded the recruits with a scrutinizing eye, and then remarked: "Your 'ands is right and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave!"

In the olden times a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day. The doomed man began to give his instructions to his wife preparatory to hiding her farewell, when all at once she broke in upon the conversation, and exclaimed: "By the by, John, whaur will I plant the tatties this year?" The unfortunate man, as may be imagined, grew exceedingly indignant at the indifference of his wife, and exclaimed, angrily: "What need I care whaur ye plant them? I'm not likely to need any o' them." "Hech," replied the woman, turning to the warden with a wag of the head, "ooor John's huffed because he's gaunt to be hanged the morn," and marched out of the cell.

The other day a man walked into a barber's shop, deposited upon a table a number of articles which he took from a satchel, and arranged them with artistic care. "This is pomade," said the visitor. "I am well supplied," said the barber. "This is bear's grease." "I am full up with bear's grease." "Here is some fine bay rum." "Don't doubt it, but I make my own bay rum and put on foreign labels. Nobody knows the difference." "Here is some patent cosmetic for the moustache." "I know it is for the moustache, also for the whiskers, and all that, but I'm thoroughly stocked and reeking with cosmetic at present." "Here are an electric brush, a duplex elliptical hair dye, lavender water, and a patent face powder." "I don't want any of them." "I know you don't." "Then why do you ask me to buy them?" "I did not ask

you to buy them. Did I say anything to you about buying them?" "Come to think of it, you didn't." "I did not come here to sell anything. I only wish to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that a gentleman has any business with. Now, don't try to sell me anything or praise up your wares. I am stocked, stocked, stocked. Now give me an easy shave without asking me to buy anything."

Among the financial friends of Henry Ward Beecher was one old broker in New York—an aggressive Unitarian, which sect he often said bore "the trade mark of honesty." One day he met Mr. Beecher hurrying toward Wall Street ferry to avoid the downpour of a sudden rainstorm. "Take my umbrella," said the broker. "I don't need it; the coming bus takes me to my door." At the ferry Mr. Beecher met a lady, a prominent church worker of a sister church, who, having no umbrella, was lamenting her inability to reach her car safely. The urbane preacher forced the umbrella upon her as he said: "I will be out your way tomorrow and will call and get it." But the great expounder of truth and honesty was horrified when upon opening the umbrella the good sister at once discovered a pasted slip upon which was written in a bold round hand: "Stolen by some Presbyterian thief!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Nurseryettes.
I like Mr. Bryan,
His talk is so warm;
And if we don't heed him,
He'll do us no harm.

He'll stick to his farm,
With his pigs and his steers,
And he won't run again
For another four years.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Choice.
He read the Bible. He preferred
Its tales to any other word.

Being a married man, he chose
To read of other mortals' woes.

He read the story, and believed,
How Father Adam was deceived.

He read of Abraham and Sairy—
A tale the most extraordinary.

He read of Jacob, how for years
He labored for those lovely dears.

He read of Lot—his wife a wreck—
The true original rubberneck.

He read of Samson—how love ruled him,
And how the base Delilah fooled him.

He learned of David and the strife
Kicked up about Uriah's wife.

He learned of Job, that sorry wight,
Whose sad experience was a fright.

He learned of Solomon, who had
A thousand wives. (They drove him mad.)

He learned of Ananias, who
Was stricken dead. (His wife was, too.)

Being a married man, he rose
Refreshed from other people's woes.
—Puck.

Father's Summer.
We hear a lot from poet chaps
Who move our hearts to pity
Because poor father has to stay
And work hard in the city
The while his family enjoys
A glorious vacation;
But this shows that the poet tribe
Has missed its calculation.

For what does father do
But quit his work at two
And, after a most nifty lunch, hikes to the base-
hall ground;
At eight dines à la carte,
Then makes an early start
For the local Coney Island, where the wheels are
going 'round.

We hear about his toiling hard
To meet his wife's expenses,
And how he sends away each week
His dollars and his cents;
But that is most feckless stuff
The poet chaps are stewing,
For making gray hairs sprout is just
What father is not doing.

He sees a summer show
Where cooling breezes blow,
And then he gets a touring car and has a midnight
room;

And the only care he knows
Is when this message shows:
"We've all been bored to death here and now
we're coming home."
—Denver Republican.

A young Canadian humorist who went over to England, hoping to find London editors in receptive mood, forwarded a contribution to *Punch* with this note: "Dear Sir—I arrived in London this morning and paid a visit to Westminster Abbey this afternoon. I found this call depressing, for a man naturally shrinks from inspecting the spot where he is to be buried."

A. Hirschman.
For fine jewelry and silverware. 1641-1643 Van Ness Avenue.

BANKING

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd.
Established 1873
Head Office—London
Main Office—Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco
Branches—1020 Van Ness Avenue, Mission and Sixteenth Streets, San Francisco
Managers: I. Steinhart, P. N. Lilienthal
Capital paid in.....\$ 1,500,000
Surplus and undivided profits.....1,449,721
A General Banking Business Conducted. Accounts of Corporations, Firms, and Individuals Solicited. Correspondence invited.
Safe Deposit Vaults at Van Ness Avenue and Mission Branches.

French Savings Bank
108 Sutter Street, near Montgomery
Paid-up Capital.....\$ 600,000
Total Assets.....4,270,800
Strictly a Savings Bank. Open Saturday Evening from 7 to 8:30
OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, 1st Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, 2d Vice-President; A. Bousquet, Secretary; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.
DIRECTORS—N. C. Babin, J. A. Bergerot, Charles Carpy, Arthur Legallet, G. Beleney, H. de St. Seine, J. M. Dupas, Leon Boqueraz, J. E. Artigues, J. S. Godeau, John Ginty.
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT
The French-American Bank occupies offices in the same building.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California St., San Francisco
Guaranteed Capital.....\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908..... 34,474,554.23
Total Assets..... 37,055,263.31
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohde; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.
MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only.

LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome
CAPITAL.....\$ 2,500,000
SURPLUS.....620,000
Sig Greenbaum, President
H. Fleishbaker, Vice-President and Mgr.
R. Altschul, Cashier

The National Bank Roll of Honor
The title "Roll of Honor National Bank" is a distinction of which any financial institution in the United States may be proud. As is well known a "Roll of Honor Bank" is one possessing surplus and profits in excess of capital. A place on the Roll of Honor can not be bought, it must be earned.
This bank has for a long time been known as a "Roll of Honor Bank" among banks and bankers.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Berkeley
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY
A. W. NAYLOR, Pres., F. M. WILSON, Vice-Pres.
F. L. NAYLOR, Cashier, F. C. MORTIMER, Asst. Cashier.

THE BERKELEY NATIONAL BANK
United States Depository
Berkeley, Cal.
HOUSEHOLD AND COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS INVITED
DIRECTORS—George P. Baxter, Pres.; J. W. Richards, Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Bangs, Vice-Pres.; Louis Titus, Dr. Thomas Addison, A. G. Freeman, Duncan McDuffie, Perry T. Tompkins, F. L. Lipman, W. J. Hotchkiss, and Whitney Palache. P. H. ATKINSON, Cashier.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
Total Assets.....\$5,817,423
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,118,394
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
518 CALIFORNIA STREET
San Francisco

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO
U. S. Assets.....\$2,493,154
Surplus.....483,989
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO
J. J. KENNY, Manager W. L. W. MILLER, Assistant Manager

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

With a final flurry of house parties and week-ends spent out of town the summer season is rapidly coming to a close, and within the next fortnight most of the very large contingent of San Franciscans who have deserted the city during the past few months will be at home. Many of those who are abroad or who are loth to miss the beautiful September days in the country will not return, but the end of August will bring back a host of society wanderers. There are many prospects for a gay winter, but the list of débutantes is far from decided upon and many of the pretty huds are considering as to whether they will delay their introduction to society until another season.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, to Mr. Henry Norbury Kuechler. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Pauline Duncan of Illinois, niece of Mrs. Edward L. Griffith of Ross Valley, to Mr. Richard D. Girvin of San Francisco and Menlo Park. No date is announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Madeleine Bohrmann, sister of Mr. William Charles Bohrmann, to Mr. Henry Clay Miller will take place today (Saturday) at St. John's Church, Ross Valley. The ceremony will be celebrated at high noon by the Rev. Charles L. Miel. The maid of honor will be the bride's sister, Miss Elizabeth Bohrmann, and the bridesmaids will be her cousins, Miss Edna Davis, Miss Sidney Davis, Miss Marie Louise Foster, and Miss Mina Van Bergen. The best man will be the bridegroom's brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Findley, and the ushers will be Mr. Lucius Allen, Mr. Philip Tompkins, Mr. Louis Beedy, and Mr. Harry Lamberton. After the ceremony there will be a breakfast at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Charles J. Foster, at which only the members of the bridal party and the two families will be present. Mr. Miller and his bride will leave on a wedding journey and on their return will occupy an apartment at the Claremont, on Jackson and Jones Streets.

The wedding of Miss Anna Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, to Dr. Lawrence Draper took place on Saturday last at the home of the bride's parents in San Rafael. The ceremony was celebrated at four o'clock in the afternoon in the garden by the Rev. Lynn T. White. The bride's sister, Miss Mary Foster, was the maid of honor and Miss Louisiana Foster and Miss Martha Foster, also sisters, were the bridesmaids. Mr. Henry Norbury Kuechler was the best man and the ushers were the bride's brother, Mr. Arthur W. Foster, Jr., and Dr. Frank Dray.

Mrs. Frederic Hope Beaver and Miss Isabel Beaver will entertain at an informal dance on Friday evening next at their home in Webster Street, in honor of Miss Mauricia Mintzer.

Mrs. Cesar Bertheau entertained at a dancing party last night (Friday) at California Hall in honor of her daughter, Miss Helen Bertheau, who is to be a débutante of a season or two hence.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker have been entertaining a party of guests in their private car in the McCloud River region recently. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Linda Cadwallader, and Mr. Duane Hopkins.

Miss Christine Pomeroy entertained at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon last in honor of Miss Parran Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tuhhs entertained at a dinner on Sunday evening last at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Ethel Mary Crocker.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Admiral Richardson Clover and Mrs. Clover, Miss Dora Clover, and Miss Beatrice Clover, who are at their country place, Lavergne, near Napa, for the summer, left last week for a motor trip to the Yosemite Valley. They will return to their Washington, D. C., home about October 1, and plan to leave shortly after for Egypt, Persia, and the Holy Land, where they will travel for several months.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, Miss Claire Nichols, and Miss Margaret Nichols have returned from a stay of a few weeks at Tahoe and are occupying the Episcopal residence on Webster Street for the winter.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Mr. Allen Kittle will leave during the fall for Egypt, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker are spending a few weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, and Miss Myra Josselyn went down recently to their country place at Woodside, having spent

most of the summer at the Episcopal residence on Webster Street, which they had leased for a year.

Mrs. Dudley Newton Knox (formerly Miss Lily McCalla) sailed on Tuesday for the Orient, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Knox, U. S. N., who is with the fleet.

Mrs. William Howard, who has made her home in Boston for several years past, is in California for some weeks and went recently to Del Monte.

Miss Maud Bourn and Miss Rhett of New York sailed recently for England, where they will travel for three or four months. Mrs. Bourn will go later in the season to New York and she and Miss Bourn will spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott and Miss Margaret Newhall have returned from a motor trip to Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne have left Homourg and are motoring in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, who have been abroad during the summer, have sailed for home.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, who went abroad early in the summer, were, when last heard from, in Iceland.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are again at their home on Broadway, after a month's sojourn in Lake County.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. William Byrne, have returned from a six months' stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee have been the guests of Dr. Harry L. Tevis at his country place near Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are at the Potter in Santa Barbara for a brief stay.

Miss Lillie Lawlor will leave next week for New York.

The Rev. Edward Morgan will return next week from a stay of a month at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Sallie Maynard has been the guest of Miss Flood at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean, who have been at the Hotel Rafael since their return from New York, will spend the winter at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Miss Frederica Otis, and Miss Cora Otis arrived in San Francisco last week. Mrs. Otis and Miss Cora having spent the summer in the East and Mr. Otis and Miss Frederica having visited South America and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent have been visiting in San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop and Mr. Drummond MacGavin, who have been traveling in Africa and Europe for the past six months, are now en route to San Francisco.

Mrs. James Sperry and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan, who have spent the summer at the Sperry cottage in Sausalito, are again at their house in town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore, who are spending the summer at their country home, Montesol, in Sonoma, will leave late in the fall for Europe for an indefinite stay abroad.

Miss Elsa Draper and Mr. Morgan Draper are spending a week at Del Monte.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, who has spent the summer months in Sausalito, has taken an apartment at Hillcrest for the winter.

Miss Elizabeth Parran Simpson has arrived from New York and with her father, Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., will spend the winter at the Hillcrest.

Mr. Wilberforce Williams is at present in the East on a brief trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain (formerly Miss Edith McDonald) are occupying the H. P. Livermore house on Russian Hill and will spend the winter there.

Miss Frances McKinstry has been visiting Miss Marguerite Barron at the latter's home near Mayfield.

Mr. James Potter Langhorne, Jr., has returned from a hunting trip in Mendocino County.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe, who is spending the summer at her ranch in San Benito County, has been in town for the past fortnight.

Captain and Mrs. John Burke Murphy are spending a month in Portland, Oregon, as the guest of Captain Murphy's parents, Major and Mrs. Murphy.

Miss Coppee has returned to her home in Ross Valley, after a stay at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Constance Borrowe is in San Rafael as the guest of Mrs. William Horn.

Miss Ruth Richards of San Diego has been spending some time in Sausalito as the guest of Miss Dorothy Baker.

Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick have returned from a sojourn abroad of several months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil K. Gordon are spending a week or two at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King have returned

from a stay of six months in the Eastern States.

Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, who have been abroad for several years past, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son of Los Angeles are visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg of 2196 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, who have been spending several weeks at Tahoe Tavern, returned on Monday last.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

The following visitors from San Francisco are registered at Aetna Springs: Mr. William H. Hill, Mr. Carmen C. Hanna, Mr. Richard Bradley, Mrs. H. Witzemann, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lefavor, U. S. N., Miss Witzemann, Mr. Willis W. Brown, Mr. F. T. Martens, Miss Maud O'Connor.

A few of the recent registrations from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais are Mr. F. Winslow, Miss Christina Judah, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Barker, Miss Dorothy E. Chapman, Mr. Charles E. Dohie, Mrs. M. S. Dohie, Mr. Harry G. Clark, Mr. Burton G. Clark, Mr. George A. McGowan.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs are the following: Rev. W. J. Cantwell, Rev. W. J. Butler, Rev. James J. Gannon, Rev. F. M. McQuaid, Rev. J. F. Nugent, Rev. L. P. Moran, Mr. W. H. Scott, Mr. Thomas Finnigan, Mr. A. L. Meyerstein, Mr. C. H. Wall, Mr. Joseph K. Carey, Mr. E. M. Wall, Mr. E. C. Denigan.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte from San Francisco include Mrs. O. Bowen, Mr. Oscar H. Curtaz, Miss Curtaz, Miss Ethel Wilson, Mr. Charles T. Crocker, Miss Crocker, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss C. J. Flood, Miss Sallie Maynard, Mr. C. E. Colwell, Mrs. N. H. Colwell, Mrs. Paul F. Kingston, Mrs. M. Kingston, Mr. Paul J. Kingston, Miss Isahel Fowler, Mr. Albert Fowler, Mr. M. A. Hirshman, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Havens, Mrs. P. Umhens, Mr. O. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hickman, Mrs. A. T. Dunphy, Miss Florence George, Mrs. Tohin, Miss Agnes Tobin, Mrs. A. Loughborough, Miss Zane, Mr. and Mrs. H. Williar, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Blankfield, Mr. and Mrs. Ward A. Dwight, Mrs. H. Haire, Mrs. Charles S. Levy, Mrs. E. W. Sutton, Miss L. Goldsmith, Miss Florence Lundborg, Miss Julie Heyneman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Beardsley, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Pelton, Miss E. Umhens.

At the Hotels.

Among those now at the Hotel Jefferson are Mr. C. H. House, Mr. W. H. Scott, Mr. H. Handlon, Mr. Thomas Finnigan, Mr. Joseph D. Minor, Mr. Charles P. Gale, Mr. L. B. Hesse, Mr. William McKay, Mr. E. V. Daily, and Mr. A. F. Jenkins.

Among the registrations at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud, of Rutherford; Major and Mrs. Charles McKinstrey, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Kennedy, of Hawaii, and Mrs. Phoebe Davies Grismer.

Among visitors at the Fairmont Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. H. Knipping, of Tsing Sein, China; Mr. and Mrs. James S. McCandless and family, of Honolulu; Mr. H. C. Ackerley, Dr. Douglas Long, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Yerxa, Mrs. Phillip Forve and the Misses Mary and Louise Forve, Mrs. Albert Busch and Mr. John W. Mitchell, of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holmes and Miss Bolt, of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brehman, Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Shanke and Mrs. Louis P. Evans, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Heffley, of New York; Mrs. A. B. Steinhach and Miss Steinhach, of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stevens and Miss Emmerton, of San Gabriel.

While nothing in ex-President Cleveland's will, which was filed several weeks ago, indicates the amount of his fortune, it has been made known that his personal and real property amounts to \$250,000.



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is the only one that can unlock your box in our Safe Deposit Vaults. Your valuables in one of our steel boxes can not be lost by theft or fire. For this protection \$4.00 per year and up.

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Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water. Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

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FAIRMONT HOTEL

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A homelike and comfortable hotel. Superbly situated. Magnificently Appointed. Perfectly Served.

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DEL MONTE Golf Tournament

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Reduced Hotel Rates,
\$3 to \$5.50 per day
American Plan

Make your reservations now. Address
H. R. WARNER, Manager

The Peninsula
SAN MATEO, CAL.

A home in the country practically within San Francisco's gates. Only thirty minute away. Frequent trolley and train service. See S. P. time-tables. Located in the heart of one of the most beautiful gardens in the State. No winds, no fogs. All the accommodations that culture and refinement demand. Progressive in every detail. Well-equipped club house, and commodious garage.

Winter Rates in force September 1, 1918

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Hotel Rafael

San Rafael, Cal.

Open year around. Headquarters Automobile League. New and commodious garage. Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of climate. Tiburon or Sausalito Ferry. All modern conveniences.

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The spirit of good service and the facilities that produce it.

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Why Not Make Your Home At The Hotel Jefferson

Turk and Gough Streets
Facing Jefferson Square

A superior class hotel with every modern convenience and comfort. Operated on the American and European plans. Special rates to permanent guests. Special attention paid to the table—we invite comparisons. Management Noah W. Gray, formerly manager Alexander Young Hotel, Honolulu, and Hotel Pottler, Santa Barbara.

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Most Delightful Climate on Earth
American Plan. Summer rates \$3.50 per day each and upward, or \$21.00 per week each and upward

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General J. B. Aleshire, U. S. A., quartermaster-general of the army, arrived last week on an official tour of inspection and to consider the improvements planned in the military reservations in this vicinity.

Major W. A. Bethel, U. S. A., judge advocate of the Department of California, left on Saturday last for Seattle, Washington, where he is attending the annual meeting of the American Bar Association. He will be absent about ten days.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Shafter, Hawaiian Territory, has been ordered to proceed upon the first available transport to San Francisco, reporting upon arrival to the department commander for duty at Department Headquarters in connection with the manoeuvres at Atascadero Ranch, with headquarters in this city.

Major Guy L. Edie, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been appointed a member of the board to meet in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of reviewing the proceedings and findings of medical examining boards in the cases of medical officers who have been found by such boards to be disqualified for promotion for reasons other than physical disability contracted in the line of duty.

Major Charles E. Woodruff, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take effect on September 8.

Major W. C. Dawson, U. S. M. C., and Lieutenant A. B. Owens, U. S. M. C., are appointed on a board of survey, depot quartermaster's office, San Francisco.

Commander A. S. Halstead, U. S. N., was commissioned a commander in the navy from July 1, 1908.

Captain John B. Christian, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed assistant professor of natural and experimental philosophy at the Military Academy, West Point.

Captain James N. Pickering, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Presidio of Monterey and report to the commanding officer at that post for duty in the School of Musketry.

Captain William R. Davis, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has, in addition to his present duties, been assigned to temporary duty in charge of the medical supply depot in San Francisco, during the absence on leave of Lieutenant-Colonel D. M. Appel, Medical Corps, U. S. A.

Lieutenant L. W. Littlefield, U. S. N., is detached from the *Washington* and ordered to the *Pennsylvania* as ordnance officer.

Lieutenant E. W. McIntyre, U. S. N., is detached from duty at Washington, D. C., and ordered to continue treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Lieutenant Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is redetailed as a student officer at the Mounted Service School, Fort Riley, Kansas, and upon the conclusion of the manoeuvres at Fort Riley will report at the school not later than September 25.

Lieutenant Jarvis J. Bain, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Engineer School and at the post of Washington Barracks and will proceed to Newport News and take the transport about September 1 for Havana for duty with the Second Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Coast Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, Virginia, for the purpose of taking a course of instruction in that school.

Lieutenant George E. Turner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had Gilroy designated as his station while on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from his present duties at Hammondsport, New York, and is ordered to repair to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the chief signal officer of the army for duty.

Lieutenant Edward H. De Armond, Sixth Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been redetailed as student officer at the Mounted Service School, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieutenant John J. Burleigh, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, which took effect on Tuesday last.

Lieutenant P. A. Capron, U. S. M. C., and Lieutenant L. W. T. Waller, Jr., U. S. M. C., are ordered detached from expeditionary service on the arrival of the *Albany* at Mare Island and will sail on September 5 for the Philippines.

Assistant Surgeon H. W. B. Turner, U. S. N., is appointed an assistant surgeon in the navy from July 30, 1908.

The Ben Greet Players recently completed a season of open-air dramatic productions on the grounds of Columbia University in New York City, in close proximity to the roar of metropolitan traffic. The plays presented were "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "The Tempest," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The Late Isaac Upham.

Isaac Upham, accidentally killed at San Jose on August 17, was long and honorably connected with the history of California. Born in North Union, Maine, he came to California in 1860 and was first employed as a clerk in Yuba County. In 1863 he became county superintendent of schools for Butte County, being elected as superintendent of schools in Yuba County in 1867. In 1870 Mr. Upham moved to San Francisco, eventually purchasing a half interest in the firm of Henry Payot & Co., the name of the firm being later changed to Payot, Upham & Co. During Mr. Upham's business life he occupied many positions of trust. He was president of the Oakland Board of Education from 1885 to 1890; president of the San Francisco Board of Trade, 1889 and 1890; a member of the board of managers of Agnews State Hospital and was elected president in 1900. He was also president of the San Francisco Traffic Association and a director in the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company, while his connections with charitable work were extensive and effective. In addition to his other activities Mr. Upham was a member of the Sons of the Revolution and was warmly interested in the cause of the Republican party. He leaves two sons, Isaac Oliver and Benjamin Prince.

The funeral was on August 19 from the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, the interment being in the family plot at Mountain View Cemetery.

Princely Happiness.

Perhaps there was a time when princes were supposed to have a monopoly of the world's happiness, but we hardly need the Grand Duke Michael of Russia to assure us to the contrary. No one is now likely to accuse a Russian grand duke of being happy, so that it is not easy to understand why the Grand Duke Michael should rush into print in order to tell a palpitating world that there are troubles even in the royal family of Russia. This is what he says:

Belonging, as I do, to the imperial blood, and being a member of one of the reigning houses, I should like to prove to the world how wrong it is in thinking—as the majority of mankind are apt to do—that we are the happiest beings on this earth. There is no doubt that financially we are well situated, but is wealth the only happiness in this world? Take also into consideration the many official duties belonging to our position, and how much more we are exposed to public opinion than simpler mortals. Which is the greatest happiness in this world? Surely love for a woman—the choice of our future wife and family life. And even in this we have not the facilities of private individuals. We have even less choice.

We will let it go at this, Michael. We are not greatly interested in you, but if we had ever suspected you of being happy we should be driven to the belief that Providence is no longer interested in the affairs of this world.

Miss Emmy Destinn, the eminent Bohemian soprano, who has never been heard in New York, will sing at the Metropolitan Opera House during the coming season. Miss Destinn rivals abroad the popularity of Miss Geraldine Farrar, with whom she had a famous difference of opinion regarding the privilege of singing the rôle of "Madame Butterfly" in Berlin. She began her vocal studies with the celebrated Italian diva, Marie Loewe-Destinn, in 1892. In 1898 she was engaged for the Berlin Royal Opera; in 1901 she sang at Bayreuth, and in 1904 at Covent Garden, London. She has been singing in London during the past season with conspicuous success.

The obitographic will of the late James H. Budd, dated July 14, 1908, was filed for probate in Stockton August 5. The widow, Inez H. Budd, is the sole legatee and named as executrix without bonds. The will is very short, and the only property mentioned is \$30,000 in money and certificates of deposit in the Wells-Fargo Nevada Bank. There is fully \$10,000 worth of other property.

A season of 130 concerts by the Queens Hall Orchestra in London was closed with the cooperation of Saint-Saëns, who received a greeting of immense cordiality. "Dr. Saint-Saëns can still play, in spite of his seventy-three years, and many a younger pianist might envy the pearly delicacy of his runs and the charm of his touch," says the *London World*.

The first installment of William L. Crook's "Reminiscences of Andrew Johnson in the White House" appears in the September *Century Magazine*.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Morning, doctor! Going to hunt—or have you been?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Maud is a decided blonde, isn't she?" "Yes, but she only decided last week."—*Town Topics*.

"Wunst I got a dollar a word." "G'wan!" "Fact. Fer talking back to a judge."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

The Writer's Child—Pa, what is penury? *The Writer*—Penury, my son, is the wages of the pen.—*Cleveland Leader*.

He—She is such a charmingly innocent girl, isn't she? She—Oh, yes; she has taken years to acquire it.—*The Tailor*.

Sister Ann—Did yer get any marks at school ter-day, Bill? *Bill*—Yus, but they're where they don't show.—*Sketch*.

"Doctor, if this operation is successful I'll pay you double." "I shall be entirely satisfied with my regular fee."—*Smorti Set*.

"I don't believe in that doctor." "Why?" "He didn't tell me everything I wanted to eat was bad for me!"—*London Opinion*.

Ashley—Do you have much variety in your boarding-house? *Seymour*—Well, we have three different names for the meals.—*The World*.

"What did father say when you asked him for me?" "He didn't say anything. He fell on my neck and wept."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Mistress—Did the mustard plaster do you any good, Bridget? *Maid*—Yes; but, heggorry, num, ut do bite the tongue!—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Waiter, get me a newspaper so I can hide my yawns; this concert is so stupid." "Yes, miss; I'll bring the largest I can find."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Have you ever loved and lost?" sighed the swain. "Nope," responded the maiden, promptly. "I've won every breach of promise suit I ever brought."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Ella—I'm to be married tomorrow, and I'm terribly nervous. *Stello*—Yes; I suppose there always is a chance of the man getting away up to the last minute.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"What do you see in me to love?" sighed the ardent swain. "Oh, I don't know," answered the girl. "This is the silly season, you must remember."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Howard—Why did he marry her at all if he were going to get a divorce so speedily? *Coward*—Because he didn't think it would be honorable to break their engagement.—*Pioneer Press*.

"This play in its intensity," said the go-out-between-the-acts young man, "fairly takes my breath away." "I only wish it would!" gloomily remarked the lady in the next seat.—*Baltimore American*.

Briggs—Is there such a thing as a scientific kiss? *Griggs*—Surely. One in which you succeed in breaking away from the girl without becoming engaged to her.—*Des Moines Register and Leader*.

The Parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for throwing that brick at you. *The Patient*—Mebhe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well, and then pray for Casey.—*Sloper's*.

"But," said the fair maid, "you seem rather young to be wearing the title of colonel." "Anyway," replied the heedless youth, "I've participated in seventeen summer engagements."—*Cleveland Daily News*.

"I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neigh—" "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mrs. Stubb—It states in this magazine, John, that the shortest men on earth are the Laplanders. *Mr. Stubb*—H'm! They couldn't be any shorter than an American man after his summer vacation.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Yes," remarked the race horse, "all my achievements have been due simply to putting my best foot forward." "Yes?" replied the mule. "Now, I find that I accomplish most by putting my best foot backward."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Tovane—I never saw a man who was so fond of entertaining as Henpeck is. It's really remarkable. *Browne*—Oh, that's not so strange. You see, his wife is quite pleasant to him when there's company in the house.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Miss Sweetner—Isn't it laughable to see the youthful airs Fan Billwink gives her self? She must be at least ten years older than I am. *Miss Copsicum*—Fully—and you wouldn't tear under the wing, you know, either.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins. "Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My black Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mami's

mauve Merry Widow—total \$99.90." "Gee!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the 10 cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"Augusta," said Mr. Wyss when the quarrel was at its height, "you have devised a great variety of ways to call me a fool?" "Merely a matter of necessity," replied Mrs. Wyss. "You have devised so many ways of being one."—*The Bohemian*.

"What did you mean by this poem?" inquired a delegation of admirers. "I didn't mean anything," answered the great poet, frankly. "I wrote that poem for a monthly magazine. I did not expect it to be published in a book collection."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mr. Cad—Can I see that burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night? *Inspector (hesitatingly)*—Well, I don't know. What do you want to see him for? *Mr. Cad*—Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife.—*Illustrated Bits*.

The Camel's Complaint.

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And, as for the poodies, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

Lambs are inclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me!

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestride a fox.
But as for a camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy,
And humpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!
—*Charles E. Caryl, in "The Admiral's Caravan."*

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destroy the self-poise which is the foundation of all that is worthiest in character. Prohibition is akin to the guardianship which saves the child by putting the sugar bowl beyond its reach, baffling but not checking or regulating its propensities, dwarfing rather than developing its powers of restraint. At its best prohibition would promote virtue through restriction and denial rather than through self-control—a virtue comparable with that to be found in every penitentiary and insane asylum in the land.

That prohibition is ineffective is the lesson of universal experience. No law that ever was made or ever can be made will keep men from doing that which they feel they have a right to do and which they have the means of doing. Prohibition has long been tried in Maine, in Kansas, and in local communities the country over, only to multiply demonstrations of its practical inability to enforce sobriety. The history of prohibition movements sufficiently characterizes them as fitful and temporary—as passing fads, tending to run a limited course ultimately to break down before the common sense and sober judgment of men.

The present prohibition movement is much like those which have come before it at various times during the past half century. It is more widespread because intercommunication is easier and more expeditious than at former times. It comes, too, at a time when the air is charged with socialistic ideas and when the conditions which beget a sentimental coöperation and enthusiasm are highly favorable. It will run its course precisely as do other sentimental "isms." It will have its day of popularity and success and ultimately it will collapse. Nothing persists, nothing lasts, whose roots are not grounded in fixed principle. Prohibition of the liquor traffic as distinct from its regulation has no such foundation.

The present prohibition movement finds its main support in the resentment which all men feel for the aggressions of the liquor interest. The liquor business has never been a creditable one in the United States. A certain stigma has always been upon it. But so long as the manufacturer was content to supply the wholesaler, and the wholesaler to answer the demands of the trade, it was tolerated even where it was not approved. But of late years the spirit of commercialism has seized with special avidity upon the liquor business. Manufacturer and dealer have not been content to meet the demand of the trade—they have reached out to promote and extend that demand. The brewing firms have been especially active along this line. They have brought to the work of promoting the traffic in their products not only large business insight, but large capital. It has become the universal custom for brewers to take leases of desirable retail sites in towns large and small and to push the traffic by thoroughgoing methods. This system was largely responsible for the fact that before the disaster San Francisco had something like four thousand drinking places, a large proportion of them in residential districts. This system gives to Sacramento, a town of not more than forty thousand people, more than two hundred drinking places.

To "protect" a business thus promoted and extended the liquor traffic has gone into politics. It has organized a solid political force and allied it everywhere with the most vicious elements in local politics. Those who seek to hold our politics to worthy conditions have everywhere to combat the saloon vote. Thus, the liquor interest has become in behalf of its pocket an active promoter of vice, and on top of this an ally of low politics. Is it surprising that multitudes have risen in disgust and resentment to rebuke these practices? And is it surprising that this movement has hit upon a policy which easily appeals alike to prejudice and to moral impulse?

We are told that the liquor interest, including the brewing and the wine interests, is alarmed over the prospect of a prohibition campaign in this State and

that preparation is making for an "aggressive fight." With all due respect we must say that the more aggressive the fight made by the liquor interest, the more the prohibition movement will be helped. If the liquor interest in its legitimate phases wants to protect itself, if it wants to take the wind from out the sails of its adversaries, its wisest course is to abandon any policy smacking of aggression. The surest and best way to combat the extravagances of prohibition is to cut out the abuses of the traffic. For so long as the liquor interest lends its organizing power and its capital to the promotion of the drink habit, and so long as the saloon is the ally of low politics, the prohibition movement in one form or another will persist. Mistaken as it is at the point of fundamental principle, bound as it is in the long run to collapse, prohibition none the less has a tremendous power of appeal to the moral instinct of men and the sympathies of women. The surest way to promote it, let us repeat, is to fight it aggressively. The quickest way to discourage and defeat it is to eliminate those abuses which contribute to its strength.

In this connection it is not untimely to give a word of warning to the tobacco interest. The tobacco traffic, while widely regarded as a vicious thing, nevertheless does not excite the same degree of resentment as the liquor traffic. Even those who look upon tobacco using with disapproval none the less are easily able to tolerate the tobacco traffic. But in recent years the tobacco traffic has taken on accessories which tend to discredit it widely. The slot machine with its open invitation to a demoralizing vice clicks merrily on every cigar counter, and it is raising against the tobacco traffic ten thousand critics. The "back room" which is a common attachment of the cigar store tends likewise to widespread offense. The public is coming to look upon the cigar store as an ally and promoter of the vice of gambling. The sentiment is one that will grow because it has reason to grow. The moral sense of the community condemns gambling especially in those forms which invite and demoralize youth. The tobacco traffic is defying this sentiment in its universal employment of the slot machine and in its too-common alliance with the "back room." If the tobacco traffic would avoid a crisis similar to that which now confronts the liquor traffic, it must cast off these extraneous and vicious attachments. Society will not tolerate any traffic in alliance with gambling in seductive and demoralizing forms.

Japan Resumes Her Traditions.

Disquieting rumors are leaking out of Washington, like trickling water from an overloaded reservoir. These rumors relate to what the publicists and correspondents call "the Japanese question." We of the Pacific Coast who are personally interested in this "question" had settled comfortably in the belief that the State Department was attending to this matter satisfactorily and that all was peace and comity between Tokio and Washington. It appears, however, that the publicists and correspondents have discovered a "hitch" in the negotiations between this country and Japan in regard to the proposed treaty under which immigration privileges are to be materially modified. Japan, it is said, will not agree to the exclusion of her laborers from the United States unless similar prohibition is imposed on similar immigration from Europe. Japan is willing to advise her peasantry to keep out of the United States, its territories, and dependencies, and she is even prepared, for her own economic welfare, to place the severest restrictions on all emigration from the empire; but she is strongly inclined to resent discrimination on our part against any class of Japanese citizens.

If there is substantial basis for this complexion of our existing relations with Japan, it will not be denied that the Japanese are logical in their contention. We would similarly resent the attempt of any foreign power

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Prohibition Movement.

The principles which underlie the affairs of society do not change. Now, when half the country is in a fever of enthusiasm for prohibition, the principle of prohibition is precisely what it was last year or ten years ago, when the thing was all but universally condemned and repudiated. Now, as then, prohibition regarded as a working theory is false in logic, a mistake in morals, ineffective in practice, a mere fad as distinct from a serious and permanent cause.

Prohibition is false in logic because it assumes (1) that men may be made virtuous by law; (2) that it is proper function of society to safeguard men against their normal propensities; (3) that laws may properly be adjusted to the weaklings of society rather than to the average and normal man. Boiled down, the logic of prohibition is this, namely, that because some men make vicious use of liquors, their legitimate and proper use must be denied to all men.

Prohibition is a mistake in morals because it is a substitution of restrictive authority, a thing naturally and inevitably demoralizing, for the principle of self-control, a thing essentially wholesome. It tends to weaken the moral muscles of the individual; it tends to

to discriminate, upon caste or economic distinctions, against even the humblest of our own citizens. It is true that the proposed treaty with Japan provides for the exclusion of American laborers from Japan; but as American laborers have no desire to labor in Japan, none of our unions and "exclusion leagues" has offered objection to this voluntary concession, or uttered protest against the treaty's derogation of the dignity of American labor. We must hold in remembrance that the Japanese are a "proud and sensitive" people, and we must not lose sight of the fact that most of them, even among the coolie class, are of the samurai caste or descendants of the warrior vassals of the daimios. They are a nation of soldiers whose traditions are loud with battle, crimson with slaughter, and bright with the glory of heroic sudden death. The history of the Japanese during two thousand years is the history of a fighting race; when they were not fighting with their foreign neighbors in Korea or in China they were cutting the throats of each other in civil wars that surpassed in savage ferocity anything accomplished by the tribes of mediæval or modern Europe. The insignia of their bushido or knighthood was two swords and the soul of the samurai was believed to abide in these swords. It was the ancient custom of a Japanese gentleman to immolate himself on the altar of his personal honor in the sacred rite of seppuke or hara-kari, the instrument of sacrifice being a short, sharp knife, and the seat of honor being somewhere in the stomach of the dishonored gentleman. The leopard can not change his spots; neither can you make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and it is just as impossible to convert a Japanese from what he is into something that approaches our ideal of what he ought to be. The Japanese have never been conquered and naturally they deem themselves unconquerable. They have condescended to adopt certain Western notions, especially in the art of war; but they have never consented to acknowledge their inferiority as a people or as individuals to anything that walks erect and seeks to lord the earth.

Which brings us directly to the somewhat significant visit recently paid by Baron Takahira, Japanese ambassador at Washington, to President Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. It was given out that the "mission" was "diplomatic," but its purport was a state secret. Anyway its nature was important enough to induce an ambassadorial journey and insistent enough to urge immediate conference instead of waiting until the President's return to Washington.

Whatever may be doing under the surface of the Japanese event in the chancelleries of Washington, it may be safely surmised that the motives are inspired in Tokio. The new Japanese cabinet is distinctly and avowedly reactionary in that it has responded to the popular demand for a return to the "ancestral principle" of Japanese polity. It is conceded that the future policy of Japan will be more imperial than constitutional; that the attitude of the government in its foreign relations especially will be more determined and aggressive; and that the diplomatic and political modernity of the Hayashi ministry will be replaced by strict adherence to national tradition.

Marquis Katsura, the prime minister, is one of the ablest statesmen in Asia. He is an imperialist of the most pronounced character, and it is largely due to his genius as a leader of his people that they have attained to the position they now hold among the powers of the earth. The associates of the Marquis Katsura in the cabinet are Count Komura, minister of foreign affairs, a diplomat whose experience ranges from Peking to Washington and includes the missions to London and St. Petersburg; Baron Goto, minister of communications, former governor-general of Formosa and recently president of the South Manchuria Railway, one of the highest authorities on governmental finance in Japan; Admiral Saito, whose splendid achievements during the war with Russia attracted the attention of the world; General Terauchi, minister of war, whose uncompromising militarism is regarded even in Japan as detrimental to any policy of retrenchment in army and navy expenditures that may be broached hereafter; Mr. Komatsubara, minister of education, the only liberal in the cabinet, but needed by the bureaucracy because of his profound knowledge of the mental and moral requirements of the populace; Viscount Okabe, minister of justice, a man of broad education and approved ability as a jurist; Baron Ōura, minister of agriculture, a Satsuma patriot and an ardent supporter of the Yamagata clan, an allegiance that insures his close adherence to the military party of the empire; and Baron Hirata, minister of home

affairs, also a faithful follower of Prince Yamagata and the war lords of the Elder Statesmen.

To properly appreciate the force and purpose of this cabinet it must be understood that the individual ability of the members in any one direction was not considered in their selection. The special aptitude of each official is subordinated to the purpose and intention of the cabinet as a whole. Only in minor detail are the cabinet officers specialists. The will of the administration is primarily the will of the emperor, and the Katsura cabinet is an embodiment of the principle of the Mikado's divine right to rule the empire of Japan as despotically as he pleases. In the promulgation of this intensely imperial policy Premier Katsura and his advisers are sustained by the mass of the Japanese people, whose samurai instinct, fostered by centuries of vassalage to the daimio overlords, can not be eradicated by half a century of constitutional government. As a matter of fact, only the most enlightened of the Japanese people have fully realized the meaning of a constitutional form of government. The emperor has always been the son of heaven for the populace, and he has never been other than the liege lord of the most powerful nobles of the empire.

Reciprocally the emperor and his advisers are constrained to regard the welfare and desires of the people. This welfare includes the honor of the nation, and the desire of the people is preëminently a demand that Japan shall command the utmost respect of the world. It is not likely, therefore, that the present administration will submit humbly to dictation from the United States in the matter of a treaty that deprives the meanest of Japanese citizens any right or privilege which we guarantee to the citizens or subjects of the most favored nations.

Historical Value of Street Names.

San Francisco should name one of its streets after Vasco Nunez Balboa. Every schoolboy knows why. No more appropriate honor could be conferred on the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean than the perpetuation of his name in an official designation of the broad boulevard skirting the shore of the sea upon which "with eagle eyes he stared," while all his men "looked at each other with a wild surmise—silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The suggestion revives an old controversy concerning the best nomenclature for the streets of a city: Should streets be named for convenience only or should the names embody the history of the city? If convenience is to be the sole purpose of naming streets, the simplest method is the best: Let us number all streets running north and south and designate those running east and west by the letters of the alphabet; or *vice versa*; and if we would reduce the topography of our city to absolute simplicity we may call the lettered streets "avenues." The only objection to this manner of naming streets is in the limitation of the alphabet—there could be only fifty-two "corners," from First Street and Avenue A to Twenty-Sixth Street and Avenue Z; but the city authorities who would lay out a city in this "simplified" style could add all the names conventional to all cities—"Broadway," "Main," "Market," "Front," "Water," "East," and "West." After that they could name the streets after the Presidents, and having exhausted these national names to date they could select the names of the States, and when all the States had been used they could begin with "Forest" and "Grove," and any botany will furnish names for an almost endless nomenclature of "Laurels," "Oaks," "Pines," and "Sycamores."

The city of San Francisco is largely burdened with such meaningless designations, but they have not been arranged to fit the rule of convenience except in the names of the numbered streets south of Market Street. Five of the "cross streets" in this section of the city are named after men that were active in laying the foundation of San Francisco as it existed before the great fire of 1906. Howard Street was named in honor of W. D. M. Howard, who came to Monterey in 1839 as a cabin boy in the ship *California* from Boston and afterwards became the leading merchant of the Pacific Coast. Brannan Street and Bryant Street were named after Samuel Brannan and Edwin Bryant, both well-known citizens in the earliest history of San Francisco after the American occupation. Stevenson Street was named after Colonel J. D. Stevenson, who commanded the New York regiment of volunteers sent to California by the United States government in 1847. Folsom Street was named in honor of Joseph L. Folsom, the assistant quartermaster of this regiment. Another street paralleling these streets was originally named Mellus Street,

after Henry Mellus, a member of the firm of Howard, Mellus & Co., but a quarrel between Howard and Mellus induced the senior partner to exert his influence with the ayuntamiento or supervisors of that period to have the name changed from Mellus to "Natoma." East of First Street are Fremont Street, named after John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder," a personage who looms large in national history and in the history of California; Spear Street, named after Nathan Spear, whose residence in California dated from 1823 and at one time owning a monopoly in the hide and tallow trade of the California coast; and Beale Street, named after Lieutenant Beale of General Kearny's command, wounded at the battle of San Pasqual in San Diego County during the revolt of the Spanish Californians against the invading and usurping Gringos, in 1846.

The history of the conquest of California by the Americans is linked with that of the Spanish pastoral period and the founding of the mission of St. Francis de Assisi, from which San Francisco takes its name under an official order by General Kearny while serving as military governor of Alta California in 1847, by the names of the streets in what is now known as the Mission district of the city. Francisco Guerrero was alcalde of San Francisco in 1839 and sub-prefect in 1841. Don Joaquin Castro was one of the original grantees under the Spanish régime, when the services of the first families of California were rewarded with landed domain covering leagues in lieu of acres. Jesus Valencia, Jose Sanchez, and Jesus Nunez owned all that section of the peninsula from the Potrero and the Bernal rancho to the Presidio. Intersecting this district along the ridge that overlooks the bay and channel of the Golden Gate is a street called Devisadero because the view from this elevation is a continuous panorama of landlocked harbor and towering hills from Mount Hamilton to Tamalpais. This street divides the eastern from the western section in a historical sense, separating the ancient settlement of Yerba Buena from the city that was planted by the Americans in the sand dunes and along the shore of the bay between Rincon Hill and Clark Point and Telegraph Hill. Davis Street in this section was named after William Heath Davis, a merchant who came to San Francisco in 1831 and was a member of the first ayuntamiento now the only survivor of that first "low wash o civilization" flung up by Yankee enterprise against the last remnant of Spain's Pacific empire never wholly absorbed by the rebel republic of Mexico. Within the eastern section of the city the history of the conquest is plainly written in the names of the streets—Montgomery, Kearny, Dupont, Stockton, Mason, Jones, Leavenworth, and Drumm. Captain Montgomery commanded the American sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* under Commodore Sloat, and with Captain Samuel Francis Dupont of the *Cyane* raised the American flag on Portsmouth Square July 7, 1846. General Kearny commanded the American troops during the American occupation and was third military commander during that transition period. Commodore R. F. Stockton was second military commander of the American forces in California, succeeding Commodore Sloat. Colonel Mason was the fourth military commander, following General Kearny. He was succeeded by General Riley, the last of these military commanders; and it is notable in this connection that neither Sloat, the first commander, nor Riley, the last to exercise absolute military authority in California, has been named in any of the thoroughfares or divisions of the city that owes so much to the respective administrations. Jones Street was named after Commodore A. Jones of the American frigate *United States*, who, in August, 1842, captured Monterey under a misapprehension based upon a report that war had been declared between this country and Mexico and that an English man-of-war was sailing to take California in the name of Queen Victoria. Leavenworth Street was named in honor of Rev. T. M. Leavenworth, chaplain of Stevenson's regiment. Drumm Street was named to perpetuate the memory of Lieutenant Drumm of the warship *Portsmouth*, and this is all that is recorded of him.

Much of this history should be familiar as any household word to San Franciscans, but most of it is now very little of it is taught in the schools of San Francisco, and so little is such learning regarded by our citizens that only recently it was necessary to correct their pronunciation of a number of the names of the principal streets. This indifference to the historic value of street nomenclature was exemplified when Dupont Street was widened between Market and Buena Vista Streets and called Grant Avenue. There were oth-

streets that could have been named for General Grant without infringing upon the only record we possess indicating that Rear-Admiral Dupont was the actual founder of the American city of San Francisco. Something similar was intended in the proposition to change the name of Devisadero Street to "Funston Avenue" in compliment to General Funston, a worthy soldier and a newspaper hero of magnitude, but a part of the history of San Francisco only in the fact that he was in charge of the government troops during the calamity period of April, 1906. If it was proper or necessary that General Funston should be thus honored for strict and adequate performance of his duty, his name could have been inscribed on the corner of one of the streets bearing the conventional and therefore meaningless titles common to the vast majority of American cities. It was certainly not proper nor in any degree necessary that the only descriptive Spanish name in San Francisco should be taken from one of our most beautiful streets and General Funston's substituted.

Assaulting the Home.

A new word has been added, temporarily let us hope, to the vocabulary of the English-speaking race. More accurately, the word itself is old, but the meaning is new, and its application has been narrowed to define a specially vicious condition. The word is "affinity," and it is used as a soft-sounding synonym for words of ancient lineage descriptive of a sex relation that has never been legitimized by any race or people living upon a plane far removed from barbarism. An "affinity" is a woman that takes the place of a wife while the wife is living and in full possession of her marital rights. The difference between an "affinity" and other women of the same moral standard is in the open and unblushing avowal of the illicit relationship. The wife's redress is divorce, as in ordinary cases of flagrant and persistent infidelity by the husband.

Notable among recent instances of "soul-mating," as the advocates of this new phase of debauchery call it, is the Earle-Kuttner episode. Ferdinand Pinney Earle is an artist of some repute in New York; Julia Kuttner was a "settlement worker," and a woman of more than ordinary culture and refinement. Earle was a married man, but he had tired of his legitimate wife, and when he met Miss Kuttner he claimed her as his "affinity." Miss Kuttner, nothing loth, accepted the man's proposition and accompanied him to his home. Disgust rather than resentment drove Mrs. Earle from the house, and shortly after she secured a divorce from her husband. One year later, and twelve days after a babe had been born to them, Earle was arrested for beating and choking his "affinity." It is a story that drips from the pen of a Zola; a story that better fits the environment of the slums and stews of a great city than the atelier of an artist or the home of a refined and cultivated woman. Yet, in all candor, it must be said that the woman got no more than she deserved from her miserable apology for that which goes to the making of a man. The consequences were inevitable. A husband that would deliberately insult his own wife by compelling her to make way in her own home for his odalisque would not hesitate to beat and choke the woman that he had thus invited to supplant the wife. It was the brute in the man that induced the first transgression and the same brutality was certain to manifest itself, sooner or later, in the manner that eventually characterized the treatment inflicted upon his "affinity" by artist Earle.

Marriage is not only a sacred obligation, but it is a guaranty of the solidarity of every institution of civilized society. Abolish marriage as it is now established in civilized communities and the social structure would crumble as a house built on the sand; civil government would be impossible; and a species of anarchy would prevail, involving every relationship now serving to solidify and perpetuate civic righteousness, civic probity, and civic morality. Property interests would be inextricably involved and laws governing succession and inheritance would be swept from the statute books. The direst evil that could be thrust upon humanity would be the abolition of marriage as a civil contract.

Even in those half-civilized countries where polygamy is recognized the headship of the household is in the wife and the "affinity" or "favorite" is entirely subordinate. It is the first wife of the Turk that governs all the others and is supreme by the law of the Koran in the counsel and affection of her husband. In China the wives of a man that can afford to have more than one are numbered, and their position in the house-

hold is strictly determined by the number they bear. In all nations and tribes the laws are made to conform to the natural requirements of the marriage relation, to the end that there shall be no violent and unseemly wrangling by the offspring of marriage over the accumulated property of the family when, in the course of nature, the father of the family shall have ceased to exercise his control.

Thus it is clear that aside from the moral issue involved, formal marriage is a necessary adjunct of definite government. But it is the moral purpose that appeals to the civilized man most strongly. The home is the basis of what may be called Saxon civilization, and the home is where the wife, the mother, abides, be it a palace or a hut or a tent in the desert. It is the home idea and the effort to preserve the home from all contamination that has made the Saxon strain dominant in the affairs of the world. It was a predilection for "affinities" that made all-conquering Rome an easy spoil for the Goth and the Frank, reared at the knees of mothers who reigned supreme in their homes. There were no "affinities" in that age among that people, and it was reserved for a civilization ripe almost to rottenness to produce a breed of men tolerant of conditions that encourage the severance of the marriage tie upon trivial provocation.

American civilization has reached the point where it is necessary to decide once for all whether marriage is a solemn and lasting obligation or merely a temporary convenience to be dispensed with at the will or the whim of the contracting parties. We have tolerated loose ideas concerning the marriage relation, until divorce by collusion has merged into open defiance of marriage itself and the laws that prohibit the violation of the marriage relation. It is a most abhorrent condition when an action for divorce can be forced upon a wife that has been true to her vows and obligations by a husband that has "found an affinity." Yet the "affinity" is the direct and logical consequence of the collusive divorce. It is the last refuge of the hestial husband that has failed to move his wife from her determination to preserve the integrity of her wifehood—a brutal assault upon her self-respect far more heinous than the blows that the plug-ugly of the slums showers upon his blow-calloused helpmate.

A New Element of Humor.

Bret Harte in his most exuberant flights never conceived a more humorous "situation" than the one that came as a climax to a stage robbery by "a lone highwayman" in the Yellowstone Park last week. Seven stage-coaches containing 125 passengers were "held up" by one man, armed with an automatic rifle, and the helpless victims were compelled to contribute about \$2000 in cash. Thus far the rules of the game were strictly followed, although the number of stages stopped and the number of passengers robbed were considerably in excess of the conventional complement in such cases made and provided either in history or romantic fiction. That the robber used an automatic rifle and smokeless powder may be regarded as a concession on the part of the bandit to modern science; he was an up-to-date footpad, that was all, and he preferred the latest contrivance in lethal weapons to the ancient and obsolete saved-off shotgun loaded with buckshot, sixteen to the pound, long celebrated in Western and especially in Californian song and story.

The humor of the episode developed after the dramatic feature had ended, and it was contributed exclusively by the indignant passengers. Instead of strutting their brief hour on the stage where the limelight dazzles and splendors, posing as temporary heroes and heroines, and thereafter retiring gracefully into the obscurity from which they had involuntarily emerged, these passengers "organized" with a "chairman" and a "secretary," and after uttering their thoughts and opinions in loud words and strong language, they "unanimously" adopted a series of "resolutions" reciting the gross indignity to which they had been subjected and requesting the Secretary of the Interior of the United States to make an investigation with a view to ascertaining whether there had been neglect of duty on the part of the park guardians and whether "the aggrieved citizens have means of redress and compensation from the government." Whence it is fair and logical to conclude that truth is funnier than fiction.

Old Californians and those who are familiar with the habits, customs, and traditions of the wilder and woolier West will smile broadly when they read in these resolutions that "these travelers were entirely defenseless, as by the rules of the park tourists and

visitors are not permitted to carry weapons of offense or defense." Any one who has looked into the dark and deadly muzzle of a road agent's shotgun will appreciate the absurdity of a protest against a rule that prohibits the carrying of offensive or defensive weapons into a region where such tools are utterly useless without the accompanying privilege of what is technically known as "the drop," a precaution that is invariably provided by the person or persons conducting the hold-up. The history of the Far West from the headwaters of the Green River and along the Pacific littoral from Vancouver to Ensenada, is replete with instances in which stages loaded with sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, desperadoes, and "bad men" of varying "records," all of them armed from boot to collar, have been held up by one, two, or three men, tall or short, or tall and short, and ignominiously deprived of their "guns," knives, and money. The question naturally arises: What would these "tourists and visitors" have done if they had been permitted to "carry weapons of offense and defense" into the bandit belt of the Yellowstone reservation? It is possible, no doubt, that some fool tourist, unacquainted with the rules of the game, might have attempted to "draw," and it is also possible that the relatives of the fool tourist would subsequently have telegraphed for the remains. Fool tourists, however, seldom take themselves as seriously as that.

There is not the slightest desire to censure these "tourist and visitors" for harboring ill feeling towards a government that so flagrantly failed in its duty towards those whom it is its province to protect. Neither is it our purpose to defend the Interior Department from the implication contained in these Yellowstone resolutions that the secretary of that department or some coördinate authority should have so arranged the circumstance that the bold bandit would have been caught in the act. It is not our intention to make light of the humiliation and chagrin of these passengers incident to an adventure peculiarly humiliating and eminently provocative of the profoundest chagrin. The episode is cited merely to show that East is East and West is West and that never the twain shall meet. It is a study in contrasts. These were pilgrims from the Near East and Farther East; they came into the West wholly unprepared to accept Western conditions as they might find them, demanding that Eastern methods and Eastern conventions should be applied singularly in their case; they would have expressed no surprise if they had found a policeman in khaki at every crossroad; they would have taken it as a matter of course if the park patrol had been ordered to escort them through the wilderness of the great reservation. Moreover, notwithstanding the pleasure they have derived from the perusal of Bret Harte's vivid descriptions of hold-ups in the West, they could not accommodate themselves to the reality in the spirit of those to the manner born or reared.

The Westerner, on the other hand, not only expects to be held up every time he fares forth on a journey by stage through the unsettled sections of his horizonless domain, but he is somewhat disappointed when he arrives at his journey's end unrobbed. This expectation induces the precaution of traveling light financially, and as a rule he refrains from bearing arms. He argues that he who steals his purse will steal trash, and he does not feel bound to risk his life in defense of the express company's treasure-box. Highway robbery is, in the opinion of the true Westerner, an ancient if dishonorable custom of the country, and its regulation absolutely within the province of the sheriff of the county in which the robber practices his profession. The Western rule in these affairs is to submit as gracefully as the circumstances may allow, to yield promptly to every demand of the man behind the gun, to "drive on" when so ordered, and finally to report the incident to the sheriff, who in his turn summons a posse and starts in pursuit of the robber. If the sheriff knows his business and if the robber has not got too far beyond his jurisdiction the next act in the little comedy is "a running fight," perhaps, a dead robber or two, another in shackles, and a conviction before a duly constituted court of justice. Nobody thinks of adopting resolutions of regret, condolence, or protest, and such resolutions as the aftermath of a highway robbery in the West are as laughable and ridiculous in the purview of the Western-bred man as similar resolutions would be in the opinion of the Easterner if adopted by a caucus of the citizens held up by "thugs" in New York or Chicago every night in the year.

Therefore, it is pertinent to inquire: Why should these "tourists and visitors" object by resolution to being held up in the Far West, insisting on "rules

and compensation" from the government, while they forever hold their peace when subjected to similar indignity in Central Park or on Prairie Avenue? Why should the Interior Department be denounced for inadequately protecting touring pilgrims in the Yellowstone Park, while the police departments of the robber-infested cities of the effete East are not only permitted to escape such denunciation, but are oftentimes eulogized in the public prints for their "efficiency" and their "vigilance," upon the hypothesis that if they had not been so efficient and vigilant there would have been more robberies on the highways of those cities? We fear that the Eastern sense of humor is not as highly developed as this saving human quality is in the West. Or if it is, the Yellowstone resolutions would indicate that it lacks breadth and is not provoked to genuine laughter except when the other fellow's ox is gored. Perhaps those "tourists and visitors" who were not held up are laughing as heartily at those resolutions as any citizen of the West.

Editorial Notes.

The Fresno *Republican* quotes a recent remark of the *Argonaut's* characterizing His ex-Excellency Dr. Pardee as "a weak creature of essentially feminine mind," and asks: "Did you ever hear any of his decidedly masculine vocabulary?" Yes, we have heard something of that vocabulary, but bad never thought to regard it as masculine. We have never thought, indeed, of vulgarity as belonging exclusively to any particular gender. Dr. Pardee's "vocabulary" we long ago set down among the several outward marks of that mental and moral weakness which characterizes the man. Strong men do not cultivate a lurid "vocabulary"; they make themselves heard—and heeded as well—by quiet forms of speech. It is the man who feels the need of some extraneous aid to emphasis, who knows himself weak, who resorts to oaths and epithets. Our good friend Rowell will have to find some better proof of manliness in his friend Pardee than the habit of blankety-blanking everything and everybody.

Mr. Chafin, Prohibition candidate for the presidency, is good enough to let us know precisely how he would apply his nostrum in case of his success. Failing the support or approval of the national legislature, and on his own personal responsibility and initiative, he would apply all the military and naval power of the country to the forcible suppression of the liquor traffic in all its branches. Of course, we need not take Mr. Chafin too seriously. The danger of his candidacy is not of the kind to make our flesh creep, but his pleasant little programme is useful as showing the state of mind of those who allow themselves to be obsessed by a single moral idea. In pursuit of a project that is no doubt a fit subject for ordered and balanced political reflection Mr. Chafin would overthrow the whole structure of representative and democratic government, would play the part of a despot, and would plunge the country into practical anarchy. But why indeed should he stop at America? If the army and the navy are to be used for domestic coercion, why not apply them also to foreign countries who may show themselves a little backward in the cause of prohibition? Why not declare a holy war with a rallying cry of Prohibition or Death?

The original Almack's Club in London, afterwards known as Willis's Rooms, had a curious origin. It began as a tavern, started by Lord Bute's butler, McCall, who proposed to give it his own name—McCall's, but judicious friends warned him that the tremendous unpopularity of Scots in London at that time, for which McCall's master was largely responsible, would spell ruin to an establishment so called. "Very well," said McCall, "I will call it Almack's." The present Almack's Club is a more fashionable organization which chose to adopt the old name.

The political term "gerrymander" celebrates the name of Elbridge Gerry, a governor of Massachusetts, who was an adept in the art of so arranging election districts that his own side had a dominating proportion of representatives. The story goes that Russell, the editor of the *Continental*, had in his office an election map of Massachusetts, in which the painter Stuart thought he saw a district in the shape of a salamander, and pointed it out. "A Gerrymander," answered Russell, and the word became a proverb.

The Somaliland Mullah is reported to have burnt alive followers who were found guilty of having used cartridges otherwise than in warfare.

The lepers on the island of Molokai wanted the fleet to pass by that lonesome spot so that they could get a glimpse of it.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

That Mr. Gompers would be unable to swing the labor vote to his own particular point of the compass was a foregone conclusion to those who know that the laborer has his own political convictions and that he holds them just as strongly as any one else. Reports from all over the country show that there is the expected spirit of independence amongst labor men and something more than a suggestion of resentment at being, as it were, tied up in a parcel and delivered at the Democratic counter. There are, of course, some unions who announce that they will obey. That is to say, there are some unions where Democrats are in a majority, but it is evident enough that to talk about a solid labor vote is nonsense.

Take, for instance, the International Women's Garment Workers of New York, which is one of the American Federation of Labor unions. This particular body took Mr. Gompers's instructions under consideration, and this is more than a great many of the unions have done. Its members not only decided to send no contributions, but they passed a resolution adverse to Mr. Bryan. So much for a solid labor vote with the finger of Mr. Gompers on the trigger.

Then, again, there is the Central Labor Union of Philadelphia that met on August 23. The union was exhorted in terms almost scriptural in their fervor to "stand by Gompers" and indorse the Democratic national ticket. But the union did nothing of the sort. In fact, the atmosphere of the whole Arctic north was perceptible in the room and Mr. Gompers was referred to the committee of fifteen, and if he gets any sympathy from the committee of fifteen it will be in some unforeseen manner. The Bryanites were in a hopeless minority from the beginning. Two or three of the unafraid voiced their convictions, but it would have been better for them had they remained silent. The main effect of their plea was to arouse the representative of the Cigar Makers' Union, a gentleman rejoicing in the name of William Shakespeare. "When Samuel Gompers says the Democratic party is fair to labor he tells a deliberate untruth," shouted Shakespeare. "Let him turn to the Democratic solid South if he wants to find conditions that are horrible and a disgrace to civilization. Neither Gompers nor the executive board of the American Federation of Labor has the right to dictate how the American workingman shall vote, what he shall eat, or what he shall wear. We have cut loose from the despotism of hard employers and we will not tolerate it from our own leaders. They have bitten off more than they can chew and they will learn their mistake.

"We can not be led by the nose like cattle. It is too late in the day of civilization for that. I don't know what is hack of this movement, but I do know it is not for the best interests of the American workingman."

There is plenty more of the same kind from many different parts of the country. Another cigar maker spoke right out in meeting at the Central Federated Union of New York. His name was only Brown and he could hardly be expected to speak with the fervor of William Shakespeare (of Philadelphia), but he did protest that for the unions to go into party politics would be fatal to their best interests. But enough said. In the words of the immortal William Shakespeare (of Philadelphia) the Gomerites "have bitten off more than they can chew."

A determined effort is being made to show that Mr. Taft is insincere in his avowed determination to secure a revision of the tariff. Those who ought to know better, and who of course do know better, say that revision may be upward or downward and that when Mr. Taft refers to the tariff he does so with his tongue in his cheek. A few days ago he was asked if he would make a tariff speech in reply to Mr. Bryan's address at Des Moines, which is said to have caused an exciting time in Wall Street, where nerves and inflamed conscience are still the fashionable ailments. Mr. Taft said that his views on the tariff were well known, that he had expressed them often enough, and with special clearness in his Bath speech, and that their repetition seemed to be hardly necessary. It may be remembered that in his Bath speech he said:

Speaking my individual opinion, and for no one else, I believe that since the passage of the Dingley bill there has been a change in the business conditions of the country making it wise and just to revise the schedules of the existing tariff. The sentiment in favor of a revision of the tariff is growing in the Republican party, and in the near future the members of the party will doubtless be able to agree on a reasonable plan.

Mr. Taft now goes on to say that if elected he will instantly call an extra session of Congress to take up the question and to do it on the broad grounds of the public good and in deference to what he believes to be the intention of the people. There is no *double entente* in his mind and there should be a warm reception to every attempt to represent him as a shuffler. Speaking at Columbus, Ohio, he was even more explicit than he was at Bath. He said:

Whenever the tariff imposed is largely in excess of the differential between the cost of production in the two countries, then there is formed at once a great temptation to monopolize the business of producing the particular product and to take advantage of profit in the excessive tariff. This denies to the people altogether the economies of production that competition under a protective tariff should develop.

When changes take place in the conditions of production likely to produce a very large reduction in the cost of production in the United States it is time that the schedules should be reexamined, and if excessive they should be reduced so as to bring them within the jurisdiction of the rule by which the amount of tariff to be imposed under the protective system is properly determined.

There is no reason to feel surprised at such utterances nor to suppose that they indicate the slightest departure from sound Republican policies. Mr. McKinley at least was never supposed to have weak knees on the subject of a protective tariff and in Mr. McKinley's impressive speech at Buffalo, his farewell speech, he said in unmistakable terms that the time had come to reform the tariff, and by speaking of reform

he meant a change that would bring the schedules more in touch with changed conditions and in the interests of the people as a whole and not of a section nor of a class.

Democrats are naturally a little gleeful over the senatorial squabble in Iowa, but a glance at actual conditions should dispel their cheerfulness and replace it by a profound and wholesome gloom. Majorities are stuhhorn things, and the Republican vote is too large to be overcome. Why even when Cleveland was elected in 1892 Iowa remained loyal to the Republican party by a plurality of 20,000, and the managers today have every ground for complacency.

But complacency is not the same thing as over-confidence. The Democrats will do their best and they are encouraged by the fact that the gold men who rejected Bryan in 1896 and 1900 and those who refused to support him in 1904 have come back to the fold and have fallen upon each other's necks with tearful promises never to quarrel again—till next time. Mr. Bryan himself is blowing gently upon the smoking flax. He chose Des Moines to begin his campaign outside of his own State, and, while the Republicans are safe enough if they do their political duty, there must be no folding of the hands to sleep.

Ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick of Ohio has no doubt at all of Mr. Taft's success. He says:

Mr. Taft will maintain the traditions and continue the policy of President Roosevelt if he considers them necessary to the administration of the government. All one has to do is to look at Mr. Taft's history to decide that he is independent and fearless, and can't be led by any one. He's a good judge, and knows right from wrong. He will see that everybody gets justice. In England those who are students of politics speak with great admiration of Judge Taft and commend highly his work in the Philippines.

Congressman James Francis Burke of Pittsburg utters a word of timely warning against the fallacy that Mr. Bryan could do no harm in the White House in the face of an adverse Senate. He points out that merely as a disburser of money the President is without a rival in the world. Through the agencies under his control he will this year disburse about a billion dollars.

Congressman Burke goes on:

In view of the fact that during the fifteen years of Bryan leadership the States controlled by his party have decreased from 23 to 12; the number of senators from 48 to 31; the number of representatives in Congress from 220 to 164, and that at that time the Democratic party was in control of the ground, whereas it is now, as a consequence of his teachings, a hopelessly heterogeneous mass of Populistic elements, the American people can see little prospects of a constructive policy if Mr. Bryan should succeed.

These are useful figures, known already in a general way, but now presented with precision.

During the last few months we have heard from all sorts and conditions of men as to their political intentions and sympathies and we have noted with satisfaction that the Republican side of the national balance has shown its fitting and rightful preponderance. But we were in doubt about the harbers, whose connection with the intellectual factors of the struggle is so unquestioned that it would be a fatal mistake to undervalue their influence upon the national choice. What would the harbers do? Would they inscribe upon their banners the magical formula of "Taft and the Trusts" or would they he found hearing aloft the imperishable sentiment of "Bryan and Bust"? There was a tragical feeling of uncertainty. There was no foregone conclusion in the matter. It had been whispered abroad, doubtless by some stealthy Democrat, that William H. Taft shaves himself and visits a tonorial emporium only once in four months to have his hair cut. Thirty-five cents in four months—it may be cheaper down East—is not much to pay in support of one of our great industries, and we felt that if the charge were true Mr. Taft would be leading a forlorn hope.

But the charge is not true and there is halm in Gilead. The Barbers' Convention, in New York assembled, has considered this matter and the verdict is not guilty. Mr. Taft does not shave himself; he would scorn the act, and as for the four months' imputation it is a scandalous libel. Mr. Taft has his hair cut every month, while as a matter of fact it is Mr. Bryan who shaves himself, and there is some pictorial reason to believe that he never has his hair cut at all. After the chairman had significantly expressed his gratification at the result of the inquiry he inadvertently ejaculated "next" and the business of the convention proceeded.

If children are to play their usual part in the present campaign, there will have to be an editorial staff to revise their communications before publication. Mr. Taft has received a letter from a small person who says: "Dear Mr. Taft—My daddy thinks a lot of you and I like everybody my daddy likes, especially when I have never met them." The concluding qualification is no doubt conscientious, but it is undiplomatic and it ought to be deleted.

The sense of political responsibility possessed by the Prohibition candidate is worthy of a woman's club, and in the words of Mr. Barkis we "can say no fairer than that." Mr. Eugene W. Chafin informs us:

If I am elected President of the United States on November 3 and have a Congress that refuses to pass a prohibitory law, I shall use the power conferred upon me by the Constitution, and call out the militia and the standing army and the navy, and force prohibition on every inch of territory under the American flag.

But why stop at the "American flag," Mr. Chafin? Thus frolicsomenly inclined and with the militia, the standing army, and the navy at your command, why stop at revolution at home? Why not invade Canada and enforce prohibition "from Greenland's icy mountains" to "India's coral strand"? Declare a Jihad, a Holy War, and "try to make us orthodox, by apostolic blows and knocks," as it seems we can't be moved in any other way. But all the same we are glad of the warning, although the danger can hardly be described as imminent.

SATANIC RIVALRY IN MANHATTAN.

Manager Savage and Manager Fiske Make Simultaneous Presentations of "The Devil."

They are playing "The Devil" at two of the theatres this week and the result shows, as was to have been expected, that the malevolent personage of many titles is very attractive to the crowd. He always has been, when we come to think of it, though he has usually been named Mephistopheles in the play. And he is still an importation, this time from Buda-Pesth, whence almost anything not entirely delightful might come if the suggestion in the name is not misleading. Again, he is still a stirrer-up of strife, whereat he chuckles with the many.

Briefly, one Ferenc Molnar, a young Hungarian playwright who had not previously startled the public, wrote a play entitled "Der Teufel" which attained success in German Europe without a single false start. Of course, American managers were at once eager to secure the right of presentation. They are not to be condemned for their desire to play certainties. Henry W. Savage thought he had captured the prize. He gained possession of the manuscript, had Oliver Herford make the play over into English, and a month ago produced the adaptation in Hartford under the title "The Cloven Foot." It promised well, before a rural audience, but there seemed to be a possible advantage in changing the last act—making a happier disposition of the afflicted characters. The matter was taken under serious consideration, and in the meantime announcement was made that the play would have its metropolitan presentation at the Garden Theatre early in September.

But when you deal with "The Devil" you are not sure of anything. Suddenly flashed upon the Manhattan public the intelligence that Harrison Grey Fiske would bring out Molnar's play, adapted and translated by Alexander Konta and William Trowbridge Larned, at the Belasco Theatre on Tuesday evening, August 18. This was, it is alleged, a bolt from the blue that shocked Manager Savage inexpressibly. However, theatrical people are nothing if not resourceful. Rush messages radiated from the manager's office, and his scattered forces were brought in from seashore and mountain retreats in the provinces, their vacations summarily vacated. There were only three days left for rehearsals and for the indispensable outfitting by stage carpenters and scene painters. For the equally important preliminary press work the time was even more inadequate, but there are many paths to publicity and most of them soon became warm to the tread. Newspaper columns, billboards, banner-bearers, and electric lights told of the contest about to take place, and the only uncertainty was whether it would be confined to the theatres. Threats of injunctions, and processes, and writs, and all the various methods and materials of court procedure, were muttered and whispered and hissed. Nothing came of the rumblings and lightning flashes except simultaneous presentations of the play in the presence of large audiences. And a quite satisfactory conjunction, too.

It is no longer a manager's battle, however the sides of rights and royalties are resolved. The play itself, and the art of the actors in the title-rôle, are the rime interests in the dramatic field. First, it may be said that Molnar's play is a brilliant and powerful satire. It tells a story of real life with a joyless ending, and its figures are forceful creations. A Viennese artist is about to be married to a young heiress. The match is really arranged by a former sweetheart of the artist, now married to a rich merchant. The artist and his earlier love have been nothing to each other for six years, and she has come to consider herself merely a good friend and visits his studio to sit for her portrait. Enter, a casual acquaintance of the artist, really a tempter, whose comments and suggestions stir up a passion which has slumbered since the former lovers were parted by her marriage. That is all there to it, except, of course, the involved interests of the husband and the bride-to-be. In every scene the shadow of the evil one hovers over the characters, and its influence drives them inevitably to the catastrophe. But he is witty, even humorous, while he nets and peevishly entangles his victims. "A wife is like a mole—without it the eyesight is clearer." "Consider how stupid it would be if every one told the truth; there'd be no conversation." "There is only one true woman—the other fellow's wife." "When a tigress has already swallowed her man the other man has nothing to fear from her." These are specimen quotations from the cynical dialogue.

Edwin Stevens is "The Devil" in Mr. Savage's production, an actor with an established reputation for excellent character work in former years in Daly's and Charles Frohman's companies. He is probably as versatile as any member of the theatrical profession, perhaps the most eminent in this respect, since Mansfield no longer here. As a comedian in comic opera he has long been a star, and he goes from the legitimate drama to the frivolity of the musical comedy libretto with ease and sureness. In his present production, for he was certainly first in the part in America (though he had the aid of Julius Herzka, actor-general of the Volks Theatre, Vienna, who he over to assist Manager Savage), he has made, as always, so far as his New York record shows, a popular success. He is a suggestion of the "Faust" Mephistopheles, but he emphasizes the humor of the rôle and makes it more materialistic than mystical. He is well portrayed by Dorothy Dorr and Paul McAllister.

George Arliss, in the Fiske production, gives a more subtle character to the central figure. He is polished, suave, and keen, but more inclined to mystery and magic than to mirth. The Konta and Larned version is more cynically pessimistic than that of Mr. Herford, and less calculatingly diverting. Mr. Arliss, accomplished actor as he has proved himself in his support of Mrs. Fiske, makes all his points and without marked effort. It is as well, perhaps, that there is a contrast in the styles of the two leading actors in the rival productions.

Both the Belasco Theatre and the Garden have been besieged by anxious applicants for seats since the opening night, and a long run seems certain for the two exploitations of satanic mischief. FLANEUR.
NEW YORK, August 24, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Closing Scene.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their lazy hills,
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erstwhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the night,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censor swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom, upon the howers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in the most cheerless air,
And where the woodhine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying tread.

She had known Sorrow—he had walked with her,
Of supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War howled to her his sable plume,—
Regave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone,
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped,—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

It is almost impossible at the present time to find an unappropriated site for the development of water-power within reasonable distance of a market anywhere in the Northwestern States, or on the west side of the Sierra Nevadas. The extent to which this utility is passing into the hands of large companies is shown by the fact that in California alone four of them have an aggregate capital of fifty-five million dollars and operate thirty hydro-electric plants and eighteen steam plants. The largest of these corporations supplies power to twenty-six individual lighting companies and twelve electric railways, in addition to a number of cities and towns where it has its own sub-stations. There is in constant operation in the State more than two hundred thousand horse-power derived from water.

Henry Farman, the aeroplane expert, has gone back to Paris. The exhibitions of his airship in New York were a financial failure, probably through bad management.

BARON VON STERNBURG'S CAREER.

The Late German Ambassador Won American Good Will by Unaffected Interest and Plain Speaking.

Baron Hermann Speck von Sternburg, German ambassador to the United States, died suddenly at the Hotel Victoria, in Heidelberg, August 23. He had gone to that city from America to consult a famous specialist concerning a malignant affection on the side of his head, suspected to be cancer, but which really came from the bite of a poisonous insect in China many years ago. His death occurred suddenly and unexpectedly from inflammation of the lungs. The baroness was with him at the time.

Messages of sympathy and condolence were received by Baroness von Sternburg from the Kaiser, from President Roosevelt, and many friends of her husband in the diplomatic service. In the baron's long career he had won the highest regard of many, and from all who had known him well came expressions of sincere regret.

From his youth the late ambassador was a close student, yet one who found absorbing interest in real affairs:

Baron von Sternburg was of German ancestry, as his name indicates, but his place of birth was Leeds, England. At that time—August 21, 1852—his father, Baron Alexander, and his mother, Baroness Martha (Shaw) Speck von Sternburg, were living in that place. The son was educated in Germany at the Furstenschule St. Afra, Meissen, Saxony, and the military academy at Potsdam, Prussia. He made special studies in international law, political economy, and military and naval sciences. Entering the army, he took part in the Franco-German War, in the Second Saxon Dragoons. His active military career continued thereafter until 1885.

He was then appointed military attaché of the German legation in Washington. In 1889 he was reappointed to the same post, and was transferred to the general staff of the German army, with the rank of major. In 1890 he entered the diplomatic service, and was made first secretary of legation at Peking, and remained in China six years. He then became chargé d'affaires at Belgrade, Servia. In 1898 he returned to Washington as first secretary of the German embassy. In the same year he served as the representative of Germany on the Samoan Commission. In 1900 he became German consul-general for British India and Ceylon. He was married in that year, in London, to Miss Lillian May Langham of Louisville and took his bride to Calcutta.

His third visit to the United States was the beginning of still more important diplomatic work:

In 1903 he was sent to Washington as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary on a special mission relative to the Venezuelan claims. He had conducted the delicate negotiations in regard to Samoa so well that he was intrusted with this more important function, and his ability and success in settling the difficulties regarding Venezuela were such that he was appointed ambassador to the United States in July, 1903, to succeed Baron von Holleben. His close personal friendship with Mr. Roosevelt dated from the time of his service as secretary of the embassy, when Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Ambassador von Sternburg was one of the so-called tennis cabinet of the President, and they frequently played with Secretary Garfield and Assistant Secretary Murray in close contests over the net.

There were incidents in the service of Baron von Sternburg, even in connection with the United States, which proved that he was not always complaisant:

He was one of the German commissioners conspicuous in the negotiations following the outbreak of the Boxer troubles in China. He was recalled from his secretaryship to Berlin for a special conference with the authorities there. A letter written by Major-General Chaffee to Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, commander of the international forces in China, accused the German troops of barbarism. Baron von Sternburg demanded an apology from the United States government. It became necessary for the Cabinet to move in the matter, and a letter was written finally under the direction of John Hay, then Secretary of State, which soothed the angry feelings of the German war lords.

As late as 1903 the relations between Germany and the United States were not of the most friendly character:

Beginning with the incident at Manila during the Spanish war, when the German admiral showed marked friendliness for the Spaniards, mutual distrust had grown, and this had been fostered by Herr von Holleben, the German ambassador, who had narrowly escaped becoming involved in the presidential election of 1900.

In order to improve these relations the German emperor ordered an American yacht and sent Prince Henry of Prussia to attend the launching and make a tour of the country. He discovered that a change in ambassadors was needed, and Baron Speck von Sternburg was selected. Almost by magic relations between the two governments improved. Friendliness took the place of suspicion. The gift of a statue of Frederick the Great, which the emperor made to the United States, the embarrassment of the government soon became a most prized present, and was dedicated at the War College with elaborate ceremonies. Germany became a friend instead of a suspected foe, and in many ways did the German ambassador foster better relations. Through his efforts a tariff war between Germany and the United States was avoided by the postponement of the imposition of the maximum German duties, and as a result the North commission went abroad and a new commercial agreement was made by the two governments.

Some of the sturdy virtues of the ambassador may be traced easily in his ancestral line:

The grandfather of Baron Hermann Speck von Sternburg, Herr Speck, was a cattle drover who took his steers to England and made a fortune in beef. With his money Herr Speck went back to Saxony, where he purchased the estate of Sternburg. He was made a knight. His son, Alexander, for services recognized by the imperial house, was made a baron, taking as his title the name of the estate purchased by the rich old cattle drover.

It is pointed out that Baron Sternburg belonged to the newer school of diplomats. He sympathized with the idea that an ambassador can do the best service for his country by winning the good will and interest of the people among whom he lives as an envoy. He was a frank admirer of what is best and most helpful in American life, and he mingled freely with Americans, speaking and writing without what was once considered necessary diplomatic reserve.

THE VIGILANTES' VENGEANCE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXIX.

When the Vigilante leaders had arrived at Fort Vigilant, and the prisoners were locked in their cells, the force was dismissed by the grand marshal. Their officers were warned to have the men ready to report for duty when the signal sounded on the alarm bell. A guard of some six hundred men was kept on duty; these patrolled the streets immediately surrounding the fort, keeping them free from interlopers.

Scarcely had he entered than Carleton sent for Truax, the legal counsellor of the executive committee. "Judge," he began abruptly, "it is my opinion that we had better get this business cleaned up now. I question the advisability of keeping these two murderers over night in this building. Up to the present we have met with no bad luck. But the fact remains that we hold three men here as prisoners, and that their friends are among the corrupt and lawless classes, men who live by ballot-box stuffing, hangers-on of saloons, ward heelers, and toughs."

"You're right, Carleton, and their friends are so numerous that they may attempt a rescue."

"Very true, judge. Now in order to head off any attempted rescue, I have given out that the trial of Clancy is to begin tomorrow. As for the other two men, I have told all inquirers that they are merely detained for a time. But these reports I have set afloat to hoodwink the public. I believe we had better go ahead and try Clancy now. If we find him guilty, let us hang him today."

"I agree with you," said the counsellor promptly, "with the exception that I suggest we hang all three of them now. Live men are hard to manage; besides they always have friends. Dead men need no managing, and dead men have few friends. In this world, Carleton, dead men don't count. Dead men are no good. You will find these three individuals much less trouble after they are hanged than before."

"Generally speaking, you are right, judge. Still I am not so sure about Mulligan. He is suspected of several murders, but none of them recent. Of course, he is an all-round rascal, and I know of no man who would look better at the end of a rope. But Vigilante executions should take place immediately on the heels of the crime. That is why I am so anxious to execute Clancy now. It is not many hours since his victim was walking the streets of this city, a strong and vigorous man, and today we met his funeral procession on our way back from the jail. To hang Clancy at once will be an object-lesson to the thieves, thugs, and murderers who now swarm all over the city."

"How about Costa's killing of Robertson?"

"The murder that Costa committed is much more recent than Mulligan's crimes. If we find Costa guilty I recommend hanging him alongside of Clancy."

"Probably you are right," replied the counsellor. "I merely wished to know the opinion of the court before court is convened."

Here both men smiled grimly.

"Did you have any trouble inside of the jail?" inquired the judge.

"No. Everything went very smoothly. Four of us, accompanied by a guard of riflemen, demanded admittance. After some parleying through the wicket, a deputy sheriff returned and admitted us. We asked for the sheriff, who appeared in short meter. I told him we had come for Michael Clancy, and asked that he be immediately delivered to us, handcuffed. The sheriff requested permission to confer with his attorney, who was in attendance. He did so, and then handed me this written reply."

The judge advocate took the paper, and read it aloud: "*Confronted by the large body of armed men with which you threaten this jail, my only recourse is to yield. I notify you, however, that I do so under protest, and merely because I am powerless to resist you. I shall deliver to you the man you ask for, but not handcuffed. If you desire to have him manacled you may have your own men put the irons on him.*"

"I told the sheriff," resumed Carleton, "that so long as he delivered Clancy peaceably, we could take care of him after we got him. In a few moments two of his deputies appeared with Clancy between them. I asked if he was armed, to which the sheriff replied in the negative. None the less I had our men search him and they found an ugly knife in his boot. This was taken from him, and then he was manacled, led out, and put in the carriage."

"Was there any resistance to giving up the other two prisoners?"

"None whatever. When I made the demand the sheriff yielded, and both men were placed at my disposal."

"Were you not surprised at the readiness with which the sheriff gave up the men?"

"I had anticipated some resistance; but when the sheriff looked out of his barred windows and saw the thousands of troops surrounding the jail, and when he glanced up through the skylight of the inner court and saw some of my riflemen looking down on him with their rifles ready, he concluded that there was no use in resistance. He was right. The sheriff is quite quick in seeing the point of anything."

"Did he try to get you to offset his written protest by a written demand or receipt?"

"Yes. He wanted a receipt for the bodies of the three prisoners."

"Which of course you refused to give?"

"Naturally. I firmly declined to do so."

"That's right. Avoid in every way putting yourself on record in these matters. In addition to the danger to your liberty, if things should take an untoward turn, there is always the danger of civil suits against you for damages."

"Indeed?" said Carleton, lifting his eyebrows. "That is not a very agreeable contingency."

"No," said the judge dryly, "not agreeable, but inevitable, in my judgment."

"Changing the subject, let me ask what the Law-and-Order men have been doing this morning, judge? I have not been in a position to hear anything of them."

"They held a meeting in the fourth district court room at ten o'clock today."

"Many there?"

"About a hundred—mostly lawyers."

"Well, lawyers are useful for counsel, but not so much for action. Was their meeting a success?"

"Quite the contrary. They were all down in the mouth. Herman, who was there, tried to encourage them. But the general is still trying to get hold of some arms, and still failing to find them. Furthermore, his attempt to organize the militia, with or without arms, is a pitiful fiasco. The militia are disbanding, and their arms are disappearing."

"Indeed? What is becoming of their arms?"

"Kin savvy? No savvy," replied the judge. "Five drayloads of muskets were delivered here this morning, but I have not the vaguest idea where they came from."

Again the two Vigilantes smiled.

"But let us get to work with this Clancy trial, judge. By this time most of the members of the executive committee must have had their lunch. Suppose you get the members of the committee together, and tell them what they are to do."

"I shall set about it at once. It would be wise to hold a trial with all the forms of law, and to have a jury of twelve men—all Vigilantes, of course. You act as judge, Carleton; I will defend the prisoners, and Carwell can act as prosecuting attorney. We will give the jury every appearance of fairness, letting them withdraw from the courtroom for deliberation if it is thought expedient. Then, when they render their verdict, the executive committee will carry it out."

"That sounds fair, judge."

"Of course it does. Then when these facts are spread throughout the community, as they surely will be, it will put a much more favorable aspect on the Committee of Vigilance. The people will see that our trials are fair and above board, and in every way in accordance with the forms of the regular tribunals."

"Excellent! Now, judge, suppose you start the committee to work, and we'll hold the trial as soon as possible. By the way, you remember that we finally decided to erect the scaffold in the street instead of in the fort? Would you think it advisable to put up the scaffold after or before—?" And Carleton stopped and smiled.

"On mature consideration," replied Truax, with an answering smile, "I would consider it unwise to begin erecting a scaffold in the street before—that is, immediately. However, our men might have the timbers all prepared so that it can be put together in a few moments when the trial is—that is in case—in short, if they are found guilty." And the two men separated to go about their preparations for the trial.

* * * * *

Some hours after the prisoners had been safely lodged in Fort Vigilant, the big bell on top of the building boomed forth the quick beat which the populace had come to know. It was the signal calling together the Vigilante forces. From all over the city the men responded. Soon the approaches to Fort Vigilant were closely guarded, while on the fringes of the soldiery hung an enormous crowd.

Again the bell sounded a signal, and around the throng there ran a murmur that it was the call for the Vigilante Tribunal to convene.

Slowly the minutes passed. So thought the waiting throng in the street. But to the prisoners in the clutch of the Vigilantes the time flashed by as if on lightning wings. If the proceedings of the tribunal were formal, they were also rapid. And at last the impatient crowd heard the big bell boom again. This time it was not a quick beat, but a slow and solemn tolling. And the crowd knew then that the prisoners had been condemned—it was their passing bell.

As the great bell overhead continued to toll, a swarm of men poured from the portals of Fort Vigilant, carrying timbers and tools. In the centre of the street they hastened to erect a scaffolding. Inside the fort the doomed men could hear the dull knocking and hammering which told them that busy hands were building the scaffold on which they were to end their lives. And as the gallows slowly rose, company after company of Vigilantes marched up, until finally the entire force was massed around the square as it had been that morning massed around the jail. Dense crowds stood as close to the square of troops as the circling cavalymen permitted. The tops of buildings commanding the scene were black with human bodies. But inside the square of Vigilante troops no one was permitted to enter.

There was one exception. A closed carriage dashed rapidly down the street, slowly penetrated the crowd, but was stopped at the line of bayonets. A hurried conference followed with the officer in command. The carriage was allowed to enter the square, and drove up

to the portal of Fort Vigilant. Out of it there stepped a woman, dressed in black, and heavily veiled. With her was a priest. He spoke through the wicket to the doorkeeper, but, though apparently excited and urgent, he was forced for some minutes to wait. While standing at the door still waiting, the woman heard the hammering, and turned toward the street. When she saw the planks of the scaffold, she shuddered violently, and averted her face.

"Who is she?"—"Who is with the priest?"—"Who is the woman with Father Seraschi?"

Such were the murmurs that ran around the excited crowd.

The door opened. An officer spoke to the woman. She lifted her veil, he gazed at her scrutinizingly, and allowed her and the priest to enter.

"It's Arabella Kelly!" said a voice.

"That's Bella Costa—Charley Costa's girl!" echoed another.

Then in feverish whispers the crowd discussed the tragedy unrolling itself before their eyes.

"Costa had sent for Bella."—"He was going to marry her before he was hanged."—"He was going to do the right thing by Bella."—"Yes, Costa always was a square sport."—"He was dead game, but this wedding business might upset him."—"Would he die game?"—"Would he leave much money to Bella?"

The ante-mortem wedding did not take long. In less than a quarter of an hour the weeping woman again crossed the threshold of Fort Vigilant, this time a bride. The priest was not with her—he was needed still. Two stalwart Vigilantes had each a hand under her arm-pits, and as they walked along her feet trailed on the ground. Sobbing hysterically, she was lifted into the carriage, which at once drove away.

As the two Vigilantes who had borne the bride turned to reënter the fort, a woman's voice rose from the crowd: "She aint got any bridesmaids!" That the throng was slightly hysterical was shown by the ready laugh which ran around, quickly followed by sombreness and reproach when from an obliging Vigilante came this toothsome rumor:

"Costa didn't send for her to marry him. It was the priest—he wouldn't absolve Costa unless he married Bella first."

Soon the small army of workmen had completed the scaffold. It stood in the street immediately in front of Fort Vigilant. The fort and the entire block was surrounded by soldiery, while around the scaffold itself was a smaller square of soldiers in quadruple rank. The scaffold was elevated well above the street standing on four posts. Its platform was reached by steps. On the north and south sides of the platform heavy posts rose above the platform. Over them ran a cross beam, dangling from which were two new noosed ropes. Practically the whole platform was a hinged trap door, maintained in position by a sliding trigger held by a rope; this, when cut, would let the platform fall.

Outside the hollow square of infantry a mounted patrol rode continuously around the square. On the roof of Fort Vigilant a squad of twenty-five sharpshooters closely watched the crowd. But if there were any friends of the doomed men present, they were overawed by the Vigilante numbers.

Again a signal sounded from the great bell on the roof. The door opened, and a small procession appeared. It was headed by the executive committee escorted by a company of pistol-men selected from each Vigilante company. Behind came the prisoners under heavy guard.

At the head came Clancy. He was a man of mean appearance, with a cunning face, distorted by terror which he vainly attempted to conceal. His arms were bound together at the elbows; thus his hands were loose, and every finger on them was incessantly working. The muscles of his face seemed stretched and tense. He walked unsteadily, and could not keep step with his guards, who walked beside him, each with hand under his arm. Clancy was led up the steps by his guard, and placed in position on the south side of the scaffold. Then Costa came. He seemed composed. He was a handsome man of twenty-five, with a very dark complexion, black eyes, mustache, and hair. His arms were bound as were Clancy's, and he too was supported by guards, although his step was firm, and he seemed to need no assistance.

The crowd had received Clancy in silence. His ignoble appearance, his craven terror, set them against him. But when Costa appeared, his youth, his handsome face, his cool demeanor—all this impressed the crowd. A murmur ran around—a dull murmur of revolt. A frail elderly man made his way toward the line of bayonets shaking his fist and shouting: "That's not right! What! Hang a man like that! Stop! Stop, I say!" He did not even reach as far as the line of bayonets—overwhelmed by his own emotion he suddenly fell to the ground in a fit, writhing convulsively in the dirt, while the two condemned men gazed down at him with glassy eyes.

On the platform stood the hangman, oddly attired in a black robe and cap. The priest who officiated at Costa's wedding ceremony was not permitted to appear on the scaffold. Both men had received such ghost comfort as the priest could give them before they left Fort Vigilant. No time was lost; as soon as the mounted steps they were put in position under the gallows, their legs and arms were strapped, their collars removed, and the nooses put around their necks with the knots carefully adjusted under the left ear.

When all was ready, Carleton addressed the condemned men.

"The executive committee has decided that if you desire to say anything you may do so," he said. "But I warn you that any profane or obscene language will be the signal for springing the trap. Costa, have you anything to say?"

"No," said Costa calmly, "I have nothing to say. I am being lynched, but it is useless for me to protest. So I have nothing to say."

"But I have," cried Clancy. "I've got lots to say. All you folks here think I'm a hardened sinner, but you're mistaken. In a few minutes I must meet my Maker. Do you think I am afraid to meet him? Because I aint. I haven't lived a day that I wasn't ready to meet my Maker. What you got to say to that? Eh? What would my poor old mother say if she was to see her son standing on this scaffold being murdered by the Vigilantes? Do you all understand that? I say I'm being murdered by the Vigilantes. I defy anybody to prove that I committed a murder or done any dishonorable action. I've always been a gentleman. I forgive every man living as I expect my Redeemer to forgive me—all except the Vigilantes. I didn't get a fair trial. No legal jury would have convicted me. And my life was sworn away by them that was bad friends to me. But I'm sure I'll meet my Maker, for I've always lived an honest life. Nobody ever said Mike Clancy was crooked. I was taught by my poor old mother to pray, and from the days of my youth I have prayed as I pray now."

"Mary, Mother of God the Son, pray for me!

"Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ—"

His voice rose to a shriek. Carleton made a silent signal. The hangman pulled on the black cap.

From beneath Clancy's cap there still streamed a babble-babble of inarticulate curses and prayers. The hangman left the platform; the trigger was pulled; with a slam the heavy trap-door fell. The two bodies shot heavily downward; both heads instantly assumed a hideous slantwise position, jammed tightly against the right shoulder; each body twirled for a moment—oscillated—stopped.

With awed faces the vast crowd gazed silently on the inert forms which a few moments before had been living, breathing men. And still, under the eyes of all, the epileptic writhed, and kicked, and slavered in the lust of the street, unheeded by all. For to them the mystery of life was not so compelling as the mystery of death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE KING OVER THE WATER.

romance of the Pretender, James Francis Edward, "The Old Chevalier."

For sixty-five years was James Francis Edward, son of James II of England and Mary of Modena, a king without a throne, and never with conscious eyes did he look upon London, the capital of the land whose sovereignty he claimed. Among the romances of royalty here is none to match the story of the Old Chevalier, but his biographer seems forced to show that there is more of weakness and indecision than of courage and determination, more of constancy to creed than of loyalty to high ideals, in the record. He was a Pretender, proclaimed by his step-sister, Queen Anne, not merely to the crown of England, but to the right and title of a conqueror.

Martin Haile is the author of this first connected biography of the royal exile who was known as James II, and it follows in natural succession his earlier volume on Queen Mary of Modena, mother of the ill-fated prince. The book is a monument of research, laid aside from its devotion to a great figure is notable as a series of historical views of the courts of Europe from 1688 to 1766. From Sweden to Spain, from Charles XII to Pope Benedict XIII and Louis XIV, all countries and sovereigns of the Continent were more or less concerned in the pretensions and hopes of the young king of his line, and the biographer has given credit to all who aided the dying cause of the Stuarts, and attention, though less enthusiastic, to all who were prominent in opposition.

There is little in the first chapter even of King James and his queen, who abandoned their London palace and fled across the Channel when Prince James was five months old, on the approach of the invading conqueror, William of Orange. In the early years of his exile King James hoped for restoration, for his son if not for himself:

Even to secure the throne for the son for whose sake he had more than once declared he only labored, James II could not swerve from the inflexible attitude of king by legitimate right. The crown of Poland (on the death of King John Sobieski) was offered him almost at the same moment, and with an equally determined refusal, in which he was not applauded by the queen. He declared he could not accept the allegiance of any other nation without violating the duties of his own. The more worldly-wise were dismayed. Duke Rinaldo of Modena; the Duke of Berwick, who writes in his memoirs of William's proposal: "It was, if I may say so, a great imprudence to refuse such an offer"; the King of France himself attempted in vain to modify the compromising disposition of the English king and queen; the Rizzini, the Modenesse envoy, does not even venture to touch upon his master's counsel with regard to the rights of Prince of Wales.

King James II died in his retreat in France in 1701 and his crown was handed down to the boy who was to spend a lifetime in vain endeavors to sustain it:

Meanwhile, at St. Germain, the queen had entered upon duties as regent to her son, who was now thirteen years and three months old. The first council was held at six o'clock in the evening of September 24, "the young king being

present." His governor, Lord Perth, was declared duke; Lord Middleton, his Secretary of State, Earl of Middleton and Montmouth; Secretary Caryl, Lord Caryl of Dunford; and David Vairne, clerk of the King's Closet.

At the next council, again attended by James, the manifesto or declaration to be sent in his name to the people of England and Scotland was drawn up and sent for approval to Louis XIV through Mme. de Maintenon and the Marquis de Torcy. By his will, James II had commanded his son to take no revenge against his father's enemies nor against his own, and never to use any force in matters of religion.

William III's reply to Louis XIV's recognition of the sovereignty of James III was to recall his ambassador, the Earl of Manchester, from Paris, and to return to England to take more drastic measures against his young kinsman than the publication of libels in which no one believed. He succeeded, not without trouble, in getting a bill passed attainting James of high treason, with the liability of being executed without a trial or any other ceremony than a privy-seal warrant, in the event of his falling into the hands of the reigning sovereign.

There was an opportunity for the friends of James when King William died, but it was not seized:

When William III, riding Sir John Fenwick's horse, was thrown by a stumble over a molehill before the Abjuration Bill had passed the House of Commons, the Tories, while toasting "the little gentleman in black velvet" who had occasioned the fall, hoped that by repeated delays the king's death might occur before the third reading, but William was not to be balked of his last blow at the life of the child whom he had despoiled and persecuted from the cradle. The bill was carried to Kensington Palace on the eve of his last day and a facsimile of the signature which the paralyzed hand could no longer trace was affixed by the side of his dying bed.

The lack of leadership among the Jacobite party, the good order in which the mechanism of government was left by William III, the fact that the Princess Anne was the daughter of the last Stuart king, while the legitimate heir was but thirteen years of age, the reluctance of the English people to receive a king from the hands of their late enemy, the King of France, as well as the illusion cherished by thousands that the Princess Anne would practically rule as regent for her brother, may be counted among the reasons, not forgetting the powerful one of hatred of the Catholic religion, which caused the accession of Anne to pass unchallenged and undisturbed in England.

Among the well-drawn pen pictures in the biography is this of a partisan of James III whose measures for his service ended in failure:

It was said of Lord Mar by the Master of Sinclair that all he inherited from the family of his mother, Lady Mary Maule, daughter of the Earl of Panmure, was "the hump he has got on his back, and his dissolute, malicious, meddling spirit." The description was that of an enemy, who likewise speaks with contempt of Mar's military incapacity; but Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, writing some years later, says that he was "as crooked in mind as he was in body." Like many deformed in person Lord Mar was gifted with a silvery tongue, a persuasive eloquence, and a beguiling way with women. Unfortunately he was incapable of turning to any useful purpose the enthusiasm which his passionate, moving speeches aroused in his followers, and neither the sarcasms of old Lord Breadalbane, who advised him to set up a printing press to record his daily achievements, nor the visible discontents of men like Lord Huntly and the Master of Sinclair, could induce him to alter his methods, or to withdraw his confidence from the outlawed Rob Roy MacGregor, who was well known to be in the pay of the Duke of Argyll, and whose outlawry was left as a safe cloak for his proceedings as a spy in the Jacobite camp.

Early in his career came the love story of the young king, and some of its chapters are like those of the romances of the time:

However sincere and deep was James's grief at the loss of "the best of mothers," he had not much time to spend in mourning, before turning his thoughts to other things. The queen had not lived to see him restored to the throne of his ancestors, nor had she seen the other great wish of her life fulfilled, his happy marriage to insure the continuance of his race. But her buoyant, high-minded courage, her indomitable habit of looking at the bright side of things, led her to say, not long before her death, that her son's prospects had never looked so favorable; and she knew and rejoiced that the negotiations to find a fitting bride had ended in the choice of the Princess Clementina, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, granddaughter of the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland, and reputed one of the greatest heiresses in Europe. Clementina's claim, which had been mooted two years previously, had been in abeyance so long as a niece of Austria or France, a daughter of Muscovy, or a sister-in-law of Sweden could be hoped for; but after Captain Charles Wogan, sent on a tour of inspection of various princesses of Europe, had pronounced the Princess of Baden a dwarf, the Princess of Furstenberg afflicted "with some redness about her nose," and the Princess of Saxony as too old, he had arrived at Ohlau, the court of Prince John Sobieski, after a dreadful journey from Prague. "I have been overturned in sledges, swum in chaizes, and slid down precipices." He sends a very favorable description of Princess Clementina, "the darling of the family . . . in point of sense, discretion, and evenness of temper, and a very becoming modesty. She is about fifteen (she was sixteen) years of age, low of stature, with light brown hair, very pretty black eyes, and genteel little features with a good shape . . . very devout and no manner of airs or variety of humor." She has "a good mixture of haughtiness in her composition, but cunning enough to disguise it upon occasion." She is healthy, but somewhat thin. Prince James is so anxious for the match, and so apprehensive of that with the Czar's daughter, that he promises to make Clementina's portion larger than that of her sister's. As Wogan was a Catholic, and it was deemed expedient that the final negotiations and formal demand for the princess's hand should be made by a Protestant, James Murry, one of James's most faithful adherents, was sent to Ohlau at the end of June, with full credentials and letters to Prince James Sobieski and his wife, and to the young princess; who in a demure little letter answers that, after the expressions of kindness in the king's letter, and the consent of her parents,—"I may sans sortir de la modestie declare to you, sire, that paternal authority had not much trouble to make itself obeyed, or to make my fate depend upon that of your majesty."

There were many difficulties in the way of the marriage:

Although James's marriage negotiations were supposed to be absolutely secret, they were announced in the *Amsterdam Gazette*, and at the same time the news arrived at Urbina that the Elector of Hanover "had solicited" the emperor to prevent the marriage. Charles VI, as we are aware, and as the imperial ambassador in Rome admitted to Cardinal Gualterio, "was not in a position to refuse anything to the Elector of Hanover." Unwillingly enough, the odious injunction was obeyed of first desiring Prince James Sobieski not to give his daughter to James III, and then ordering her arrest. The two empresses, Charles VI's mother and his wife—the former was Princess Clementina's aunt—did their best to render the order inoperative by sending a special messenger to Ohlau, bidding Princess James and her daughter to depart without a

moment's delay, while the emperor's orders to the Governor of Innsbruck went leisurely by post; but the traveling preparations absorbed so much time that the two princesses arrived at Innsbruck twelve hours after the order for their arrest had reached the governor's hands.

With the aid of four trusted friends the princess was finally liberated and carried off in triumph. but the meeting of the royal lovers was still uncertain and strange precautions were necessary:

The mother of the young princess lost heart as the crucial moment drew near, and sent Wogan orders not to come to Innsbruck until the 27th at eight o'clock at night; and when the rescuing party arrived there, sent again to urge delay until the following morning, on account of the badness of the weather and the darkness of the night. But Wogan was firm; he returned answer that the foul weather made for their advantage, "that it was no time to deliberate now, and that all motherly fondness ought to give way." Clementina herself was resolute, and had procured a rope ladder which she meant to use in case of need. The trouble was with Jenny, the maid, who had the important part to play of taking the princess's place in bed for as many hours as she could remain there undiscovered; Chateaufort, who, under cover of a love affair, had won the consent of the gate-porter to bring a woman into the castle for an hour or so, had arranged to take her in, and to let the princess out disguised in Jenny's traveling cloak and hood. As the time drew near, Jenny lost heart, and had to be cajoled and bribed and persuaded, the present of a handsome suit of damask at last turning the scale. She set out at eleven o'clock at night with Captain Wogan—Major Gaydon and Chateaufort preceding them, when one of the latter inadvertently mentioned "the princess," upon which Jenny started and stopped, asking if Captain O'Toole was such a madman as to expect to carry off a princess. "It will never do," said she, "and for my part . . . then they were obliged to stop her mouth with fresh protestations and some pieces of gold. Chateaufort took her into the castle without difficulty, and up to the princess, who, after asking her mother's blessing, stood ready, bathed in tears, in a furred cloak and hood, and with a parcel of jewels in her hand—the priceless pearls, and some diamonds, which had belonged to Mary Queen of Modena, and which James had been able to convey to his bride. Jenny, while enveloping her in the traveling cloak and hood which she herself had worn, bade her dry her eyes, and cheered her up with comforting assurances of Captain O'Toole's "honor and worth." Clementina passed out unchallenged, Chateaufort hiding her good-night in the porter's presence, and in a voice loud enough to reach Captain Wogan's ear, who was waiting as near the gate as he dared approach.

The rain and snow heat with violence, and the princess's first words were to apologize for keeping him waiting in such weather; and she laughed as she got her feet wet in the kennel. Wogan led her unnoticed to the inn, where the fire had gone out during the long hours of waiting; they had not ventured to disturb the house by asking for more wood, so Mrs. Misset could only dry the princess's feet and change her shoes and stockings, drawing over them Gaydon's and Wogan's muffs, before leaving Innsbruck at two o'clock in the morning of the 28th of April. They had not reached the first stage of their journey before it was discovered that the princess's parcel of jewels had been left behind; she was for going on without them, but to leave such a mark of identity was not to be thought of, and Captain O'Toole rode back "on the spur." He was gifted with uncommon strength, and was able to lift the inn door off its hinges, secure the precious parcel which lay on the table, and get away again unobserved.

Thus were the bonds sealed which made the king secure in his choice:

During the few days at Bologna, Clementina had been able to provide herself with linen; and with what Major Gaydon describes as "pearl-colored stuff" for a gown and coiffe. On the morning of the 9th of May she rose at five, put on the pearl-colored gown and the coiffe, tied with white ribbons, confining her beautiful hair—with Mary of Modena's pearls round her neck—and went, attended by Mrs. Misset, to the church for confession and communion; after which the marriage ceremony was performed by Mr. Maves, with James Murry as proxy for James III. Before it began, Murry read aloud a declaration from "James, by the grace of God, king," etc., than which a stranger message can seldom have saluted the ears of a bride. It was necessitated by circumstances, for a valid marriage would render Princess Clementina a more desirable capture than ever to George I, as James would be incapable of contracting another marriage while she lived—and she was seventeen years of age. The paper, which Murry was to read "in the most solemn and efficacious manner," set forth that out of affection for the princess, whom the malice of their enemies would seek with redoubled energy to apprehend if a marriage with "an absolute procreation" had been solemnized between them, therefore ". . . we judged it advisable by these presents to restrain the procreation in such a manner that if the said princess should be prevented by violence from joining us after the marriage has been celebrated . . . the said marriage shall be of no effect. . . . Cardinal Gualterio writes of it as a "*Matrimonio de futuro*," at the same time expressing a doubt whether the presence of a priest would not render it a valid marriage in any case.

In spite of a quarrel and separation for four years, James and Clementina were really happy together. She bore him two sons, Charles Edward, Prince of Wales, who was known as the Young Chevalier, and Henry Benedict, Duke of York.

Little space is given in the book to the attempt of the Pretender in 1715 to invade England from Scotland, and the defeat of his Scottish adherents under Lord Mar by the Duke of Argyll, but the story of the effort made by Prince Charles in 1744 is more fully described. The captivating youthful extravagances of the prince, his estrangement from his father and younger brother, and the vain endeavors which repeated the experience of the Old Chevalier are depicted with care. The closing scenes of the life of the king are shown in all their pathos. Both James and Clementina were laid to rest in St. Peter's in Rome with all of royal pomp, though the queen preceded her royal mate by more than thirty years.

Though there is argument in the volume as well as history, it is a worthy effort, especially valuable for its chronological side notes, appendices, and complete index. It is illustrated with a number of fine portraits.

"James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier," by Martin Haile. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$4 net.

Viscountess Molesworth has started a jam factory at her country home, Yalter's Hall, Kent, where the industry is flourishing in a gratifying manner.

THE SILVER TOES OF FATIMA.

By Edith Hecht.

It was with trepidation that Ahou Josef pushed aside the silken curtains to his royal master's audience room.

Had the Caliph been angered by his plain speech of yesternight?—a speech as necessary for him to make as it was unpleasant for his sovereign to hear. sugar plum it with compliments as the vizier might.

The royal countenance had been unruffled. save for a quick gleam in the eyes and a momentary deepening of the vertical furrow between the brows. Then the ever suave voice had answered, "I thank thee for thy plainness of speech, zealous servant. Thou shalt see how I reward such loyalty—but go now"—and the gesture of dismissal had been imperious, final.

All night long Ahou Josef in his palace had awaited with Oriental stoicism the summons that might either bring him the howstring or load him with honors.

But the night had passed without royal message, and here he was as usual for the regular morning audience. His usual precedence was accorded him—pashas, dervishes, and beggars alike made way for him, the favored one, as usual.

Delays were dangerous. He stepped in. The Caliph was seated among many cushions, reclining calmly. He rose, and checked Ahou Josef's obeisance, himself kissing the vizier on the mouth.

"So reward I plainness of speech, and now no more. The Persian princess is to be returned to her royal father with full honors, as prisoner of war. Thou art right—it ill becomes a descendant of Mahomet; he dare not commit the crime unspeakable of making a royal princess a concubine—only one of the legal four can she be, and then she must be asked of her royal father with all due honor. . . . But what will you? . . . it was a moment's temptation . . . the maiden was wondrous fair, like all those Persian women . . . mahfisch; it is over, and a descendant of the Prophet forgets himself no more. Now to other things—and a cup of coffee first."

The slaves served the coffee in the gold, jewel-studded cups reserved for royalty alone. Warily Joseph raised his cup to his lips—poison might lurk therein—but the Caliph arrested the uplifted arm of his subject. "Nay, nay, Josef, not so. That thou mayest know the worth of my love, drink of this," tasting of his own cup and then holding it to Josef. "I will drink thine."

After this condescension what was there to fear? The routine of the morning business went on and was finished. A messenger was sent to Persia with the envoy of honor asking the hand of the princess for the Caliph's son. Thus might peace be cemented. This was the Caliph's own suggestion.

Business over, the Caliph clapped his hands. "And now, Josef, a gift for thy loyalty—a girl of beauty—I would fain have kept her for myself, but"—he shrugged his shoulders—"from the crown of her head and the tips of her rosy fingers, to the end of her silver toes, she is thine—thus do monarchs reward honest servants." The girl had been brought in, her glorious face unveiled, her wonderful, svelte body swathed in a silver-spangled cloud; her slender feet in heavily brodered silver coverings.

Quivering with elation and triumph, Joseph kissed and re-kissed the hem of the royal garment.

"The silver-limbed Fatima"—did the girl shiver slightly—"will he sent to thee as hefts a royal gift, in a kingly coach—that remains thine to keep." The Caliph smiled.

Josef bent his gaze on the girl. She raised her fine, dark eyes to him with look so sad and eloquent—was it compassion; was it fear, or both? Josef knew naught save that this first time love for a woman entered with the passion. She should have naught to fear from him. Respectfully, as a Christian would, he kissed the tips of her fingers. Again that slight shiver, and then he himself dropped her veil; for the Caliph, her sovereign, waved her dismissal.

Carefully Josef lowered the veil with his own fingers. "It is not meet that my wife—with thy leave, my wife, my lord"—the Caliph nodded assent—"should be stared at by others." Concubines Josef had had and cast off in plenty, never yet had he taken a wife.

"When will my sovereign send the lady—my wife," his voice quivered with a new-horn pride, "to me?"

"If thou wishest her to wife—and her hirth is worthy"—was there a sneer in the words?—"thou mayest have a week for the bridal festivities, and another week for dalliance. Thou wilt hear from me when I want thee next—about two weeks hence." Again the gleam of yesterday and the deepening vertical furrow between the eyebrows. The girl cast down her wondrous eyes and clasped her hands convulsively together. Was it virgin fear?

The wedding festivities of Josef were beyond compare. Many a portly Pasha—the Caliph's brother himself—came in secret spleen that his daughter had not been chosen first wife of the handsome vizier.

All this for a slave girl who spoke as yet not one word. However, disappointment was bravely hidden, for the dread Caliph himself

appeared at the first night's festivities. Though he came not again, every day of the marriage feast brought priceless gifts from him to the bride and groom.

The girl remained quiet, passive, calm, among the women when they dressed her in the bridal pink. One only, her gorgeous footgear, she arranged herself; that was her whim: no living mortal could see those slender feet. Eunuchs and women alike humored the whim of the vizier's toy. Time enough when her husband chose to heat it out of her. Even to the bridal bed she wore the silver brodered stockings. Josef noticed, and then she spoke her first words to him. "It is my will, but if thou wishest," mechanically she repeated; "from the crown of my head and the tips of my rosy fingers to my silver toes I am thine." And then she threw herself, sobbing, on his shoulder. "I love thee, Josef," she said simply, at the end. His arm went round the quivering waist, he raised the tear-stained face and kissed her reverently. Then as Lohengrin led Elsa, not like an Oriental voluptuary, he led her to the bridal bed. "Have thy will," he answered simply.

For one week, for two, Josef lived in bliss unspeakable. The girl took his caresses passively at first, after the first week kissing him with passionate fervor. Could there be sadness and hopelessness in that same intensity?

On the thirteenth night, as they lay together, the moon gleaming in through the latticed window, she said: "The Caliph, thy master, comes tomorrow to call on his subjects."

"How knowest thou, my precious dove," answered he, astonished.

"He told me so when he sent me to thee and commanded me to live with thee."

"Commanded, heart's love?" Josef was wounded to the quick.

"Aye, commanded me," she answered calmly, with quiet, conclusive dignity. "Else had I loved thee too much, knowing what I know—oh! my heart's treasure, my lamh," throwing herself passionately on his breast. "'Tis done now and I love thee, and"—she laughed a strange laugh—"after sipping the poison, why not drink of it? Thou art mine alone to the ends of the earth. He commanded me to live with thee, and under penalty of worse for thee not to show my feet to thee until tonight. . . . From the crown of my beautiful head and the tips of my rosy fingers, I am thine; look!—fiercely she tore off the silver brodered footgear from the ghastly, toeless, seamed, scarred feet—"look at thy leper bride."

Before Josef's gasp of horror died from his lips, in walked the Caliph. "I have given thee a bride worthy of thy hirth, thou leper dog." He spat in Josef's face. "And now begone to thy unclean fate, thou and thy slut."

With quiet dignity Josef put his arm around the girl.

"I and my wife go hence, my lord. I thank thee. Thou hast given me the greatest of gifts. Thou hast given me love."

And the palace gates clanged on them as they were driven forth with the howls of whips and the hooted kicks of servitors; the man's arm in shield around the woman's shoulders to guard her from the howls as together they sought the colony of the unclean.

Dickens's Inclination to Mimicry.

Charles Dickens, who sent to Samuel Rogers several of his hooks, who dedicated "Master Humphrey's Clock" to him, and who frequently assisted at the famous breakfasts in St. James's Place, was accustomed, rather cruelly, it may be thought, to take off his host's very characteristic way of telling a story; and it is, moreover, affirmed by Percy Fitzgerald that, in the famous readings, "the strangely obtuse and owl-like expression, and the 'slow, husky croak' of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the 'Trial from Pickwick' were closely modeled upon the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory.'" That Dickens used thus to amuse his friends is confirmed by the "Confidences" of the late Frederick Locker, who perfectly remembered the old man, to see whom he had been carried, as a boy, by his father. He had also himself heard Dickens repeat one of Rogers's stock anecdotes (it was that of the duel in a dark room, where one of the combatants, humanely firing up the chimney, brings down his adversary); and he speaks of Dickens as imitating Rogers's "calm, low-pitched, drawling voice and dry hitting manner very comically." At the same time, it must be remembered that these reminiscences relate to Rogers in his old age. He was over seventy when Dickens published his first hook, "Sketches by Boz."

Walter Pater was an old man at fifty, bald as a coot and grotesquely plain. He loved pictures; but there was one picture which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking glass. He was not the recluse that some persons have called him, but he did not care for feminine society. He regarded woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote, "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage," a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Young Marshall Field has shown marked talent for oratory in his last term at Eton College. He says, however, that if he were not an American he should join the British army.

Miss Freida Klingel is the first woman driver of a taxicab in New York City. It is said that Miss Klingel was formerly a chorus girl, and she made the change from stage to cab without difficulty.

Mrs. Durham, of Offenham, who is ninety-nine years old, was recently confirmed, in her own cottage, by the Bishop of Worcester. She told the prelate that she had been so busy all her life that she had not had time to be confirmed before.

Fritzi Scheff, the actress, is no longer a countess, having been divorced from her noble German husband. It is something to give up a title like Fredericka Anna, Countess von Bardeleben, but it was too long for large type on the theatrical posters.

Professor John M. Manly, head of the English department of the University of Chicago, has been invited by the German government to deliver a series of lectures in Germany. He will speak at the University of Göttingen, and will talk on "English literature."

John Paul, a well-known Indian guide, is officially recognized by King Edward as the chief of the Milicet tribe in New Brunswick, and authorized to act as its representative. No requisition from the tribe to the British government is valid without his indorsement. Chief Paul has acted as guide in New Brunswick for the royalty of England. As a hunter he is said to be mighty, and as a guide and scout unrivaled.

Richard Croker has been made an honorary burgess of Dublin. At a formal and imposing ceremony he signed the roll and received from the lord mayor a certificate granting him the freedom of the city. The roll is limited to distinguished persons who have rendered service to Ireland or to the cause of liberty at home and abroad, and the names of three Americans precede that of Mr. Croker—General Grant, Edward Potter, commander of the ship *Constitution*, which brought relief to Ireland in 1880, and the late Patrick A. Collins, who was at one time mayor of Boston. Among the other hurgesses are Gladstone, Parnell, Dillon, and Ripon.

Victor Watteyne, a coal-mine expert and chairman of the Belgian Bureau of Mines, has arrived in this country. He comes here as the guest of the government and will inspect all the large and unsafe coal mines of the United States and suggest means of decreasing

the mortality of the miners. He says that if the American mines had the same protection against accident and suffocation as the Belgian mines there would be about two thousand lives saved each year.

William E. Russell, Jr., a son of Colone William E. Russell of the engineer corps of the army, and Harry G. Weaver of Illinois are the two cadets now dismissed from West Point for hazing. Their six comrades, Georg Washington Chase of New York, James Gillespie of Pennsylvania, Byron Quimby Jones of New York, William Nalle of Virginia, William Wellington Prude of Alabama, and Isaac Spalding of Oklahoma, have been suspended for a year without pay and allowances.

Count Louet von Goetzen, the Prussian minister at Hamburg, is prominent among the diplomats likely to be considered for appointment as ambassador to the United States. He is only forty-two years of age, but in that time he has worked himself upward from a Uhlai to a general, became attaché to the American ambassador in 1898, and while in the United States wooed and won Mrs. Mary Stanley Lay of Baltimore. An American diplomat, in conversation with Emperor William in January, this year, made a complimentary reference to Count von Goetzen. "I am glad to hear you say this," said the emperor, "because Count von Goetzen will be the next ambassador to Washington." Although the intention of the emperor appeared to be definite when he spoke, the report that the count had been selected to succeed Baron von Sternburg caused some irritation in the German diplomatic service, owing to the minister's youth and this feeling may cause the decision to be changed. Various diplomatic changes are being gazetted in October, and among them probably will be a successor to the haron at Washington.

Admiral Sperry would not allow any "international" pugilism while his fleet was in Australian ports. What is begun in sport is liable to become dead earnest when the honor of nations is involved. In the old days the meeting of American and British warships used to be the signal for fistie encounters. An old Briton insisted there was no malice in these affairs, holding that the men of the two services were "whelps of the same breed" who wanted to "freshen themselves up a bit." Admiral Sperry may have heard this theory accepted, but he was not disposed to take chances.

Maurice Francis Egan, who is now Minister to Denmark, has finished the last of his Sea-ton Maginnis stories, which will appear in book form some time during next year. The last two stories include some very interesting delineations of theatrical characters.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

A remarkable collection of Dickens letters has been made available through the liberality of Mr. William K. Bixley, the St. Louis collector, and the enterprise of the Bibliophile Society. For the first time we know the exact facts of the love affair between the novelist and Miss Maria Beadnell and for the first time we have conclusive proof that the character of Dora Spenlow was drawn from life and that "David Copperfield" is practically an autobiography. The Dora of "David Copperfield" becomes the Flora Finching of "Little Dorrit," while the author himself makes his reappearance as Arthur Clennam.

The letters are numerous and as an intimate revelation of the writer they are unequalled in value and interest. They fall into two distinct groups, those that were written to Miss Beadnell in the early and more romantic years and the subsequent correspondence with the lady after she became Mrs. Winter. That Dickens had a love affair with the original of Dora is a fact made known by Foster. That these letters have practically been suppressed for so many years that their publication in England was found to be impossible, is evidence of their intimate character and of the light that they throw upon the sentimental side of Charles Dickens.

The Firing Line, by Robert W. Chambers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Firing Line" is a distinct improvement upon "Some Ladies in Haste," but there is still no sign that Mr. Chambers is returning to the fuller excellence of his earlier stories. The scene is mainly in Florida. Garret Hamil, a young landscape artist, is employed by Mr. Cardross to change the wilderness of his estate into a paradise, and as Mr. Cardross has an adopted daughter, Shiela, who is bewilderingly lovely, it requires no great effort of the imagination to forecast the final chapters. Unfortunately, Shiela has contracted a secret and madcap marriage with a boy acquaintance some two years before, and we are at once plunged into a tangle of perplexities and broken hearts from which we know that there will be due emergence, but at the cost of the unlucky young husband.

The idea is, of course, as old as the hills. It is relieved from banality by the brilliance of the dialogue and the development of the character of Malcourt, who is introduced as a rake and a rake and who forces his way to the centre of the stage and compels our almost reluctant applause. Malcourt is a second Sydney Carton, and the resemblance is too clear to be accidental. Gambler and *débauché*, he yet protects the friendless young actress, Miss Wilming, as she says herself, "for nothing," and his act of final renunciation is weird and almost sublime. It may be said that there is never such a man as Malcourt, but he is just as real as Jekyll and Hyde, and they are real enough to every man who has the courage to look straight at his own possibilities.

That Shiela is an almost impossible character must be admitted. Among the chief figures of this story she is the only one who was not born in the purple. A foundling, she yet combines in herself enough wit and vivacity, intelligence, and culture liberally to supply the whole aristocratic cast, and if the author intended thus to point his moral and adorn his tale we may forgive him the exaggeration. Hamil is one of Mr. Chambers's regular and orthodox young men, nice to look at, irreproachable in his honor, but not overburdened with brains. But he is courageous or he would not wish to marry Shiela and so to incur the perpetual penalty of that young lady's conversational powers, which will outlast her beauty. Without Malcourt the book would lose most of its charm, but Malcourt is drawn with so much audacity and with such enigmatical strength as to be vivid and distinctive.

A valuable feature of the book is its picture of Florida with its population of alligators and aristocrats. Those who are chronically curious as to the ways of the struggling rich will find much to satisfy them. Mr. Chambers has at least studied his ground exhaustively. He supplies the local color with a lavish and graceful hand and the result is a novel that is by no means equal to his best, but that is worth reading and even worth remembering—in parts.

More. A Study of Financial Conditions Now Prevalent, by George Otis Parker. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.

The fact that this book contains only some two hundred pages and that it covers a wide economic field is evidence at least of condensation. But it is not free from a disposition to superficiality as well. The tariff, for example, can not be disposed of in a few glib paragraphs, and that the author admits as much intensifies our regret that he has attempted it. We carry away the general impression that in pursuit of his aim he underestimates the obstacles.

The author's general view is that we must alleviate the present situation not so much by a redistribution of wealth as by an increase of its total. That, of course, is sound enough,

and he does well to point out that the chief panaceas now before the nation, such as Free Silver, Single Tax, Socialism, and Government Ownership, promise no increased product and create no new values. They aim only to adjust discrepancies. To increase the total of products it is only necessary that savings be rightly employed in productive rather than in unproductive ways. That, of course, is a revelation only to those who have never read Adam Smith, Mill, or Ricardo, but it is just as well that the axioms and the alphabet of the old school should be once more repeated and in terms so condensed, so novel, and so attractive.

The Circular Staircase, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

If all the detective stories were equal to this one we should not be so tired of that particular brand of fiction. When that inimitable spinster, Miss Innes, determined to take a furnished house out of town she little foresaw a series of adventures that was to begin with the mysterious murder of a man upon her threshold and that would involve her in the fraudulent bank failure which is really the hinge of the story. As a rule the detective novel is guiltless of humor and it palls accordingly. This novel is full of humor of the dry and caustic variety. We should like to know Miss Innes in real life and also her maid Liddy, and while we are glad that the various love affairs culminate successfully, it is the valiant old lady who tells the story who makes the deepest impression on the mind.

The Lost Goddess, by Edward Barron. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A thoroughly readable story of adventure. A party of Americans, including a married woman and her adopted sister, learn that a white woman is held in captivity by the Tigrane Indians, who live somewhere near the sources of the Amazon. Animated by chivalry and the spirit of adventure, they determine to charter a yacht and go in quest of the prisoner. Their voyage is, of course, full of the most exciting episodes, there is fighting galore, and if the hero fails to find the beautiful captive, who never existed at all, he finds some one else who is just as good. As a story of continuous adventure "The Lost Goddess" is thoroughly worth reading.

Lee and His Cause, by John R. Deering, D. D. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

It is in no sense a reproach to the author to say that his book is a special plea. He says himself that it will not please everybody, because "it was made to vindicate but one side." His only question is, "Does it do so?" And of that the reader must judge for himself according to his predilections and his logic, and in the light of history. But he will at least recognize in the author a splendid loyalty to his cause and an enthusiastic sincerity that is an adornment to his writing.

People and Problems, by Fabian Franklin. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The author was at one time professor of mathematics in the Johns Hopkins University. He was editor of the *Baltimore News* from 1895 to 1908, and he brought to his editorial work not only a profound sense of

public responsibility, but a mind trained to the higher processes of reasoning and unerring in its search for essentials.

His present volume is chiefly composed of editorials contributed to the *Baltimore News* during his editorial term of some fourteen years. They are about sixty in number and in subject they range over well nigh every department of human activity throughout the civilized world. Disagreement there must necessarily be on current political affairs and many of these editorials will not commend themselves to party feeling. That, however, is not the point, and that is that these editorials approach the ideal of such writings as closely as anything that we have seen. For directness, for universal and accurate knowledge, for polish of diction, logical force, and ethical feeling they represent the best type of a journalism that is not now much in evi-

dence, but that must be revived if journalism is to become once more a reputable power in human affairs.

Julie's Diary, a Personal Record. Published by John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

This book is described as an "authorized translation," but as the original is not mentioned nor the name of the author we may assume a *ruse de guerre*. It purports to be the diary of a young girl of Denmark who falls in love with an actor and is seduced and then deserted by him. The language used is clear, and while it is passionate it is in no way erotic.

The Pafraets Book Company, Troy, New York, has published a volume of poems and translations by Frederic Rowland Marvin.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the novels announced for the fall by the Macmillan Company is a story entitled "Helianthus," on which Ouida worked for years and which was completed just before her death.

Stanley Weyman, whose "The House of the Wolf" was published eighteen years ago, says his new novel, "The Wild Geese," is to be his last. He is quoted:

I have told all the tales I have to tell. I should not care to go on writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself, and the public was beginning to feel that it had had about enough of me. I consider I have been fortunate; critics, publishers, the public have all treated me well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I am fifty-three; I have had a long run, and would far sooner quit the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half-empty benches.

In spite of this resolution, which is not a good one, it may be predicted with confidence that the author will not lapse into idleness or even forego creative work.

The late Mrs. Moulton's three volumes of poetry, "Swallow Flights," "In the Garden of Dreams," and "At the Wind's Will," will this winter be gathered in a single-volume edition. Each one has sold well, and the three combined will probably be in demand as a holiday gift.

According to German statistics, 750,000,000 of what would be known in this country as dime novels for youthful readers were bought last year in Germany at a cost of \$12,500,000, and the Durer Union of Berlin demands that governmental action be taken to prevent their sale. Dime novels may have had effect on some boys, but most men read dime novels when they were boys, and in many cases they induced a love for reading which finally brought them to good literature.

Zola's "Paris" and Tolstoy's "Resurrection" have been suppressed in Japan because trouble among soldiers in several barracks has been traced to those novels, if the statement of S. K. Friedman, a newspaper man lately returned from the Orient, is to be accepted.

"The Sisters of Napoleon" is the subject of a book soon to be issued in London. It is by a French writer, M. Joseph Turquan, and it has been translated by W. R. H. Trowbridge. The sisters of Napoleon appear to have had a greater influence on the march of events during his reign than is generally supposed, and it was undoubtedly this influence that did more to damage him in the esteem of the French people than his interminable wars.

New Publications.

A good story for boys is "The Forest Play-fellow," by E. K. Sanders, author of "Angelic of Port Royal." It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.

A successful story of Wall Street and finance with mitigating circumstances in the way of love sentiment is "The Magnet," by Alfred O. Crozier, published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Doxey Book Shop Company, Baltimore, has published in dainty volume form the address on "True Manhood" delivered by Cardinal Gibbons to the graduating class of Worcester University in 1907, with alterations and additions by his eminence.

"The Green Carnation," by R. S. Hichens, is a story of London society and of some degenerate young men in whom a sort of supernatural cleverness takes the place of intelligence and virtue. Published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York. Price, \$1.

Lucy Fitch Perkins, the author of "The Goose Girl," needs no introduction. Another winsome book from her pen has now been published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. It is entitled "A Book of Joys" and is a story of a New England summer, full of the most enjoyable and humorous characterization.

The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, have published a new and charming little work by Anna Virginia Russell, who is known, or ought to be known, by every child in America. It is entitled "The Story Told by the Pins," and while it has a moral it is not an aggressive one. Price, \$1.

The thoughts and the doings of the New England deep-sea fishermen have seldom been better portrayed than by George S. Wasson in his "Home from Sea," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. "Killick Cove," by Mr. Wasson, is well known. Now we have another series of stories equally good, evidently based upon intimate knowledge and with a contagious affection for a class of men as fine as any ever produced by America. Price, \$1.50.

Thanks to Thomas Carlyle we know something of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds and of how Brother Samson was once elected as abbot. In his novel "A Bottle of Smoke" Corke Don-Carlos tells us the story again and also of how a poor monk loved a lady and served her and what came of it all. Novels such as this, wholesomely corrective as they are of an unbalanced modernity, are not as

numerous as they should be. This one, at least, can be read with profit as being historically faithful, and told with tenderness and sincerity. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; \$1.50.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

David Warfield at the New Alcazar Theatre next Monday evening in "The Music Master" will be the figure of first importance in the dramatic field. It is eight years since Warfield was here in "The Auctioneer," and the actor has grown tall and broad in achievement since those days. Even then his ability as a character comedian was acknowledged, but it is doubtful if many foresaw the scope of his powers. Under David Belasco's inspiring tutelage and criticism he has proved the possession of greater gifts and his right to a place in the first rank, for the true comedian is the greatest of actors. Mr. Warfield has won the keys to the heart of his public, and he has won them fairly.

"The Music Master" is a domestic drama that in less capable hands might easily be appraised below its real worth. Supporting Mr. Warfield during his engagement at the New Alcazar will be seen the company that surrounded him in this production in New York. David Belasco knows the value of adequate and harmonious accessories, and in addition to the strong and practical cast will give the play a perfect setting. It will undoubtedly be received here, as it has been in Manhattan and in Boston, with enthusiastic commendation, and this beyond and outside of the natural admiration and friendship for the star in his old home.

Concluding a prosperous run of two weeks next Sunday night at the Princess Theatre, "The Toymaker" will be followed Monday afternoon, at a special Lahor Day matinee, by a production of "The Wizard of the Nile." In this musical eccentricity Ferris Hartman will again have a rôle of notable fun-making possibilities, and his past success in the part might be referred to if it were necessary to introduce him. As Kibosh, the Persian magician, he was once most warmly welcomed at the old Tivoli Opera House after an absence which both comedian and audience rejoiced to find at an end, and on that occasion demonstrated his just claim to continued favor. Miss Sybil Page will make her first appearance at the Princess in this production, and will be seen as Cleopatra. Others who will be well placed in the piece are Arthur Cunningham as Cheops, Zoe Barnett as Abydos, Arthur Cunningham as Simoona, Wallace Brownlow, Walter Catlett, Walter de Leon, Fred Kavanaugh, Maybelle Baker, Grisella Kingsland, and Myrtle Dingwall are also named in the cast.

At the Van Ness Theatre the third and last week of "The Man of the Hour" will open at the holiday matinee on Labor Day. The play

has attained more than ordinary success during its present season, and for reasons easily understood. It is a picture of actual conditions, in true colors, and presented with the appeal of artistic effort. Something more than well-modeled fitness for the parts characterizes the actors in the cast, headed by Cyril Scott. They have identified themselves with the masterful figures in this tangle of modern politics, and each creation is one that may be remembered with pleasure. Last, but not least, is the seldom appreciated yet perfectly apparent finish of the stage management in all the details of the presentation. To Mrs. Phoebe Davies Grismer is due the credit for this exemplification of knowledge and method, as she came from the East to give personal attention to the work. Second visits to the play—third in many instances—are now the rule with playgoers.

The Orpheum bill for next week contains some of the best acts in vaudeville. The Trapnell Family of acrobats are something out of the ordinary. The troupe consists of three women, a man, and a youth. All their evolutions are performed with great agility and grace. Amelia Summerville, who will make her first appearance at the Orpheum, is a musical comedy favorite, and her vaudeville debut is an event of more than ordinary interest. She will present a musical monologue, entitled "Mrs. Get-Rich-Quick's Supper Party," in which she introduces impersonations of Harry Lauder, May Irwin, Eva Tanguay, Donald Brian, and other stage celebrities, and sings several new songs. The three Moshers, expert cyclists, will be a feature. Two of the Moshers are notable riders and the third is a diverting comedian. Fred Warren and Al Blanchard, minstrel and musical comedy stars, will contribute to the enjoyment. Next week will be the last of the Grassys, the Wilson Brothers, and Carter and Bluford. Edna Phillips, who has scored a great hit in the bright little skit, "Lost—A Kiss in Central Park," will also close her engagement.

A new and handsome playhouse, named the Valencia Theatre, will be opened Saturday evening of next week, September 12. The building is situated on Valencia Street near Fourteenth and is a fine fire-proof structure, decorated with taste, and fitted with careful attention to the comforts of the people who appear on the stage as well as the audience.

Dramas of high class will be presented, and a stock company of more than ordinary merit has been engaged. "The Great Ruby" by Cecil Raleigh, a strong play, originally produced at Drury Lane Theatre in London and brought to this country by Augustin Daly, will be the opening attraction at the new theatre, and well directed efforts are joined to make the presentation worthy of the occasion. Robert Warwick, who has been prominent in the support of several stars, will head the new company, with Miss Willette Kershaw, a young and attractive actress. Sedley Brown will be the stage director.

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"BROTHER OFFICERS" AGAIN.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Brother Officers" was a charming play when first we saw it, played in first-class style by a Henry Miller company. It is still sweet, and wholesome, and optimistic, and charming, but it is strange how early a fading of their bright new coloring will steal over these pleasant little society dramas, when the predominant motive is neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door. The motive in "Brother Officers" is the ineradicability of the lines of caste. But this is the age of the Golden Calf, and the Calf is in the habit of calmly stepping over lines of caste, even in England, home of social conservatism.

Therefore, since John Hinds, plebeian by birth but gentleman at heart, was accepted in the most exclusive circles of the First Lancers' families, and since he was pruned and polished to all the outward demeanor and deportment of true gentlemanhood, and, further, since his dramatic creator made him so much finer, nobler, and worthier than the men whose blood, breeding, and lineage he envied, it seems a little unreasonable that he should be regarded as so thoroughly out of the pale when it came to the question of a matrimonial alliance.

But hold! John Hinds, officer in a crack regiment, was not rich. He only had enough money to float him comfortably in his bachelor estate. The caste line is only crossed for purposes of matrimony when the Golden Calf is around, and that animal never makes the transit for a less dowry or sentiment than one hundred thousand pounds at least. So perhaps we need not quarrel with the author for putting into the mouth of Lord Hunstan— who, by the way, was going to marry Trade—"You can't run a cart horse beside a blooded racer," and, "If Lady Roydon married him, in time he would get on her nerves." In a situation such as is developed in this play, in which the plebeian and the aristocrat are placed in unconscious rivalry, and of which the deduction is that blood will tell, it is important to make careful choice of the actor who plays the part of the successful wooer. He should show, or seem to show, the look, the air of race.

White Whittlesey did very well in eliminating or subduing his romantic good looks, in that first act which shows Lieutenant Hinds awkward, restrained, and a breaker of unwritten laws of good manners, among the lily-handed aristocrats he was to consort with. A suit of tan is a wonderful annihilator of romantic good looks, and a brown business suit, invidiously contrasting its owner with the wearers of uniforms, would make an Apollo look like a barnyard fowl.

In the second act Lieutenant Hinds comes out dressed with perfect appropriateness. His *gaucheries* have departed. He is liked, even loved, by the little set which makes him one of them. He has become as easy and genial as Lancer Pleydell, his comrade, sponsor, and hero, bids him to be.

So there is no earthly reason why he shouldn't marry Lady Roydon if Lady Roydon wants him. Luckily for her—from the point of view of the patrician—she wants Lancer Pleydell, whose lineage is pure, but whose ideas of right and wrong concerning financial expenditure are characterized by that confusion so often to be noticed in the minds of handsome, impecunious sons of English gentlemen of fiction.

On the whole, the only conclusion we can come to is that the author, like John Hinds, is a "bit of a snob." They are both very likable, warm-hearted, hero-worshipping, patrician-idolizing snobs, but snobs they are, if they are going to make out that Lancer Pleydell is the man for Lady Honor Roydon.

A weak point in the New Alcazar presentation is the assignment of Howard Hickman to the character of Lancer Pleydell. Mr. Hickman plays a mild villain, such as the lieutenant in "Taps," very neatly, but as a romantic hero he is way off. And besides, there was White Whittlesey, an expert in that sort of thing, to cast him even more completely in the shade.

The company gave a very pleasing rendition of the play, although it strikes me that Bessie Barriscale is placed too soon in the post of leading lady. She has not yet acquired the technique of emotional expression. A frown does duty for sorrow, distress, or mere vexation. The voice swings on and on in a cadenced monotone. In spite of her having so pleased the public in "The Rose of the Rancho," Miss Barriscale impresses me as lacking in a sense of humor. She is rather

heavy in style, and after her probationary period is over will probably shine more in heavy leading rôles than as the more frivolous and mirthful ingénue.

Some years ago "The Toy Maker" stirred up considerable of a furor here in San Francisco. So much so that everybody conceived it his duty to go, and, generally speaking, went. There are some people who never enter a theatre unless the whole world is talking so persistently about some special attraction that self-respect drives them to see it so that they may be in the running. They are the kind of people that always, when on a European tour, faithfully do every mouldy old-age church and ruin that lies in their itinerary.

I have always identified "The Toymaker" as the operetta that waked up excellent people of that type, hauled them out of their retreats, and sent them off to the theatre to see Annie Myers as Elsa, the wonderful mechanical doll.

People seem to remember Annie Myers in the rôle, as they remember Collamarini as Carmen. She must have done well indeed, for hers was the doll type of face, and with her small size, sprightly tendency, and natural fund of humor, she had a rôle made for her.

Zoe Barnett's is not at all the doll type of face, her features being too marked and irregular. But as the mechanical doll going through its paces, like the loose cannon in Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three," with sudden wild tangents, unexpected onslaughts, and abrupt and unforeseen halts, the piquant little actress was sufficiently amusing in herself to drive away all reminiscient comparisons.

Nor was Walter De Leon's Frederick at all amiss as a bit of humorous acting. The youth's boyish air, and his freedom from stock comedy tricks lent greater freshness and zest to the highly amusing scene of Frederick's struggles with his twenty-thousand-dollar doll.

With Arthur Cunningham's melodious below, reinforced by a vigorous male chorus, to soothe their savage souls, and with a chorus of shapely girls worthy of old Tivoli days further to appeal to their love of things tuneful and symmetrical, the audience finds itself in a state of great good humor at the Princess Theatre performances.

Ferris Hartman is the same old favorite; likable, never provocative of wild merriment, but gently titillating one's sense of fun, the comedian plays the rôle of Guggenheimer, the toy-maker, in good style, really giving a touch of character to the part.

The finale of the first act, which is as far as I saw, is a thing to rejoice a child's heart, with all the fascinating automatons going through their tricks in a manner loved by the nursery; but I noticed that the grown-up youngsters in the audience took very kindly to the thing, and cast eyes of special favor upon the life-size and exquisitely shaped dolls for whose symmetrical perfection Herr Guggenheimer so audaciously claimed the sole credit.

A pretty oortoon at the Orpheum proved a counter attraction at this point, but I don't believe I really saw anything else worth while. For the oortoon really was worth while. She is only a cake-walking, skirt-dancing, coon-song-singing "artist," but her type is interesting. The beautiful oortoon has figured in many an old-fashioned novel of the South, but we in California, until vaudeville scoured the earth for varieties of types, knew nothing of her. Carter, as she is billed, of the team of Carter and Bluford, is an exceedingly handsome tropical-looking girl, with a sinuous form which is prettily and generously displayed. The pair do "character songs with appropriate scenic settings," and when the pretty oortoon doffed her Africanly gorgeous costume, sleeked her ebon hair in Indian style, and assumed the dress of an Indian maiden, she was one of the prettiest and most Pocahontas-like of figures.

If one cares for acrobatics the four Baltus are well worth while. Their baby-blue figures go through really thrilling evolutions, their strong man being able to seize, with the most casual air, one of the group by the crown of his head, and calmly hold him upside down in mid-air. The entire quartette are wonderfully strong, and marvelous balancers, and I doubt not, judging from their work, are doomed for the comparatively short life of the athlete who scorns all risks and never hesitates to tax every bone, muscle, fibre, and nerve of his body to make a good show on the stage.

Both the acts of the Howard boys and the De Haven sextette entertain the house, but they are stereotypes.

It seems to me that vaudeville has comparatively few sensations to offer. Once in a while some personage from the stage suddenly breaks out into vaudeville, and occasionally somebody takes to moulding clay interestingly, or making artificial diamonds, but as a general thing the personalities, plays, and people of vaudeville are humdrum and unoriginal.

Following "The Man of the Hour" at the Van Ness Theatre will come the musical play, "The Girl Question," which has had a long run in Chicago. Paul Nicholson heads the cast and he is supported by a large company, which includes a much vaunted chorus of stage beauties.

Too Much Salomé.

Why so much about Salomé nowadays? Why any Salomé at all? Who was Salomé, that the American public in the year 1908, when there are really several important things to think about, should develop a sudden, general, and intrusive interest in her personality, as interpreted by a hundred symbolic dancers? Is any answer possible to these questions, asks the New York Mail.

It is unnecessary, of course, to explain anything in the way of popular caprice, especially when the popular caprice is assisted by advertising. Yet there is a reason for everything—even for Salomé. As an appeal to the public fancy, she is making good abundantly. How did she get her hold?

Chiefly because she is so completely a work of the imagination. She is supposed to be derived from a Bible story, and yet she is not once mentioned by name in the Bible—the Salomé of the Scriptures being quite another and very different person. Like Faust, and the Wandering Jew, and Peter Rugg in New England, she has been built up piece by piece, as the centuries went past, by the restless human mind; and now that she is quite fully embodied at last, the human mind is as delighted with her as is a fond father with a pretty, wayward child of his own begetting. Nothing in life, nothing else in literature or in art, is so interesting as are these piecemeal products of the imagination of a thousand years.

She is bad and that is a great element in her attraction. The alluring, decadent music of Strauss helped her to get her grip, and another powerful factor has been the interest in that new and strange thing, the interpretative and philosophical dancing of Isadora Duncan, which every Salomé dancer tries to imitate, in some small way at least.

So with one thing and another, here is Salomé, full-fledged—or unfledged, as the case may be. Is she baleful? Doubtless. There is in the world a kind of wholesome, natural badness, and there is an unwholesome, morbid badness. Salomé is in the unwholesome class. Yet we doubt if it renders her any the less baleful to insist that she shall wear shoes and stockings and at least two petticoats, as the acting mayor of Asbury Park has decreed. Sometimes, when one considers what an engine of destruction the petticoat has been in the moral history of the world, one almost regards it as an assistant in the propagation of wickedness, not as a deterrent.

And Salomé must dance her course. The surest way of getting rid of her is to make people sick of her. There are some signs that they are beginning to get so.

Cecilia Rhoda, the popular young prima donna of the old Tivoli Opera House and later of the Princess Theatre company, is now a principal in support of Richard Carle in "Mary's Little Lamb." The company concludes a successful engagement at the New York Theatre this week and then will go on tour.

Louis James will make his first appearance in the Mansfield production of "Peer Gynt" in New Orleans about the middle of September, and comes later to San Francisco.

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VANITY FAIR.

France seems to be a good deal of a real democracy, and for her President she has a real democrat. M. Fallières's daughter has just been married, and when we remember the paroxysms of flunkeyism indulged in by certain people in this country upon a corresponding occasion we can the more admire the simplicity and restraint of the celebration in Paris. When the worthy President was asked by the press to supply a description of his daughter's tresseau, he flatly refused and practically told the officious scribes to mind their own business. "Anna," he said, "was neither horn nor hred a princess, nor has she become one. She is the daughter of a simple French citizen who for a short time is discharging a great public function and who, when his course of office is run, will be prepared to retire into private life and attend to his vintages." As a result we have only the most meagre information as to Mlle. Fallières's dress, and when we turn to the French newspapers for particulars of an event that must, we would suppose, have thrilled the nation to its core, we find nothing more than a few lines recording the fact in the usual stereotyped way. No one in France has called Mlle. Fallières the "Princess Anna." No swarms of reporters have dogged her footsteps to find out what she had for dinner, to intercept scraps of her private conversation, or to persuade her maids to betray domestic privacies. It may almost be said that since M. Fallières was called to the presidency neither his wife nor his daughter have ever been referred to in the public press in connection with a news item, and that surely is one of the signs of a real democracy.

The young Queen of Spain is attracting a good deal of attention nowadays. Her second child was born prematurely and it is hardly a secret that the misadventure was due to the horrors of a hull-fight that was attended by the young queen a few days before. The spectacle was unusually gory. Several hulls were killed and horses and matadors suffered severely. The king and queen left the arena hastily before the conclusion of this elevating exhibition. It was noticed that the queen was greatly distressed and that her eyes were full of tears. A few days later Prince Jaime was ushered into the world some little time ahead of the schedule, but apparently without disastrous results.

Of course there has been an outcry of commiseration. Special correspondents have vied with one another in denunciation of hull-fight barbarities and in their demand that an English princess be spared a spectacle that has become a tradition among the Spanish people and that is in fact a national ceremonial. The young queen's rebellion, not only against the barbarities of the hull-fight, but against the lesser hardships of an irritating court routine, is cited with approval, and when it becomes evident that the people of Spain are muttering with discontent towards a queen who is Spanish only in name, who is not only foreign, but aggressively foreign, we are told that the Spanish are a decadent people and that the queen is in the right of it.

But are there not two sides to this question? Even when we have made all possible concessions in favor of a woman, even when we have recognized to the full her difficult and distasteful lot, is there not a word to be said for the Spaniards themselves? The queen was not placed in her present position by the dictates of an arbitrary fate. She placed herself in that position, and she did it with the fullest possible knowledge of all that it would imply. She voluntarily determined to surrender her freedom as an English princess and to take on the yoke of a Spanish queen. By so doing she knew well that she would assume obligations, religious, social, and ceremonial, toward her adopted people. She knew that she would have to change her religion, if, indeed, we do not profane the word by its use in such a sense. Now we are told that she loses no opportunity to show that the change is superficial only, and if this is so the Spanish people have a right to be annoyed. She knew that her children would be Spaniards and would inherit Spanish rank and Spanish fortune, but she is said to do her best to bring up her first horn as English and to saturate him with English ideas. Is that fair to the Spanish people? She knew the etiquette of a Spanish court and she accepted it. She knew that the royal etiquette had all the binding force of a religious faith and it is a part of her royal duty to abide by it and not to affront it. She knew that the hull-fight was a Spanish institution and that she would be expected to countenance it. Diplomacy, if not a sense of duty, should counsel her not to imperil her husband's throne by open defiance of a sacred convention.

There is nothing to be said for the hull-fight, not even by the swarms of Americans who cross the Mexican frontier at Tia Juana to see it, not even by the English men and English women who hunt foxes and chase tame deer to an agonizing death. Queen Victoria does right to abhor it, although there is no record that she disapproves of those other and equally cruel sports that are more familiar to her. But she could discontinue the hull-fights far more effectively than by ostentatious withdrawal in obedience to dictates, honorable in themselves, but wholly incomprehensible to the Spanish people. The old Queen Victoria would have found a way to do it without an affront to popular prejudice, but the young queen has done the reverse. She has placed the people on the defensive with regard to the hull-fights and she has deeply wounded their prejudices. She has failed to recognize that she could not at the same time be an English princess and a Spanish queen. She has been willing to accept the prestige of her new position and to shut her eyes to its obligations.

The marriage itself was, of course, an outrage. Princess Victoria may have fallen in love with King Alfonso. There is no accounting for taste in such matters, but we have our doubts. She wanted, presumably, to be Queen of Spain, and she must have known all that was implied thereby. There is no position in life that does not bear its price label more or less legibly attached. In this instance it was clear enough, and the price should be paid with a good heart and without petulance. There are fifty ways in which the queen can inculcate moral lessons in her people without antagonizing them, but no good fruit can ever come from a soil of resentment.

The wisdom of Solomon may well be coveted by the modern judge, who must solve problems from which the average mortal would shrink in dismay. Disputes between men are often perplexing enough, but here at least the judge is upon more or less familiar ground, which is certainly not the case where both parties are women and the bone of contention is an article of dress. La Belle Otero has just figured in a Parisian court for her refusal to pay for certain costumes supplied to her. She will, of course, have the sympathy of her sex, although it must be paradoxically admitted that from a jury of her own sex she would receive an adverse verdict in the space of about five seconds. It has been said—although the hase charge is unworthy of repetition—that no woman ever pays a dressmaker's bill without rage and resentment and that no woman ever sees another woman compelled to pay, at the point of the hayonet, so to speak, without exultation.

La Belle Otero refused to pay for her costumes on the ground that the charge was exorbitant, and this was the knotty point for judicial decision. There were five costumes in dispute. The first was an Odalesque tea gown, \$150; then came a Mandarin tea gown, \$240; the third was a vaporous cloak, \$200; the fourth was a Simplette costume, \$110, and the last was an Ophelia costume, \$240.

Not unnaturally, the judge wanted further information. He had not been to school for a long time and his memory of the respective composition of these varying costumes was a trifle dull. He did not even know the difference between an Odalesque and a Mandarin, and one wonders how such a man thus plunged in the cimmerian darkness of ignorance ever attained to the dignity of the bench. Surely some rudimentary knowledge and intelligence should be demanded from our judges.

The dressmaker herself was thus called to the witness stand. She explained not only the composition of these costumes and the nature of the material needed for their erection, but she expatiated on the artistic skill needed for their creation, the imaginative flights that they represent, and the idealistic power which can not exactly be weighed or measured, but that ought certainly to be paid for. She was so eloquent and so convincing that the judge made a peremptory order for immediate payment. The record does not say if La Belle Otero was present in court. If she was not present she made a tactical mistake, as she might have melted the hard heart of this judge and persuaded him in her favor. Perhaps she was afraid that she might be asked to attire herself in these costumes one after the other in order that the court might have an opportunity to decide whether the resulting effect in enhancement of the lady's charms was really equivalent to the price demanded. But La Belle Otero ought to pay and look pleasant. That she will pay after the peremptory order of the court to that effect, there can be "no manner of doubt whatever." But that she will look pleasant is highly improbable.

Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute is represented as saying so many startling things that we sometimes wonder if he may not be the victim of the sensational reporter except for the fact that the sensational reporter does not flourish in France. The professor's latest discovery is said to be a means for preventing the hair from turning gray. Let us hasten to add that Professor Metchnikoff has nothing but commiseration for those whose hair is already gray, but others, who are willing to be warned in time, can indefinitely postpone the evil day by curling or waving the hair or in some way submitting it to the action of a hot iron. It is the heat that is the essential factor.

Professor Metchnikoff, in spite of his advanced age, has a fine head of hair which shows no trace of grayness. He has always used a curling iron, not from any feeling of vanity, but because he maintains that the pig-

mentary cells of the hair are liable to be attacked by microbes which are easily destroyed by the action of a hot iron. Thus the cells are preserved and with them the primitive color of the hair.

Another Frenchman, by the way, has just returned to his own country and has published his opinion of American women. André Brouillet is a portrait painter and is therefore an expert. He says that American women are the most beautiful in the world:

From a mixture of German and English blood has resulted a new type superior to the two original types and combining the best qualities of

each. The women generally are large and robust, but with all the grace which comes from constant exercise.

They have the reputation of being coquettish. It is true that they are tremendously fond of dress, but they are sagacious in the matter of artifice. They never dye the hair, for example. I saw many women who, though still young, were quite gray. I can imagine nothing more delightful than the contrast this made with the youthfulness of their faces and figures.

Deviating for the moment into the sphere of censure, M. Brouillet says that in many cases the art collections of the country are purchased merely for display, and not from a love of art. But this is not exactly a news item.

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Is saturated with an object that is expressed with every evidence of conviction and with no small literary skill. That differences in creed should be an enemy to love, that Jew and Gentile should be separated by religion, is unfortunately no new thing, but Mrs. Lowenberg helps us to appreciate its folly, its pathos, and its needless tragedy.

The opening scene is in New York, where we are introduced to two Jewish families from Germany. The next scene is twenty years later in Missouri. The second generation is growing up in the new Western world, but not without the religious disabilities and creed prejudices that should belong exclusively to a past day in human history. The story is a long one and the plot is intricate, but it is vividly colored by splashes of genuine passion and of real tragedy. The "irresistible current" is the tendency toward a better philosophy of life, an agreement upon the essentials of human conduct that shall take the place of creeds, and a reliance upon a human love and brotherhood that is, after all, the highest expression of the best religion.—*The Argonaut*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The chauffeur was taking his load of tourists for a ride through the residence portion of the metropolis and pointing out to them the state mansions of the nabobs. "I've often heard," said the portly dowager with the diamonds, "of these Oliver Wendel homes. Would you mind showing us one of 'em?"

Distressed at his son's refusal to enter the ministry and his preference for dealing in horses, a worthy farmer in the Midlands was telling his sorrow to a neighbor. "Oh," said the latter, "don't take it too much to heart. I believe Tom will lead more men to repentance as a horse dealer than ever he would as a minister."

A local church appointed a committee to get subscriptions for a chime of bells. They had seen nearly all the congregation. When they went to see a rather poor member they told him they would like a small amount toward it. He promised to give as much as he could, but he said, "Don't you think it would be cheaper to put a whistle in?"

The teacher received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before: "Plese excoose Henny for absents yesterday. Him an' me got a chance of a ride to a funeral in a carriage, an' I let him stay to home as he had never rode in a carriage an' never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures. So plesse excooze."

In a jury trial in New York recently the attorney for the defendant started in to read to the jury from a certain volume of the supreme court reports. He was interrupted by the court, who said: "Colonel _____, it is not admissible, you know, to read the law to the jury." "Yes, I understand, your honor; I am only reading to the jury a decision of the supreme court."

In New Haven the committee of a graduating class once went to a local jeweler with a commission for a large badge. They had in view a design representing a youthful graduate surveying the universe. "About how large would you like the figure?" the jeweler asked. "Well," said the spokesman, "we thought the graduate ought to cover about three-quarters of the badge and the universe the rest."

The following colloquy took place between Councilor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back": "You say, sir, the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir. 'Cause why, she has confessed she was." "And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?" "Yes, sir." "Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course. How else would I get assistance from a lawyer?"

After being conducted through an old church by the verger, a visitor was so pleased with the official's courtesy and information that he insisted on giving him half a crown. The man shook his head sadly. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's quite against the rules." "I'm sorry for that," said the visitor, about to return the half-crown to his pocket. "But," added the verger, "if I were to find a coin lying on the floor it would not be against the rules for me to pick it up!"

Little Dick, the village "had hoy," was wading through a shallow swamp catching frogs with a small landing-net. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady who was out for a walk happened along. "Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's very cruel to catch those poor little froggies?" Dick straightened up and looked at her. She wore a gorgeous "creation" on her head, and something in its trimmings attracted his attention. "I want 'em to wear on my hat," he said.

A young lady whose heauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the eligible "parti," "I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately I would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and settling the question forever." "And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" cried the imperious beauty. "Do you know," rejoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"

A tourist in Brittany came to Quimper, and he found in the place beside the river an old woman selling trinkets. "Wbat is the price of this?" he asked, taking up an antique ring of silver and sapphires. "Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" said the old woman. "For my sweetheart." "Fifty francs." "Fifty francs! Nonsense!" And the tourist turned angrily away. "Come back," said the old woman. "Take it for ten. You've been

lying to me, though; you have no sweetheart. Had the ring been for her, you'd have bought it at once without regard to its price." "I will take it," said the tourist, smiling. "Here are the ten francs." So the old woman wrapped the ring up. "But you haven't a wife, either," she grumbled. "If it had been for her, you'd have heaten me down to five francs. Oh, you men!"

Dawson was suddenly seized with a terrific toothache, and he repaired at once to a dentist. He did not succumb any too readily to the gas administered, but in the course of time he was sleeping peacefully, and the offending molar was removed. "How much, doctor?" asked the patient after the ordeal was over. "Ten dollars," said the dentist, business being dull. "Ten dollars?" roared Dawson. "Yes, sir," said the dentist. "It was an unusually hard job getting that tooth out, and you required twice the ordinary amount of gas." "Humph!" ejaculated Dawson, as he paid up. "Here's your money, but I tell you right now the next time I take gas from you you've got to put a meter on me."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Time and Money.

The flowers bloom; The flowers die; Vacation days Go swiftly by. They heard him murmur With a sigh "The days are shorter— So am I!" —Washington Star.

Disappointing.

Now homeward plods his weary way The tired vacationist, To find that through his weeks of play He hasn't once been missed. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just a Thought.

For kissing there are reasons just, And many, too, I'm thinking; But frequently much kissing's done To learn if he's been drinking. —Detroit Free Press.

Jane of Boston.

Jane is a heterogeneous maid, Incomprehensible, too, I'm afraid. Postulatory in dress— Nor lives the man who could quite understand Her odd insinuatoriness and All her salubrioness.

Yet she's no acatalectical girl, No unaccountably statuesque pearl, No plus-phenomenal freak; She is the purely compatible bud Of that confabulatory blood Which must evolve the unique.

All her marked cognoscibility proves She breathes deep exigencies when she moves, Uncolliquant as can be: Hyperasthetical? Yes, but I'll state Incrystallizableness makes that trait Supererogatory.

Sum her up then as an alogy lass, Rather microphyllous, hap, in the mass, Ultra-mundane when she balks: Still she's as good as there is in the land— I'd like her well could I but understand Half what she says when she talks. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

In the Distant Future.

When people quit joking of mother-in-law, I am going to pay what I owe. When Pittsburg stops talking of people named Thaw, I am going to pay what I owe. When my friends make their calls without asking for loans, I am going to pay what I owe. When the river tugs whisper in soft undertones, When dentists pull molars by long-distance 'phones, I am going to pay what I owe.

When high license lessens the number of jags, I am going to pay what I owe. When men's parties no longer are mentioned as "stags," I am going to pay what I owe. When the street urchin ceases to carry a gun, When gamesters and grafters are all on the run, When the dome of the postoffice shines in the sun, I am going to pay what I owe.

When straps in the street cars are things of the past, I am going to pay what I owe. When chauffeurs quit driving their autos so fast, I am going to pay what I owe. When the trusts have concluded they don't want the earth, When heiresses mate in the land of their birth, When people get paid all they think they are worth, I am going to pay what I owe. —Chicago News.

For sheer simplicity of phrase and conception few have surpassed that delightful old lady who, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, inquired whether "soda-water" should be written as two separate words, or if there should be a syphon between them?"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Weddings galore are promised for the fall and early winter and the dates for several of these interesting events have already been announced and others are soon to be told to society. The wanderers are beginning to return to town and soon the avenues will be gay every afternoon with shoppers or callers.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Shoobert, daughter of Mrs. John E. Shoobert of Sausalito, to Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, Jr. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nannie Van Wyck, daughter of Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, to the Rev. Arthur B. Chinn of Kentucky. Their wedding will be an event of this month and will be celebrated very quietly at the Van Wyck home on Webster Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ellen Page, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, to Dr. James F. Pressley. No date is announced for the wedding.

It is announced that the wedding of Mrs. Howard Walter, daughter of Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., and Mrs. Luce, to Colonel Montgomery M. Macomb, U. S. A., will take place at Newport on October 7.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer will entertain at a dance at their home on Pacific Avenue on Tuesday evening next in honor of their son and daughter, Master Lucio and Miss Mauricia.

Miss Martha Calhoun and Miss Margaret Calhoun were the hostesses at an informal dance on Tuesday evening of last week at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. W. H. Howard entertained recently at a luncheon at Del Monte, her guests being Colonel Marion P. Maus and Mrs. Maus, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Howard, Dr. and Mrs. Kiersted, Mrs. M. C. Low, Miss Flora Low, Miss Frances Howard, and Mr. Kenneth Howard.

Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson entertained at a luncheon and bridge party on Thursday of last week at her home in Ross Valley.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters was the host at an open-air dinner on Friday evening of last week at his Monterey home in honor of his niece, Miss Elizabeth Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear entertained at a dinner on Tuesday of last week at their home in Menlo Park. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, and Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois entertained at a dinner and theatre party on Monday evening of last week. Their guests were Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Mr. Roger Boqueraz, Mr. John Gallois, and Mr. Horace Hill, Jr.

Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen, Miss Hilda Van Sicklen, and Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening last at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Miss Harriet Stone and Miss Marian Stone of Hayward.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator Francis G. Newlands and Mrs. Newlands have returned to Reno, after a brief stay at the Fairmont, and were accompanied by Mrs. Jessie Newlands Eldridge.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne has returned from Santa Barbara, where she was the guest of Mrs. Margaretta Hayne for three weeks.

Miss Leslie Page, who is spending the summer as the guest of the John Hays Hammonds at Gloucester, Massachusetts, will not return until some time in October.

Mr. William Fisher has returned from a visit to the Bourn country place at St. Helena.

Mrs. James A. Robinson has returned from a visit to Tallac.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have gone to Shasta for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will close their Burlingame home about October 1 and will spend the winter at the Fairmont.

Miss Helen Baker and Miss Dolly Cushing were in town recently as the guests of Miss Claire Nichols.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt (formerly Miss Emily Wilson) have been motoring through France and will return home about October 1.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger and Miss Edith Chesbrough have spent golf week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron, and Miss Evelyn Barron will leave shortly for England to remain a year.

Mr. Mountford Wilson has returned from a stay at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding left recently for a trip to New York.

Mrs. Camilo Martin and Miss Mary Hyde will go abroad during the fall to remain some months.

spending the summer in Sonoma County. Mrs. Pringle will leave shortly for a visit to Charleston, South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis have gone to Tahoe to remain several weeks.

Miss Maude O'Connor has been at Aetna Springs as the guest of Mrs. I. L. Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren and Miss Constance McLaren have returned to their Sacramento-Street home, after spending the summer at their cottage at Lagunitas.

Mr. Raymond Armsby has returned to town, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl at Tahoe.

Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall went recently to Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Evans Pillsbury.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock at Tahoe and is in San Rafael for the month of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar N. Wilson and Miss Maud Wilson, who have been at Belvedere during the summer, will occupy an apartment on Pacific Avenue near Scott Street during the winter.

Mr. Thomas Sherwin has gone to Boston to remain permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye are at Del Monte for a stay.

Mr. Everett W. Bee has returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright and Miss Marian Wright have returned from a trip to Portland.

Mrs. Theresa Casserly and Miss Margaret Casserly went recently to the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo for a stay of several weeks.

Miss Natalie Hunt has visited Blithedale recently as the guest of Miss Elena Brewer.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, who are at present visiting in Napa County, will spend the winter at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins have returned to their home in Menlo Park, after a visit to Boca.

At the Hotels.

Among the visitors at the St. Francis Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Manwaring, Colonel and Mrs. Maus, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Trowbridge of Pasadena, and Mr. William Banning of Los Angeles.

Among those recently registering at the Hotel Jefferson are Mr. C. S. Wright, Honolulu; Mr. E. H. Gerber, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Howard, Los Angeles; Mrs. F. S. Rice and Miss Rice, Bakersfield; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Elliott, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Montgomery, Los Angeles; Mrs. S. E. Halsted and Mrs. A. H. Lackland, Honolulu; Mr. S. R. Parker, Honolulu; Miss G. K. Brown and Miss Florence Hill, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Keen, Honolulu.

Among recent registrations at the Fairmont Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilson, Mr. and Mrs. James Hetherington, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Steward of New York, Colonel and Mrs. Charlesworth and family, of Salisbury, England; Mr. and Mrs. James Cator, of Alexandria, Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Norris and family, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Carter, of Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. McCormick, of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Coleman, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Leadbetter and Miss Georgiana Leadbetter, of Portland.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs are the following: Mr. J. W. Hamm, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gregory, Miss Mabel Gregory, Mr. S. H. Woodruff.

Registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado include the following: Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney L. Plant, Dr. F. F. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. B. Varney, Miss Maud E. Varney, Miss Emily J. Reed, Miss Morsc, Mr. Charles Farquhar-hausen.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais are Mrs. Louis Straus, Miss Emma Straus, Miss Jessie Hannay, Miss Clara J. Nelson, Mrs. C. Dreyfuss, Mrs. N. Sutherland, Miss M. Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Brown, Mrs. Rose Oppenheimer, Mrs. S. B. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Doe, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lindsey, Miss L. Brady, Miss Selma Asher, Mr. Carl Jolls, Mrs. G. W. Jolls, Mr. and Mrs. A. Petzold, Miss Adel Petzold.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel Del Monte include Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Bernard, Miss Rhoda A. Bernard, Mrs. J. J. McCue, Miss Josephine Lindley, Miss Alice N. Wilkins, Miss A. H. Perkins, Mr. A. J. Val- kel, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., Miss Lily O'Connor, Mrs. William Blackwell, Miss Blackwell, Dr. K. R. Strues, Miss Chesebrough, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ralston, Mr. Robert A. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Roos, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gedge, Miss Gedge, Mrs. P. N. Remillard, Miss Lillian Remillard, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Mr. Alfred J. Oyster, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stewart, Mrs. William Smith O'Brien, Miss Gertrude O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Rogers, Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Jennie Bickford, Mrs. D. P. Creswell, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Messer, Miss Marjorie Shepard, Miss Elsa Draper, Mr. and Mrs. F. V. De Sola, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lewis, Mr.

and Mrs. A. R. Cotton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Eugene J. Bates, Miss Edith C. Mau, Mrs. George Hill Stoddard, and Miss Georgie Hammon.

CURRENT VERSE,

Poor Mary.

Who made of me a human?
I never gave consent.
They fashioned me a woman
And thrust me in a tent.
They trained of me a mincing ape
Conforming to a crowd.
They never gave my soul a shape
Or wrapped it in a shroud!

It fares as best it chooses
What way its mood may seek.
A reptile in the oozes
A God upon a peak.
If cities chance to lure it
It purrs amid the roar
Then, laughing to abjure it
Rides on the storm once more.

Yet, though a living spirit,
It is not all divine:
For if a comrade near it
But smile the countersign
It hurtles back unwary
To hurn the flesh away.
Then wise ones say, "Poor Mary,
She's not so well today!"

—Mary McNeil Fenollosa, in *The Craftsman*.

Unknown.

I am not fickle! If I knew you, Love,
I would be true!
My eyes would send, straight as the star above,
Their glance to you.
My hands would clasp you—never let you go,
My lips but whisper, Love, I love you so!
My heart would hold you in its close embrace
And every blush upon your perfect face
Would feed my passion. So would I be true
If I but knew you, Love—if I but knew!

Beauty's Path.

All ugliness wears on its brow the brand
Of Time and Dissolution; from of old,
Its doubtful journey through a shifting sand,
The life in its opidian breast is cold.
But beauty's path is one forever bright'ning
In glory, to each far horizon's rim;
Warm in the rose and golden in the lightning,
Love's altar flame, the upward way to Him,—
Beauty, transcending all that bans and bars,
Moves as the light moves on, eternal as the stars!

Too well acquaint with passions that benumb,
Earth is with them no more in kind accord.
'Tis only by ascending one may come
Where waits for her the new, the unexplored.
She longs—ah, how she longs!—to break asunder
Her ancient chains, to lave in morning dew,
To stand a little space 'mid realms of wonder,
To feel her nearness to the good and true.
She longs for beauty—vernal though the years—
To touch the dried-up spring and fount of happy
tears!

—Florence Earle Coates, in *The Outlook*.

The Spur.

Because of your strong faith, I kept the track
Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-
nigh spent.
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back:
So on I went.
Because you would not yield belief in me,
The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar,
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see
The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard
years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
"You can!" unwavering my spirit hears:
And I shall win.
—Aldis Dunbar, in *The Century Magazine*.

Jules Simoneau, French restaurant keeper and friend of bohemians, and who was good to Robert Louis Stevenson, died August 23 at Monterey as the result of a fall. Among Simoneau's effects are an autographed set of Stevenson's works and many letters from the novelist. Simoneau was eighty-nine years of age.

Camille D'Arville has been engaged by the Messrs. Shubert as a co-star with Jefferson De Angelis and Emma Carus in "The Gay White Way," which will open a new theatre in Harlem September 28.

Tony Pastor, the veteran vaudeville manager, died at his home near New York August 26.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Philip Reade, U. S. A., has sailed from Nagasaki on the transport *Thomas* for this city. He will be retired in October.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., commander of the Department of California, is detailed as a member of the Army Retiring Board to meet at San Francisco, vice Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., relieved.

Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., left on Thursday for San Antonio, Texas, where he will assume his duties as chief quartermaster of the Department of Texas.

Lieutenant-Colonel David L. Brainard, deputy commissary general, U. S. A., is detailed as chief commissary of the camp of instruction to be held at Atascadero ranch, vice Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary, U. S. A., relieved and detailed as assistant to the chief commissary of that camp.

Major H. L. Roosevelt, assistant quartermaster, U. S. M. C., upon being relieved by Captain H. L. Matthews, U. S. M. C., is ordered detached from the First Provisional Regiment, U. S. Marines, at Havana, Cuba, to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report to the major-general, commandant.

Major William Stephenson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has sailed from Manila on the transport *Thomas* for this port, en route to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander J. J. Raby, U. S. N., was commissioned lieutenant-commander from July 1, 1908.

Captain Edward M. Shinkle, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to each of the posts in the Artillery District of Puget Sound for the purpose of making the semi-annual inspection of installed armament.

Captain Chauncey B. Humphrey, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Lieutenant E. E. Spafford, U. S. N., is detached from the *Olympia* and ordered to the *Supply*, sailing from San Francisco about September 10.

Lieutenant Claude E. Brigham, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been ordered to Fort Monroe, Virginia, for a course of instruction in the Coast Artillery School, has been relieved from assignment to the One Hundred and Sixty-Eighth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, and placed on the unassigned list.

Lieutenant Kurtz Eppley, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Nichols, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., president of the examining board at Fort Leavenworth, for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant George F. Royelle, Jr., Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., competitor in the army rifle competition at Fort Sheridan, has been granted leave for twenty days, to take effect upon the completion of his duties in connection with the competition, provided this does not interfere with this officer leaving Seattle for this station about September 15.

Lieutenant Robert K. Spiller, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, for examination by the board.

Ensign O. C. F. Dodge, U. S. N., is detached from the *Whipple* and ordered to continue treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Ensign C. H. Shaw, U. S. N., is detached from the *Fox* and ordered to the *Whipple*.

Midshipman E. R. Leonard, U. S. N., is detached from the *California* and ordered to the *Fox*.

Pay Inspector E. D. Ryan, U. S. N., is ordered to duty in charge of the navy pay office at Seattle, Washington, on September 30.

Assistant Paymaster G. A. Helmicks, U. S. N., is ordered to the Pacific Station and sailed from this port today (Saturday).

Surgeon M. F. Gates, U. S. N., is detached from the *Charleston* and ordered to the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The first volume of the collected plays—"Théâtre"—of Tristan Bernard has appeared in Paris. This writer is as nearly a humorist as a Frenchman can be, a good story-teller, and without too much literature. He has been manager of an aluminum factory, and was once ready for final admission to the grave Paris bar, having all his university degrees and having served the required "stage," but he broke away in 1894 and took charge of the Parisian Velodrome Buffalo (reminiscent of Colonel Cody), and since then has been writing books and plays endlessly. He is more like Dickens than Mark Twain—and uses very good French.

Florence Roberts is to be seen in a new play this season called "Louise." It is by Genevieve Haines.

Marie Cahill has a new musical comedy entitled "The Boys and Betty."

Grand Opera at Covent Garden.

Artistically and financially the opera season just closed has been the most successful London has had for many years. There were eighty-one performances of twenty-four works. Verdi heads the list with twenty-three performances and Wagner and Puccini have each fifteen to their credit, leaving twenty-eight performances by eight other composers. The opera most often played was "Traviata," seven times. Next came "Lucia," with six performances, and "Il Barbiere," also with six. Five productions of "Otello," "Rigoletto," "Mme. Butterfly," and "La Bohème" were given, and "Aida" came next in the list with four. This makes forty-three performances of eight operas. Though there were no novelties, the revivals of "I Pescatori di Perle," "Otello," and "Gli Ugonotti" might almost be put in that class, so seldom are they sung in England. A study of the list of operas performed shows that the repertoire has been practically fixed by the leading prima donnas, which is only another way of saying that the London public wanted to hear the singers and not the works. The chorus was a great feature of the season. To a New York opera-goer used to a perfectly trained chorus the languid, elderly ladies who held the stage at Covent Garden at stated intervals and with an air of extreme fatigue sang the notes required of them were a great trial in other seasons, but this year an effort was made to drill and train the chorus properly.

If the plans of Martin Beck, head of the great Orpheum vaudeville circuit, materialize, New York will have soon one of the most extraordinary playhouses in existence. The theatre is designed primarily for the development of new material for the vaudeville stage. The public will be barred from the new playhouse, managers and critics will compose the audience, and the productions will be largely those by unknown authors. Amateur actors from local dramatic schools will be given an opportunity once a week to put on plays and sketches. The building, five stories tall, will contain offices for the executive and working staffs of the various booking offices. Plays, sketches, and ideas submitted and deemed meritorious will be given a private presentation with adequate mounting. A mechanical corps will experiment with scenic effects and design and create scenery, properties, and costumes. The plans also include presentation of entire plays as well as of vaudeville acts and sketches.

The story published recently in the New York papers of the theft of diamonds worth \$50,000 from the country home of Commodore Frederick G. Bourne at Oakdale, Long Island, is now denied, and it was suspicious at the time because of its palpable resemblance to the plot of a sensational novel entitled "The Circular Staircase," which was published a week or two ago. The details of the alleged secret chamber were conspicuously similar. Faking newspaper correspondents have a way of drawing upon current fiction for inspiration, declares the *Springfield Republican*. But the giving away of a costly automobile to the first comer by a disgusted owner really happened in Springfield, exactly as in Lloyd Osbourne's yarn, "Baby Bullet." Sometimes real life rivals fiction.

At the Mountain Park Theatre, Springfield, Massachusetts, the stock company presented last week "The First Born," the pathetic play of Chinese life which was first produced at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco.

Henry Woodruff has left "Brown of Harvard" and the management of Henry Miller, and will be a co-star with Henrietta Crossman, appearing as Orlando to Miss Crossman's Rosalind in "As You Like It."

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Louie—Uncle, what's chagrin? Uncle—Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs and jumps on a car that doesn't start for half an hour.—Chicago Daily News.

She—This dress doesn't become my complexion. I must change it. He—More expense? I can't stand it; you'll ruin me. She—You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion.—Chicago Journal.

Sparks—I wonder why it is a woman lets out everything you tell her? Parks—My dear boy, a woman has only two views of a secret—either it is not worth keeping, or it is too good to keep.—Stray Stories.

Mrs. Henpeck (to her husband)—What would you do if I were to die? Henpeck—It would drive me crazy. Mrs. H.—Would you marry again? Henpeck—I don't think I would be as crazy as that.—Pioneer Press.

Tam—Of course the bride looks lovely, as brides always do. Nell—Yes, but the bridegroom doesn't look altogether fit; seems rather run down. Tam—Run down? Oh, yes, caught after a long chase.—Philadelphia Press.

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Hubbie—My dear, if I can not leave the office in time for dinner tonight I will send you a note by a messenger? Wife—You need not go to that expense, George, for I have already found the note in your coat pocket.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Garge—Ef t' missus doan' get better by next Tewsday fortnight I'll sen fer t' doctor. Farmer—Why not before, Garge? Garge—Wull, it'll be fowrty year nex' Tewsday fortnight since we 'ad t' doctor, an' I'd like t' make it even fowrty.—The Tatler.

"The physically unfit should be removed," declared the new thinker of old thoughts. "I'm glad to hear you say so," responded the gentleman chauffeur. "It will make me feel easier in my mind when running over a decrepit pedestrian."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hub—But if you like the young fellow, Kate, why do you object to our daughter marrying him? Wife—Oh, she'll marry him for all that; but I want to give her a chance to say, when they quarrel, that "Mother didn't want me to marry you, anyway."—Boston Transcript.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Money in Our Pocket.

Some interesting deductions may be made from the statement recently issued by the State Bank Commission based on the reports of 506 commercial and savings banks within their jurisdiction. It appears from this statement that the banks have loaned on real estate \$189,873,709. Roughly estimated, this is a per capita mortgage of about \$94. This money has been used in the development of the State. Little of it has gone out of California, and that modicum has returned in material of substantial value which the assessor will appraise for future taxation. Most of this money is in circulation within our borders.

Loans on stocks and bonds amount to \$133,780,536. The bulk of this money has probably gone out of the State, and the interest on the loans is coming to the lepositors in the banks. In addition to these loans the savings banks own stocks and bonds amounting to \$63,217,170.49, and the commercial banks own \$35,394,417.37 of the same security. The character of these stocks and bonds is not stated, but it is presumed that all of them are standard or the Bank Commissioners would not have passed them as safe resources. It is presumed also that in case of need they can all be readily

converted into cash; otherwise they are not a proper offset to the banks' liabilities to their depositors.

The aggregate deposits in the banks of the State amount to \$408,624,663.07. Distributed equally among the population of the State, this would give every inhabitant about \$204. The deposits in the State savings banks amount to \$246,102,659, a per capita deposit of \$123. Of this amount \$42,267,416, or \$27 per capita, is credited to the banks outside of San Francisco. The metropolitan banks, commercial and savings, contain deposits amounting to \$200,700,860, or \$501 per capita of an estimated population of 400,000. The savings deposits in this city amount to \$137,098,974, or \$342 per capita. The excess of the savings deposits in the State over the commercial is \$85,691,896; and the excess in this city is \$73,497,088.

From this showing it is evident that all the money in the State gravitates to San Francisco. The comparatively small per capita of savings deposits outside of San Francisco would also indicate that the banks of the metropolis hold a very large proportion of the money placed at interest by the people of the interior cities, towns, and counties.

Altogether it is an excellent summary of local and State financial conditions. It shows aggregate wealth in excess of the normal, and it indicates personal thrift by the majority of those who earn their livelihood by hand and brain. The records of the commercial deposits are indicative of a healthy business condition; and it is especially gratifying to know that the bulk of the money is circulating in our own channels of industry and trade.

The Detective and His Pay.

Among the anomalies with which the so-called graft prosecution has made us sadly familiar is the part now being played by Detective Burns and the salary that he receives for playing it. For the month of July Mr. Burns received the respectable sum of \$625 from the city treasury. His salary for August is not yet audited, but the amount will presumably be the same. For many months now this official has been in receipt of a salary of about \$7500 per annum from the public purse and for the performance of services that are at least dubious and that are often mischievous. Is it not about time for the city to arouse itself to a situation that, viewed from the financial aspect alone, is in ill-accord with the need for civic economy?

That such a salary should be paid to a detective is a grotesque piece of extravagance. It would be an impossible piece of extravagance but for the fact that Messrs. Spreckels, Heney, and the others have manœuvred themselves into a position where they can compel San Francisco to pursue their private vengeance for them and to reward their instruments. The prosecution has now reached a point where it is simply a weariness to the flesh. Not one man in ten knows what is being done, or cares. But every one knows that nobody has been punished, that there is no one in jail, and that most of the chief criminals have been formally immunized and can live for the rest of their lives without work, honest or dishonest. Why, then, does Mr. Burns continue to draw a salary so much larger than the income of the vast majority of the citizens who pay it to him? Whatever of importance he has ever discovered is now a matter of court record and a salary of \$625 a month for prying into the records of prospective jurors seems excessive.

It is excessive from every point of view. It becomes ludicrous when we compare it with the salaries paid to State and city officials whose administrative services are demanded by constitution and charter and whose duties are constructive and indispensable. The governor of California receives only \$6000 a year, and we are expected to believe that the services of a criminal detective are worth \$1500 a year more than this. The secretary of state receives only \$3000 a year, and we may therefore assume that a detective is worth two and one-half secretaries of state. Turning to San

Francisco itself, we find that the mayor is rated far below the detective, for the mayor receives only \$6000 a year as against the detective's \$7500. The detective is worth nearly two auditors, or two treasurers, or two coroners, for these officials receive \$4000 a year each. He is worth more than the district attorney, who gets \$5000 a year, and perhaps in this case he really is worth more. But the detective has the advantage of the United States circuit judge, who gets \$7000 a year, or \$500 a year less than Mr. Burns, while as for the United States district judge with his \$6000 a year, he must certainly be "small potatoes" in comparison with Mr. Burns.

With the exception of the governor, there are very few State officials who get more than \$3000 a year, but perhaps with good conduct they may all be detectives one day. The controller, the treasurer, the attorney-general, the surveyor-general, the superintendent of public instruction, the adjutant-general, all these useful officials receive \$3000 a year for hard work in the public service done in the light of day. Mr. Burns, it seems, is worth any two of them. We can bracket the values of the State controller and State treasurer, or the attorney-general and the superintendent of public instruction, and even throw in a clerk or two, and Mr. Burns will still be ahead. In this new schedule of values the criminal detective, privately employed and publicly paid, is at the top. Ambition can soar no higher in the life of the State.

Of course the whole business is a scandal from beginning to end, but this particular part of it is peculiarly flagrant. It is a monstrous injustice that the rate-payers should be mulcted in such a sum and to pay for work that belongs to the ordinary routine of duty of the sheriff and of the police. There is nothing legitimate for Mr. Burns to do other than the work already provided for by the normal means and the normal officials. And there being no work for Mr. Burns, he ought not to be paid for doing it. He should be allowed to subside with what grace he can into those humbler spheres of life and their rewards from which he ought never to have emerged.

Mr. Hearst's Nemesis.

Optimism is one of the dominant characteristics of Mr. Hearst's campaign on behalf of his candidates, Messrs. Hisgen and Graves. The other day there was an election in Vermont in which the Republicans polled 48,000 votes, the Democrats 26,000, and Mr. Hearst's party 1000. Undaunted by the awful disparity of this vote, Mr. Hearst's newspapers announced in large type that the Independence party of Vermont had immediately taken "third place" among the political factors of that rock-ribbed commonwealth. The three tailors of Tooley Street could have claimed no more. As a fellah toiling on the banks of the Nile is to the towering pyramid of Cheops, so is the Independence party of Vermont to the total vote of that State. In the name of the Prophet—figs!

What would have happened in Vermont if Mr. Hearst had personally conducted his campaign there can only be surmised. Success might have been assured by at least ten more votes. It is never quite safe to leave to others what you ought to do yourself, and Mr. Hearst's experience should have impressed this axiom upon his understanding. There is not the slightest doubt that if Mr. Hearst had handled his campaign in this city during the late primaries the Independence party would not have been reduced to the absurdity of a measly 193 votes. Mr. Hearst should have spoken to the citizens of San Francisco from the stump instead of trusting to the arguments and predictions and blandishments of his editors. And we warn Mr. Hearst that unless he comes to California and infuses some of his own enthusiasm into the electors, Mr. Debs will come under the wire by more than a distance. Mr. Debs is not neglecting this corner of the political vineyard; he is hastening to us in a blood red car

which he has paid \$20,000 for the season, and his clarion call will soon be loud in the land. That is what Mr. Hearst ought to be doing instead of wasting his time and breath in the sterile Indiana and hopeless Ohio.

Mr. Debs is much wiser in his generation. He is getting around in the places where Mr. Hearst thinks he is most impregnably "organized." California is one of those places. Mr. Hearst was born in California. He may not be one of our favorite sons, but he is a native son, and that accident should count for something. Mr. Debs is taking no chances on the possibility that Mr. Hearst may be unpopular with the crank vote of the State. He is coming to gather it to the aching void of Socialism, and if Mr. Hearst does not rouse himself while it is yet the day before election he may awake on the morning after to find that the serpent has swallowed the toad.

Out in Indiana and along the banks of the pellucid Wabash Mr. Hearst is scattering manna in the wilderness with an unsparing tongue. He is telling the Hoosiers and Buckeyes that they live and vote on a "historic battleground" and that he intends to "make it historic today as the scene of victory for his new party." Then he lands into the candidates of the old parties with hip-smiting vigor and thigh-smashing thwacks. He calls one of the candidates "an overgrown messenger boy," and he buffets the other with the epithetical designation of "peerless prestidigitator of modern politics." His own candidate is "Honest Tom" Hisgen. He wants to know whether the people shall rule the trusts or shall the trusts rule the people, and the broad and boundless prairie echoes no answer—only the wind whispers in the sycamores and the crow calls to his mate across the fields of Indiana.

Unfortunately for Mr. Hearst and "Honest Tom" Hisgen, Mr. Debs has been over all that ground. Anything that Mr. Debs has lost Mr. Hearst is welcome to find. And farther West, where rolls the muddy Platte and hears no sound save Bryan's gnashings, the horny-handed Populist clutches a Democratic vote all heedless of his duty to "Honest Tom" Watson. The corn-fed vote of Nebraska is not for Hearst. The South may not be "solid" for Bryan, but it is not even a decimal for Hearst. It is difficult, therefore, to figure out where the "strength" of Mr. Hearst's party lies. Perhaps the East Side of New York will vote for him, but everywhere else the electors are too busy getting ready to vote for Taft, Bryan, or Debs to pay much attention to Mr. Hearst.

Still it is a shame that Mr. Hearst should permit Mr. Debs to invade his very hearthstone and rake the embers for coals. There are votes in California that are Mr. Hearst's by birthright; but unless the owner of the Independence party looks to his own Mr. Debs will appropriate the entire outfit. It isn't much, to be sure, but it is worth more effort than Mr. Hearst is making to save it.

Morocco Again.

The action of Germany in recognizing Mulai Hafid as Sultan of Morocco is a little perplexing, unless we may assume that the Emperor William is ready and willing to pick a quarrel—an assumption by no means unlikely with the lord of so many legions. France, England, and Spain have been giving their support to Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, who has now had rather a bad beating from his rival and half-brother Hafid. The Moors themselves—although their wishes in the matter do not count for very much—seem to prefer Hafid, because he is a good Moor and a good Mohammedan, whereas Aziz is tainted with the European virus and has yearnings toward civilization. Hitherto the great powers have been in some kind of surface agreement and have made a clumsy pretense at unison. Now comes the declaration of Germany supporting the claim of Mulai Hafid, the agreement is dissipated, and the political pot in France begins at once to boil.

If the German emperor merely wishes to ingratiate himself with the successful sultan, to bask as it were in the rays of the rising sun, he must be willing to run a tremendous risk and to pay a tremendous price for trade privileges which would no doubt fall to him in any case. If Europe has any right in Morocco at all, which of course she has not, the claim of France is the only one that has much validity about it. Morocco is next door to Algeria and France has enough to do in Algeria to give her a decided interest in the contagious brawls, political and religious, of Morocco. France has poured out blood and money in support of Abd-el-Aziz and her nerves are now so much on edge that she is not likely to brook a wanton and almost offensive

interference from Germany. There is inherited bad blood upon both sides and there is no such thing as insignificance in any possible disputes between the two countries. Wars may be made as much by popular clamor as by the intention of statesmen, and of popular clamor in France just at present there is enough and to spare.

But is Germany willing to fight? There is certainly nothing in Morocco worth fighting about, but it would be foolish to shut our eyes to irresistible tendencies that must either be diverted or march to their culmination. Germany is intensely sore at her isolation, she bitterly resents the alliance between France and England, she is being strangled within her own frontiers by the lack of seaports, and she is harassed by a Social Democracy that will not be permanently checked. Bismarck once proved the efficacy of a great national cause in silencing dissension and in creating unity, and it may well be that a war would appeal to the emperor as the least of many evils. He himself is prematurely old, his health is precarious, he has had no chance to show his military genius or to use the mighty machine of destruction that he has devoted his life to lubricate and to polish. The power that has prepared four and a half million men for the field will put them into the field sooner or later. The existence of the German army is itself a cause for war.

Then, too, there is the intense antagonism between Germany and England, one of the few antagonisms of modern international life that is broad based upon popular hatred. England and France are practically allied, thanks to the diplomacy of King Edward. There is no conscience in European politics, and if England and Germany are destined to try their strength it would suit England to have that trial sooner rather than later. Lord Cromer, who knows the situation better than any man living, said in the House of Lords a few weeks ago that a great war would presently be forced upon Great Britain, and he referred of course to Germany. A British navy of 315 warships at that moment was assembled in the North Sea, and we need not look very far to discover the significance and the timely import of Lord Cromer's words. It is, of course, conventionally correct to speak of all wars as impossible and as though the battle of Armageddon had already been fought, but those who are able to read the signs of the times are not inclined to look upon the Morocco situation without misgiving, not indeed as a thing that is worth fighting about, but as a possible pretext for those who are willing to fight.

The Minister and Society.

The Rev. E. Baker, lately pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, would have been better advised had he made his resignation a little less sensational. His farewell sermon probably loses some of its coherence from the necessities of newspaper abbreviation, for while it is comparatively easy to follow his tirade against society in general, it is by no means easy to find the precise reasons that have led him to his present step. He tells us that he has lived through seven and a half years of "attack, criticism, gossip, and bricks," that the church is a "select club," that its members "pray on Sunday and lie on Monday," that church membership now means nothing, and that the church doctrine of hellfire is repugnant to him. There is much more of the same kind, but we still fail to understand why the Rev. E. Baker has retired from the First Presbyterian Church in order to become the manager of a school of scientific salesmanship. We may hope that the change will be both lucrative and sedative.

Now if the human weaknesses of the church and of society in general have led Mr. Baker to this step he would have better consulted his own dignity by intimating that he was no longer equal to the task of the ministry. For the task of the ministry is to combat these very things and to hold up an ideal life that shall counteract its greeds and its vices. If these things did not exist, neither would the church exist, and they are not to be met by vituperation, but by the steady and helpful inculcation of their opposites. If, on the other hand, Mr. Baker now finds, after seven and a half years' ministry, that he is no longer in sympathy with the Presbyterian creed, then, once more, let him say so, but with due remembrance of the fact that he was once in full sympathy with it, hellfire, infant damnation, and all, and at a time when it was even narrower than it is now. He joined the church knowing its creed and he thereby tacitly undertook to preach that creed. If he is now unable to carry out his contract upon con-

scientious grounds, a few dignified words of explanation would be enough.

It is strange that so many ministers nowadays resort to sound and fury when they decide to change their occupation. Thersites in the pulpit is not an edifying sight. Members of other professions do not find it necessary to ring the tocsin upon such occasions and to summon all and sundry to hear their reasons and to listen to fiery arraignments of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which, after all, are pretty much the same as they have ever been. It seems to be a case of exaggerated ego.

The Punishment Fits the Crime.

A trial of no ordinary interest has just been brought to a conclusion in London. Ten members of the Mile End board of guardians—corresponding roughly to our supervisors—have been convicted of corruptly using their official position to enrich themselves. In other words, they entered into collusion with a building contractor and shared with him the proceeds of the dishonest agreement. It was a common case of vulgar bribery and, under ordinary circumstances, in no way worthy of special record.

But there are some features in connection with this trial that arrest our attention. In the first place it occupied twenty days, and this is said to be the longest criminal trial that has occurred in England for many years. The jury was chosen practically from the first dozen men upon the list and the trial went steadily forward from start to finish without a hitch of any kind and without unseemly incidents. As soon as the verdict of guilty was returned the judge passed sentences aggregating 102 months' imprisonment with hard labor, and fines totaling \$4600, the imprisonment to be extended indefinitely until the fines shall be paid. Within an hour of the sentence all the defendants were in prison, where they will remain until the expiration of their terms without any possibility of liberation or escape by a resort to technicalities or by appeal. The case is finally and absolutely closed and the general public will never hear of it again, until the names of these wretched men shall appear in the formal list of the term expired.

One other point is perhaps worthy of mention. In passing sentence the judge regretted his inability to order restitution of the amounts received in bribes, inasmuch as the details could not be ascertained. "This money," he said, "like other ill-gotten gains, I suspect, has quickly gone," but he went on to express the hope that the authorities would apply the amount of the fines to the relief of the ratepayers who had been victimized. The most severe sentences were passed upon two men named Hirst and Warren, the judge explaining his severity on the ground that Hirst has been three times mayor of West Ham and that Warren was a sort of leader among the guardians.

There is no need to make any comment upon these proceedings or to draw comparisons that are painfully obvious. Nor is there any need to point a moral which "jumps to the eye." Let it suffice to say that London is to be enviously congratulated on having laid by the heels a gang of official rascals and of having given so stern a warning of the fate that inevitably awaits those who might imitate them.

The Fool i' the Forest.

Something more than mere sentimentalism will move the Californian to rejoice that "The Mother of the Forest" of the Calaveras grove of Big Trees still stands in columnar majesty with her stalwart family of great-girthed, russet-mailed, emerald-plumed giants. For a time it was feared that these trees were fated to perish from the earth; that the flames creeping out from a sheep-herder's pot-boiling camp-fire or the embers of a fool "camper's" bacon-frying contrivance would destroy the only living survival of the age beyond "the dawn of history." Happily this disaster was averted and only the bald and ragged crest of "The Mother" was scorched; only another scar added to those already inflicted by time and the hand of God.

Better, far better, that these age-defying monarchs should perish by the slivering stroke of the thunderbolt than that they should waste to cinders and ashes in the ignoble flame of a fire kindled by a Slavonian goatherd or a grocer's clerk obtruding his puny presence upon nature in her solitude. Long before the herder's ancestry learned the use of the element which their illiterate and sacrilegious descendant employed to warn a can full of cheap chicory to appease the craving of:

degenerate stomach these trees were sturdy saplings; a thousand years anterior to the period when the most ancient progenitors of the grocer's clerk took for themselves the names of their overlords and abandoned their holes in the rock to make local habitation in abject vilenage to a barbarian chieftain these trees were deep-rooted in the glacial mud of the mountains still trembling in the throes of their upheaval. When Abraham fed his flocks on the scant pasture of Ur in the land of the Chaldees the giant redwoods of California were vigorous shoots not yet barked to record their age in annular growth, though centuries had elapsed since their seed had thawed from the cold embrace of the ice drift; while the armies of Sesostris were devastating the world from Ethiopia to the Indus the last of the post-pliocene mastodons may have rubbed his gigantic tusks against the rough bark of "The Father of the Forest," now prostrate and dry-rotted in the Calaveras grove; if ethnologists have guessed accurately, the southward wandering Toltec tribes paused in the shade of these trees to recuperate from the fatigue of their long march, and that was three centuries before Columbus set foot on the islands of the Carib Sea. Dynasties founded to outlast the memory of man have passed to oblivion since the seed of the sequoia winged its flight on the northwest wind to its final resting place on the slope of the Californian Sierra; racial types have changed to fit their shifting environment and mingled to produce a hundred new phases of humanity since our redwoods began to grow; nations have come and gone, and only man has persisted coeval with these trees as they now stand.

So old are the ever-living redwoods of the Sierran forests that they have outlived the use of commerce. The centuries have eaten their hearts and they are no longer timber; they have ceased to be appraised in the lumber market; they are interrogation marks and exclamation points on the pages of the Book of Time. John Muir, venerable guardian of this garden of the Lord, once said that the Almighty could plant these trees and blast them with the wrath of his storms through all the ages, permitting them to survive every vicissitude of millennial existence, and that at last a fool and a touch-wood splinter tipped with sulphur in incendiary conjunction with a fistful of crackling twigs could destroy the divine handiwork in a few hours of a midsummer day. Once upon a time this Brother of the Forest, traversing his usual way through the country of the giants, discovered a grease-grimed herdsman, born in a land where the vegetation creeps on the surface of the earth, in the act of building a fire at the base of a sequoia. The fire was never lighted. The twigs and brambles were kicked into the cañon by indignant feet heavy-booted for a long journey. Then the astonished and terrified exile of Tuscany listened to a brief history of the tree upon which he had sought to commit this sacrilege—history intermingled with up-to-date objurgation. When Muir had ended, the Italian (degenerate scion of the Cæsars, perchance) muttered his "No savvey," and silently slunk away, only delaying, like the Arab, to fold his dirty blankets. But even the eloquence and admonition of John Muir is powerless against the match of the sheep-herding Goth and the cheese-paring Vandal; and some day there will be no more redwoods in California.

Choosing the Man.

In the political contest now under way the personality of the candidates selected by the two great opposing parties is an element of interest and of determining power greater than in any campaign for forty years. Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan have so long been prominent in public life that they are known and appreciated as few party leaders have been before nominating conventions had made them the centre of discussion and criticism. Greeley, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Harrison, Bryan, and Parker, were not understood and had little claim to national regard when they were suddenly brought face to face with momentous responsibilities. More than one of these were potential as candidates because their lines of thought and action were practically unknown. With no damning facts in the record it is easy to establish a claim to the possession of sagacity and power. There need be no pretensions of the kind in any summing up of the qualifications of Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft.

It is significant that on this turning point two great newspapers of the East, that might have been expected to continue as advocates of Mr. Bryan's cause, have swung to the support of Mr. Taft. Many other journals have taken the same important step, but in per-

haps no other instances are there so many weighty and particular connections.

The Springfield *Republican* may fairly be named first in reviewing this movement. It has long been sturdily independent in its political views, and it has been at one with Mr. Bryan on many of the important issues of the day. Anti-imperialism, tariff reform, opposition to all special privileges, and vigorous attacks on the "reactionaries," have been and still are distinctive features of its able and incisive editorial utterances. No paper more consistently represents the advanced ideas of New England. In the announcement of its position in this campaign it declares that the paper from its first issue "has been dedicated to an essential democracy, whose first and last thought is for the advantages of the people in enlightenment, in self-government, and the advancement of the common interest." It has weighed all considerations hinging on the coming election, struck a balance, and gone where, to its mind, "the largest popular advantage is to be found."

From its temperate yet positive statement this paragraph is quoted as a clear-eyed view of the striking characteristics that distinguish the two opposing leaders:

The business in hand is no longer spectacular—it is of a homely sort, but necessary to the national well-being and the permanent advantage of the people. The times call not for the agitator, but the man with patient, constructive ability, in full sympathy with the popular cause—for a wide seeing and capable handling of large things, and these often of a very delicate nature. Great as has always been our respect for Mr. Bryan—his stainless character, his ability for brilliant leadership, his resolution of nature—the doubt as to his capacity beyond that of a helpful propagandist has not been satisfied during the years of his great prominence before the American people.

Recalling the fact that Mr. Bryan left his command at the time of the war with Spain to secure a ratification of the treaty of peace, to which the Philippine acquisition was appended, and thus demanded a share in the decision for which there was no official warrant, the *Republican* declares that the action, no matter how explained, "left an impression of political time-serving not to be effaced." It believes that Mr. Bryan's career has "developed the orator and the doctrinaire at the expense of the practical, well-posed administrator." But in the record of Mr. Taft it finds warrant for confidence:

Mr. Taft is fitted by nature and training to be a better administrator of the questions which press upon the country for prosecution and solution than President Roosevelt—better, we believe, than Mr. Bryan. The assurances regarding his welcome for the abiding faith in the new Republicanism and the Democracy are absolute. Whether Judge Taft has approved of all the restless methods of his chief we do not know, and doubt—that he stands unwaveringly by him on the main lines of the President's fight for the people, and the purpose to transform the Republican party from one of special privilege to one of equal opportunity, seems to be established. So much demonstrated, Mr. Taft's candidacy makes a wide appeal, and not only so, but it brings him under strong bonds to the people.

Maryland is normally a Democratic State, for it always elects a Democratic governor though it has given Republican pluralities in presidential elections since 1892, ranging from 32,224 in 1896 to a pitiful 51 in 1904. But the Bryan sort of Democracy has never been popular there. It was hardly to be expected that the Baltimore *Sun* would be enthusiastic in support of the twice-defeated leader, but it could not have been accused of inconsistency if in the interest of harmony it had chosen to say no good of his opponent. Again, however, the personality of the candidates decides the issue, and the *Sun* is straightforward in announcing its choice:

The master hand in the construction of the Democratic platform was Mr. Bryan's. He was consulted about every item. It is understood that he formulated the most important declarations. It is probable that in quoting from the platform Mr. Bryan is literally quoting himself. If, as the Democratic nominee asserts, the paramount issue in this campaign is "the rule of the people," the use of their government "for the protection of their rights and the promotion of their welfare," the proposition submitted to the voter is not only a very practical one, but a very simple one. It is the judgment of the *Sun* that the material welfare of the people of the United States—industrial and financial—would be promoted to a greater degree by the election of Mr. Taft than by the election of Mr. Bryan; that their rights would be safeguarded as carefully by Mr. Taft as by Mr. Bryan.

These are the views of two great newspapers that might well have been found under the banner of Democracy had the welfare of the people seemed to demand a Bryan victory rather than a Democratic victory. But, even to them, the comparison is unfavorable in any light.

A letter written for publication by Grover Cleveland

shortly before his death has been given to the press during the past week. It will not weaken the force of its arguments to recall the differences between the ex-President and his aspiring rival in the party. In fact, the sentiments expressed by newspapers of every shade of opinion since Mr. Cleveland passed away but heighten the stature of that statesman, and make more evident the fact that he towered far above the most conspicuous of those who belittled his leadership. From the letter referred to the following paragraphs are taken:

When it became apparent that Mr. Taft would be the nominee of his party, that Mr. Hearst and his party would make a clean-cut effort for emplacement as a national factor and not endeavor to gain any immediate advantage for themselves by any such process as fusion; in fact, would seek to destroy Bryanism, or rather Mr. Bryan's hold on the Democratic party, not by forcing the hold to relax, but by lessening that which he had to hold, conjecture as to the result in the November conclusions could be of but one sort among sensible men. With the several other parties disorganizing, redeveloping, and procreating, the Republican party is certain, though with considerably lessened strength, to move on to a safe victory sustained by the popular support of reforms which should not redound to its glory solely, those reforms having been the work of decent men of all parties.

There is fear on my part of being misunderstood in what I am about to say, but surely the fair-minded man must realize when he considers my attitude toward my own party, all now a matter of immutable record, that it is prompted by a sense of simple fairness. Personally and officially I have had the opportunity of knowing many things concerning Mr. Taft that were not a matter of general knowledge, and with a keen interest I have watched his large share in the conduct of our national affairs in very recent years. His excellence as a Federal judge in Cincinnati is something not to be underestimated or overemphasized, for should he come to the presidential chair the qualities which made him a judge of high ability, which I know him to have been, will be the most needful to him as President of the United States. His high ideals of honesty and of relative justice, his great capacity for severe labor and his humorous wisdom in the face of the serious problem are attributes equally valuable and commendatory to a people seeking him in whom they may repose the trust of their collective interests while they turn their increased attention to their pressing individual demands.

In short, Mr. Bryan has not stood the tests of time and of emergencies. His ideas, his methods, his pose, are no longer attractive, certainly not assuring in the face of eventful probabilities. For as many years as he has been gaining notoriety on the political rostrum and the lecture platform by word of mouth, Mr. Taft has been steadily pursuing the path of official duty and actual achievement. Mr. Taft has said much, but nothing that dims his record; he has accomplished a great deal more, and nothing that has not strengthened his character in patience, courage, and wisdom.

A Diffident Duke.

His Royal Highness, Duke Ferdinand de Montpensier, first cousin of Alfonso, King of Spain, brother of Duke Philip of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France whenever that royal furniture is ready for occupancy, and nephew of Emperor Wilhelm of Germany; has been in town. The importance of this announcement is not so much in the personage or personality of the visitor as in the name of his family. The Montpensiers achieved eminence through the political and royal alliances which some of them made, out of which much disturbance of the peace of nations was provoked. There was Catharine Marie de Lorraine, Duchesse de Montpensier, born 1552, daughter of the Duke of Guise, wife of the second Louis, Duc de Montpensier, of France—a lady of great ability whose knowledge of the finesse of statecraft and whose tendency to intrigue, conspiracy, and treasonable plots on behalf of the League served to keep Henri III awake o' nights and worried poor Catharine de Medici more than that mother of kings, herself a past mistress in the black art of mediæval politics, cared to admit even to her favorite astrologer, Cosmo Ruggieri.

Another of the royal house of Montpensier, also a woman, who made a big stir in the world and was finally niched in history's temple of fame, was Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, born in Paris May 29, 1627, only daughter of Gaston of Orleans and the Duchesse de Montpensier. "La Grande Mademoiselle," as she was called, was one of the most vivacious women of the seventeenth century, a period when women controlled the destinies of empires by their wit, their smiles, and their favor. Born to enormous wealth, she saw no reason why she should share it with anything less worthy than a crowned head, but finally, if we may credit the somewhat scandalous memoirs of Saint-Simon, she yielded to the impulse of a personal affection and secretly married Antoine, Duke Lauzun. In the meantime, however, the granddaughter of Henry

IV played her rôle of "La Grande Demoiselle" with impetuous fury. She espoused the cause of Condé in the civil wars of the Fronde, rode at the head of armies, scaled the walls of Orleans under fire at greater risk than was incurred by Jeanne d'Arc, and saved Condé after the battle of the Faubourg Saint Antoine from massacre by opening the gates of Paris for his retreat and covering the flight with the guns of the Bastille, which she emptied ruthlessly upon the roaring populace of the city. As age cooled the hot Bourbon blood of this Amazon, repentance became her sole purpose in life, the remainder of which was occupied largely with her devotions and her "Memoirs," for her versatility included a fine literary talent unhampered by scrupulous regard for the feelings of those whom she might happen to dislike.

The father of the royal guest at the Fairmont was Antoine Marie Philippe Louis d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, fifth son of Louis Philippe, King of France for a brief and troublous period. His youthful profession was arms and he won distinction as a soldier in two campaigns in Algeria. He married the Infanta Maria Louisa, sister of Queen Isabella II of Spain, and thereby nearly caused a rupture between England and France. The revolution of 1848 drove him out of Spain and he took refuge in England, afterwards crossing over to Holland with his family, where he embarked for Spain. His eldest daughter, Princess Marie, was married, in 1864, to her cousin, the Count de Paris, heir-male of the royal house of Orleans. After the flight of Isabella II from Spain, the duke was proposed as a candidate for the crown, but that was as far as it went. However, his highness did not despair, and in 1878 his third daughter became the wife of King Alfonso XII. The throne of Spain remained in the family only a month or two. Queen Mercedes died in June of the year of her marriage. The duke died in 1890.

Notwithstanding our well-known love for dukes, this one has persistently refused to give audience to our ambassadors of the press. His secretary has received the young gentlemen of the Fourth Estate and given them all the information deemed necessary concerning his royal master. A Montpensier could not condescend to a familiar interview with anything less aristocratic than a Montmorency or a Montferrat, and none of the cards sent to him by the local newspapermen bore those names. Our curiosity, therefore, regarding the duke's opinion of us, as far as his observation has gone, is still unsatisfied. We don't know what he thinks of our climate; we are completely in the dark concerning his views on the political situation; we are not informed, as to whether he has ever heard of Mr. Bryan, whether he knows that Mr. Hearst has invented a political propaganda similar to that which convulsed Madrid at the accession of Alfonso, whether he approves the platforms of any of the parties, or whether he entertains the vaguest notion as to the reason why the graft prosecution is all prosecution and no conviction. We would like to hear his highness express surprise at our phenomenal uprising from our recent calamity, but thus far he has vouchsafed no remarks on that subject in the presence of the reporters. It would be interesting to know what a Montpensier thinks of our social conditions, comparing them favorably or unfavorably with those to which he is accustomed in Seville and Madrid and the courts of Europe; but the secretary has not transmitted to the press even the obscurest hint that the duke has given this matter the slightest thought.

The reporters have been compelled to report the duke from afar. They have looked upon him as through a glass, darkly, notwithstanding the fierce light that beats upon a Montpensier. This exclusiveness is irritating. We would like to know our royal visitor more intimately. We want him to understand that our lachstring is exposed to his grasp if he would only take it in hand. We fear that he may go back to Spain with false ideas regarding our hospitality, of which he must have heard even in Madrid. We are, indeed, a most hospitable folk, especially when it is dispensed in the entertainment of celebrities, hereditary or fortuitous. We would like to show the duke around a bit; we would like to dine him and wine him and make his stay with us pleasant and memorable. Our orators would be delighted to talk to him; our smart set would be glad to receive him with their arms wide open; our leading citizens would eagerly arrange one of their famous banquets for him if he would only say the word, even though that word were uttered by the subsidized lips of his secretary. Duke Ferdinand de Montpensier doesn't know what he is missing by denying the newspaper men the privilege of telling him.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

From the standpoint of the local partisan there may seem to be no connection between the issues of the national campaign and the fight for and against Governor Hughes in New York. But the connection is there all the same and it is a close one. If Governor Hughes fails to get the renomination it will give heart of grace to the Bryanites all over the country. "Behold," they will say, "the reality of Republican protestations and he warned in time." Governor Hughes is something more than an able and efficient executive. He is a man—shall we say *the* man—with a moral idea. He represents the newly awakened spirit of sane and balanced reform, and his nomination is something more than a local issue. It is an opportunity to show that the Republican party is a party of the people and not of the politicians.

It is for this reason that the politicians of New York State have begun to "furiously rage together." They hoped that President Roosevelt, whose antipathy to the governor is well known, would unite with them in unseating the man whose single will has kept their noses from the trough. But they were disappointed. The meeting at Oyster Bay had no definite result, but it was perfectly well known that the weight of opinion was to the effect that it would be had politics to publicly crucify Governor Hughes for carrying out the very policy that his party has avowedly adopted. If the Oyster Bay conference had been distinctly adverse to the governor, the New York politicians would have sung to a different tune, but now they are beginning to ask by what right such a conference presumes to dictate to New York. One and all of them—Woodruff, Parsons, Odell, Barnes, Hendricks—are determined that they will have a man after their own hearts at Albany. The effect of such a crime upon the fortunes of the party at large will concern them not at all, but they may stay their hand if the prospects of defeat looms sufficiently clear ahead of them. And that the rejection of Hughes will mean a Democratic victory is the conviction of many who are likely to know. And if New York should go Democratic in the matter of the governorship, why should it not also go Democratic in the matter of the presidency? And if New York should declare for Bryan—why, where are we?

The national point of view is tersely expressed by the Philadelphia *Ledger* and indeed by many other responsible newspapers. The *Ledger* says:

Those whose first concern is for the election of Mr. Taft have readily recognized what a blow would be given to his candidacy by the rejection of Hughes, which would be everywhere interpreted as a repudiation of all his conspicuous services for the advancement of our civic standards. If the Republican party will not stand by Hughes in New York, it would be said, what could Taft be expected to accomplish in the larger field? Even machine politicians of the smallest calibre must perceive this peril. It is so plain, indeed, that their opposition to the renomination of Hughes is likely to disappear before the convention. However unwilling, they must acquiesce or invite disaster.

We shall see what we shall see. In the meantime we may hope that "good politics," not to speak of good morals, will prevail at New York.

Reports of dissension in the labor ranks as a result of Gompers's politics come thick and fast. A report from New York says that the unions are surprised, while one daring delegate goes so far as to accuse Gompers of "quibbling." The national secretary of the Pavers and Rammers says:

"It would be more honest for Gompers to come out openly and ask the unions to vote for Bryan than to praise Bryan and the Democratic party as the friends of labor, then declare that union men should support the friends of labor, and follow this up by saying that there is no party politics in his campaign. This cheap kind of nonsense is an insult to the intelligence of union men."

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers declares that Gompers's course will cause dissensions of a far-reaching character in the unions and the dissensions are indeed already very apparent.

We are plunged into a profound dejection by had news from New Orleans. On Saturday, August 29, only seven Bryan buttons were sold over the counter of the *Times-Democrat*, and three of them were bought by the same man. Seven dollars for the great cause and on a half-holiday, too, when the spirit of generosity should be abroad in the air.

The *Times-Democrat* is more than a little perplexed and it lifts the chastening rod more in sorrow than in anger. Why, the country districts are doing better than the city. The "spirit of commercialism" rules the city, while the rural population have a "loyalty to their standard of political principles." The hearts of the Southern farmer and of his man Friday will swell with pride as they read this tribute to their disinterested public spirit. For the first time in their lives they will realize that "they look beyond the ephemeral effects of party victories to the great underlying principles of action and policy that make nations great." Who would have thought it?

But there is worse to come, although we hate to see these efforts to create a class consciousness and to array the city against the country. But perhaps the truth ought to be known, and the *Times-Democrat* tells us that the dwellers in the country are proud of their Bryan buttons (one dollar per button) and wear them where every one can see them, whereas the city man "has been known to hide his under his coat lapel." Moved by righteous indignation, the *Times-Democrat* says truly that "a man who feels that way ought not to buy a Bryan button," but when we are further told that "if the Great Commoner knew it he would insist on returning the dollar of such a faint-hearted supporter" we must express a dissenting opinion. Mr. Bryan would not return the dollar. He would scorn the action.

Mr. Taft's attitude on the labor question is not at all a matter of doubt or obscurity, but we can none the less appreciate his recent speech, not so much for the contained facts that are already well known as for the vigor and independ-

ence that it manifests. Upon the record of the Republican party in its relation to labor, Mr. Taft said:

"I want to make one statement first, that never in the history of this country has there been an administration that has passed more measures directly in the interest of the laboring classes than has the present Republican administration."

"Take the employers' liability act. Congress has passed a law by which railroad men engaged on interstate railroads shall be put on a level with the corporation in dealing with it in respect to the damages that they sustain, growing out of their employment."

"Then there are also all of these safety-appliance acts, which I hope will tend to reduce the awful sacrifices of life among the employees of the railroad companies. Then, too, there are other measures—the government employees' compensation-for-injuries act, and that which requires interstate commerce employees to serve only a certain number of hours and forbids their service longer."

On the question of injunctions Mr. Taft was no less positive. Denying that he was "the father of injunctions" in labor cases, he pointed out that he had never done anything but follow a well-established precedent in such matters. It was a good precedent, but it was not of his making:

"It has been my lot to lay down the rules with respect to the rights of labor in two or three cases, and I refer to those cases as a full statement of what I believe the rights of labor to be with reference to its employment. Labor has the right to unite in organizations for the purpose of looking after the united interests of labor in its controversy with capital, because if it did not unite, and was not permitted to unite, then it would be helpless."

"Laborers have the right not only to unite, but to contribute funds which, in times when they wish to leave the employ of their employer when they did not like his terms, may support their fellow members. They have the right to appoint officers who shall control their action if they choose. They have the right to invite all other laborers to unite with them in their controversy, and to withdraw if they choose from association with their employer."

"But they have not the right to injure their employers' property; they have not the right, by what is called a 'secondary boycott,' to invite a third person into the controversy who wishes to keep out, by threatening a boycott with him unless he assists them in the fight."

"In the fight between the employer and the employee or the united employees they must fight it out between themselves and they must not involve the rest of the community in it by a system of duress. This law I believe is a fair law, and, being a fair law, when I was on the bench I attempted to enforce it."

In this notable speech there is no attempt to hedge. Mr. Taft takes his stand on the broad ground of human right, and it is safe to say that no human being would disagree with him but for the blinding effects of class bias and greed.

That tariff reform is actually under way is shown by the work of Senator Burrows, who is in charge of the subcommittee on the administrative features of revision. A similar work will now be started by another sub-committee of the Senate committee on finance, of which Senator Hopkins of Illinois is chairman. Mr. Hopkins's committee is composed of himself and Senators Burrows, Penrose, Money, and Tulliferro. To this committee has been entrusted the work of preparing a bill for the Senate, as it is directed to "consider what changes in the customs rates are desirable, and to secure proof of the relative cost of production in the United States and other competing countries."

While in Washington recently, attending a meeting of the Burrows committee, Senator Hopkins said he would not call his organization together until some time during the fall. In the meantime, however, he will ask the Departments of State, Agriculture, and Commerce and Labor to procure such information for him as they can through their representatives abroad relative to the cost of production in foreign countries with a view to supplying to the committee the best information possible in conducting its comparisons. That Mr. Hopkins appreciates the magnitude of this inquiry is made manifest by the preparation that he is making.

He also apprehends no little difficulty in reconciling the conflicting interests which are always involved in tariff changes. Already the Eastern manufacturers are making known their demands for free raw materials, while the Western producers are beginning to stand out stiffly for the protection of such articles as wool, hides, and ores. The Senate finance committee has no purpose of trying to rob the House committee on ways and means of its prerogative of originating tariff legislation, but is simply preparing itself for the intelligent consideration of the subject after the House bill shall reach the Senate.

Mr. Bryan has many engagements ahead, and now that he has said to one chairman, "Don't introduce me again as the next President of the United States," all the other chairmen should accommodate him. An introduction like that gets on a man's nerves in his third campaign for an office he never won.

Mr. Bryan recognizes that he must win New York—"or bust." He went there straight from Des Moines and had a three-hour conference with the local leaders. The result was an arrangement to speak in New York City, Syracuse, and Rochester between September 16 and 20 and again early in October in New York City and Buffalo. Democratic reports are to the effect that Mr. Bryan can easily carry New York if he will only speak often enough. It will of course be rather a strain upon him, but then there is always the phonograph. Chairman Mack said that New York would be all right if "Mr. Bryan would make a swing through the State."

A great many nice things were said to Mr. Bryan on this auspicious occasion. Senator Culherson, for instance, assured him that West Virginia and Maryland would certainly be found among the faithful, but then Senator Culherson has been spending the summer in Maryland and the hospitality of the South is not of the kind that is conducive to political foresight. However that may be, Mr. Bryan's advisers all spoke of a "strong drift" that would become still more pronounced when their candidate had thrown his oratorical banners to the wind. So great a reliance upon the witching power of Mr. Bryan's voice is touching and impressive.

A FRIENDLY INVASION.

The Exposition and the "Entente Cordiale" Bring Crowds of Frenchmen to England.

Is it the exposition or the *entente cordiale* that brings so many French people to England? It must be remembered that the Frenchman is not naturally a traveler. The patriotic Gaul looks upon his own country as an oasis in the desert and the frontiers of his land as a kindly interposition of Providence between it and a surrounding savagery. If foreign travel is recommended to him he is sincerely perplexed. Why, then, should he travel? Is there anything elsewhere that is not to be found in France? Assuredly no. So he stays at home.

But the present French invasion of England is a reality, and there being no Channel tunnel the visitors come by water. It is, after all, a trifling journey. Eight hours from Paris to London and the cost, including hotels, interpreters, and guides, a mere bagatelle. Never before have so many French people braved the perils of the mighty deep, and while the passage from Dover to Calais is only about ninety minutes, it is surprising what Father Neptune can do in the way of concentrated discomfort when he is really pressed for time.

The Feast of the Assumption was a great day for the French tourist. Most Englishmen would be much puzzled if required to give the date of this festival, but the Frenchman knows all about it, because he gets two days' holiday, which shows the importance of the part played by holidays in the preservation of the spirit of true piety. On the first of these two days no less than five thousand French people came in to London. They started on Friday night, reaching London early on Saturday morning. Then they had all day to see London and then returned by the evening boat. Some of them stayed over Sunday and got back to work on Monday morning. It is not easy to see London in the course of a day, or even of two days, especially when a great exhibition is the *pièce de resistance*, but these good people did their best and will no doubt rank as lifelong authorities upon everything English. They enjoyed themselves, too, in spite of the past and prospective terrors of the Channel passage. Among them were five hundred employees of a firm of coal merchants, sons of Anak all of them, and a little disturbing to the rooted English convictions that Frenchmen are small men. Then there was a French choral society, and its members lifted up their voices in season and out of season, celebrating each new spectacle with a more or less appropriate song. Then there was an artistic society and a musical group known as the Trompes and Trompettes, who were good enough to bring their instruments with them. They went to the exhibition and duly did their duty to the French exhibits, but they preferred the streets, crowding the tops of the omnibuses and complimenting their hosts by ineffective imitation of the British cheer. Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London were special favorites, the latter edifice being regarded as the Basilica of England, and perhaps not inappropriately. The scene at the departure of the evening trains was a thoroughly joyous one. The choral society sang continuously, the trompes and the trompettes played something said to be "God Save the King," and with salvos of cheers for the English the festive crowds departed. The *entente* was as *cordiale* as any one could wish.

English-speaking travelers on the Continent have often wondered why the shopkeepers do not procure some competent revision of the English notices placed in the windows. The announcement that "English speak here" is hardly calculated to give the fullest confidence in the linguistic abilities to be found inside, but now that London herself has gone into the business of catering for Frenchmen, it must be confessed that she is an even greater offender in this respect. A good many of the restaurants here have "dropped into French" since the invasion began, and their efforts are sometimes enough to provoke a war, especially with a sensitive people like the French. Here are some of these shocking announcements, and the number might be increased almost indefinitely:

- Pot de dé jour 1 personne.
- Ginger beer (jar verre).
- Ginger beer (en glaçon).
- Plat de pain hauré.
- Pâté de veau et jambon.
- Pudding de gruits.
- Gambon et œufs.
- Haddock et 2 œufs joches.
- Pommes de terre grites.

How much it saves for the courtesy of the visitors at they are still able to shout "Vive l'Angleterre" and at the *entente cordiale* is not hopelessly broken down such a weight of execrable French! But perhaps a Frenchman who saw these atrocities did not suspect that they were intended to be French. Let us at least hope not.

A great number of these people bring cameras with them, and they are not a little surprised to find that there are no restrictions and that they may photograph or try to photograph anything they please. That they may use their cameras in a fortified town like Dover they found to be especially remarkable. Not on to be forgotten was a scene between a Dover policeman who could speak French and a crowd of widely arrived tourists who were painfully anxious not to imperil the *entente cordiale* by injudicious photography. Almost in vain were the official assurances at *messieurs et mesdames* might photograph anything they pleased, the castle, the fortifications, the guns, the

kilted Highlanders then marching up the street—"even me," in a final and conclusive persuasion. The guests evidently thought that their hosts were a little foolhardy thus to throw open the defenses of England, it being the fixed conviction of the average Frenchman, and indeed of the average continental, that the snapshot of a tourist might easily cause the whole empire to crumble into ruins.

Whether it be the exposition or the *entente cordiale* that has brought this invasion of England, it is of unquestioned benefit to both countries. A better understanding must result and a natural alliance must be strengthened.

LONDON, August 21, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Primroses.

Why do ye weep, sweet hahes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were hut horn
 Just as the modest morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warp'd, as we
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young.
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop, and weep,
 Is it for want of sleep;
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or, that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or hrought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?
 No, no; this sorrow, shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
 "That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
 forth."
 —Robert Herrick.

Love Not!

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away
 Ere they have hlossom'd for a few short hours.
 Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
 The rosy lips may cease to smile on you,
 The kindly-heaming eye grow cold and strange.
 The heart still warmly heat, yet not he true.
 Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die,
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its hirth.
 Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said
 In present hours as in the years gone by!
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
 Love not!
 —Caroline Elizabeth Norton.

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set hudding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'erhripped their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft within thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winning wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 S pares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
 While harred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly hourns:
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.
 —John Keats.

In August, just passed the anniversary of a "famous victory"—to-wit, of Blenheim, which is a corruption of Blindheim, the village on the Upper Danube where John Churchill won his dukedom, his magnificent palace in Oxfordshire, and his yearly pension of £5000. This is still enjoyed by his heir, the present Duke of Marlborough, who places annually on the date a French fleur-de-lis flaglet over the bust of his ancestor in the guardroom of Windsor Castle—the condition of his tenure of the estate of Blenheim.

Two students of the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, employed their summer vacation hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains near Emmitsburg. They captured a number of large reptiles, from which they obtained about \$1500 worth of venom, which will be shipped to the Pathological Institute in Paris.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain W. J. McDonald of the Texas Frontier Rangers, announces his acceptance of an invitation to accompany President Roosevelt next year on a hunting trip into Africa.

President L. H. Bailey of the New York State College of Agriculture declines to head the President's curious committee to investigate the social and economic conditions of American farmers, with a view to their improvement.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall is now in Mexico as field director of the Reid-Crocker expedition, which is excavating the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon. The work is being carried on with funds furnished by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Crocker of San Francisco.

Robert Dunn, mountain climber and newspaper correspondent, has succeeded in climbing Mount Wrangell, the active Alaskan volcano, located in the great bend of the Copper River, with an estimated height of 17,500 feet. He made the final ascent on July 30.

John J. Hayes, the Marathon winner at the recent Olympic games, has gone over to the professional ranks. He has signed a winter's contract with a New York vaudeville house and every day will tell the story of his great race accompanied by moving pictures.

Mrs. Phœbe Rideout has been elected to succeed her late husband as the president of the bank at Oroville, and also as president of the banks at Marysville and Gridley. Mrs. William H. Langdon has been reelected president of the Union Savings Bank at Modesto.

Mrs. E. G. McAllister, widow of a cousin of the famous Ward, recently returned from England in triumph. She had managed to spend more than two months touring Europe solely with a wardrobe not too big to put in a small suit case and not too heavy for a spirited woman to carry all by herself.

Theodore A. Bingham, who has been police commissioner of New York City since 1906, is a graduate of West Point, and retired from the army in 1904 with the rank of brigadier-general. While in the army he performed distinguished services as engineer officer and as military attaché in various legations.

Salvatore Cortesi, the Italian editor, has been engaged for many years in journalism, and his career in that profession has been signalized by a number of brilliant achievements. In 1891, after the memorable lynching of Italians in New Orleans, he came to America as the representative of the *Tribuna*, the leading Roman paper.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, who, it is announced, is to receive the Nobel prize for literature this year, has been called "the Belgian Shakespeare"—a title he is by no means averse from holding. As he is now only forty-six, it is probable that he has not yet given us of his best. Last year he purchased the ancient Abbey of Saint Wandrille, in Normandy. This historic retreat was in ruins, but the poet set about having the place repaired, so that he can entertain his friends amid picturesque surroundings.

His Highness Abbas Pasha Hilmi, Khedive of Egypt and sovereign of Nubia, of the Soudan, of Kordofan, and of Darfur, who recently arrived in London, is the Admirable Crichton of living rulers. He is strikingly handsome, and is thirty-four years of age. He is an accomplished pianist, a lover of gardening, a clever farmer, a skillful engineer, a scientist, a keen business man, and a noted breeder of horses. He frequently amuses himself by driving a railway engine, he commands his luxurious yacht in person, and he is known far and wide as a daring motorist. To these accomplishments the khedive adds fluency in German, French, English, Arabic, Turkish, Italian, and Persian and a knowledge of military tactics.

The death of William F. Vilas, at the comparatively early age of sixty-eight, removes a man who, when only forty-four years old, appeared to have before him one of the most promising political careers of any man in the country, observes the *Boston Transcript*. His speech as permanent chairman of the Democratic national convention which nominated Mr. Cleveland for the first time was widely commented on from one end of the country to the other. The youth, the dash, the brilliancy of the young presiding officer who at the age of twenty-four had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the volunteer army, and in the practice of law in the succeeding two decades had attained considerable distinction, led the country to believe that a real leader was coming out of the West. His subsequent appointment to the Cabinet, in which he was promoted from the Postoffice to the Interior Department, and his election in 1891 to the United States Senate, accorded with this popular expectation. But Mr. Vilas got no further. His was one of the many political careers in America which came to a rather sudden stop, without any fault on the individual's part, but rather from the course of circumstances over which he had little or no control. The Democratic party left Mr. Vilas on the silver question, and as soon as it had recovered from that lunacy, there was no Democratic party left in Wisconsin, the new sociological issues raised by Roosevelt and La Follette respectively having taken the place in the popular mind of the old-time party divisions. And in this new alignment Mr. Vilas found no place.

AN INTREPID PRESS PERPLEXED.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXX.

When the governor and General Herman had witnessed the impressive march of the Vigilantes to and from the jail for their prisoners, and when they learned of the swift justice that had been meted out to the condemned men by the Vigilante tribunal, they began to realize how powerful were the forces with which they had to deal.

As yet, Herman had been utterly unable to obtain arms. The governor had sent a trusted henchman, one Richard Mahoney, down to Santa Josefa to secure the arms in the militia armory there. But Jackson had just learned that the messenger had failed in his mission. The arms had been duly secured, loaded on a sloop, and brought up the bay. But as they were nearing the city, a scow schooner, apparently carelessly sailed, came alongside, fastened grappling hooks to their shrouds, placed a guard with cocked pistols over the sloop's crew, transferred the guns and ammunition to the schooner, and took their leader, Mahoney, prisoner. When the governor read this astounding incident to Herman from a dispatch which he had just received by a courier the general fairly boiled with rage.

"Why, these men are drunk with power!" he shouted. "That is piracy, governor—piracy on the high seas. Every man connected with that act, either as principal or accessory, is liable to be hanged under the United States laws."

"Yes, general, but the United States laws work very slowly," replied the governor. "In the meantime the State government is defied, and we must endeavor to assert its power. I find myself blocked at every turn—particularly by the difficulty of obtaining information. The only newspaper here which is not in awe of the Vigilantes is the *Clarion*. Its editor, Newton, has requested me to apply to him for news, and he will gladly keep me posted. Let us go to Newton's office, general."

There they were at once shown into the private office of the editor-in-chief, who had won some little fame on the dueling field as well as on the editorial tripod. Although he greeted the two gentlemen cordially, Newton betrayed such suppressed excitement that the governor inquired the cause.

Newton's response seemed enigmatic. "Have you seen this morning's *Clarion*, might I ask, governor?" he inquired.

"No. I have been so much occupied today that I have not had time to look at the papers at all, although I read your journal regularly, Mr. Newton."

"Then look at that, sir," exclaimed Newton indignantly, holding a microscopic sheet before the two gentlemen. "Look at that—do you recognize it?"

"At this distance, I do not. Although I am familiar with most of the newspapers here, that little sheet is strange to me."

"And yet," said Newton, dramatically, "that, governor, is the *Clarion*." And he spread out the tiny journal and glared at it.

"What?" exclaimed the governor in surprise. "Is that the *Clarion*? Why, what has happened to your newspaper, Mr. Newton?"

Newton shook his head. "That," said he, gazing mournfully at the little sheet, "is all that is left of the once prosperous *Clarion*. That is the work of the Vigilantes."

"How can that be?" asked the governor. "I confess I do not understand you."

"Gentlemen," began the editor, with an oratorical air, "when the deplorable events which are now afflicting our community were casting their shadows before them, the *Clarion* did not hesitate to express its honest and unprejudiced views. We stated then, as we state now, that every community should be ruled by the duly elected and constituted authorities."

Here both of his hearers nodded approval. "What has been the result of that declaration, gentlemen?" declaimed Newton in measured tones. "How has this community rewarded the *Clarion* for its advocacy of ideas which are absolutely rudimentary in their honesty and truth? Look, gentlemen," said the aggrieved editor, holding up another newspaper. "Look at that! Do you recognize that sheet?"

"It resembles the *Argus*," replied Herman, "although I must confess it looks much larger than the *Argus*."

"It is the *Argus*, gentlemen," solemnly asserted Newton, "puffed up, crammed, stuffed with Vigilante pap. And the reason of its bloated and drowsical appearance is because the *Argus* is batten on advertising unjustly taken from the columns of the *Clarion*."

"What brought about this extraordinary change in the two newspapers?" asked the governor.

Editor Newton gazed with melancholy eyes on his shrunken sheet. "Gentlemen," said he, "it all sprung from an article which I wrote and printed in the *Clarion* concerning the unfortunate encounter which caused the present Vigilante organization. With your permission I will read it to you."

With a certain enjoyment of his own prose, even if it had wrought his ruin, the editor began:

"Intense excitement was caused in this city last evening by a street affray between Mr. Clancy and Mr. Fitzwilliams." Newton paused. "Here I will interrupt myself, gentlemen," he said, "long enough to remark that the use of the word 'affray' in this article called forth abuse from my contemporaries. Some of

them hint that Fitzwilliams was shot unawares by Clancy, and that it was not an 'affray' but an 'assassination.' To this I have replied that I am prepared to defend, in the manner customary among gentlemen, my use of this term. But to resume my reading:

"*Motives of delicacy, needless to explain, force us to abstain from commenting on this affair. It is sub judice. It is now before the courts. But we could not justify ourselves in refraining from the sternest condemnation of the present mob spirit. At a time when the courts of justice are regularly administered, and when there exists no necessity for such an illegal organization, we strongly condemn the conspirators now defying the law. We learn that a number of highly respectable merchants, some of them our warm friends, are mixed up in this Vigilance Committee. None the less, we wish to be understood as unqualifiedly condemning the movement. We refrain from expressing any opinion on the affray between Mr. Clancy and Mr. Fitzwilliams. If Mr. Clancy be guilty, let him be punished. If he be innocent, we will express our conviction to that effect before the whole world. But he must have a fair and legal trial.*"

Here Editor Newton paused again, and gazed at his auditors.

"This was evidently printed before the attack on the jail," remarked Jackson.

"Yes, governor," replied Newton. "It was written the day after the—er—mur—ahem—affray. Now, general, what do you suppose was the first result of this perfectly honest expression of opinion?"

"I am sure I have no idea," was the reply.

"It resulted," went on the editor, "in the receipt that very afternoon of a note reading as follows:

"*To the editor of the Clarion—Dear Sir: The undersigned, importers, commission merchants, and auctioneers in this city, will no longer subscribe to or advertise in the Clarion.*"

"Appended to this document were the names of two hundred and fifteen of the leading firms of this city, and among them, gentlemen," mourned Newton, with tears in his voice, "were the fifteen leading auctioneers."

"The auctioneers? Indeed!" commented the governor. "That would mean a heavy loss to you, would it not, Mr. Newton?"

"Yes, a very heavy loss," replied the editor. "You perhaps know, governor, and General Herman as a banker certainly does, that the largest volume of business done here is that conducted by the auctioneers. Why, the auction ads alone mean thousands of dollars a week to a newspaper—t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d-s, gentlemen!"

"How did you receive this attack on the liberty of the press, may I ask?" inquired Herman.

"With absolutely unruffled serenity, gentlemen," replied the editor explosively. "It is true that I was forced to cut down the size of my journal to the insignificant sheet you see before me. But the spirit that animates it is still as it was of old. The day after receiving this offensive and threatening manifesto from the traders and shop-keepers of the city I printed the following paragraph:

"*We have some words of explanation to make this morning in regard to the Clarion's diminished size. Our editorial paragraph concerning the Committee of Vigilance gave offense to a number of persons, who thereupon immediately signified their displeasure by canceling their subscriptions. Also a number of merchants who had already taken offense at this paper—perhaps because in the past it had criticized them for unwarrantable speculations—collected upon the leading auctioneers and by threats forced them to withdraw their advertisements from the Clarion. Some shop-keepers on Front Street gathered together a number of copies of the Clarion yesterday, and made a bonfire of them. Some two hundred and twelve persons in all withdrew their subscriptions yesterday from this journal. We appeal to our citizens to say whether they are willing that freedom of speech should be crushed out. The sacred position of a public journalist must not be degraded by compulsory subservience to the adherents of a cabal. The Front Street merchants may damage the business of the Clarion, but we assure them that they can not control the sentiments of its editor.*"

Newton paused, and polished his heated brow with a large bandana. He gazed at his visitors. "What do you think of that, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Bravely spoken!" said the governor.

"Hear! hear!" cried Herman.

"I thank you for your approval, gentlemen," said the editor, with dignity. "But the most discouraging, the most revolting part of my narrative remains to be told. I have already pointed out to you the prosperous condition of my rival, the *Argus*. When you hear in what way this was brought about, you will grow sick at heart. Up to the very hour of going to press that sheet was uncertain what position it would take. It had even prepared two editorials, copies of which were brought to me by a trusted employee of mine who took—er—employment—er—temporarily with the *Argus*. Here is the first of the two editorials prepared by my cowardly contemporary. Pray listen to it:

"*The so-called Vigilantes have defied the law. They bear the brand of treason. They can no more escape that brand than could Benedict Arnold. There are huckstering sheets that batten on the business patronage of these truculent Vigilante shop-keepers—low newspapers that, fungus-like, have sprung from putrefaction, and fill the air with their noisome stench. When the Vigilantes and their newspaper defenders shall have been crushed, these newspapers will sink beneath the indignation of reasserted law, and of loyalty to our common country. As for the Vigilantes themselves, we*

do not see how men in their senses can lend themselves to the perpetration of such a dreadful crime. The governor is about to issue a proclamation calling on them to disperse. The entire forces of the State must be called out to suppress the insurrection. If insufficient, the Federal government will lend its assistance. After the issuance of the governor's proclamation the Vigilantes are guilty of treason. Any Vigilantes found with arms after that proclamation is issued are subject to death by the halter."

"That is good, sound, Law-and-Order doctrine," said the governor. "I did not know that the *Argus* had taken such ground. I am glad to hear it."

"*Audi olteram partem*," intoned the editor solemnly. "Hear the other side! There are always two sides to everything, and the *Argus* is usually on both. In this particular case it had to stand by one, and it was in doubt. Here is the second editorial the *Argus* editor prepared:

"*The members of the Committee of Vigilance have a great work before them. True, they are engaged in what might be called a revolution, but revolution is an inherent right. If we stop short of taking the administration of the laws from the hands of corrupt and inefficient men, then we voluntarily place ourselves on untenable ground. The existing revolution is right or wrong. If right, it must be made effective and complete. If wrong, we are subject to punishment. The justification must be placed on the ground of the inherent right of revolution. We can not afford to recognize the power now lodged in the hands of corrupt and inefficient men as officers of the law. It is folly to attempt to dodge the question. We must meet the question boldly as men and patriots.*"

Again the editor looked at them interrogatively. "And what do you think of that, gentlemen, may I ask?" said he.

"Rank Vigilante stuff as was ever penned!" cried Herman warmly.

"At least it is treasonable, even if rather inclined to trim," added the governor.

"Well, that is what the *Argus* printed. And I assure you, gentlemen, that up to half an hour of going to press they did not know which of these two editorials to print. McRae, the editor of the base sheet, could not make up his mind, even after consulting two or three of his associates. At last they settled the thing and how do you think they did it?"

"No idea," said Herman.

"*They tossed up a half-dollar to decide*," uttered Newton in low and cutting tones. "Heads or tails—that is the way the policy of that loathsome sheet is formulated. They might as well load a newspaper with shaking dice."

"How did the *Argus* treat the Vigilantes after the merchants attacked you, Mr. Newton?" asked the governor.

"With fulsome flattery, sir," replied Newton. "The paper was so inundated with advertising that they were obliged to increase its size, as you see. Let me read you some of the sycophantic words with which the fawned upon the hands that fed them. Listen:

"*The present era of justice administered by the people themselves has, by the corrupt organs of the ballot-box stuffers, been called 'a reign of terror.' Do good and just men so regard it? We answer emphatically no. They know that it is the only salvation of the noble city they have toiled to build up. There is a earnest feeling prevailing among all good citizens that it was high time to do something to redeem the character of our city. Had the Committee of Vigilance come forward we would have been lost, and our city would have become the prey of gamblers, debauchees and political hell-hounds. Now, owing to the leadership of the Committee of Vigilance, we are about to reclaim our city from these criminals, and inaugurate an era of justice and people's rights.*"

"As a result of this indecent flap," said Newton solemnly, "the *Argus* was at once rewarded with the patronage of the auctioneers. And I give you my word of honor, gentlemen, that they are running this morning fifty-seven columns of advertising where last week they had only nineteen."

It was difficult to wrest the editor from the consideration of his personal grievances, but his two visitors were intent on learning all they could about the happenings of the day. By close questioning they finally succeeded in getting from him some useful items of news. They asked first about Judge Tower expressed intention to grant a writ of habeas corpus for the body of some prisoner incarcerated in Fort Vigilant.

"I am informed by my correspondent at the capitol that Tower is inflexible," replied Newton. "Already the writ has been prepared here by Mulligan's friend and the papers will be served at Fort Vigilant as soon as Tower affixes his signature."

"Have petitions been submitted to any other judges inquired the governor.

"Yes, I hear that Fox has been applied to, but I refuses to act."

"Why?"

"He says that, until Federal questions arise, the Federal courts should not interfere."

"He is not the only Federal official here who seem indisposed to protect United States citizens," remarked Herman with some acerbity.

"When is Tower expected?" asked Jackson.

"I am told, governor, that he will reach the city tomorrow," responded Newton. "He will be amazed at the disorganized condition of the Law-and-Order men. What was the result of the Law-and-Order ma

A STIRRING STORY OF THE SEA.

Randall Parrish Tells of a Stolen Yacht, a Fair Prisoner, and a Recovered Treasure.

Good stories of the sea are unaccountably scarce, for a never-failing welcome awaits them. Randall Parrish, practiced in the romance of adventure, is the author of the latest—"The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel"—and it may well be commended, though faint echoes of earlier story-tellers come to the ear now and then as its pages are turned. There is no lack of excitement in this tale of an American adventurer, who cruises against his will, in South Pacific waters, and with all its strange mischances and desperate struggles there is still a love story entangled with the fortunes of the hero, from the first chapter.

This selection describes the second fateful meeting of the two prominent figures in the story:

My glance wandered from the motionless woman fronting me in such white eyes to Celeste, who had sunk back upon the bed, her blue eyes staring at me across the brass rail, evidently experiencing difficulty in translating my rapid English speech.

"I had enjoyed but little opportunity of examining the particular vessel we were thus employed to capture, as I dared not leave the hotel except after nightfall," I continued more slowly. "Yet I knew her place of anchorage, and that she was a steam-yacht of some seven hundred tons burden, schooner rigged, with lines promising great speed. Otherwise I relied entirely upon the knowledge of the officers under me. We boarded what I believed to be the *Esmeralda* soon after midnight, overcame the small harbor watch with little difficulty, captured the engine-room, and, by holding a gun at his ear, persuaded the engineer to operate his machinery in our service. The very audacity of the attempt brought comparatively easy success. The patriotic celebration in the city favored us greatly, as it left the roadstead almost totally unguarded, and we succeeded in getting safely out to sea unobserved. The main cabin had been secured by my orders when we first arrived aboard, and I came below just now, after all danger seemed far astern, to learn if any officers were hidden away here. I had examined all the other state-rooms, finding them empty, and at last opened this door in my quest. Not until I saw you did I in the slightest realize that we were on board the wrong vessel, or that we were engaged in anything except an honorable adventure of war!"

That the hasty details of my story both startled her and impressed her with its truth was evident enough, yet her lips curled with contempt, and her eyes remained unbelieving.

"How many men accompanied you?"

"A crew of twenty, with two officers."

"Peruvians, I presume?"

"No madam," reluctantly, "a hotchpotch dragged from the Seven Seas."

Her expressive face darkened, her fingers clenching again nervously about the chair-back.

"And you really expect me to believe that preposterous tale!" she burst forth, indignation shattering all ordinary bonds of speech. "You must, indeed, think very highly of my intelligence. You—why, you are a sea-robber, a pirate!"

My cheeks flushed to the harsh words. I could feel the surge of blood, yet I met her gaze quietly.

"I have told you the exact truth, Lady Darlington, as I promised," I returned, seeking to speak calmly, "without any real hope that you would believe. Yet I want you to try. It is all bad enough as it stands, without endeavoring to make it appear worse."

It is one thing to be in supreme authority on a vessel, even under incriminating circumstances, and quite another to rule only by sufferance with the danger of sudden deposition:

They came up together, two steps at a time, Tuttle in his shirt-sleeves, and, as they attained the bridge, Bill Anderson swung himself out of the hatch and started after them. I backed away, the ugly iron pin grasped in my hand.

"You'd better keep back," I warned, threateningly, "I'm ready to brain the first man who attempts to touch me."

Tuttle stopped, his jaw working savagely, his eyes on mine.

"Will you promise to keep quiet, sir, and let us get out of this?"

"Damn you, no!" stubbornly, all my senses leaving me at sight of his hateful face. "I'll speak that ship yonder if I have to fight the crew of you single-handed."

"Then fight, you cockerel, and be damned to you!" roared Anderson; and he pressed past the two of them and sprang at me.

It was hot, swift work while it lasted. The bridge, being narrow, permitted only two to come at me at a time. I struck twice, laying open the big brute's scalp, and dropping him so his head hung dangling down over the deck, his body huddled against the rail. I aimed to do as well by Tuttle, but the descending pin landed on his uplifted arm, and, before I could draw back for another blow, the fellow at the wheel released the spokes and jumped at my back, throttling me with his hands as the weight of his body crushed me to the planks. Grasping the rail, I half tore myself loose, rising to one knee, and struck him twice in the face; but others of the crew came tumbling on top of us, pinning me helplessly down. It was all the work of a breathless moment, and as I lay there, the knee of a negro crunching into my chest, I saw De Nova spring to the wheel and whirl it hard down, while Tuttle, his left arm dangling, his teeth set from pain, began jangling the bells in the engine-room. Scarcely had the echo reached us when a strange voice hailed sharply from out the dense fog.

"Steamer ahoy! What vessel is that?"

From my uncomfortable position I could perceive the startled Tuttle staring directly ahead of him into the fog-bank, hesitating as to what course to pursue. This his nasal voice answered:

"Steamer-yacht *Cormorant*, Panama to Easter Island, for pleasure. Who are you?"

"H. M. S. *Victory*, on cruise. Stand by, while we send a boat."

A deep oath sprang to Tuttle's lips, his fingers convulsively gripping the rail. Then he appeared to rally, the very intensity of his fear making a new man out of him. "Lively, lads, clear the deck," he commanded harshly. "Here, one of you take the wheel. Now, De Nova, bundle that fighting fool down into the chart-house, and stand over him with a gun. Two of you fellows carry the hoatswain into the fo-castle; lively, now."

They were certainly expeditious enough in my case, dragging me bumping down the steps, and flinging me in between table and bench with a violence that made me groan. I caught the glimmer of a steel barrel in De Nova's hand as he drew close the sliding door.

There were other terrors on the yacht after the mutiny had been quelled:

"We do not believe in ghosts, Mr. Stephens, you and I," her voice growing firmer with conviction. "Our education and training make such a conception impossible. There is a natural cause for this, a reason, an actual presence back of the shadow. There must be, and we must find it. It frightens

me; I am trembling now from head to foot, yet I will not believe anything so horrible. Where did you stand when you saw this apparition?"

I stepped back to the spot beside the stove, realizing that she still clung tightly to me.

"Here, and I lifted my eyes like this."

She leaned eagerly forward, her breath on my cheek, her fingers clutching my arm.

"Why—why, this is a mirror you are looking into! See! What is it reflected there? Turn up the light until I locate the spot. Oh, I see now—the open pantry door. Mr. Stephens, there is where your ghost stood—it was the shadow of a man reflected in that mirror."

Our eyes met, all my former terror fled, shame and anger dominating me.

"Dade?"

"It might be—certainly some one who sought in that way to terrorize officers and crew, and thus compel them to turn back. Whoever it was, he killed Mr. Tuttle, and now seeks to accomplish the same end with you. What are you going to do?"

"Trace him down. The last time the fellow went directly from here to the fore-castle. There must be a passageway from stem to stern."

She caught me as I turned, her gray eyes wide with apprehension.

"You will take me with you?"

"That will be impossible, Lady Darlington. I know nothing regarding this passage amidships, but it must surely lead through the coal bunkers and the engine-room."

"But—but I can not let you go alone," utterly forgetting to conceal her agitation. "Truly, I could not bear to do it. Whoever this man may be, he will become desperate when cornered. Your very life will be in danger."

"And you really care?" my hand clasping hers, my eyes eagerly searching the gray depths.

Driven among floating ice in the lower latitudes, it is certain that the vessel will meet disaster, and these passages describe the crisis:

Suddenly there came a tremendous shock which sent me sprawling forward, and flung Dade headlong against the wall. As I struck the deck a thunderous crash and roar sounded forward; the stern of the vessel seemed to spring upward into the air, sliding us both down against the front of the cabin. Instantly there followed two muffled reports, accompanied by a further uplifting of the stern. Everything loose came tumbling down upon us, and, as I pulled myself to my knees, I found the deck slanting upward like the steep side of a hill.

"Oh, Lord, sir, what's been done?"

"We've hit something hard; ice, likely. Jump now, and help me get out the women."

The awful, sickening poise of the stricken boat, swinging stern-up to the bottom of the waves, was enough to shatter the courage of any man, and I could read speechless terror in Dade's face. Yet the lad stayed with me, and together we clambered up the incline of the deck, gripping at the table to help us. The hanging-lamp rested flat against the beam, but continued to burn. The door on the after-cabin was either locked or had become stuck; I did not wait to learn which, but burst it open with a swift, heavy kick. The light streamed in upon a scene of chaos—overturned furniture and broken glass. Celeste lay in one corner screaming hysterically; Lady Darlington was upon her knees, holding herself partially erect by clasping the brass rail of the bed.

"Quick!" I cried, before either could speak. "Gather up all the warm clothing you can reach. We must get on deck. Here, let me help you!"

We were scarcely a minute at the task; and the four of us, laden with apparel, slid and scrambled down the slope of cabin floor to the companion-steps. Here I caught Lady Darlington more closely to me, helping her climb the inverted steps. Her face was pale, her eyes fearless.

"What is that? What has happened?"

"I hardly know myself; only that we have hit something and are badly damaged."

It was like night on deck, the enveloping fog so dense that a human form was indistinguishable five feet away. Fortunately but little wind stirred, and the sea had gone down. We clung to the rail to keep from sliding forward, and endeavored to obtain some conception as to what had occurred. I could distinguish De Nova's voice as he sang out a sharp order. I hallowed my hands and hailed. A dim smudge leaned over the rail above and peered down.

"Was zat you, monsieur?"

"Ay, with the women. What is it, De Nova, a total smash?"

"By gar, oui. Ze whole bow cave in; ze deck crush to ze main hatch; ze after-bulkhead was ze only sing w'at hold us up. *Sacre*, it not hold long."

Out of the deepest danger, as ever, comes a new and unexpected gift, though treasure is always a shining possibility in a mariner's outlook:

They came howling about me like so many wolves, eager to see with their own eyes, but I crowded them back, snatching the candle from De Nova's fingers and throwing the flickering light down level with the deck.

"It's a brass-bound chest, men," I cried, straightening up and facing them. "But it is going to require some hard digging to get it out. About all I can see is the handle of it."

I never comprehended before how the passion and lust for gold can express itself upon men's faces. Tense, motionless, breathing heavily, their features drawn, their eyes gleaming feverishly in the yellow flame, they stared at me and then at that ice-front, demented and speechless. No one thought of where we were—castaways, our lives the sport of winds and waves, a sodden wreck under us, our nearest port a thousand miles away across a stormy sea; all we realized at that moment was that there, just before us, under that mantle of ice, lay buried *three million pesos*. God! the collar of my jacket seemed choking me; I breathed as if a man's fingers clutched my throat, and I saw McKnight's burly form shaking as if he had an ague fit. *Three million pesos!* The hot blood rushed to my head, a lava stream, and De Nova's face, white as chalk behind his little black moustaches, seemed dancing before me ghostlike. Damn him! the fellow made me think of Salvatore, the man who, just above, frozen and dead, had guarded this treasure for one hundred and twenty-six years. I cast the suggestion aside with a curse and a laugh, grasping Kelly by the shoulder to steady myself—to realize these were real men, this task before us real work. It was like coming forth from under an anesthetic, leaving me weak as a child, yet with brain clear and faculties aroused to action. Johnson thrust forward the cleaver.

What more could be asked, after surmounting tidal waves of trouble from every quarter of the compass, than a happy conclusion, where, with a dash of the pen, the greatest difficulty of all is deftly removed? As has been shown, the novelist fares briskly forward throughout the work. There is almost breathless haste in the telling, as there was in the movement of the many encounters and complications. The reader will find no good place to rest, once embarked with the hero and his oddly assorted companions.

"The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel," by Randall Parrish. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

meeting this morning? I understood that you were to be present, governor—you and General Herman."

"I am sorry to say that it was very slimly attended. There were not more than a hundred men there, and most of them were lawyers. I had hoped to see there our representative business men, as well as a certain number of the brawn and sinew of the people, the mechanics and the laboring men. But they were entirely unrepresented. Furthermore, there was a crowd of ruffians outside the hall who shouted at us as we came out, and who impressed me as being hired bullies of the Vigilantes."

"That's the way they struck me. I think their intention was to break up the meeting," added Herman.

"And how are you getting along, general, in your attempt to enroll recruits for the militia?" asked Newton.

"Badly—very badly. Not only are we getting no new recruits, but the old militia companies are going over bodily to the Vigilantes. What is worse, they are taking their arms with them. I so informed the Law-and-Order meeting."

"Were there many men of prominence present at that meeting, governor?"

"Senator Burke was there, and Colonel Brewer, and one or two others. But they did not seem inclined to take a prominent part. In fact, Burke had nothing at all to say."

"I hear that some Vigilantes yesterday detected Burke engaged in a careful scrutiny of the rear of their fort from the building abutting on the court-yard," said Newton.

"Have they taken any steps in that matter?" queried the governor.

"They have been indulging in some threats in consequence concerning Burke. They even attribute to his instigation a rumored attempt to blow up the fort. It is said that some combustibles or explosives were found at the rear of the building night before last. At all events, Burke seems to think that he has lost no Vigilantes, for I hear that he is leaving for the springs."

"Humph!" grunted Herman. "Another one of our Law-and-Order heroes! Another prominent citizen in a funk!"

"I suppose you saw the two funeral processions yesterday, governor?" inquired Newton.

"No, I did not. Were they largely attended?"

"The processions themselves were very long. Clancy's funeral took place from the engine house of the Burke Fire Company. They had eighty-four carriages, eighty horsemen, and four hundred firemen in uniform. It was a fine sight. However, there were very few in the procession outside of the firemen and some of Clancy's political friends. The people on the sidewalks seemed indifferent."

"How about Costa's funeral? Any excitement over that?"

"No, governor, none whatever. It was a very small affair compared with Clancy's. You see, Costa was only a gambler. He did not run with the fire-boys, so there was no organized effort to give him a good send-off. It's true, Bella Costa hired all the carriages she could get in town, although most of them were empty. But Bella swears she will put up a bigger monument than Clancy's if she has to make it a hundred feet high. And I believe she will."

"Now that these two men have been executed, there remains but one prisoner in Fort Vigilant—is that not so?" inquired Herman.

Just as the editor was about to reply, a messenger entered and placed a note on his desk. He read it and seemed startled.

"A moment ago, general, I would have replied 'yes' to your question," he said. "Then I would have told you that there was but one prisoner in Fort Vigilant—Reuben Mulligan. But from this note I have just received from my city editor I find that there is now no prisoner there."

"Indeed?" said the governor looking up with interest. How is that? Have the Vigilantes released Mulligan?"

"No, but God has," said the editor, solemnly. Reuben Mulligan was found dead in his cell this morning, an artery opened in his arm. The Vigilantes give out that it was suicide."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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From Winnipeg comes news of the death of Louis Riel, the only son of the leader of the Red River Rebellion in Western Canada, which first brought Lord Wolseley into prominence, and made him Sir Garnet. In the approach of Colonel Wolseley, Riel fled across the border into the United States, where he remained for some years. Returning to Canada he was elected member of the House of Commons, but in 1885 he again headed an armed insurrection, and this time he was captured, tried for treason, convicted, and hanged. His son Louis, who has just passed away, was only thirty-six, and was employed as an engineer on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Diplomatic circles are discussing with lively and on the whole sympathetic interest the report which reaches us that in the event of Taft's election his selection as ambassador to the Court of St. James will be Henry Dabot Lodge.

One-fourth of Alaska is a coal field, is announced at Washington by Alfred H. Brooks, chief geologist of the Alaskan Division of the Geological Survey.

MONSIEUR'S MISADVENTURE.

M. Ravenot, collector for ten years in a banking house, was a model employee. Never had he given occasion for the least criticism, and never had the slightest error in his accounts been noted. He lived alone, made few acquaintances, was temperate in all his habits, and seemed happy and satisfied. If perchance some one remarked to him, "It must be tempting to handle such large sums of money," he would reply:

"Why? Money that does not belong to one is not money."

So, when he failed to make his usual appearance one day, no suspicion of wrongdoing on his part entered the minds of any one who knew him. Even the supposition of a crime seemed impossible. The police traced his movements the day before the disappearance. He had presented his last check near the Montrouge gate at about 5 o'clock, the receipts amounting to about 200,000 francs. After that, nothing could be discovered. It was finally decided that the collector had been the victim of thieves. He had doubtless been robbed, murdered, and thrown into the river.

One man in Paris shrugged his shoulders on reading all this in the daily papers: that man was Ravenot himself.

At the very moment when the expert detectives of the police force lost track of him, the collector was making his way to the Seine, along deserted streets. Hiding under the arch of a bridge, he donned a suit of civilian's clothes, brought there the night before, put the 200,000 francs into his pocket, made a bundle of his uniform, weighted it with a stone, and threw it into the river. He then walked quietly back to the city and took lodging at a hotel.

By taking advantage of his start in time, he could have hoarded a train and got out of the country. He was too shrewd, however, to believe that a few miles of space would protect him from the law, and he had no illusions as to the fate awaiting him. He would be caught at last. This fact accepted, he decided upon his course of action.

The following day he put the 200,000 francs into a large envelope, sealing it with five seals. He then repaired to a notary's office.

"Monsieur," said he to the lawyer, "in this envelope are funds which I wish to deposit in a safe place, as I am about to set out on a long journey and I do not know when I shall return. Is there anything to prevent my leaving this paper in your keeping?"

"Nothing," replied the notary. "Shall I give you a receipt for it?"

A receipt! He had not thought of that. To whom could he have it made out? Not in his own name, surely. If he were to keep it on his person he would lose all the benefits of his act. He hesitated for a moment in face of this unforeseen obstacle, then replied:

"I am quite alone in the world. The trip I am about to take is hazardous. A receipt would risk being lost or destroyed. On account of this condition of things, could you not keep the paper with you, making a record of it? In that case, it will merely be necessary for me to mention my name to you or your successor on my return. You can make a note on the envelope that it can be reclaimed only under that condition. If there is any risk, you can see that I am the only one to take it."

"Very well. Your name, please."

"Henry Duverger," replied the collector, without hesitation.

When he was in the street, Ravenot drew a sigh of relief. The first part of his programme was carried out. No matter what happened now, the money was out of harm's way. He knew what was awaiting him, but he reasoned that at the end of his term of imprisonment he could claim the fruit of his theft and live in comfort to the end of his days without drudgery. He would buy an estate in the country and he known to every one as M. Duverger.

He waited another day and then deliberately gave himself up to the authorities. What was the use of losing any time? He did not tell what disposition he had made of the funds, however. He merely said:

"I don't know where the money is. I dropped asleep on a bench in the park and was robbed."

Because of his irreproachable antecedents, he was given only a short sentence—five years. He received his sentence without a quiver of the eyelids. He was only thirty-five years old. At forty he would be free and rich. He considered his imprisonment as only a necessary sacrifice.

He was a model prisoner, just as he had been a model collector. He watched the days pass by without impatience or ennui, taking the best care of his health.

At last the moment of his deliverance arrived! He accepted the trifle accorded to departing convicts, but his only anxiety was to get to the notary's office to reclaim his deposit. How often he had dreamed of this hour. Over and over again he had rehearsed the scene he was about to enact. He would enter the office. Of course the notary would not recognize him.

"Your business, monsieur?"

Then he would reply:

"I have come for a deposit made here five years ago."

"What sort of a deposit? In whose name?"

"In the name of Monsieur—"

Here he stopped abruptly and exclaimed:

"I can't remember the name!"

He thought and thought, but to no purpose. He dropped down on a bench in the park, a faintness stealing over him. He said to himself:

"Collect yourself, and think. Monsieur—Monsieur—it began with—what letter?"

For an hour he explored the depths of his memory, seeking some clew, some thread, that would lead up to the missing name. It seemed to dance before him, around him, eluding him just as he was about to seize upon it.

At first, this was only unpleasant; then it became irritating, even physically painful. Waves of heat swept over his body. His muscles contracted and he grew restless. He hit his feverish lips and was torn with the desire to cry out or to fight. Finally he rose up impatiently and thought:

"There's no use in trying to remember the name. It will probably come to me of itself if I wait."

But a haunting idea can not be banished so easily. No matter how much he watched the passers-by or listened to the noise of the streets, under it all ran the refrain:

"Monsieur—Monsieur."

Night came on. The walks were deserted. The unfortunate man, quite worn out, went to a small hotel, hired a room and threw himself down on the bed without undressing. He did not fall asleep until daylight. He awoke rested, but his momentary satisfaction was destroyed by the haunting thought of the forgotten name.

"Monsieur—monsieur—what could it be?"

A new feeling now began to torture him—fear. What if he were never to remember the name! He left the hotel and walked for hours in the vicinity of the notary's office. For the second time night fell. He fairly dug his nails into his skull, muttering:

"I shall certainly go mad!"

He wandered about, tortured by his thoughts, hitting his head against lamp-posts, jostling the people he passed, and getting in the way of carriages. He wished some one would attack him to give him an excuse to fight, or that a horse would trample on his tortured body.

Finally he saw the Seine below him, sparkling in the sunlight. Mechanically, he descended the steps leading to the river, and lay down on the bank to bathe his hot brow. He felt the water creep over his head and neck. He felt himself slipping downwards, but he made no attempt to cling to the bank. He was now in the river. The chill roused him to action. He struggled, stretched out his arms, and tried to swim. He went down, rose again, and suddenly, in a last, despairing effort, his eyes filled with a wild light, he shouted:

"I have found the name! Duverger! Help! Help! Du—"

But the wharf was deserted. The water lapped softly against the great stone columns supporting the bridge; the shadowy arches flung the name back in echo. The waves rose and fell, reflecting the green and red lights. One, rolling in higher than the others, seemed to lick the shore greedily,—then all was still!

—Translated for the Argonaut from the French by H. Twitchell.

Moving Picture Photography in Colors.

It has been found possible to take photographs for cinematograph reproduction by a modification of the Lumière process which show the natural colors of the objects photographed, no matter how rapid the manipulation. The inventor has recently exhibited his work in Paris and London and describes it in simple terms:

When I show you a wax phonograph or gramophone record, and observe that it is a band of music or the voice of a singer, you are aware that it is in reality an engraven record of the complex sound waves set in motion by these performances, and you know that when the wax tablet or cylinder is placed in a suitable machine these sound waves can be repeated, and the original music reproduced in the same way. When I show you a small roll of cinematograph film, bearing, say 5000 little photographs, these photographs having no trace of color about them, you are to understand that they carry within themselves in their long range of tones and half-tones, so to speak, a record of the color waves received by the lens when the picture was taken, and when this film is run through a hioscope projector, fitted with the proper attachment, the recorded color waves are again set in motion, and the scene is reproduced in its proper colors.

What Mr. Smith says of the appearance of the films is certainly true. Looking at them as one holds them in the hand no trace of color can be detected, but the moment they are put in the projector behind the color filter all the varying shades of color are thrown with life-like perfection on the screen.

Beginning October 1 the postage rate applicable to letters mailed in the United States for delivery at any place in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland will be two cents an ounce or fraction of an ounce.

At last the title for the new DeKoven-Smith comic opera, in which Grace Van Studford is to star this season, has been selected. It is to be "The Golden Butterfly."

The Utopian New Theatre.

New York is to have a nonprofit-making, play-producing theatre, sustained at least in part by subscription, which its enthusiastic holders believe will accomplish great things for dramatic art. The first official statement of the promoters guarantees that the institution is to be democratic and intended to amuse in a worthy way. The building of the New Theatre is to be finished a year hence. It faces Central Park West, between Sixty-Second and Sixty-Third Streets, and will have entrances upon three sides. With the selection of an executive staff, including Winthrop Ames as director, Lee Shubert as business manager, John Corbin as literary manager, the way has been cleared for thousands of ambitious playwrights to offer their wares to the New Theatre.

A reading committee composed of competent, broad-viewed and experienced men is to be formed and every play submitted to the New Theatre management will be promptly and carefully read. The discovery and exploitation of unknown American dramatists is to be one of the primary objects of the enterprise. Dramas that will make their appeal to the whole body of intelligent playgoers are to be sought. Brisk, wholesome comedy and popular plays are to be welcomed. The financial scheme of the New Theatre provides that only the running expenses and a low rent shall be earned, so that the exigencies of profit-making will not hinder the management. The reading committee has not yet been appointed, and for that reason authors are requested not to forward manuscripts until announcement is made of the formation of the committee, because there is as yet no provision for dealing with manuscripts.

Winthrop Ames, the director, specialized at Harvard in dramatic literature, studied American and European acting and stagecraft, and his practical experience in American theatrical management has been gained in the last four years conducting the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, a stock company with a weekly change of hill. Mr. Ames took this position because it gave him the greatest range of experience with plays and audiences, and he achieved a reputation. Mr. Ames has studied over sixty European theatres and opera-houses. He has already purchased a site and has had plans drawn for his proposed theatre in Boston, but has postponed that project to assume the directorship of the New Theatre in New York City.

Mr. Corbin was born in Chicago, and is a graduate of Harvard, where he took the degree of master of arts (1893) with honors in English. His honor thesis, "The Elizabethan Hamlet," was awarded the Sohler prize, and was subsequently published in book form. Afterward he pursued his studies in the English drama at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Schoolboy Life in England," "An

American at Oxford," and "A New Portrait of Shakespeare," the latter being a critical account of an undescribed portrait. Subsequently he was instructor in English at Harvard, assistant editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and on the editorial staff of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. For seven years he was dramatic critic in New York—one year on *Harper's Weekly*, and three years each on the *New York Times* and the *Sun*.

Lee Shubert's business management of the New Theatre will be entirely separate from the enterprises with which his firm is identified, which include the conduct of Daly's Theatre, the Lyric, Majestic, Casino, Herald Square, and Hippodrome, and theatres in seven other cities. Plays will be presented on the repertory system, with several plays in production at the same time, presented in alternation, continuing for longer or shorter periods according to public favor. Ten or fifteen plays can be produced each season without cutting short the runs of popular successes. Opera comique will be given one night and maybe at one matinée a week. These operas will be given by singers and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Company and will be of the lighter type unsuited to the Metropolitan. Well-balanced, capable, all-around companies will be aimed at rather than companies conducted on a star basis.

American and English newspapers have a way of mangling the name of the Sultan of Turkey. Often he is called simply "Ahdul"—nothing more. Sometimes it is "Ahdul the Artful," "Ahdul the Wary." The proper way to write the name, according to the *London Chronicle*, is "Ahd-ul-Hamid," or, as some would transliterate it, "Ahd-l-Hamid." This means "Servant (or slave) of the praised one," i. e., God, or Allah. The "ul" or "l" merely represents the Arabic definite article, which in writing is always joined to the following word. "Ahd" is a common first name with Mahometans, as in Ahd-ul-Kadir, Ahd-ul-Latif, Abd-ul-Aziz. "Ahdul," with or without the Hamid, makes nonsense, but no one seems to notice it.

Germany already taxes the bachelor, it seems. The Strasburg town council not long ago adopted as an experiment a sliding scale of payment with regard to municipal employees' salaries, discrimination being made in favor of married couples with children. A standard schedule of salaries is the basis of the scheme, but it only benefits in full married men with families up to three children.

Lolita Robertson, whose dramatic career began at the Alcazar Theatre in this city, is now a member of the "Commencement Days" company in Boston. The comedy was written by Virginia Frame and Margaret Mayo.

LA MARQUISE

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

In announcing the appearance of a new work on Alfred the Great, the John Lane Company remarks on the "curious fact" that Alfred, whose importance in history it is hard to over-estimate, has been rather overlooked in favor of King Arthur. But perhaps it is not altogether a case of historical importance which has never been able to compete either in the popular imagination or in literature with the glamour surrounding the legendary hero. The places occupied by King Arthur, his queen, and his court, are not due so much to political achievements or even to the mass of mythical romance associated with them as to the fact that they represent a progressive moral ideal and set forth a picture of human temptation, fall, expiation, and redemption. King Alfred is a fine figure of ancient history, great in peace and war and statecraft, hut Arthur and Guinevere and Launcelot and the Grail belong as much to this day as to any other, because they deal with the facts of life that do not grow old and because they deal with moral aspirations that belong to all ages alike.

The Shoulders of Atlas, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Mrs. Freeman sets her stage in a New England country town and her characters are displayed with all the convincing skill of her earlier works. There is Henry Whitman, who has worked all his life in a shoe store and who finds the leisure of his suddenly acquired prosperity so irksome that he furtively returns to his bench. There is his inimitable wife, practical, sharp of tongue, but with a heart overflowing with human kindness. There is Eliza Farrell, whose beauty is a cause of deep suspicion to the village virgins and whose mysterious death supplies an element of tragedy. And there is the still more beautiful Rose, who brings with her the atmosphere of the fashionable metropolis and who adapts herself to a censorious community by the strength of her beautiful character. Other figures, more or less in the background, make up the usual complement of village life, where useful duty is faithfully performed and where conscience is still stronger than ambition.

It is the dominance of conscience in Mrs. Freeman's novels that give them their great attraction, an attraction hardly second to that of faithful portrayal. The Ten Commandments are not an archaeological curiosity in Mrs. Freeman's New England town. They are living realities and guides of life, not obtrusive, but permanent facts and to be accepted as such even when violated. Mrs. Whitman's remorse after she has suppressed the unsigned and undated will which, she supposes, would dispossess her, is a fine bit of work, while the author's courage is nowhere better shown than in her sketch of Rose, the poor sex-crazy girl whose mania tempts her to the threshold of murder. It would perhaps have been better if the death of Eliza Farrell had been omitted altogether, or else entirely cleared up. We do not know if she was murdered, or died naturally or accidentally, and the incident leaves us unsatisfied, but this is a small defect in a refreshing, wholesome, and human book.

Peggy at Spinster Farm, by Helen M. Winslow. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

When the Spinster and her niece tire of city life they determine to live for a while in the country, and they are fortunate to have any choice in the matter. The niece has a lover who lurks inconspicuously in the background, while as for the Spinster she would marry the professor in a moment but for the recollection of an earlier admirer, who has gone his way but who perhaps may return.

But the object of the book is not to tell us about the lovers, who considerately show up and fulfill the purpose of their being unobtrusively and in the final pages. We are more interested in the description of the country life with its appreciation of nature and the gentle companionships that are denied us by the city. The Spinster and Peggy have a quiet sense of humor of their own and they convey their experiences with a quaint enjoyment that holds us irresistibly.

Letters of Cortes, Translated and Edited, with a Biographical Introduction and Notes Compiled from Original Sources, by Francis Augustus MacNutt. Published in two volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The appearance of the second volume of this work will be hailed with satisfaction by students of the Spanish conquest. The letters themselves are of the highest importance as a concise and authentic story from the pen of Cortes himself, while their value is increased by the biographical introduction and notes that show every mark of conscientious and careful accuracy.

The letters are five in number, and they are addressed to the Emperor Charles V. Volume I was devoted to the first two letters, and we have now the third, fourth, and fifth letters, and a fragment of a letter from

Bishop Zumarraga. The three letters of the present volume are dated respectively May 15, 1522, October 15, 1524, and September 3, 1526. Together they constitute a minute and detailed history for the four years and a half, a history unimpeachable at the points of scope and authority. The third letter occupies 145 pages, the fourth letter sixty pages, and the fifth 126 pages. With other matter we have a volume of 374 pages boldly printed and artistically bound.

The illustrations are not numerous, but they are of exceptional interest. As a frontispiece we have a portrait of Charles V in 1519, reproduced from an old print. Then there is a plan of Mexico City, from "The Conquest of Mexico," by Diaz del Castillo. The two remaining illustrations are maps, the first being of Yucatan and the adjacent territories, compiled by Dudley Costello in 1854, and the second being a map of the South Sea and the Gulf of California, from Lorenzana's *Hist. de Nueva España*, 1770.

The Nun, from the French of René Bazin. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

This is one of the most notable of the novels inspired by the campaign against the congregations in France. We have an exquisite picture of the four Sisters of St. Hildegarde at Lyons devoting their lives to education, to charity, and to self-discipline. Then comes the order for expulsion and the Sisters go out into the world, helpless and friendless, to earn such living as they can find. Sister Pascale is the youngest among them and the most liable to succumb to the temptations from which she had sheltered herself in the cloister because she had realized that "I should be more easily ruined than most girls. I ought to take refuge." There is something strangely pathetic in the vicissitudes of these poor women, desolate and scattered, and in the case of Pascale pathos gives way to tragedy as her pretty face leads her into temptation and so down the road to shame and death.

The book is of course written with the intention to arouse sympathy for the congregations. And we may indulge in sympathy to the utmost without failing in our recognition of the justice of a law which is no more than the assertion of the supremacy of the people.

In the Woods and on the Shore, by Richard D. Ware. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The true sportsmen will find here a book after his own heart. It is the work of a sportsman and the stories are of actual experience, told with all the enthusiasm that only experience can give. The eleven chapters are entitled "With the Newfoundland Stags," "The Black Moose," "Shore Bird Shooting," "The Beach," "Wild Fowl Decoying," "Two Bears," "The Opening of the Season," "The Trout of Nepisquit," "Brant Shooting at Monomoy," "Battery Shooting," and "The Hunted." A large number of illustrations from the author's own photographs are a valuable addition to the book, specially worthy of praise being the remarkable picture entitled "The Death of the Black Moose."

Principles of Psychic Philosophy, by Charles B. Newcomb. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston; \$1.50.

Mr. Newcomb is well known as a translator of the vagaries of the New Thought into a sane and helpful philosophy. His first volumes were among the best, if not the best, of

their kind, while his present book, although in a different form, is no less suggestive and valuable. There are twelve chapters and the author suggests that two days be given to each. We do not know if there is any special virtue in such a plan, but the temptation to read the whole book at one sitting is very strong. It is certainly full of the kind of teaching conducive both to health and to happiness.

Old Spanish Masters, engraved by Timothy Cole, with historical notes by Charles H. Caffin, and comments by the engraver. Published by the Century Company, New York.

The letter-press of this fine work rivals the illustrations in value and interest. They are thirty-one full-page illustrations, being reproductions from Murillo, El Greco, Velasquez,

Morales, Ribera, Zurbaran, Cano, and Goya. The ten chapters are devoted to "Early Native Art and Foreign Influence," "Beginnings of Italian Influence," "The Development of Italian Influence," "Conclusion of Italian Influence," "Culmination of Native Art in the Seventeenth Century," "The Seventeenth Century School of Valencia," "The Seventeenth Century School of Andalusia" (in two chapters), "Decline of Native Painting," and "The Bourbon Dynasty." As a study of Spanish art, this work deserves the highest praise for its lucidity and insight.

Under the title of "Folks Back Home" the McClure Company, New York, have published a volume of short stories, thirteen in number, by Eugene Wood. They are narratives of simple folk, photographically accurate, humorous, tender, and pathetic by turns.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

David Warfield's reception at the New Alcazar Theatre last Monday evening was a demonstration which unnerved even that veteran of many triumphs. It proved conclusively the warmth of popular regard for the comedian in his old home, and was as creditable to those who took part as to the artist who has won distinction. Not alone the theatre, but the lobbies, the entrance, and even the street were filled by the enthusiastic playgoers, gathered to welcome David Belasco's brightest star. Since the opening night the crowds have been but little less in magnitude and seats are still at a premium. All comment on the play, the comedian, and the supporting company has been notably favorable, even when not in terms of high praise. "The Music Master" will continue all next week, and will be reviewed by the dramatic critic of the *Argonaut* in the next issue of the paper.

At the Van Ness Theatre "The Man of the Hour" will conclude its extended and successful season next Sunday night and be followed Monday evening by the big musical comedy event, "The Girl Question." This production, with its large cast and host of attractive accessories, had a run of nearly a year at one theatre in Chicago, and is expected to captivate playgoers everywhere. Prominent among the principals in the piece are Paul Nicholson, Henrietta Tedro, Marguerita de Von, Nina Collins, Thomas de Vassy, Russell Lennon, and Lewis Wood. The chorus is strong in numbers and in musical gifts, and its attractiveness furnishes the press agent with inspiration for many sentences liberally sprinkled with adjectives. In the course of the performance several new and taking songs are to be heard for the first time here. Prices for seats during this engagement will range from \$1.50 to 50 cents.

Saturday evening of this week, September 12, the new and handsome Valencia Theatre will open its doors to receive its first audience. As the attraction for the opening Cecil Raleigh's play, "The Great Ruby," has been prepared, and the occasion should be of more than ordinary importance in a theatrical way, as it not only offers a drama of interest and power, one in which Ada Rehan and Blanche Bates have shone, but it introduces a new stock company to San Francisco of which much may be expected. Robert Warwick, the leading man, has won laurels as principal in support of Mary Manning, Katherine Grey, and Virginia Harned. The leading lady, Miss Willette Kershaw, is hardly less well known and admired. The stage direction is in the hands of Sedley Brown, and he has chosen a large and well balanced company to interpret the rôles which are often as important as those given to the leading artists. All indications are for an auspicious inaugural and a prosperous season at the new playhouse.

"The Wizard of the Nile" is filling the Princess Theatre to its capacity this week, as it should, for it is distinctly the best offering so far of the Hartman engagement. Mr. Hartman was never in happier mood or conditions than as Kibosh in Egypt, and that is saying a great deal. Miss Sybil Page, the prima donna who appears as Cleopatra, is pleasing in every way. Her voice is sweet if not powerful, and her presence is winning. Zoe Barnett is congenially fitted with a boy rôle, and plays with zest, taking especial enjoyment in a melodramatic bit. Sarah Edwards is handsome as the queen, and a marked improvement is to be noted in the comparative quiet of her method. Arthur Cunningham, than whom there is no more valuable or deservedly popular member of the company, is mirth-provoking and musical as Cheops. Walter Catlett does the unfortunate down-trodden king with appreciation. Myrtle Dingwall, one of the real jewels, perhaps the brightest gem in the chorus chaplet, has the rôle of Mirza, and makes it much more than an incidental attraction. Her song is done with spirit and yet with ease, and it reveals a charming voice which may well achieve greater things.

Next week comes "The Fortune Teller," with the return of Christina Nielsen, the crystal-voiced soprano, in the title-rôle. All the favorites are well placed in the long list of characters, and the comic opera, which is one of the best of the Herbert and Smith productions, should be particularly pleasing.

Beginning at the Sunday matinée performance, the new bill at the Orpheum will present a number of taking features. Chief of these, undoubtedly, will be the appearance of Charmion, the beautiful trapeze performer, who disrobes on her aerial perch with composure and careful attention to the proprieties. The act is widely praised. Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent will introduce their spectacular fantasy, "Winning a Queen," with scenes at Port Arthur, on the moon, and at last in a terrestrial habitation, and accompany the journeys through space and safe arrival with comedy and song. The other new people will be Fred Warren and Al Blanchard, two minstrel and musical comedy stars of renown; A. O. Duncan, the ventriloquist, who is famed in his line of business,

and the Two Pucks, two clever youngsters, who will introduce new songs and novel costumes. With this programme Amelia Summerville, the Three Moshers, and the sensational Trapnell Family of acrobats will conclude their engagements.

Dustin Farnum will be seen here a few weeks hence in the elaborate production of "The Squaw Man."

Rose Stabl is coming to the Coast with "The Chorus Lady."

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Leonidas Andreiyeff, who is announced as the successor of Maxim Gorky, is introduced to English readers in "Silence," a short story translated by John Cournoos and recently published in book form.

E. V. Lucas is to contribute a volume to the fiction of next season. It will be called "Over Bremerton's: An Easy-Going Story." The tale has for its hero an old second-hand bookseller.

The Houghton-Mifflin Company is preparing a little book for autumn publication, fully expecting that it will be read by everybody, for this is its title: "The Mystery of Golf: a brief Account of Games in General; their Origine; Antiquite; and Rampance; and of the game ycleped Golfe in particular; its Uniqueness; its Curiousness; and its Difficulties; its anatomical, philosophical, and moral Properties, together with divers Concepts on other Matters to its appertaining."

Maxim Gorky, who is at present living in the Island of Capri, has written a play which deals with the life of the lowest class of Russian emigrants in America.

New Publications.

It is our conviction that the man who proposes a conundrum should be executed without benefit of clergy, but for the sake of those who hold contrary opinions A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have published a little volume entitled "Dame Curtsey's Book of Guessing Contests." A cursory glance leads us to suppose that this book contains every known conundrum and many that are not known, while the table of contents and the classification are useful features. The price is 50 cents.

Brentano's of New York have published "The Evacuation of England," by L. P. Gratacap. Regarded as a prediction, we are a little prejudiced by the introduction, which supposes the recollection of President Roosevelt to a third term, but even the most adroit feet may sometimes slip on the road of prophecy. It may be that the Gulf Stream is to be deflected and that a resulting inhospitable climate will compel the King of England to transfer himself and his people to Australia. If this should happen the author will be entitled to say "I told you so."

Under the title of "Shelburne Essays," by Paul Elmer More, we have a collection of scholarly writings that appeared originally in the *Washington University Bulletin*, the *Nation*, and the *New York Evening Post*. The essays are eleven in number and their subjects are "The Greek Anthology," "The Praise of Dickens," "George Gissing," "Mrs. Gaskell," "Philip Freneau," "Thoreau's Journal," "The Centenary of Longfellow," "Donald Mitchell," "James Thomson," "Chesterfield," and "Sir Henry Wotton." The volume is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and the price is \$1.25.

The Lamb Shakespeare.

While we think it better that children should leave the classics alone until they are old enough to read them in their entirety, there can be nothing but praise for the edition of "The Lamb Shakespeare for Young People" now being issued by Duffield & Co., New York. "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It" are now ready bound in cloth, gilt, for 80 cents and in limp lambskin for \$1. They are certainly tasteful little volumes, each being illustrated by reproductions of the chief scenes of the action as they would be visualized by the young, while a further feature is made of songs from the plays set to music for school use. Other volumes in the press are "The Merchant of Venice," "King Henry V," and "Twelfth Night."

Educational Books.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have just published the following works: "Er Soll Dein Herr Sein," edited by Martin H. Haertel, Ph. D., with notes, exercises, and vocabulary; price, 30 cents. Brownson's Xenophon, "Hellenica" (selections), edited by Carleton L. Brownson, Ph. D., with notes and vocabulary; price, \$1.65. Richman and Wallach's "Good Citizenship"; price, 45 cents. Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," edited by Waterman T. Hewett, Ph. D., with notes and vocabulary; price, 60 cents. "Spanish Reader," by Charles Alfred Turrell, A. M.; price, 80 cents.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Sentinel Scot.

I daurna droop my weary cen,
Though dark the nicht and slow,
Gin I watch weel, the Scottish Queen
Sleeps weel in Fontainebleau.

Wha wudna guard a lassie wee,
Ower fond o' play and dance,
Borne frae her mither ower the sea
To wed the Heir o' France?

About her doors my watch I keep
Frae many foes aroun',
As Mons Meg frae its rocky steep
Guards Edinboro' toon.

It watches ower the Cannongate,
And ower the High Street there,
And keeps the toon till, soon or late
The queen comes hame aince mair.

Rest, lassie, safe frae many plots,
A Scotsman guards ye—so
Shall Mary Stuart, Queen o' Scots,
Sleep weel in Fontainebleau.
—Robert Gilbert Welsh, in *Appleton's Monthly*.

The Truth.

That glorious flame that was my youth
Is burnt to ashes, flung
And scattered, and I know the truth—
I, who one day was young.

Wisdom is mine my peers among,
No craft my skill defies;
I hear beyond the flattering tongue
And see beyond surmise.

And this my wisdom—I, grown wise,
Would toss it all in fee
For one of Youth's exquisite lies
That one day cheated me.

For this is wisdom's worth—to see
That ignorance was fair,
And more than Truth is Comedy
With rose leaves on her hair.
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

We Two in Arcady.

When we two walked in Arcady
(How long ago it seems!)
How thick the branches overhead,
How soft the grass beneath our tread!
And thickets where the sun burned red
Were full of wings astir, my dear,
When we two walked in Arcady
Through paths young hearts prefer.

Since we two walked in Arcady
(How long ago it seems!)
High hopes have died disconsolate;
The calm-eyed angel men call Fate
Stands with drawn sword before the gate
That shuts out all our dreams, my dear,
Since we two walked in Arcady
Beside the crystal streams.

Beyond the woods of Arcady
The little brooks are dry,
The brown grass rustles in the heat,
The roads are rough beneath our feet,
Above our heads no branches meet.
And yet, although we sigh, my dear,
Beyond the woods of Arcady
We see more of the sky!

—London Dispatch.

The Lost Glamour.

The world has lost its glamour, some declare,—
Life is a round of immemorable days;
Fled are the nymphs and dryads, fauns and fays,
That ranged the forest ways and found them fair.
Gone is the dream that moved mankind to dare
Heroic errandries, nor brook delays;
Round the unknown hangs no mysterious haze
To tempt the adventurous band the veil to tear.

The world has lost its glamour? Nay, not so!
The valiant knight may slay the dragon still,
For there are wrongs to right with ringing blow;
Discovery but waits the ardent will!
The glamour lost? Ask those that gallop go,
Hand clasped in band, adown yon grassy bill!
—Clinton Scollard, in *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

In Beerbohm Tree's production of "Faust" at Her Majesty's Theatre in London this month the music will, as usual, form an important feature of the general entertainment. There are many composers who have been attracted by the Goethe story, among them Gounod, Berlioz, and Boito. Mr. Tree, however, has engaged Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor to compose the incidental music for his new piece. But in order that his patrons may be charmed with some familiar strains Mr. Tree has arranged for popular fragments from Gounod's opera to be played as *entr'actes*. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, who is an ex-student of the Royal College of Music, and who now lives at Croydon, was born in 1875, and first won fame with his poetic setting of "Hiawatha."

The death, some little time ago, of Dr. William Henry Drummond was a real loss to Canadian literature. His books, "The Habitant," "Johnnie Corneau," and "The Voyageur," are an agreeable reflection of French-Canadian life. Dr. Drummond left a collection of poems and a selection of these is to be published with the title "The Great Fight." It will be welcomed by those who appreciate the sentiment to be found so richly in old Canada.

William Pruette, once popular singer at the Tivoli Opera House, is in the cast of the New York company that has just produced "Algeria," a new musical play by Victor Herbert and Glen MacDonough.

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"ONE SUMMER'S DAY."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

There is always a reflex wave of magnetic sympathy spreading from consciousness to consciousness, and increasing the number of those hastening to a common goal, when a great multitude of people are united in one common interest. Theatrical managers have reason to be thankful that it is so. So have hotel proprietors. So have book publishers, when it is a question of a popular book, or music composers when a popular song is concerned.

"The Music Master," aside from its merits as a play and the magnetic talent of David Warfield, has had so much advertising that it is evident all who ever go to the theatre at all feel that they must not fail to see the current attraction at the New Alcazar.

Yet many of these people are entirely out of the theatre-going habit. They ordinarily no more think of taking in the theatres than they think of going to a meeting of the stock board.

What, you, constitutes the ordinary theatrical audience at the humdrum, routine performances that languidly serve to keep the theatres open during the interludes between high-water mark attractions?

Apparently it is young people either in the tentative or the sentimental stage of courtship, who feel the necessity of escaping from the rally of the family circle to the comparative solitude of crowds. Or it is young married people who, not yet pinned to the hearthstone by the cares of child-rearing, experience a sense of blankness when the day's work is over, and intellectual communion does not seem to spring up with sufficient spontaneity to keep them satisfied at home.

Then, of course, there are the extempore festive parties—celebrants of birthdays, or other family anniversaries, who only go to the theatre to make holiday on such occasions. There is also the bored tourist, who must escape from himself, and from the vicinity of his hotel bedroom. There are, too, lonely spinsters, who join forces, and, while losing themselves in the mimic love stories of stageland, renew a sense of romance in their metaphorically dusty hearts.

There are even old bachelors, who, deprived of a legitimate vent for the floods of sentiment within them—for old bachelors are often tenderly sentimental—look on with moistened eyes of sympathy, or perhaps with pishing, pshawing, contempt, at the sentimental follies of the footlight favorites.

But a "representative audience" in the true sense of the word we rarely see. Truly it could be seen this week. There were doctors and lawyers, writers and financiers, artists and men of business. There were society dames, school-teachers, and stenographers. There were people in society and out of it, the metropolitan and the suburbanite, who went or are going to see David Warfield.

But it is all the exception which only proves the rule. It is pleasant to see a buzzing audience assembling that has many interests, many ideas, many acquaintances in common. A community of interest extending over great numbers tends to exhilaration, a feeling that was even experienced by many during the days immediately following the great earthquake; and, indeed, many were saved from despair, and the weaker vessels perhaps from madness, by that reassuring sense of one great bond of common interest.

Yet in this metropolis of the West, this great and growing city which is the gateway to the Orient, the better class of theatre-goers have no common rallying place, no favorite play-house where they may see familiar faces, and, between acts, exchange opinions with familiar friends.

No doubt it is because it is the reign of triviality in the American stage. The better class of American theatre-goers are not catered to. Therefore they stay away. They have learned to dispense with theatrical entertainment, only turning out occasionally when Mrs. Fiske, or the Henry Miller company, or John Drew, or some such attraction is brought out. That we have had a lot of these high-class attractions lately does not do away with the fact that there are long seasons of dullness between times when there is nothing to be seen worth while.

This acustoms people who, under more favoring conditions, would regularly support the theatres, to dispensing with dramatic entertainment altogether, except when the owners of big reputations come and make it imperative that one should go for one's credit's sake.

And these possible theatre-goers themselves are very culpable, often, through indolence and indifference, allowing attractions that are worthy of attention to pass unheeded, because they have not the commercial magnet of a big name.

It was so during the recent Katherine Grey season, when four representative plays were played by an excellent company, of whom one, by the way, Robert Warwick, the leading man, is at present in the city at the new Valencia Theatre. Every performance given by this company was well worth while. The plays contained food for thought and discussion. Each one was by a dramatist of different nationality, and all left in the mind some germ of thought, or speculation, or doubt, or question, which could have furnished conversation, discussion, argument, for half a hundred gatherings.

But the people at whom these plays were aimed took very little notice, or none at all. Probably they were too busy playing bridge, or five hundred. For there are plenty of people who have minds who petrify them with cards, either for lack of more stimulating mental diversion or because cards are the style.

On reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the inhabitants of big cities leave social occasions too much to chance. Anything that brings a number of people together who know, and are interested in each other's identities, is a social occasion.

If the better class of women in San Francisco decreed it there could be a time and a place for general promenade in the city where one, dressed in one's street best, could go to walk, confident of seeing many familiar faces pleased at seeing and being seen, and exhilarated at the holiday sensation of being one of many united by a common interest.

If the men and women of San Francisco decreed it there could be a time and place set for a daily or weekly carriage promenade where occupants of vehicles could file up and down, or round and round, just for the pleasure of adding to the exhilaration of outdoor enjoyment the greater exhilaration of being one in the common interest of seeing and being seen.

They do it in the Latin countries, they do it even in chilly, conventional London. Then why not here in joyous San Francisco, which, whatever its summer climate may be, has a population of pleasure-loving, mercurial people who turn as readily as children to any diversion which promises escape from the grayness and monotony of humdrum life.

Today in San Francisco there are many women's clubs, containing sections devoted to certain branches of literature and the drama. And what in heaven's name do these students of the drama feed their minds on, when it comes to the question of seeing stage representation, so much more vital than the mere reading of the great dramas, written by the English and Continental master dramatists? In our city there are literary, artistic, and professional people who are chained to their oars, being sometimes unable through a lifetime to find opportunity for travel. They never reach the great capitals of Europe, never see the ideal performances of the master dramas. If all these people really wanted to keep abreast of the leading dramatic thought of the day, they would form a sufficiently formidable clientele to be catered to.

But they never will. Nobody takes the initiative. Theatre managers never run risks. Who can blame them? The "dead game sports" in the theatrical business are all in heaven. The present managers are like the butchers and bakers, who never overload themselves with unsalable wares.

So we see pretty, rippling little plays like "One Summer's Day," which is a charming, ephemeral butterfly of a play. The pulse does not beat faster when seeing it, the brow does not knit, the heart never stands still in the absorption of interest.

"One Summer's Day" is all right. I know that I, for one, enjoyed it. There was such a lazy, restful atmosphere about the picnic spot by the Thames; the hay was real hay, and the willow-tree a real willow-tree. And the gipsy girl was pretty. I never saw Louise Brownell look prettier. I liked her gipsy. She was such a lazy, sensuous animal. She burrowed into the hay-mow like a luxurious cat, and smiled an untheatrical, soulless smile, which expressed the pure joy of living and of gathering casual kisses and siller from good-looking young men who followed her to her trysting place by the banks of the Thames.

And pretty Bessie Barriscale looked so sweet and girlish in her picnic blue and white, with her fair head hatless, and snooded in the prevailing style; and White Whittlesey was a very likable Major Dick, and Will Walling made Phil's hapless love for Maysie so sincere that I caught an accent of sympathy in the murmur of "Stung!" from the young man behind me who conceived it his duty to amuse his circle.

There was pretty, though slightly strained, sentiment in the scenes between Dick and Maysie, and, in the general atmosphere of sentiment, even young Glendinning's moon-struck boy inspired sympathy. For, after all, he was but obeying the law of nature, which enjoins youth to love, love, love. And nature does not care a tinker's damn whether the object of young Vealy's affection is a billionaire or a beggar, a saint or a gipsy.

So one can not complain of a nice, wholesome little play, of which the humor is really humorous and the sentiment appealing.

And no one could reasonably take exception to the manner of presentation at the New Alcazar, or to the intelligent acting.

Only, to recur to my original point, it seems light nourishment to proffer to palates that are hungering for something more vital. Here, in a city of nearly five hundred thousand inhabitants, when one wishes to see a play, a real play, a play of emotions, something "deep as love, deep as first love, and wild with all regret," one looks over the ground and can only find "One Summer's Day."

A Hammerstein Conservatory of Music.

Manager Oscar Hammerstein has made an important dual announcement in connection with his musical projects. One was that he would produce grand opera in his new Philadelphia opera house during the coming season and the other was that part of the new house will be devoted to a conservatory of music.

When he began his campaign to sell seats and boxes in the new house there was little response. Mr. Hammerstein now is able to report that the advance sale amounts to \$250,000. Of this amount \$150,000 has been subscribed for seats and \$100,000 for boxes. Twenty of the twenty-eight boxes in the grand tier have been taken, and negotiations are pending for seven of the remaining eight.

To produce such opera as Hammerstein will give Philadelphia will cost \$30,000 weekly. That such a sum is required will be readily seen when some of the items are known. The orchestra and chorus will each cost \$5,000 weekly. Every time Melba sings, the charge is \$3,000, Tetrazzini \$2,000, and Mary Garden \$1,700, not to count the many singers of a lesser note. The lighting and other expenses of running the house are enormous.

Emil Girnudet, director of the Paris Conservatory, and Mme. Lehmann, the prima donna, who has been conducting a vocal studio in Germany since her retirement, have been asked by Mr. Hammerstein to become instructors for the conservatory, with the result that they have tentatively agreed to preside over the destiny of the school.

Unless there is a marked improvement in the manners and morals of the automobilists there are hard times in store for them in England. John Burns, the cabinet minister, has officially warned the fraternity that their fate is in their own hands, and that drastic results will ensue if they do not put their house—or better, their motor car—in order. Just what he will do he does not say. Perhaps he will take a leaf out of the new German automobile law, which makes the automobile owner personally accountable in a high degree for the least misbehavior of his car. In this country the similar tendency to stringent law-making now noticeable has been proclaimed by the Automobile Club as a warning to all automobile drivers, and it is in hearty accord with the movement to punish severely infractions of the law.

Hundreds of motoring enthusiasts are gaining a realistic idea of some of the hardships the participants endured in the famous New York to Paris automobile race by exhibitions of the victorious motor car in Eastern cities. The exhibitor gives a lecture, illustrated with stereopticon views, on the memorable run. It is comprehensive to a degree, covering, as it does, the movement of the cars from the time they left New York until the machine, America's only entrant, pulled into Paris the winner by a margin of twenty-six days. The celebrated car is the occasion of unending interest. Travel-stained as it is, no one would imagine by inspecting it that it had gone through the trials and tribulations which was its share in the race in which it achieved lasting fame.

There is a statue of Byron in London, in Hamilton Gardens, separated only by a railing from the broad drive in Hyde Park, and facing directly across the monstrous effigy of Achilles. Even on April 19 Byron's statue receives no attention save for the single wreath of Gloire de Dijon roses placed at its foot under the bequest of the lady who left a legacy for this purpose, and for the insertion of a memorial notice in the Times until the day that the Dean of Westminster allows Byron's name to be inscribed in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey.

Nance O'Neil is to make another effort to secure recognition in New York. The Shuberts will present Miss O'Neil at the Majestic Theatre in the early part of October. The actress will be seen in a play of modern life entitled "Agnes," written by George Cameron, a pseudonym for a well-known American author.

Eugene Walter's drama, "Paid in Full," now being played by four companies in America, was produced this week by Charles Froberman at the Aldwych Theatre in London. The play was first brought out in New York eight months ago.

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VANITY FAIR.

A correspondent is so obliging as to send us two cuttings from a French newspaper on the subject of Monte Carlo and the gambling institutions conducted under the supervision and for the benefit of that eminent ruler and scientist, the Prince of Monaco. It will be remembered that the Prince of Monaco is the greatest living authority upon deep-sea life and that he enriches the museums of the world with the results of his dredging expeditions. It is said that he pays special attention to the devil-fish, finding much delight in the habits of that engaging creature as it lurks in the dark recesses of the ocean and spreads its tentacles for the destruction of the unwary.

The first of the two cuttings has the sinister heading of "Seven More." Its translation follows:

There is a slight reduction in the number of suicides for the current week. Of the seven unhappy ones whom the bandits of Monte Carlo have hurried to their death after first robbing them, four have hanged themselves in the garden and one has hanged himself in his room at the Hotel de Paris. This last one was cut down, nearly dead, and taken to the hospital at Monaco, where he is being cared for in the greatest secrecy. A woman also has poisoned herself at Monaco, only a few steps from the museum that was raised to his own glory by Albert I. Still another, a young man thirty years of age, shot himself dead on Monday evening at nine o'clock on one of the benches fronting the great staircase of the Casino. And yet, among the statesmen who meet regularly at The Hague to combat the scourge of war, not a single delegate has yet dreamed of suggesting the suppression of the slaughter-house of Monaco.

This is very plain talking. Are we to understand that even when times are slack there are seven suicides a week at Monte Carlo as a direct result of the gambling halls? It would seem so. And yet Monte Carlo is a sort of Mecca for the traveling American, who does not necessarily gamble, but who likes to see the distinctive forms of iniquity in other countries. It probably does not occur to him as he sits in the shining hall of the Casino, or watches the glittering throng as it passes to and fro, that one among them must inexorably pay the life forfeit before the sun rises again, or that day by day the splendor of Monte Carlo demands its pitiful toll of a wrecked and wasted and dishonored human life. No wonder that the Prince of Monte Carlo should find a sort of fascination in the devil-fish.

The other clipping is in lighter vein, but yet not without its sinister significance. It explains how the Prince of Monaco, wishing to confer a Cross of Honor upon three yachtsmen in accordance with ancient custom, has been embarrassed by his failure to find any three men willing to receive such a decoration at his hands, those who are entitled to the distinction fearing to be taken for superannuated croupiers. Such a disinclination was apparently foreseen, inasmuch as the order to be conferred is a cunning imitation of that of the Crown of Italy.

It is thus evident that the Principality of Monaco has its own domestic troubles to contend with. Truly all is not gold that glitters. The throngs of pleasure-seekers, the ring of coin upon the tables, the lamps, the laughter, and the jests, are but the surface coverings. Beyond and behind, where the lights of the Casino melt into the liquid darkness of the Mediterranean night, there is the tree with its horrible burden of the mortal, and above the sound of revelry is the pistol shot that is the knell of a despairing soul.

The New York *Evening Post* is to be congratulated. To its many excellences—and in our modern journalism it is as the shadow of a palm tree in a thirsty land—it adds the supreme felicity of being in full agreement with the *Argonaut* on the marriage question. The New York *Evening Post* asks if the possession of an American wife is an indispensable condition attached to the post of German ambassador at Washington. It would almost seem so. The widow of Baron von Sternburg is an American:

Out of four German diplomats who have been seriously mentioned for appointment to Washington, three have American wives. Evidently the Kaiser, if the condition we have supposed really holds good, is at no embarrassment to find among his subjects men with the needed qualification. Yet neither Count von Goetzen, Count Bernstorff, nor Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein has attained even a minute share of the peculiar kind of fame that has fallen to the Castellanes and the Yarmouths. We are consequently driven to conclude that when an American princess enters the portals of a European palace, it is not inevitable that she shall come out by way of the divorce court. Intermarriage between this country and Europe is much more frequent than the public is aware of; and that it is also much more happy than the generality suspects follows from the first condition. Not for the sensationalists, however, are the nine alliances that lead to quiet and obscure felicity; the tenth that fails, is their game, and the larger the accompanying photographs the better.

The public is not aware of the frequency of international marriages because it depends for its news of this kind mainly upon the journalistic vultures whose depraved palates reject everything that falls short of putrescence, a journalism that picks up the carrion of the divorce court and purveys it as the news of the world.

But the object of the *Evening Post* is not to

talk about the German ambassador, but rather the hook of M. Hugues Le Roux, which is very justly called absurd. M. Le Roux asks why American girls marry foreigners, and because he is so much more of a gentleman than some of our own penny-a-liners who propound the same question, he answers it not without some dignity and even sense. The American girl, he says, "has wealth without obligations"; and he continues: "Her father has no hereditary domain to keep up, no name to live up to, no following of relatives or strangers to support. Her money is all cash, cash, and available at any moment." In other words, she has money but no values, the power to buy everything except the permanent possessions of life. The *Evening Post* summarizes the situation with precision:

Hence what the American girl looks for in a titled husband and a palace is not sensation, excitement, new fields of glory to win, but a sense of solidity that shall tie her down to earth, that shall transmute her wealth into values which she feels to be more exalted and more durable than her ready check-book and freedom from all responsibility.

M. Le Roux is good enough to give us a list of American women who have borne European names and generally with distinction, a list usefully to be studied by the journalistic Pharisees who lurk in the shadows of scandal and rejoice in the vilification of their countrywomen. Here is the list transferred bodily from the French text:

Princesse San Faustino, née Campbell; Comtesse Gheradesche, née Taylor; Princesse Rospigliosi, née Bronson; Princesse Colonna, née Mackay; Marchesa da Vita, née Dunham; Marchesa di Spinola; Lady Herbert, née Wilson; Lady Barclay, née Chapman; Lady Johnson, née Pinchot; Lady Lowther, née Blight; Lady Goschen; Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, née Endicott; Mrs. Arthur Lee, née Moore; la feue Lady Curzon, née Leiter; Lady Parker, née Vantine; Lady Chylesmore, née French; Mme. La Générale Hulton, née Hoffman; les Duchesses de Marlborough, nées Hammersleigh et Vanderbilt; les Duchesses de Manchester, nées Zimmermann et Iznaga; Lady Craven, née Martin; la Duchesse of Suffolk, née Leiter; Lady Essex, née Grant; Lady Randolph Churchill; Lady Leigh, née Beckwith; la Princesse Hatzfeld, née Huntington; Baronne von Kettler, née Ledyard; Baronne von Sternburg, née Langham; Princesse Isenberg, née Lewis; Baronne von Brunning, née Mackay; Baronne von Goetzen, née Lay; Comtesse von Waldersee, née Lee; Duchesse de Dino, née Livingston; Duchesse de Valençay (Mme. Morton); Comtesse de Castellane (Mme. Gould); Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, née Mitchell; Marquise de Talleyrand, née Curtis; Baronne Sellière, née Ryley; Comtesse de Choiseul, née Hooper; Comtesse de Cambrun, née Longworth; Princesse de Poix, dont la mère, Comtesse de Courval, est née Ray, etc.

The "souvenir season" has begun, and the managers of several of the London hotels have hit on a novel antidote. They are providing cheap souvenirs for their American visitors to carry away, in the hope that they will overlook such expensive trifles as silver spoons or lace-fringed serviettes. One hotel manager says:

I felt convinced that if the craze for souvenir collecting were acknowledged and not ridiculed, our visitors would be quite willing to accept a less expensive present, as long as it came from London.

During the next month we intend to present our American visitors with little ice spoons as souvenirs. We give at luncheon tiny cheap nickel spoons, very pretty to look at, and useful as well. The handles are ornamented with flowers, and the name "London" is printed along them.

Paper serviettes, strong enough not to tear, with views of London, will be provided at afternoon tea. At dinner dainty fans in crinkled white paper, ornamented with roses, forget-me-nots, and white heather, will be given as souvenirs to the ladies. The rose represents England, the forget-me-not begs our American friends to remember us, and the white heather wishes them good luck on their return to their own country.

The American men will receive little match cases in white leather, with "London" printed on them in gilt lettering.

At one time we tried presenting the American ladies bouquets of flowers, but this compliment was not at all appreciated by the ardent souvenir-hunter, who lovingly eyed the more substantial spoons.

An ingenious remedy for souvenir-hunting has been suggested by one of the managing directors of another hotel. The idea is to provide pretty menu booklets instead of the ordinary menu cards.

Each little booklet will be bound in thin suede, and stamped with the name of the hotel.

On one page will be the menu, opposite that the wines, on another the music programme, and at the end a blank page headed "Names," in which all the names of the guests dining with each separate party can be written. The booklets are provided with thin ball programme pencils, and are scented with violet perfume.

It is to be feared that these expedients will hardly satisfy the souvenir hunter. He is indeed a hunter, and he values only what falls to his own gun. The souvenir must be a mark of prowess, it must have a personal as well as a geographical significance. All the same the experiment is worth trying if only to show its futility.

Among the lamentable tendencies of modern journalism is a disposition toward an undue adulation of women. To a certain amount of this kind of thing there can be no objection. It is a part of what is now called "the movement" and there is no reason why the

editorial sanctum should be immune from an insidious domestic influence that has invaded the office of the statesman and the study of the clergyman. But even virtues can be carried too far, and when the glorification of "the sex" is inopportune, when it is achieved at the expense of men, when it is purposeless and wanton, it seems time to protest.

Take, for instance, the case of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. It may be that editorial topics are scarce in the Quaker City. They must be, or so trivial a sight as a woman caught in the rain without an umbrella would hardly attract the editorial pen. Now it would have been enough to say that under such circumstances the woman maintains her self-possession, that her face is wreathed in smiles, and that she preserves her habitual attitude of serenity. That is about what the *Ledger* does say, and it is a credit to the editorial imagination if not to the editorial veracity. Every one knows that a woman's behavior in the face of a wetting is diametrically opposed to this, but let that pass. The writer had his reason for this obsequious display and it would be impious to draw the veil of domestic privacy.

But why not stop there? Why go on to make an offensive comparison with the conduct of a man under similar tribulation? The

man, we are told, would lose his presence of mind. He would hurry under shelter to protect his suit and even would not hesitate to put his straw hat under his coat. Poor, degraded, abject wretch! It is a wonder that Providence allows him to go on living.

Now, this sort of thing is far too common and it ought to stop. It is based upon the assumption that men will never retaliate, that they are so accustomed to sit in sackcloth and ashes and to eat the bread of vituperation that they would hardly know what to do with fair play if they got it. Even if this particular accusation were true, even if it were a fact that a woman looks upon a wetting with philosophic indifference and the ruin of hat and costume with equanimity, we may ask who pays for the hat and costume if not the very man who is thus held up to obloquy and contempt for his economical effort to save his own uninteresting and comparatively cheap apparel? Moreover, the woman can go home whenever she wants to and change everything from the ground floor up, whereas the man must sit in his damp clothing for the rest of the day.

The Heiress—Oh, papa! The earl has proposed! *Papa Bigwadd*—H'm! What's his proposition?—*Puck*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A clergyman of a country village in New Jersey desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate with another clergyman. The clerk announced at the close of the service: "I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as our minister is going a-fishing with another clergyman."

A Kansas woman, who recently returned from a trip to Europe, says wet weather hasn't bothered this country at all in comparison with what she saw abroad. She says that they ran into a town named Venice, where the water covered every street and you couldn't get anywhere except in boats. She added: "You bet we only stayed one day in that slosh."

Roger Minot Sherman, while arguing a celebrated case, said that his opponent could no more prove his point than he could cut a hair lengthwise. While he was still talking the opponent, who happened to have a very sharp knife, pulled a hair from his beard and split it. As he held it up the court began to laugh, and Mr. Sherman quickly called out, "I said a hair, sir, not a bristle."

Speaker Cannon, on his seventieth birthday, referred in a jocular way to the precocity of the twentieth-century child. "Why, before long," he said, "we shall hear of the baby that has just been weaned turning to its nurse and saying: 'I have every reason to be satisfied with your past services, and shall not fail to recommend you among my acquaintances. Pray accept this dollar for yourself.'"

At a dinner of a legal association held in Washington not long ago one of the speakers told of a farmer's son in Illinois who conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went up to Springfield, where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well-known attorney. At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm. "Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked his father. "It aint what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

One of the comedians of a Boston company went out with a fishing party and soon began to suffer from thirst and evident failure with the hook. Finally one of the crowd took pity on the sufferer and fastened a bottle of beer to his fishing line while he was on a voyage of exploration. When the actor returned he found his line rather heavy and started to haul in what he thought was the biggest fish of the day. Gleeful over his changed luck, he shouted to the captain: "Hey, captain, this is the place. Anchor right here; we're sailing over a brewery!"

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked around to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing gown. "Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired. "Joba," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain of that now; but for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

At a recent trial in Scotland an elderly spinster was called to the witness box to be examined. "What is your age, madam?" inquired the counsel. "Sir," answered the witness, "I am an unmarried woman, and dinna think it right to answer that question." The judge interposed and told her she should answer. "Oh, weel, then," she said reluctantly, "I am fifty." "Not more than fifty?" questioned the counsel sternly. "Weel, dinna fash yersel," she replied, "I am sixty." The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied: "Weel, sir, I winna tell a lee; I hinna lost hope yet," scornfully adding, "but I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

Most specimens of pulpit humor betray confusion of terms merely, but sometimes there is purpose under them. One clergyman, who is often quoted, was announcing a communion service for the following Sunday, with confirmation in the evening, and he put it: "The Lord will be with us in the forenoon, and the bishop in the evening." At another time, when his congregation had tried hard but without success to raise by contribution a sum of money to meet the interest charges on the usual mortgage, he announced: "I need not say here how much this church stands in need of immediate funds. We have tried to obtain this in the customary way and have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar will do." One more *faux pas* came in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity. "Many a good

woman comes in God's house to show off (perhaps she doesn't quite realize it, but the fact is unchanged)—to show off her best clothes." Then he glanced across the crowded pews and added: "I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you come here for so unworthy a reason."

At one army post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged, and to see that he joined the party told off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church, and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of experience. "Ah, weel," said he, "then ye hae no need to kape holy the Sabbath, and the stables bae na been claned out lately." And he ordered them to clean out the stables. This occupied practically the whole day, and the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon's leave. Next Sunday a broad smile crept over the face of the sergeant when he heard that the atheists had joined the Church of England.

According to all accounts, the arrival of the Cameron Highlanders in Pekin to replace the Middlesex regiment as legation guards created something of a sensation among the inhabitants. The kilt is a source of great wonderment. The *Cbina Times* asserts that the natives are hard at work trying to assimilate the Scotch language. They are reported as already making favorable progress. Instead of their favorite expression, "Me no savvy," they now employ "I dinna ken," and they greet the foreigner with "Guid marnin'!" with an excellent Auctermuchty accent. It is added that some Chinese compradores, who are men of inquisitive turn of mind, want to know "What for new soldier man cathee clothes allee same missis?" which recalls the story of the Russian Crimean veteran who declared that the best fighters in the British army were the women!

THE MERRY MUSE.

Fie, Willie!

Willie got some Japalac, Very shiny, very black, Caught his little sister Sou. Willie said, "This is on you." Little Sou was dumf with fear, So Willie left a souvereer. —Harvard Lampoon.

Planters and Politicians.

Prosperity is with us! There is joy along the line. The corn is most abundant, And the speech crop doing fine! —Washington Star.

Still She Was Loved.

"I can not sing the old songs—" Her promise short and terse She kept. But then she went and sang The new ones—which were worse. —Boston Traveler.

From a Private Colonel.

There once was an old army colonel, Whose wit was a wellspring etolonel; But for those who would shrink From their authorized work, His language was something infolonel! —Army and Navy Life.

Overdue.

Advised to try the harefoot cure, By doctors, one and all, he tried. "Tis shoesless!" he exclaimed, at length, And then, perchance, for shame he died. —Puck.

In 1912.

Nothin' at all to say, William; nothin' at all to say; There aint no Democrat party, so go on an' have your way. Fix up th' platform to suit you; put in what planks you may choose; You've been on all sides of everything, so you've got plenty to use; Put in a dash of free silver; hammer whomever you will; You're the committee on platform—you're the original Bill; You might as well keep on runnin'—seem to be built thataway; Nothin' at all to say, William; nothin' at all to say. —New York Times.

Dean Ramsay once told of a young Englishman who had taken a Scottish shooting, and thought himself quite nationalized. Next year he met a genuine Scot of the old school at a German watering-place, and proceeded to pose as one himself, talking of Scotland and haggis and sheep's head and whisky, boasting of Bannockburn, professing devotion to Queen Mary, and extolling Scott and Burns over all English writers. On taking leave of his friend he said, "Well, sir, next time we meet, I hope you will receive me as a real countryman." "Weel," said the other, "I'm jest thinkin', my lad, ye're nae Scot, but I'll tell ye what ye are—you're jest an impruived Englishman."

A. Hirschman

For fine jewelry and silverware. 1641-1643 Van Ness Avenue.

BANKING

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd.

Established 1873
Head Office—London
Main Office—Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco
Branches—1020 Van Ness Avenue, Mission and Sixteenth Streets, San Francisco
Managers: I. Steinhart, P. N. Lilienthal
Capital paid in.....\$1,500,000
Surplus and undivided profits..... 1,449,721
A General Banking Business Conducted. Accepts of Corporations, Firms, and Individuals Solicited. Correspondence invited.
Safe Deposit Vaults at Van Ness Avenue and Mission Branches.

French Savings Bank

108 Sutter Street, near Montgomery
Paid-up Capital.....\$ 600,000
Total Assets..... 4,270,800
Strictly a Savings Bank Open Saturday Evening from 7 to 8:30
OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, 1st Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, 2d Vice-President; A. Bousquet, Secretary; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.
DIRECTORS—N. C. Babin, J. A. Bergerot, Charles Carpy, Arthur Legallet, G. Belency, H. de St. Seine, J. M. Dupas, Leon Boqueraz, J. E. Artigues, J. S. Godeau, John Ginty.
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT
The French-American Bank is located in the same building.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco
Guaranteed Capital.....\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908..... 34,474,534.23
Total Assets..... 37,055,263.31
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourney; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Ellis, General Attorneys.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.
MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only.

LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome
CAPITAL - - - \$2,500,000
SURPLUS - - - 620,000
Sig Greenebaum, H. Fleishacker,
President Vice-President and Mgr.
R. Altschul, Cashier

The National Bank ROLL OF HONOR

The title "Roll of Honor National Bank" is a distinction of which any financial institution in the United States may be proud. As is well known a "Roll of Honor Bank" is one possessing surplus and profits in excess of capital. A place on the Roll of Honor can not be bought, it must be earned. This bank has for a long time been known as a "Roll of Honor Bank" among banks and bankers.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Berkeley

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY
A. W. NAYLOR, Pres. F. M. WILSON, Vice-Pres.
F. L. NAYLOR, Cashier. F. C. MORTIMER, Asst. Cashier.

THE BERKELEY NATIONAL BANK

United States Depository Berkeley, Cal.
HOUSEHOLD AND COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS INVITED
DIRECTORS—George F. Baxter, Pres.; J. W. Richards, Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Bangs, Vice-Pres.; Louis Titus, Dr. Thomas Addison, A. G. Freeman, Duncan McDuffie, Perry T. Tompkins, F. L. Lipman, W. J. Hotchkiss, and Whitney Palache. P. H. ATKINSON, Cashier.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
Total Assets.....\$5,817,423
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,118,394
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
518 CALIFORNIA STREET
San Francisco

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO
U. S. Assets.....\$2,493,154
" Surplus..... 483,989
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO
J. J. KENNY, W. L. W. MILLER,
Manager Assistant Manager

MARKET ST. 1st Con. 5%

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BAY COUNTIES POWER CO. 1st 5%
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705 KAMM BUILDING
717 MARKET STREET
Phone Douglas 1342 San Francisco

THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE, 920 Merchants Exchange, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureau, located at No. 10 City Hall Ave., San Francisco, and No. 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free.
"The Citizens' Magazine" for September is now ready. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Orders solicited.

Clubbing List.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

- American Magazine and Argonaut.....\$4.25
- Argosy and Argonaut..... 4.40
- Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut..... 6.70
- Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut... 6.20
- Century and Argonaut..... 7.00
- Lammaner and Argonaut..... 4.10
- Lasmopolitan and Argonaut..... 4.35
- Current Literature and Argonaut..... 5.75
- English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.70
- Forum and Argonaut..... 6.00
- Harper's Bazar and Argonaut..... 4.35
- Harper's Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.70
- Harper's Weekly and Argonaut..... 6.70
- House Beautiful and Argonaut..... 4.75
- International Magazine and Argonaut... 4.50
- Judge and Argonaut..... 7.50
- Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut..... 6.70
- Life and Argonaut..... 7.75
- Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.... 5.25
- Mitell's Living Age and Argonaut..... 9.00
- Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....10.50
- Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.40
- Nineteenth Century and Argonaut..... 7.25
- North American Review and Argonaut... 8.00
- Out West and Argonaut..... 5.25
- Overland Monthly and Argonaut..... 4.50
- Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut..... 4.90
- Puck and Argonaut..... 7.50
- Review of Reviews and Argonaut..... 5.00
- Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.25
- Smart Set and Argonaut..... 5.25
- St. Nicholas and Argonaut..... 6.00
- Unset and Argonaut..... 4.25
- Theatre Magazine and Argonaut..... 5.75
- Three-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut..... 4.25
- Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut..... 4.50
- Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut..... 5.25

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

There is so perceptible a change in the population of the city within the past fortnight, since the out-of-town sojourners have returned home, that it is a cause of constant remark. The shopping district on Van Ness Avenue is the scene of many delighted greetings and the social calendar is beginning to fill up in a way that presages well for the winter's gayeties.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha Savage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Savage, to Henry Hebburn Wilkins, both of San Rafael. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ashleigh Turner, daughter of Mrs. Reginald White, to Mr. Joseph Seitz. Their wedding will be an event of the early winter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Welsh, daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Welsh and Mrs. Welsh of Stockton, to Mr. Frank Dutton of this city. Their wedding will be an event of the fall.

The wedding of Miss Betsy Angus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart Angus, to Mr. C. St. George Holden took place on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of the bride's parents on Union Street. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. Lee Wood of San Mateo. Miss Mary Angus, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the bridegroom's sister, Miss Milward Holden, and Miss Marian Wright. Mr. Hillier Deuprey was the best man. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Holden will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Dollie Bainbridge Tarpey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tarpey, to Mr. J. Paulding Edwards, took place on Wednesday evening last at the Fairmont Hotel. The ceremony was celebrated at nine o'clock in the evening by the Rev. Father McSweeney of St. Francis de Sales Church, Oakland. Mrs. Arthur Tarpey, sister-in-law of the bride, was matron of honor; Miss Alice Cleary, the bride's cousin, was the maid of honor, and Miss Marie Butters and Miss Marguerite Butters, sisters of the bridegroom, were the bridesmaids. Mr. A. D. Schindler was the best man and the ushers were: Mr. Melville Dozier, Mr. Arthur Tarpey, Dr. D. H. Moulton, Mr. Russell Selfridge, Mr. Arthur Goodfellow, Mr. Arthur Kales, Mr. Charles K. Field, and Mr. Victor N. Metcalf. Mr. and Mrs. Edward will sail next week for Honolulu for a month's stay and on their return will make their home in Chico.

The Friday Night Club, which has existed for so many seasons under the management of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, will be known hereafter as the Assemblies, the change being made to avoid confusion with other organizations having similar titles. Mr. Greenway announces that no changes will be made in the club save the name and the hour of opening the balls, which is designated as promptly nine o'clock. The dates of the balls will be December 18, 1908; January 29, 1909, and February 19, 1909, and they will take place at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Edward L. Griffith was the hostess at an informal dance on Friday evening of last week in honor of her son, Mr. Millen Griffith.

Miss Jeanne Gallois entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins. Those present were: Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Anita Mailliard, and Miss Helen Baker.

Miss Martha Calhoun and Miss Margaret Calhoun entertained at a dinner on Thursday of last week at their home on Broadway. Those present were: Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Mary Keeney, Mr. Percy King, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. William Gring, and Mr. Boyd Van Benthuyzen.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Mary Ethel Crocker, who are now at Del Monte for a visit, will leave about September 20 for the East. Miss Ethel Mary will return to school in Maryland and Mrs. Crocker will sail during October for Europe. Mr. William Crocker, Jr., and Mr. Barclay Farr, who has been his guest during the summer, left last week for the East with the E. H. Harriman family in the private car of the latter.

Senator and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands have returned to their home in Nevada, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard and Miss Sophie Beylard returned this week from Lake Tahoe, where they have spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale have gone from their home in San Mateo to Santa Barbara and will spend a few weeks at the Potter. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss

Harriet Alexander, Miss Janetta Alexander, and Miss Mary Crocker Alexander left on Thursday of last week for their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne, who have been in Switzerland for several weeks, are now in Paris for a fortnight, going about the middle of the month to London to remain until they sail for America on September 30.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble have returned to their home in Ross Valley, after a month's stay at Tahoe.

Miss Florence Breckinridge left last week for Lake Tahoe, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has gone to Burlingame for a visit to Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Miss Mary Josselyn has gone to Colorado, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown at Aspen.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock have returned to their home in San Rafael, after a European trip of six months' duration.

Mrs. Arthur Page left last week for the East, where she will join her daughter, Miss Dorothy, and they will spend the winter there.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is spending a few weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have closed their country place at Lake Tahoe and are again at their Burlingame home.

Miss Carrie Gwin, who has been in San Rafael for the summer, has taken an apartment at the Hillcrest, where she is domiciled for the next several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Findley left last week for an Eastern trip and will be absent for a month or six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall went recently to Del Monte for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins, who have been at Del Monte, have returned to their home at Menlo Park.

Miss Stella McCalla, who returned recently from this city to her home in Santa Barbara, has gone East with her sister, Mrs. Miller, to spend the winter.

Mr. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. Harriman, Miss Mary Harriman, Miss Carrel Harriman, Mr. Russell Harriman, Mr. Roland Harriman, Dr. Lyle, and Mr. Thomas Pierce took rooms at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson (formerly Miss Josephine Brown), who have been traveling in Europe since their marriage in April, have returned and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. William F. McNutt and her little granddaughter, Miss Marie Louise Potter, returned on Sunday morning last from Colorado, where they have been for six weeks as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt).

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have spent the holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Mr. Edward W. Hopkins left last week for the East and will go on a month's motor trip there.

Mrs. Robert C. Woods and Miss Elizabeth Woods have returned to town from Monterey, where they spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from a visit of several weeks' duration in Southern California.

Mrs. Wilcox and Mr. Alfred Wilcox arrived last week from their home in Los Angeles for a brief stay.

Mrs. J. LeRoy Nickel, Miss Beatrice Nickel, and Mr. George Nickel have gone East recently. Miss Beatrice will enter school there and Mr. Nickel will go to Yale.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, Miss Helen Jones, Mr. Paul Jones, and Mr. Frank Jones have returned to their home in town, after a stay of several months at their country place in Ross Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Gustavus Simmons have returned to their home in Sacramento, after spending the summer at their cottage at Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum, Miss Sara Drum, and Mr. William Drum went recently to Del Monte for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon at their country place in Menlo.

Mrs. George Borrowe left London August 22 en route for San Francisco to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui.

Among the visitors from the East are Mrs. R. K. Hines and her daughter, Miss Hannah Hines, from Macon, Georgia. They are the guests of Mrs. George Geft and her daughter, Mrs. George Draper Stratton, of Piedmont.

Mr. William H. Keith, who has been passing several weeks in this city, leaves on Monday next for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Tobey of Palo Alto have arrived at the Tahoe Tavern for a few weeks' sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, who have been in San Mateo and San Francisco for a week, returned to Lake Tahoe on Saturday last.

Of the twenty-three theatrical productions that ran over 100 nights in New York last season thirteen were "musical." This fact causes the New York *Evening Post* man to observe that one would have supposed the preponderance of the "musical" plays to be even larger, for did not Voltaire say that "what is too stupid to be spoken is made into a song"?

At the Hotels.

The following are among the registrations at the Hotel St. Francis: Mr. Albert Bonnel de Meziere and Mr. Frederick John Stephens, from Tahiti; Mr. J. Ross Clarke, of Montana; Mr. J. W. Pearson; Mr. David Warheld; Miss Amelia Summerville; Mr. Nat C. Goodwin; Mr. George Weeden; Dr. J. E. Stubbs, of the University of Nevada; Hon. John W. Noble; Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Greene, of Cananea; Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott; Dr. F. Kruger, of Seoul; Mr. E. L. Heller, of New York; Herr Karl von Newinski, of Germany; Mr. B. Kindenberger; Mr. R. Kindenberger; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Goldschmidt, Mr. Louis Goldschmidt, Dr. and Mrs. N. Chompret, and Dr. Sitsch, of Paris; Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, Mrs. Clover, and family.

Among recent registrations at the Fairmont Hotel are the following: A. L. Barber, U. S. A., Manila; Dr. and Mrs. Hughes, U. S. A.; Dr. George Rothganges, U. S. N.; Commander and Mrs. C. A. Carr, U. S. N.; Mr. C. De Wit Williams, Mrs. F. B. Woolsey, Mrs. M. B. Williams, Miss C. Williams, Miss J. L. Williams, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Edminson, of Pasadena; Mr. A. W. Ballard, Mrs. B. Winston, Miss Winston, Mr. W. F. Marshall, and Mr. Walter Parker, of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gilson, of Liverpool, and Mr. James Phelps Stokes, of New York. Among passengers by the *Mongolia* registered at the Fairmont are Rear-Admiral J. N. Hemphill, Captain H. C. Brown, U. S. M. C.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Graham, of London; Mrs. K. G. Halleck and Mrs. W. N. W. Blayney, of Denver; Mr. A. L. Spitzel, Mr. L. Spitzel, Mrs. Wilson, of Shanghai; Mrs. Gardner Wilder, of Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Freshman, of Chicago; Mrs. Richardson, Miss Richardson, Miss Brillack, Mr. F. W. Kelley and Mrs. Kelley.

The Bank of California's New Home.

The Bank of California opened its new building at Sansome and California Streets to the public Tuesday, and from 10 o'clock in the morning until long after regular banking hours the building was thronged with visitors. The desks of the officers were loaded with flowers, gifts from friends.

The new home of the Bank of California is said to be the equal of any bank building in the world, and it is said that the only two bank buildings in the Western hemisphere that could compare with it are the Bank of Montreal's building and the classic old home of the Girard Bank in Philadelphia.

The exterior of the building is copied from the temple of Jupiter Stator in the Roman Forum, and the fluted columns are exact counterparts of the columns in the temple. All the stone work is Raymond granite, and, like nearly all the material in the building, is a California product.

The interior of the building is 112 feet deep by eighty feet wide by fifty feet high, or about the height of four stories in an ordinary office building. A marble wainscoting fourteen feet high surrounds the interior, and the windows rise above this to a height of thirty-five feet.

The office furniture and partitions are steel, finished in imitation of French mahogany, while the counters are black Belgian marble, a rare and costly product. The ceiling is a classical design in gilt picked out with pale blue. The cost of the building is said to be close to \$2,000,000.

Important Notice.

The Majestic Improvement Company announces the opening of the Hotel Mann, at the northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, during the month of September, under the management of Mr. N. M. Kellar, formerly of the hotels Waldorf-Astoria, Majestic, and St. Regis, of New York, and the Hotel Fairmont of San Francisco. Also that the Hotels Majestic and the Majestic Annex are now under the management of Mrs. Dora Peysers.

A delegate just returned from the London Peace Conference describes a linguistic display worth witnessing. Every speech was delivered in three languages; that is to say, while an Englishman was talking, a German and a French stenographer were frantically taking him down, and the minute the speaker resumed his seat the German rose and read from his notes a fluent translation, the Frenchman following suit. There was the same trilingual rapid-fire performance when either French or German was spoken.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath!"

DR. ROBERT E. O'CONNELL, DR. GEORGE D. O'CONNELL, DENTISTS, Hastings Building, Post Street and Grant Avenue. Tel. Douglas 2733.

IT'S not a large place; we'd rather care well for a few people than indifferently for many. The table, the service, and the surroundings are our specialties.

YE TEA CUP INNE
1427 Bush Street, below Van Ness (upstairs)

Pears'

Soap, like books, should be chosen with discretion. Both are capable of infinite harm.

The selection of Pears' is a perfect choice and a safeguard against soap evils.

Matchless for the complexion.

FAIRMONT HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

From every standpoint the best Hotel for permanent residence

Applications for apartments for the winter should be made at an early date with the management

Palace Hotel Company

Tennis Tournament

CONTINUES ALL NEXT WEEK
at Matchless

Del Monte

The finals will be full of intense interest. Every one you know will be there. Friday and Saturday will be the biggest days of the whole event.

Write for reservations.

H. R. WARNER, Manager

The Peninsula

SAN MATEO, CAL.

A home in the country practically within San Francisco's gates. Only thirty minutes away. Frequent trolley and train service. See S. P. time-tables. Located in the heart of one of the most beautiful gardens in the State. No winds, no fogs. All the accommodations that culture and refinement demand. Progressive in every detail. Well-equipped club house, and commodious garage.

Winter Rates in force September 1, 1908

JAS. H. DOOLITTLE, Manager.

ROUND THE WORLD

TOURS DE LUXE

Leaving in August, September and October. Membership limited to twelve. Programmes for the asking.

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The spirit of good service and the facilities that produce it.

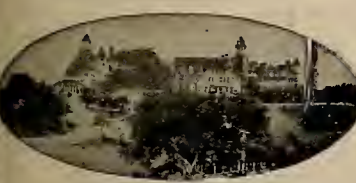
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Why Not Make Your Home At The Hotel Jefferson

Turk and Gough Streets Facing Jefferson Square

A superior class hotel with every modern convenience and comfort. Operated on the American and European plans. Special rates to permanent guests. Special attention paid to the table—we invite comparisons. Management Noab W. Gray, formerly manager Alexander Young Hotel, Honolulu, and Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

You Can Live At The Hotel Jefferson Better And For Less Than At Home



Hotel del Coronado

Motto: "BEST OF EVERYTHING" Most Delightful Climate on Earth

American Plan. Summer rates \$3.50 per day each and upward, or \$21.00 per week each and upward "Good Music" and "Fine Automobile Road, Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado." Golf, Tennis, Polo, and other outdoor sports every day in the year.

New 700-foot ocean pier, for fishing. Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for booklet to

MORGAN ROSS, Manager, Coronado Beach, Cal. Or see H. F. NORCROSS, Agent, 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles. Tel. A 6789; Main 3917. 22d Street and Broadway

Seattle's Newest and Most Modern Hotel



"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"

Building, concrete, steel and marble.

Located, most fashionable shopping district.

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Library and bound magazines in reading rooms for guests.

Most refined hostelry in Seattle.

Absolutely fireproof. English Grill.

Rates, \$1.00 up

Sherman, Clay & Co., occupying this entire building at Kearny and Sutter Streets, S. F., are headquarters for every kind of musical instrument from Steinway pianos down. You have no need to go elsewhere for any article pertaining to the music business.



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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert R. Stevens, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty as chief quartermaster of the Department of Texas upon the arrival in San Antonio of Colonel John M. Clem, U. S. A., and will proceed to San Francisco to assume the duties of chief quartermaster of the Department of California.

Major Ira A. Haynes, adjutant-general, U. S. A., is announced as assistant to the adjutant-general of the Department of the Visayas, P. I., and will in addition to his other duties assume charge of the office of judge advocate of that department, relieving Major George H. Morgan, adjutant-general, U. S. A., of that duty.

Captain Cornelius C. Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks and with his troop will march to reach the Presidio of San Francisco about September 15.

Captain James Pickering, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty at the School of Musketry.

Captain J. S. Dewitt, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., was here last week on leave, en route to Washington, D. C.

Captain Samuel V. Ham, quartermaster, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and report in person to the commanding officer for duty as quartermaster of that post.

Captain John A. Murtagh, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave with permission to go from Manila to Japan and China.

Captain Edmund D. Shortlidge, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has had his resignation of his commission as an officer of the army accepted by the President, to take effect on September 15.

Lieutenant E. W. McIntyre, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Washington* and ordered to continue treatment at the Naval Hospital at Mare Island.

Lieutenant W. R. Van Auker, U. S. N., has been detached from the *St. Louis* and ordered to the *Washington*.

Lieutenant David L. Roscoe, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Lieutenant Frederick Mears, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Eleventh Cavalry to the First Cavalry.

Lieutenant Bruce Palmer, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived here last week and was assigned to duty at department headquarters until the sailing of the first available transport for the Philippines, when he will leave to join his regiment.

Lieutenant Rowland B. Ellis, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted three months and fifteen days' leave of absence, to take effect about November 21.

Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the unassigned list to the Ninety-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Garfield L. McKinney, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has reported at headquarters, Department of California, and is assigned to temporary duty there until the sailing of the transport *Crook* on September 15.

Passed Assistant Surgeon E. M. Brown, U. S. N., has had the unexpired portion of his sick leave revoked and is ordered to the Naval Recruiting Station, Los Angeles.

Assistant Surgeon J. A. Biello, U. S. N., has been detached from duty with the Pacific Torpedo Fleet and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Assistant Surgeon Henry W. B. Turner, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Naval Medical School Hospital, Washington, D. C., for duty.

Assistant Surgeon J. T. Duhigg, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Naval Recruiting Station, Los Angeles, and ordered to duty with the Pacific Torpedo Fleet.

Orders have been issued as follows regarding the duties of medical officers in connection with the manoeuvres at Atascadero: Captain Henry S. Kierstedt, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, to accompany the Twentieth Infantry and five companies of the Eighth Infantry; Captain Robert L. Carswell, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Depot of Recruits and Casuals, Angel Island, to accompany the Eighth Infantry from Fort McDowell; Lieutenant Howard McC. Snyder, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, to accompany two troops of the Fourteenth Cavalry from the Presidio of San Francisco; Lieutenant Joseph A. Worthington, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, to accompany Company A, Engineer Corps, from Fort Mason.

Melbourne has a new theatre—the King's—capable of seating two thousand people, and only five months intervened between foundation stone and completion. This is claimed to be a world's record. Two hundred men worked on it night and day, and on public holidays as well.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. M. P. Brasch, Mr. D. J. McKay, Mr. Paul M. Henry, Mr. R. W. Martindale, Mrs. D. H. Bibb, Miss Bibb, Mr. G. T. Marsh.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs are the following: Judge and Mrs. Frank H. Kerrigan, Mr. H. H. Cosgriff, Mr. C. H. Meyerstein, Miss Helen Gray, Miss Alice Small, Mr. Charles Mattheas, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. F. J. Anthony, Mr. S. Walker, Mr. S. H. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Feigenbaum.

The following are among the registrations from San Francisco at Etna Springs: Mr. F. H. Gassaway, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wilson and son, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wood, Mr. G. H. Hufschmidt and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ehrman, Mr. William G. Volkman, Miss Martha Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. C. Adams and daughter, Mr. L. H. Hufschmidt and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Teltey, Miss Lelia Hamilton, Mr. Henry St. Goar and family.

Among recent registrations at The Peninsula, San Mateo, are Mr. and Mrs. John Spruance, Mr. and Mrs. G. Y. Doane, and Mrs. J. S. Morgan, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hintz, of Oakland; Mrs. Spencer Ashlin and daughter, Mrs. Ed. C. Hetzell, Mrs. J. McCabe, Mrs. Charles Leimer, Mrs. Clara Baum, Mr. A. J. Zadig, Mrs. H. Zadig, Miss A. N. Rhea, Mr. John Huff, His Highness Duke Ferdinand de Montpensier and party, Mr. A. Bibhero, Mr. Frank S. Andrews and Mr. F. D. Andrews, of Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zellerbach, Mrs. Theo. Steiner and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Kelley, Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Orella, Mr. and Mrs. James Green, Miss Willette Kersbaw, and Miss Lydia Gibbins.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel Del Monte include Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Long, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Long, Miss Helen Jones, Mr. Harold P. Hill, Mrs. J. Campbell Shorb, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Green, Mrs. B. F. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ernes, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. DeLano, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. DeLano, Mrs. E. V. Cowell, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Langdon, Mr. J. H. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Tubbs, Mrs. S. P. Dodge, Mr. H. C. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wright, Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, Mrs. C. Roos, Mrs. L. Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goldman, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Miss Alice C. Stodard, Mr. George H. Stodard, Mr. and Mrs. D. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Mrs. M. L. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Young, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Balch, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Porter, Mr. H. B. Porter.

Paste Jewelry.

A report from Newport says that paste jewels are coming more and more into favor, and that they may be seen almost any evening at the larger social affairs. Who would have thought there was so much sense at Newport?

It is said that the English queen often wears imitation stones, considering them to be quite as beautiful as the genuine thing, as of course they are. It is only the expert who can tell the difference and women do not usually dress for the benefit of the expert. And even the expert could hardly detect the difference between the real and the imitation without a close examination, which would be impossible in a drawing-room. The fact of the matter is that if you are rich whatever you wear will be supposed to be genuine, and if you are poor whatever you wear will be assumed to be artificial.

Another reason for wearing paste is the peace of mind that it gives. During the last few years a small fortune in the way of jewelry has been lost. A certain amount, of course, finds its way back through the efforts of the police, but there are still many valuable jewels that have disappeared permanently, notably those lost by Mrs. John R. Drexel and Mrs. J. Stewart Barney. Several seasons ago Mrs. Perry Belmont lost a magnificent sunburst of diamonds, which loss was reported to the police. The late chief of police, Benjamin H. Richards, was responding to the call of Mrs. Belmont at her cottage just at sunset one day, when he saw on the road of the driveway the missing jewel. Mrs. Belmont told the chief what she had called on him for. Taking the jewel from his pocket, he handed it to her.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Mrs. Bildad says that she talks in her sleep." "That isn't the worst of it, either. She talks when she is awake."—Life.

Actor—Are we alone? Voice from the audience—You would be—if we could get our money back at the box-office.—Footlights.

Wife—What would you like for your birthday, dear? Husband—Nothing at all. I haven't any money.—Megendorfer Blätter.

"Pa!" "Well, what is it now?" "Pa, when I grow up, how will I keep from marrying the wrong woman?" "You won't."—Life.

Doctor—You have some sort of poison in your system. Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me.—New York Sun.

Blobbs—A politician always reminds me of a piano. Slobbs—How so? Blobbs—If he's square he's considered old-fashioned.—Philadelphia Record.

George—Gertie has decided to marry young Multimill. She thinks she can make something out of him. Ethel—About how much?—London Opinion.

Mrs. Benham—As the story goes, Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years. Benham—I wonder if his breakfast was ready when he woke up.—Town Topics.

She (sentimentally)—How like life are the waves of the sea! He—You bet. Come to the shore in great style, and go away broke.—Sydney Newsletter.

"I hardly know my wife by sight. You see, I made her acquaintance at the masked ball, and now we're traveling in our auto all the time!"—Jugend.

She—I understand that drinking is one of your failings. He—You have been misinformed. It is one of my most pronounced successes.—Chicago Journal.

"I was introduced to your wife today, and she glared at me." "I can't account for that." "I can. I s'pose I'm your scapegoat, you old fraud."—Kansas City Journal.

"The way to get away with anything in this world, my boy, is to stick to it—stick to it!" "Yep, that's the way the cat got away with the fly paper just now."—Houston Post.

Editor—Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes, as I instructed? Reporter—I called on her, but she wouldn't talk. Editor—She wouldn't! Was she dead?—Puck.

Eve (in the garden)—Adam, I've got to have another dress. Adam—Eve, you're the most resolute woman I've ever known. You're always turning over a new leaf.—The Tatler.

"You say you read every word of the advertisements in that magazine?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It's a relief to find something that isn't in dialect."—Washington Star.

Blox—Bimberly is exceedingly modest, isn't he? Knox—I hadn't noticed it. Blox—Well, he never talks about himself. Knox—Oh, that isn't modesty; it's discretion.—Chicago News.

Miss Watson—Did Mr. Sark say to you as I entered the drawing-room last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Watson?" Clara—Yes, dear, with the accent on the "that."—Evening Post.

Jeweler—Yes, that engagement ring is plated, but it is warranted for ten years. Purchaser—Haven't you got anything cheaper, warranted for about ten weeks?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I started to tell my wife about a woman who made her own fall gown." "Well?" "She capped my story with one about a man who made a million dollars."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I hear you are going to take your family to Europe." "Thinking some of it." "How will you go?" "By balloon." "But that isn't practical." "It will be by the time we get ready."—Nashville American.

First Weather-Bureau Man—Where's that flag we hang out when there's going to be fair weather? Second Weather-Bureau Man—I hung it out last week and a storm came up and carried it away.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Mugins—My husband is a perfect crank. Mrs. Bugins—All husbands are, my dear. Mrs. Mugins—But fancy a man who complains that my mustard-plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make.—Stray Stories.

"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right." "It is all right." "Do you give the girls a good practical business training?" "In reply to that question I can only say that 60 per cent of our graduates marry their employers the first year."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Leaving, eh? At the height of the season, too! What are you going to do?" the mistress snarled. "I aint a-goin' to do nothin', mum," the cook answered complacently. "Karma, the new fortune teller down

to the pier, read my pam last night, and it turns out I'm to marry money before the full o' the moon."—Boston Transcript.

The Customer—When I bought a car from you a few weeks ago you said you would be willing to supply a new part if I broke anything. The Molar Agent—Certainly, sir. What can I have the pleasure of providing you with? The Customer—I want a pair of new ankles, a floating rih, a left eye, three yards of cuticle, a box of assorted finger-nails, four molars, two hicuspids, and a funny-bone.—The Sketch.

Ex-President Dooley's Own Story of His Big Hunt.

"A Sunday's Fishin' at Mud Lake," be ex-Prisidint Dooley. [Price two hundred an' forty thousand dollars.] Sundah, th' ilivinth iv July, woke clear an' fair. We detarmined on an arly start, an' th' nine-nine saw us un-comfortably enscened in a corner iv th' smoker. Our outfit had been carefully selected. Fr th' bimift iv young sportsmen, p'raps a few wurruds on th' equipment may not be amiss. In th' first place th' Nimrod shud provide himsilf with a sthrong pair iv shoes. Button shoes are excellent, but not so aisy to put on again afther th' niciss'ry nap afther lunch. I mesilf prefer ordh'n'ry lace shoes, with a loop behind. Th' loop shud be made iv cloth, which is aisy on th' middle finger, that must be employed to pull th' shoe on th' foot. Socks shud be worn inside th' shoes an' between th' shoes an' th' feet. Th' rest iv th' apparel fr pickered, perch, an' bullhead fishin' consists iv a pair iv pants an' a shirt iv some dark materyal, undherwear, if convenient, although this is a matter iv personal taste, an' some kind iv hat. A silk hat, although tasty, is not advised. Tb' adventurer shud provide himsilf with a coat collar an' necktie to guard again th' chill night air an' th' withering glances iv ladies in th' sthreet-car.

"This much fr th' costume. To protict wansilf again th' finny monstherers it is niciss'ry to provide wansilf with a rod, some line, an' a hook, which, whin thrown into th' water an' violently raised an' lowered, prevints th' maddened craters frm leapin' into th' boat an' atin' th' lunch. Th' line is attached to th' rod at th' end most remote frm th' fisherman. At th' other end iv th' line is attached th' hook, which is in turn attached to th' forestry in th' bottom of th' lake, to th' side iv th' boat, to th' fisherman, or, in some rare instances, to th' fish. In case th' hook he-comes hopelessly entangled in a fish, I do not know what advice to give. But this is an unusual occurrence, an', in th' rough life iv th' wilderness, it is not possible to provide again ivry emergency. Provisioning th' expedition is th' most seeryous matter. I have found th' brand known as Boodweiser th' most nourishing, but many men skilled in woodcraft prefer th' blander Pilsner. However individjool taste inclines, th' beer shud be carried in glass bottles holdin' at laste a pint. Excellent sport is sometimes to be obtained durin' th' arly hours iv th' expedition by hurling th' empty bottles at switchmen, station-agents, an' th' other semi-savage fauna iv th' outskirts iv th' wilderness. This is a neat, though iv course not a serious, test iv marksmanship. In practisin' it th' party shud be careful to larn that th' thrain intends to proceed an' is not goin' to stop at th' next switch."—American Magazine.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Credit an Index of Character.

There is nothing very surprising in the circumstance that San Francisco was able to dispose of three or four million dollars' worth of municipal bonds; neither was it matter for newspaper astonishment that these bonds were "eagerly sought." San Francisco is one of the solvent cities of the world; its trade is opulent; its overseas commerce is increasing with the rapidly increasing demand of Asia and the Pacific littoral; its resources are virtually limitless in the productive capacity of California and the Pacific States; its credit financially has never been impeached or even suspected; its security for the payment of any debt it may contract is as substantial as any that could be offered by the capitals of Europe or America. Why, then, should its bonds not be "gilt-edged" in the markets of the world? The promptitude with which the money-lenders responded to San Francisco's proffer was not surprising, because the temporary need of this city was apparent and the consequent necessity of a bond issue inevitable. The bond-buyers have long been prepared to meet San Francisco's financial demand. They were waiting for this investment.

The credit of a city, like that of a citizen, may be

two-fold. A man in private life may be a cantankerous, quarrelsome, unneighborly person and at the same time a man of unimpeachable integrity in all his business dealings; he may even be a kind husband and an indulgent father. Many citizens are immoral in their personal habit, but the soul of honor in their business relations. These are not companionable or likable in the sense that they are agreeable neighbors or fit associates for men whose ideas of decency are based on strict moral conventions; but none of us would hesitate on that account to lend them money or give them credit for merchandise. Commercial integrity is entirely distinct from personal disposition and predilection.

San Francisco's fame as a peaceable, law-abiding community has been blown upon by its own citizens. For months now lengthening into years we have been quarreling among ourselves over matters in themselves quite trivial in comparison with what should be the real purpose of our existence. Envy, chicane, rank treachery, small ambitions of small men, false accusations, crimination and recrimination, during a long period, have served to keep alive the bitterest of personal animosities. But the unseemly hubbub is in the nature of a family quarrel, in which the immediate neighborhood takes no more interest than it would take in a dog-fight in the street; and beyond the provincial pale the circumstance that Mr. Spreckels has financed a prosecution intended to overthrow his personal enemies and business rivals excites no comment whatever. Even Mr. Heney's serial failures to convict those whom Mr. Spreckels accuses are unnoticed outside of the bailiwick in which he swaggers and blusters so futilely. Neither Mr. Spreckels nor Mr. Heney, nor the entire outfit of graft prosecutors, can injure San Francisco's commercial good name. The bond-buyers do not care the worth of an interest-bearing coupon whether Mr. Spreckels likes or dislikes Mr. Calloun; the bankers of New York are indifferent to the personal prejudices of Mr. Phelan; and nobody is in the least concerned whether Mr. Heney is earning the salary that Mr. Spreckels pays him for marking time in the accomplishment of Mr. Spreckels's private revenges.

As a matter of fact it is doubtful if the methods of the graft prosecution have seriously injured the moral status of this city in the eyes of the world at large, or as much of the world as may have taken the trouble to inquire what all the row may be about. Anyway, the reputation that Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Phelan have given San Francisco has not had the slightest weight in the money market or in the commercial world. San Francisco is far greater than the Spreckels contingent, and while she can not deny that she is involved in a disgraceful controversy reeking with mercenary motives, rank with venal purposes, smelling to high heaven with the foul odors of rotten politics, she is still able to command the highest respect from those whose good opinion is worth asking. The destiny of San Francisco can not be retarded by the little men who are trying to pull down what better men are determined to build up. She has ever been as her own poet described her, "serene, indifferent to fate." She has suffered much, endured much, and may be fated to suffer much more, to endure vastly more before her era of perfect peace arrives; but when the final chapter is written it will not contain even a mention of the graft prosecution or those who prosecuted. Full-grown men do not recall the colics of childhood; the histories of nations do not record the petty quarrels of obsolete political factions; cities rise and fall in response to the irresistible impulse of unswerving circumstance, and are not permanently disturbed by the retching and gulping of their flatulent citizens.

It is easy to imagine the comment that would have been made by the graft prosecution press if the bankers and bond-buyers had hesitated or refused to take our bonds. Those newspapers would have expressed hypocritical regret to conceal inward exultation. It would have been charged that our sins of omission and com-

mission were so heinous that the money markets of the world had declared us bankrupt; that the inability of the graft prosecution to convict anybody, in spite of perjured juries and repudiated immunity contracts, had reduced us to the condition of a lean beggar appealing hopelessly to the cold charity of safe, sane, and conservative finance; that in failing to punish all those whom the graft prosecution had accused we were ourselves convicted of such high crimes and misdemeanors that nobody would lend us money with which to rehabilitate our own financial condition. If the bond-buyers had refused to buy our bonds, the refusal would have been hailed by the graft prosecution and its news paper satellites as retributive justice upon us for not bending to the will of Mr. Spreckels and bowing to the behests of Mr. Phelan. It happened otherwise, and consequently there has been no incentive for hypocritical reproach, no chance to denounce anybody for bringing disgrace and ruin upon the community. It's too bad, and we are almost persuaded to offer the graft prosecution our insincerest condolences.

A Power Site by a Dam Site.

Because William Ham Hall, controlling certain lands and rights in the Hetch Hetchy Valley, has fixed a high price for his land and reserved his right to generate power from the waterflow within his ownership jurisdiction, the proponents of the municipal water supply scheme are in conspicuous and rancorous dudgeon. Everything was proceeding apparently as smoothly as the surface of a sierran trout pool; the junketing committee of the board of supervisors had "been over the ground" and were absolutely satisfied with the result of their investigation; only a few acres had to be purchased at a nominal price, a few water rights paid for in insignificant sums; and little more remained except the selection of reservoir sites, the issuance of a few millions of dollars' worth of bonds, the laying of the pipe, and possibly the purchase, under condemnation proceedings if necessary, of the Spring Valley's local distribution system. The public utilities committee of the board of supervisors were reported "jubilant," the municipal ownership advocates were "enthusiastic," and everybody was happy.

Now comes William Ham Hall with his ultimatum, and the aspect of the entire proposition suffers a change much for the wores. Mr. Hall wants \$200,000 for his reservoir rights, including about 900 acres of land, and reserves for his own use the power rights. It is not the price that Mr. Hall has stipulated for his property that worries the supervisors and those who are urging them forward in this matter; provided the citizens of San Francisco vote bonds for the establishment of a municipal water system to the amount of \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000, a preliminary expenditure of \$200,000 would be but a mere bagatelle—a drop in the bucket, so to speak in accurate metaphor. But the advocates of this Hetch Hetchy proposition are not satisfied with all the water that Mr. Ham can sell to them for potable use—they demand all the power that this water can produce. What the supervisors and their colleagues will do with this power is an after consideration. Perhaps they will establish a municipal lighting plant involving the bonding of the city for a few more millions. San Francisco's bonding capacity is away above par just now, and the opportunity to make hay while the sun shines could not be lost. There is a limit, of course, to the financial credit of the city, but why not press the limit? Some of us need the money and there are more difficult methods of getting it than by bonding the city for water plants and lighting power plants.

The fact that Mr. Hall refuses to part with his power rights induces the suspicion that he is reserving those rights for the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company; indeed, it is so charged by the organs of the Municipal Ownership League. Mr. Hall himself stoutly maintains that his reservation is in the interest

of a New York corporation specially organized to develop this power, and he as stoutly avers that the organization was effected long before the Hetch Hetchy water scheme was broached. There is also more than a hint that the Spring Valley corporation is also in conspiracy with Mr. Hall with intent to defraud San Francisco of its Sierra water supply, and thereby retain its own income and profits from the business of supplying San Francisco with water.

All of which may be true or untrue. It is impossible, in the absence of direct and competent testimony, to either affirm or deny the statements and deductions printed in the daily press. And really it is of no moment whether the public service corporations are balking the municipal water scheme or not; the crux of the present situation is Mr. William Ham Hall and his proposition. Does Mr. Hall own this property? Has he a right to dispose of it? Is Mr. Hall in possession of power rights in the Hetch Hetchy Valley? Has he a right to reserve those rights if he desires to do so? In the answers to these direct and pertinent questions is the first solution of the matter now before the house. There seems to be no dispute regarding the possessory title of Mr. Hall to the land, for it is asserted by some of the more economical municipal ownership enthusiasts that if the city considers the price too high it could, possibly, be lowered by a condemnation suit. That is an acknowledgment that Mr. Hall owns the land and has a right to sell it for any price he can get or any price the court may allow. There seems to be some doubt, however, of Mr. Hall's right to use the power generated by the waters of the valley. It is cited that Article 6 of the agreement between the city of San Francisco and Secretary Garfield of the Interior Department, expressly provides that the city of San Francisco shall have the right to sell to Modesto and Turlock irrigation districts any excess of electric power generated by the flow of the city's water; and further, that no power plant shall be interposed on the line of flow except by the city of San Francisco and for the purposes heretofore stipulated.

Even a stipulation as binding on the parties to the contract as this one appears to be could not bind others than those signatory to it. Mr. Hall is reported to claim that he acquired his rights before the Yosemite government reserve was extended over the Hetch Hetchy Valley. It is not likely that Secretary Garfield, in his agreement with the city of San Francisco, undertook to convey to the city any rights not in full possession of the government of the United States. Neither is it likely that he intended that the agreement should operate retroactively to swallow any private rights that might have existed before the government extended its reservation. Hence, unless Mr. Hall can be forced out of his possessory title by the government itself, by compelling him to accept lieu lands, for example, it is improbable that he will be disturbed. As it is the stated intention of Mr. Hall to use his power, he can not be compelled to set a price on it preliminary to its sale to the city; and it is not probable that condemnation proceedings would lie against him in any amount except the exorbitant possibilities of his proposed enterprise. In this view of the matter it is fairly safe to assume that even the advocates of this municipal ownership scheme would not dare to assess such an enormous "preliminary expense" against the bonds to be voted by the people. No municipal ownership advocate has as yet suggested that the bulk of the money obtained from the sale of the water bonds shall be absorbed by the expense of purchasing the right to use the power generated by the water primarily intended for drinking, sprinkling, and hydrant use in San Francisco.

Altogether it seems a very difficult question that now confronts the board of supervisors of this city, and one that would almost discourage the municipal ownership advocates from further dallying with the Hetch Hetchy project.

The Pot and the Kettle.

The Kilkenny controversy between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan over the workingman's vote is amusing rather than edifying. Both parties to the wrangle assume that the workingman is a political chattel and each claims him for his very own. The workingman who would vote for Mr. Taft is a traitor to his order; the workingman who would vote for Mr. Debs is a traitor to Mr. Hearst; and the workingman who would vote for Mr. Tom Watson is a traitor to Mr. Bryan. The workingman who would vote for Mr. Eugene C. Griffin hasn't been classified.

Usually a distinction is made by Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan between the workingman and the laboring man. The term "workingman" is general, and inclusive of the designation "laboring man." All men except the members of corporations and trusts and the idle or predatory rich work for their livelihood. These, say Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan, work the workingmen. The laboring man is one that works with his hands and belongs to a union or one that works with his hands and doesn't belong to a union. There is an irresistible conflict between the laborer of the unions and the laborer who doesn't wear a button or badge or other symbol of his trade affiliation. It is not a caste distinction; it is an economic segregation.

Ordinarily both Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan confine their solicitude to the laboring man; preferably to the laboring man that belongs to a laboring man's organization. They prate of "the dignity of labor," they champion "the rights of labor," and they make no pretense whatever of their utter contempt for the laboring man that will not or can not belong to a union. In times of political stress, however, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan sink these subtle distinctions and address themselves omnifारiously to "workingmen." The multitude of votes among workingmen is vastly greater than the votes of the laboring men and still more vastly greater than the votes of the laboring men that have bound themselves by the oaths of their unions.

Just now the appeal is to workingmen. It is conceded by Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan that all votes are alike, whether they are the votes of laboring men in or out of the unions or votes of workingmen who are not subject to the labor classification in its special and technical definition. At the same time Mr. Bryan attempted a coup by inducing Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor, to use his influence upon the organization of which he is the head to secure the delivery of that vote in bulk or, failing in the wholesale manipulation of the labor vote, to make consignment of the vote in job lots. Naturally Mr. Hearst resented this "bargain" or "conspiracy" or whatever it might be called arranged by Mr. Bryan and Mr. Gompers. The union labor vote is a valuable political asset and has always been claimed by Mr. Hearst by right of discovery and innumerable caveats of preemption. Mr. Bryan's business arrangement with Mr. Gompers and the plank in Mr. Bryan's platform promising everything to the workingmen looked to Mr. Hearst like an infringement on his personal property rights. It was necessary, therefore, to expose Mr. Bryan's insincerity by informing the Gompers following that Mr. Bryan had, on a certain obscure and wholly forgotten occasion, called the workers of the window-glass trade "public beggars," thereby casting a stigma of reproach and opprobrium upon all the workingmen in the United States. Not satisfied with this terrific knock-out stroke, Mr. Hearst followed it up with another directed at one Haskell, chairman of Mr. Bryan's committee of resolutions and platform, whom he accused of being a member of a citizens' alliance organized to encourage all kinds of laboring men, union or non-union, to practice their several trades and occupations in the cross-roads village of Muskogee, Indian Territory, or, as it is now situated, in the State of Oklahoma.

What Mr. Bryan will answer to these awful accusations can not be prophesied. Perhaps Mr. Bryan himself is uncertain as to the course he will pursue in stemming the tide of opposition which Mr. Hearst has thus incited against him. There is apparently no defense, for Mr. Hearst's affidavits are sworn to by some of the most reputable and veracious window-glass workers in the window-glass trade. The affidavits are presumably unimpeachable, and Mr. Bryan will certainly experience great difficulty in convincing the labor unions that his remark, specifically directed at the window-glass union, was not intended to blanket every labor union on the face of the earth. Consequently every labor union vote will be withdrawn from Bryan and given to Mr. Hearst's candidate, "Honest Tom" Hisgen; or to "Honest Tom" Watson; or to "Honest Eugene" Debs—unless, of course, Mr. Hearst shall find similar treason to the labor unions in the careers of Mr. Watson and Mr. Debs.

It is not an unseemly quarrel—this family row between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan. On the contrary, it is seemly in the highest degree. It is in strict keeping with Mr. Hearst's ideals of what constitutes the best statesmanship, and it is not contrary to Mr. Bryan's own practice to smite his enemy on the hip after he has smitten him on the cheek. But as Mr. Bryan in this instance seems to be the under dog, the disinterested outsider is not averse from lending aid

and comfort to the downtrodden and oppressed. Therefore it is our pleasure to inform Mr. Bryan, through the Iroquois Club of this city, of course, that Mr. Hearst once advocated in the newspaper owned by him and published in San Francisco a resort by the fruit-growers of California to Asiatic labor, preferably Chinese, in the harvesting, preservation, and shipment of their fruit. This was a direct assault by Mr. Hearst on the interests of the white laboring men of California, and in direct conflict with the fundamental principles of unionism on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Hearst may try to deny this charge that he once favored importation of Chinese cheap labor to handle the fruit crop of California, but an hour's research by the executive committee of the Iroquois will reveal the damnable proof in the files of Mr. Hearst's newspaper. Then, to be sure, when confronted by the palpable and irrefutable evidence of his guilt, Mr. Hearst will say that the crime was committed by one of his agents—by his local managing editor or by the office boy or some other irresponsible employee; whereupon Mr. Bryan may calmly retort that if Mr. Hearst is not responsible for the acts of his agents neither is he (Bryan) responsible for the business affiliations of his agent, Mr. Haskell.

All of which should teach Mr. Hearst that if he would live by the sword he must expect to die by the sword, and that if he persist in living in a glass house he should exercise great care in throwing stones, or refrain altogether from that dangerous pastime.

Who Owns the Laboring Man?

The Rev. Peter C. Yorke, whose political influence was largely instrumental in forwarding the venal political ambition of Eugene Schmitz and his gang of free-booting supervisors, has recently delivered one of his characteristic addresses upon the interrogatory: "Who Owns the Laboring Man?" Father Yorke hastened to apologize for his insinuation that the laboring man is owned by anybody, explaining that he but echoed the raucous and ribald "tone of the public press and political discussion." Notwithstanding his apology and explanation, Father Yorke did not explicitly or very emphatically deny that the rank and file of "organized labor" is, to a large extent, owned and controlled by persons whom the orator called "leaders." Perhaps he was thinking of his own disastrous "leadership"; perhaps he recalled the "leadership" of Mr. Abraham Ruef. Anyway he admitted that there is "a certain element" in the organized section of the "laboring class" that "votes blindly on their leaders' advice."

One of the lesser faults to be found with all utterances from Father Yorke is his insistence that the "class" of which he is a "leader" must be considered above every other constituent of the community. He will not concede that the laborer is only worthy of his hire. In his published opinion the mere accident that a man is born and bred to manual labor is sufficient to raise him above his fellow-citizens, entitling him to privileges and prerogatives that must be denied to other citizens if the laborer's interests are in anywise jeopardized. Father Yorke and demagogues of similarly small calibre go even farther than this general proposition; they narrow the "rights of labor" to the prescriptions of the labor unions; they excommunicate the non-union laborer and declare him to be pariah and anathema; they invert the pyramid and compel the social structure to balance itself on its apex; there is no formula of equality in the proletarian creed of the Yorkes, the Hearsts, and the Debs. Unless the laboring man is also a union man he is a thing of contempt, to be reviled, boycotted, thumped, persecuted, driven to the poorhouse, the penitentiary, or the morgue. That has been the policy of the unions in San Francisco, where the tyranny of organized labor has exercised supremacy of despotism; other communities have been similarly afflicted in direct ratio to the strength or weakness of the resistance opposed to the "leaders" and owners of the labor that herds in the unions.

Father Yorke says that "the laboring man is owned by his home, his family, and by God." These, of course, are mere words. Father Yorke does not include the non-union laborer in his category of ownership. The non-union laborer doesn't deserve a home; his family shall perish from lack of food if the unions can accomplish that conclusion of their logic; and he hasn't any God fit to be named in the same prayer with that of the laboring man that belongs to a union. He is a heretic to be burned on a pile of faggots from a union woodyard or stretched as far as he will reach on a rack decorated with a union label.

It will be argued by Father Yorke and the others of his noisy tribe that it is the non-union laborer's own

fault—that by joining a union he may absolve himself of his heresy and receive full shrift from the “leaders” and owners of organized labor. But he can not join a union unless it shall please the union to admit him, which very often does not accord with its brutally selfish policy, and if he be admitted himself his sons will be excluded from apprenticeship and so thrown upon the human scrap heap from which the criminal class is recruited. Even though he be furnished with a ticket, he must promise not to work for less than the union scale, even though there may be no work for him at that rate, and if, paraphrasing Father Yorke, “he strives for enough wages to secure comfort for his family and for another start in life, as well as for provision for his old age,” no woe that the union can cause to betide him will be sufficient to appease the hatred of his former comrades. Apostasy by a union man, even though the apostate was driven to his revolt by the moan of a dying wife and the outcry of starving babes, is the unpardonable sin of unionism’s selfish creed of tyranny. We must go back to the middle ages to match the bigotry of the latter-day “leader” of organized labor, and we must recall the vassalage of the feudal system to find comparison for the servitude of labor under the oligarchy that these leaders have instituted.

Another Constitution.

The news of constitutional government in Turkey is received by civilization with a sort of vague complacency. We do not quite know in what way the unspeakable Turk will be benefited by a constitution, but he seems in some fashion to be following in our footsteps and he is therefore to be commended. We felt the same way in the case of Persia, and our satisfaction was hardly mitigated by the fact that the streets of Teheran were forthwith filled with fighting factions and that a reign of political liberty seemed to be identical with a reign of terror. No doubt the Persians meant well. So do the Turks, according to their lights. These interesting nations may yet reach the ultimate goal of freedom and even evolve a whole code of blue laws, prohibitionists, labor bosses, and the general machinery of final and complete emancipation.

Constitutional government seems to be such a good thing that we are disposed to dismiss the question of Turkey from our minds and to congratulate ourselves that the “sick man of Europe” is well on his way to convalescence. But we are likely to be reminded that the fire is hotter than the frying pan and that when misgovernment has become a settled condition, a sort of “vested interest,” its forcible reform may be attended by dangers even greater than its continuance. The very monstrosity of Turkish rule has placed the empire outside the domain of international ethics. Piece after piece has been lopped from Turkish domain and placed under the protection or the influence of the other powers. Bosnia and Herzegovina, for example, are under the control of Austria, while Turkey’s suzerainty over Egypt is merely nominal so long as the English hand rests heavily upon the Nile. Now if the Young Turks are to become supreme in Constantinople, if a parliament is to be assembled and a constitution established, if order and good government are to take the place of a bloody chaos, what answer will be returned to the very natural demand that all these territories be returned to their lawful ruler? The demand will certainly be made as soon as the need for foreign control and protection has disappeared, as soon as a reasonable assurance can be given that the tortured nationalities will henceforth be allowed to live in peace. Will the authorities at Vienna relinquish their ambitions toward the Balkan provinces; will they facilitate a reform movement that strips Austria of power and control? Will England gracefully admit the practical suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt? Will Russia acquiesce in the restoration of eastern Rumelia merely because Turkey finds herself on the penitent form? The demoralization of Turkey has been a source of profit to the great powers. Their unctuous protestations of horror for massacre and misrule have invariably been followed by an adroit partition of Turkish territory, and while they have watched prayerfully around the bed of the “sick man,” they have not neglected to take an inventory of his portable property through their ears. Are they likely to view his unexpected recovery as an interposition of Providence, and what will they say when asked to give an account of their disinterested stewardship?

It is possible to have too much even of a good thing, and this rage for constitutional government may become a nuisance. There is usually a strange lack of

agreement between the governors and the governed as to the right moment for the introduction of free institutions. India, for instance, believes that she can now govern herself with distinction, but England hides her enthusiasm at the prospect. “Egypt for the Egyptians” is a popular cry at Cairo and Alexandria, but we have not yet heard of the withdrawal of any British regiments. But if Persia and Turkey can govern themselves democratically, or think they can, why not Egypt and India? Be it also remembered that Turkey is the headquarters of the Mohammedan world and that the Sultan is a sort of pontiff to about one-tenth of the population of the world. India and Egypt are already in a state of profound unrest. The deeps of Oriental life were strangely moved when Japan proved that the white man’s prowess is sometimes a bubble that may be pricked, but the effect of this demonstration will be as nothing to that of the Turkish upheaval. An aggressive reform party dominant in the Ottoman empire will have the force of a religious movement. It will shake the East out of her lethargy, it will give a dangerous cohesion to the Mohammedan world, and it will call the attention of the whole Orient to the fact that the green flag is still at the masthead. The foreign offices of Europe will, of course, make their usual protestations of delight at Turkish reform. But their thoughts will be unfit for publication.

Dr. Jordan’s Ultimatum.

Dr. Jordan is to be congratulated upon his ultimatum to the students of Stanford University, an ultimatum received “without a murmur,” as strong pronouncements usually are. Henceforth the drunken student will not be tolerated at Stanford, and those who can not keep away from the saloon will be compulsorily kept away from the university, which “is no place for the man who can be drunk and feel no shame.” Dr. Jordan went on to say that to be tough is no sign of manliness, but is simply the sign of a fool, and that the youth who can not resist temptation can not be trained for success in life.

All this is, of course, very good, and we may hope that it is the beginning of better things at Stanford. Not that Stanford is any worse than some other universities where both education and discipline have abdicated in favor of a riotous and dissipated hoodlumism. If Dr. Jordan sticks to his guns, as of course he will, Stanford can easily take a leading position in the work of reestablishing an educational ideal that is sadly weatherworn. He may at least feel that the enthusiastic commendation of the community is behind him.

That there should be need for such stern admonition from university presidents is proof that the higher scholastic life is grievously faulty where it should be particularly strong. The college that imparts nothing but facts to its students has not only missed its vocation, but it is in danger of becoming a nuisance, since there can be nothing more mischievous in a community than knowledge without character. Ignorance itself is a far lesser evil. There can be no character without discipline or without the restraint that must first be external before it can be self-imposed, but neither learning nor character is consistent with the saloon habit.

It may be questioned if the highest function of the college is to produce either literary people or learned people. Let us rather have a common level of intelligent people, of people with minds receptive to ideas, of people who can talk or at least listen to others talk of science, religion, history, and politics, of people whose minds are not utterly at the mercy of the latest popular whim, the newest book, or the current editorial. Let us have people who know how to put a leisure hour to a decent use whether it be indoors or outdoors, people who naturally gravitate toward things of good repute. If the university can not produce such material as this, and in considerable volume, it certainly can not justify its existence by an occasional prodigy or a literary star. We need to raise the general level rather than to cultivate the exceptional while the rank and file are soaking in the saloon or exercising what they facetiously call their minds over the vicissitudes of the athletic field. And the first of all steps is to enforce discipline and to see to it that those who are educationally privileged by a collegiate training act with common decency and self-respect. Then perhaps our universities will cease to turn out so many youths who seem rather to hate than to love knowledge, who combine a placid self-satisfaction with an arrogant and contemptuous ignorance, and who really appear to suppose that these things constitute manliness when they

are united to dissipation. For these reasons the firm stand taken by Dr. Jordan will be warmly applauded and the results watched with expectation and confidence.

Editorial Notes.

If anything could bring the Springfield tragedy to the point of ridicule it is the admission of the woman whose complaint of outrage was the cause of the whole horrid business. This woman now confesses that the negro whose murder by the mob was the beginning of the riot was wholly innocent of the offense charged against him and that so far as she knows his only crime was to be black. This is bad enough in all conscience, but the report of the special grand jury shows a situation even worse. The police are charged with disobedience to orders, with a refusal to disperse the mob, and with an actual participation in the rioting. If the police had done their duty at the start there would have been no need for the soldiers and Springfield would have been saved a disgrace that has been talked of all over the civilized world. But the disgrace is not so much in the riot itself as in the shameful city government that made the riot, sooner or later, inevitable. The indictments that are now flying around Springfield like autumn leaves are good enough in their way if the spirit of retribution is really on the wind, but they ought to be preliminary to a thorough cleaning of the stables if history is not to repeat itself at the first chance.

That Mr. Bryan should draw all kinds of auguries from the State election in Maine is to be expected. We shall hear a lot about the “pulse of the country” and “political barometers,” with all the other catchwords that sound well and mean nothing. In 1904 the Republican State vote in Maine was reduced from 34,132 to 25,800, and as a result we heard all sorts of prognostications in favor of Parker, but his defeat was none the less overwhelming. Local issues in Maine are now more acute than they were then. The Democratic candidate for governor, Obadiah Gardner, is unusually popular and is said to have shaken hands with more voters than any other man in the State, and to have kissed more babies. He was hotly opposed to the administration of the prohibition law and temporarily won the hearts of many good Republicans by his avowal that “rum, however freely sold, can not do so much harm as the hypocrisy that accompanies the administration of the prohibitory law.” On the other hand, the Republican candidate, Fernald, was equally strong in his opposition to any meddling with the prohibition law or the resubmission of the constitutional amendment and this, without question, cost him a great many votes that will be given unhesitatingly for Taft and Sherman. The part of wisdom is to draw neither comfort nor discouragement from State elections that are usually decided by local issues and that afford no trustworthy indications on the larger national choice.

In no mere conventional terms it may be said that the death of Philip N. Lillenthal leaves San Francisco poorer in the best elements of good citizenship, and at a time when they can ill be spared. No worthy movement, benevolent, social, or financial, ever failed to secure his interest and aid. He was one of those men to whom his fellow-citizens naturally turned for guidance and advice not only at times of danger or crisis, but at every opportunity to advance the common interest or to serve the common welfare. Whatever prominence came to him was unsought and undesired, and was due rather to the natural gravitation of civic virtue than to even the most legitimate ambition. Mr. Lillenthal’s career is too well known to need even the briefest recapitulation. Some of his best-known benevolences have been the talk of the streets since his death, but they are far outnumbered by the deeds of personal kindness, help, and encouragement that are known only to their many recipients. It is certainly a hard fate that extinguishes such a life at the time of its greatest usefulness and that leaves the community at large with so keen a sense of personal loss.

All the world knows that gold, silver, and gems are constantly disappearing in India to swell the hidden stores of the people. What no one knows is the accumulated amount. The late Dunning MacLeod estimated that there might be \$1,500,000,000 in hidden gold alone. Of silver there may be even more in proportion, as the silver rupee has long been the common money current of India. Of hidden gems no one has ever been bold enough to estimate the value.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

Mr. Cleveland's "message from the grave" has been the topic of the hour in political circles. That a great party leader should leave such a legacy to his followers, a legacy of opposition to his political successor and of support and comfort to his opponents, is so unprecedented as to merit all the attention that it has received. Scarcely an important newspaper in the country but has added its quota to the discussion, while Mr. Cleveland's letter has already been the text from which innumerable political sermons have been preached. When Dr. Miller of Omaha, for twenty-five years a Democratic leader, said that "Cleveland's message from the grave will cost William J. Bryan thousands of votes" he merely expressed an opinion uppermost in the minds of thoughtful men. When he goes on to say "a vote by any friend of Cleveland for Bryan would desecrate the grave and dishonor the memory of Grover Cleveland," and "Cleveland is dead, but he speaks louder from the grave in that message than he could have done had he been alive today," there will be plenty of good Democrats to agree with him.

The press comments are particularly interesting. From the Democratic press comes little in the way of criticism, but this may be due to the fact that there is no Democratic press. The *Buffalo Times*, quoting from Chairman Mack, does indeed refer to the letter as having been "flushed, flared, and waved as would a shipwrecked sailor who had obtained possession of a red shirt." The grammar used seems a little dubious and we are not quite clear whether it is the shipwrecked sailor or the red shirt that would be "flushed, flared, and waved," but grammatical considerations are rarely proof against the fervor of political energy. The *Buffalo Times* continues:

Although the Republican party may be digging the graves of the dead for campaign material on which to support its cause, the people are looking forward to the most virile, progressive, honest leader among the living today.

The eagerness with which the Republican press has grabbed at the Cleveland letter indicates most substantially the weakness of their campaign. For a year prior to his death Mr. Cleveland was an extremely ill man. His death occurred before the Democratic candidate had been nominated or the platform framed. Dragging from his grave an alleged utterance of his dying days presents the most pitiful spectacle of a great party's appeal for power ever presented to the American people. The face of American citizens in this campaign is not to the past, but to the progressive spirit, independence, and love of liberty of the nation's people. Like a vulture the Republican machine hovers over the graves of the past.

The *Richmond News Letter* adopts a deprecating tone, asking us to remember that Mr. Cleveland, after all, was human:

Apparently Mr. Cleveland had determined, in the series of articles he began, to throw all the weight of his name, his influence, and his intellect in favor of Mr. Taft and to strike Mr. Bryan a body blow. It is a question whether this utterance of his coming from the grave will not be more effective than it would have been from a living man. But the Democrats must meet it and doubtless will. Our hope is that in parrying and striking back they will, as far as possible, direct their strokes at the living and spare the memory of the honored dead.

The *Louisville Herald* remarks that "the voice of Cleveland pursues his party. Even in death he speaks and Bryan can not escape the vigorous utterances of his mighty predecessor." Summing up the situation, the *Herald* says:

Grover Cleveland was in an exceptional position from which to view the conditions prevailing in the realm of national politics. Removed himself from the turbulent region of party factionalism, and with his broad experience of men and affairs, he was able to survey the field dispassionately and mark with accuracy the trend of sentiment and events. There will be nothing written during the present campaign so fair, so judicial, so statesmanlike and noble in tone as this review of parties and policies, this balancing of possibilities and prophesying of results.

The *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* considers that the posthumous message of Grover Cleveland is the most important document contributed to the literature of the present campaign:

If there be a wavering Democrat this year who had hitherto followed Grover Cleveland with the fealty of one submissive alone to patriotic leadership, this message, which was written shortly before his death, should be as a light unto the feet and lamp unto the path. More and more, with the days of his retirement from the White House, men of all parties were enlightened as to his love of country and his devotion to the interests of the people. From the perspective of the private station he gathered wisdom, and out of its fullness he formulated this judgment of what was expedient if the American people were to continue prosperous and government maintained on stable principles.

The *New York Globe*, rising superior to mere party issues, finds that the supreme merit of Mr. Cleveland's letter is in its wholesome optimism, all the more apparent and all the more salutary from the fact that pessimism has begun to assert itself more than ever before in our national life:

Mr. Cleveland's deliberate judgment, reached almost on his deathbed, was that William H. Taft would and should be elected President because embodying to a greater degree than any other candidate the orderly progress in which the dead statesman believed, and this judgment he did not hesitate to express.

But aside from the immediate pertinence of the document it is vastly cheering as to a matter much more important than even the November result. A determined effort has been made to convince the country that it was growing more wicked—that the tendencies of the time are toward the bad rather than the good. This propaganda has had such success that the sensible optimism that heretofore has been one of the most precious of American traits is curdled in many minds to a peevish and fruitless pessimism. But Mr. Cleveland is able to say: "It seems to me, as I review the last half century, that from the mental vision I may draw two certain conclusions: We, as individuals and citizens, are better, wiser, cleaner handed than we were, and are rising steadily to planes higher than we have yet known." Possessed of this belief, it is not strange that Mr. Cleveland distrusted a Bryanism the main reliance of which is on arousing the spirit of blind discontent.

The *New York Evening Mail* thinks that the letter is of the highest importance and interest and continues:

These words, which come in a sense from beyond the grave, carry all the weight that attaches to the counsel of an ex-President, and a Democrat long the commanding figure in

his party and in the nation. It will interest the American people to know that Grover Cleveland thought so highly of Mr. Taft. Will it please Mr. Bryan and Mr. Gompers to get his opinion, undoubtedly the correct one, that when working-men vote solidly it is because they think their welfare is bound up with the general prosperity, and is either hindered or promoted by the policies of a party?

The *Brooklyn Standard-Union* says that it is "impossible to overestimate" the importance of the letter, suggesting as it does the clairvoyance of those about to depart:

The most striking feature of this address to the people of the man who twice served them as President and three times led the Democratic party are his flat and final rejection of anti-imperialism, his assertion that the tariff will not be a paramount issue in this presidential election, nor in the next one, and his advocacy of the breaking up of the "Solid South."

The *Providence Journal* finds nothing in Mr. Cleveland's letter to justify the assertion that he had abandoned his lifelong political principles. The letter is indeed an assertion of Democratic faith "which the Democratic party seems to have forgotten":

It was inevitable that Bryanism should drive him and men like him to break the party ties of a lifetime. It is safe to say that the arguments in favor of Mr. Taft from Mr. Cleveland's pen will have overwhelming force with hundreds of thousands of voters. This letter is by all odds the most important document which the presidential contest of 1908 has thus far produced.

The *Pittsburg Dispatch* writes along the same lines. It was Mr. Cleveland who was faithful to his party and Mr. Bryan who has betrayed it:

Reaffirming his adherence to the vital principles of the older Democracy, Mr. Cleveland predicted the election of Mr. Taft, and stated the reasons leading him to that opinion. Without apparent bitterness he wrote of Mr. Bryan as of one who has led the Democratic party away from its vital principles. Had Mr. Cleveland lived until the publication of this article it might have been made the subject of bitter controversy. Under present circumstances it stands unique and peculiar—the sentence pronounced upon a party by its former leader as he faced the common fate of mankind—the grave. We can not say that Mr. Cleveland's utterance will have any effect upon the campaign. There is no evidence that it was intended to influence the vote of any man. But the paper will profoundly impress that portion of the public that looks below the surface—below the froth of partisan clamor—for causes and effect.

The *Chicago Tribune* refers to the letter as "the voice from the grave of a strong and patriotic man":

In his old age, on his deathbed, free from partisan prejudice, Grover Cleveland gave it as his judgment that William H. Taft should be elected President, because he embodied to a greater degree than any other candidate the constructive and progressive force and sentiment of the country.

The *Kansas City Star* says that the profound sincerity of Mr. Cleveland was never more apparent than it is now:

He laid aside all partisan considerations. He discussed things as he saw them. He deplored the obstructions that mere party loyalty has put in the way of national and sectional progress. He contended that the party in power is not to have the full credit for the success of the government, nor sole blame for its failures. Mr. Cleveland foresaw the nomination of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan, and forecast Mr. Taft's election. His tribute to Mr. Taft is as just as it is generous.

The *New York Times* refers to the "fearless honesty" of Mr. Cleveland and says:

His preference for Secretary Taft is frankly declared, as the preference of a sound Democrat, however, who places the welfare of his country above the temporary advantage of his party. As he wrote this paper in his study, just before his last illness, he foresaw the nomination of both Taft and Bryan, and he foresaw also the triumph at the polls of the able and wiser man, the just and efficient judge, the brilliant colonial administrator, the competent minister of state. This utterance of the departed statesman is a welcome and valuable help to the Taft campaign. It can not fail of effect. It has none of the qualities of a partisan document, but, though it lacks, as might have been expected, some of the polish of Mr. Cleveland's state papers, it is worthy of acceptance as safe, patriotic, and unprejudiced counsel.

The *Oregonian* points out that Mr. Cleveland has said very little about Mr. Bryan, but he makes it clear that in his opinion Mr. Bryan ought not to be elected:

It was Mr. Cleveland's view that Mr. Taft ought to be elected because he stands for the permanence of right principles, and moreover that he would be elected, not merely because of those principles, but also because of the weakening effect on Mr. Bryan's canvass produced by the course of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Watson and their followers, and in greater degree because of the rapidly increasing strength of the Socialist party under the present leadership of Mr. Debs.

The *Springfield Republican* is nearly the only newspaper that thinks it worth while to defend the authenticity of the document itself. To speak of the letter as being spurious is "partisan nonsense":

There is convincing internal evidence that he was the author and that he wrote the article when in feeble health. A forger would have imitated Mr. Cleveland's rather heavy style, but he would have taken the state papers, written in the prime of the late President's career, for his model. The recent article contains sentence after sentence which a clever imitator would have been incapable of, simply because he never could have attained that peculiar awkwardness of construction in which the feebleness of a man of exhausted powers manifested itself. The characteristic literary hemsishes of Mr. Cleveland's style were inevitably emphasized and exaggerated in a composition undertaken in the last two or three months of his life; nor can this be deemed surprising by those who have ever had the opportunity to observe the compositions of persons much enfeebled by disease or old age.

We have not yet heard the last of the Cleveland letter, but so remarkable an agreement of journalistic opinion is proof of the influence that it must exercise upon the course of the campaign.

The doubloon is doomed, as its fellow, the "piece of eight," long has been. A few weeks ago it was proclaimed by the common crier, from the steps of the Royal Exchange of London, that the doubloon is no longer legal tender in the West Indies and British Guiana. Thus these magical names, which recall Robinson Crusoe, and pirate stories without number, are relegated forever to romance.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

History of Street Names.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 18. EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—We were much interested in your suggestion of naming our great thoroughfares after some prominent characters who figured in the early history of this Coast.

We have applied names to our streets and plazas that bear names directly connected with the history of California since its seizure from Mexico. We have Portsmouth Square, Montgomery, Stockton, Fremont, and other streets; but no locality named after Commodore Sloat, who made the seizure before he had official notice of the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico.

But even the few who did historic work in our early history are overshadowed by names having little claim to even so small a distinction.

Personally, in our early Coast Survey work on this Coast, we endeavored to retain all the old Spanish and Indian names for prominent headlands, streams, localities, and mountains.

We would not go so far back as Balboa because he belongs to another and far distant part of the coast of the Pacific Ocean; and he was not on a voyage of discovery.

The early Spanish discoverers of this part of the coast were Juan Rodriguez Cahrillo (a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain), Bartolomé Ferrer or Ferrelo, Bartolomé Fernandez, and masters Antonio Carrera and S. Remo.

The expedition followed the coast from Cape San Lucas to Cape Mendocino and to 42½ degrees off shore; time 1542-43.

The second expedition was undertaken in 1602-03 under Sebastian Vizcaino, with Torihio Gomez de Corvan, and Martin de Aguilar.

We do not mention Francis Drake because he was the arch-plunderer on his retreat homeward in 1579 from Drake's Bay.

For one hundred and sixty-six years Spain made no more explorations.

In 1769 the first land expedition came from New Spain, and from the Bay of San Diego marched along the coast as far as San Pedro Point, about thirteen miles south of Point Lohos, and discovered San Francisco Bay, but not the Golden Gate.

The officers of this expedition were Gaspar de Portolá, governor of the Californias; Don Miguel Costansó, the observer and engineer, and the Franciscan friars, Father Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez.

The expedition returned to San Diego, and in 1770 again started north, having a "paquet hot" for carrying provisions, with Most Rev. Father President Junipero Serra. The expedition founded the Mission of San Carlos at Carmel Bay and established the Presidio of Monterey.

In 1772 a land expedition from Monterey around the east shore of San Francisco Bay was made by Commandante Don Pedro Fages, accompanied by Father Juan Crespi, and from the hills of Berkeley he looked through the Golden Gate, which he named La Bocana de la Enseñada de los Farallones.

The first land expedition that reached La Bocana was made under the command of Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada with Father Francisco Palou and a young sacristan in 1774. This party came through the San José Valley, along the western shore of the Bay of San Francisco, crossed over the low gap of Laguna Merced to the ocean beach, thence to the summit of Point Lohos and there planted the cross.

In 1775 the "paquet hot *Son Carlos*," alias *Toyson de Oro* or *Golden Fleece*, entered the bay through La Bocana de la Enseñada de los Farallones, under the command of Juan de Ayala, with Father Vicente Santa Maria as chaplain.

In 1776 came the expedition from Mexico to found a colony and establish a presidio to command La Bocana. Colonel Juan Bautista Anza, who led this vanguard of our Western civilization, was one of the most remarkable men of his day, and to whom California owes a deep debt of gratitude. He gave permanency to the foundation of this far outlying colony of Spain. He brought soldiers, colonists, and cattle through fifteen hundred miles of desert lands without loss and without conflict with the tribes he passed through.

After his arrival at Monterey he made a survey of the outlines of the bay, accompanied by Ensign Moraga, Father Pedro Font and ten soldiers. He followed the course of the 1774 expedition to Point Lohos, then selected the site for the Presidio of San Francisco and Fort San Joaquin, followed the shores of La Bocana, viewed the bay from Alta Loma, our Telegraph Hill, selected the site for the present Mission of San Francisco, reconnoitred through San Andrés Valley, followed the borders of the bay hence to Antioch, crossed the Mount Diablo range, reached Monterey, and in a week was on his way to Mexico. The Presidio of San Francisco was established June 29, 1776, five days before the Declaration of Independence of the United States.

With this short and hurried *résumé* of the discovery of this coast and this bay, we suggest that there are names attached thereto that warrant their application to the best ornaments of the city, whether avenues or boulevards, or parks.

GEORGE DAVINSON.

After the foregoing letter had been set up, a report came from Los Angeles that Professor Arnteni and party from Madrid had reached that city to search for the grave of the first discoverer of this Coast, Juan Rodriguez Cahrillo. He had found in the archives at Madrid a sketch from Cahrillo's records which indicated roughly the locality of the bay in which he died. Professor Davidson at once wrote to the consul for Spain at San Francisco suggesting that Professor Arnteni seek for the burial place of Cahrillo on Prince Islet, in the northeast part of Cuyler's Harbor, on San Miguel Island, the westernmost of the Santa Barbara chain of islands.

In a government publication of 1886 Professor Davidsor had identified each and all the anchorages, points, capes, etc. reported by Cahrillo and Ferrelo. In the stormy winter weather of November, 1542, Cahrillo's vessels were forced to take refuge in this small bay. Here he took possession of the country and named the island "La Islade la Posesion," "Una de los Islas de San Lucas"; and the bay he named "e Puerto de la Posesion."

From an injury he died on Wednesday, the third day of January, 1543; but Ferrelo does not state where he was buried. In memory of his heroic chief Ferrelo renamed the island "Juan Rodriguez."

Prince Islet rises 303 feet above the sea, has very steep sides, coarse herbage on top, and is five hundred yards in extent. There were two native villages on the main island but in 1852 were found no signs of any native habitation around the bay.

A national fund is being raised in Siam to commemorate King Chulalongkorn's forty-one years' reign—the longest in the history of Siam. The fund will be devoted to the erection of a statue to the king, any surplus remaining will be handed over to his majesty to be expended for public purposes.

TWO THEATRICAL MISFITS.

"The Mollusc" Produced by Frohman at the Garrick Theatre—Arnold Daly in a Bowery Play.

Charles Frohman has brought us from London a really amusing and generally excellent comedy in "The Mollusc," and for this he will profit as he deserves, but he might have done more for a loyal and discriminatingly appreciative following. It was an easy matter to decide after seeing the play well done in England that it would please Americans—if it were well done here. Both theme and treatment are humanly indigenous and genuinely entertaining. Mr. Frohman might well have chosen more carefully the little company that he has introduced the comedy to New York. However, it is a good day's work for better things.

Nobody likes the name, until he has seen the play; then he understands that there is no other title for it, and that the character whose disposition suggests the title could be correctly classified by no other term. Hubert Henry Davies is the author, and this work proves that he is not merely a playwright. There is genius in his selection of a common type for stage presentation and in his exposition of its character. Briefly, a human mollusc is one whose selfishness, laziness, and induced invalidism have become chronic. They are numerous in real life, male and female, and infinite in the variety of their self-imposed martyrdom. Mr. Davies presents a specimen whose redeeming qualities have not jellied, though the process is well advanced when the curtain goes up.

Mrs. Baxter, the mollusc in the play, is a wife, petted and indulged, still young and attractive, with a plaintive but positively unyielding inertness that is exasperatingly unreal to everybody but herself. Her husband, her brother, and the governess are the other figures. Even Brother Tom is unsympathetic, but without illusions. "Lazy folk drift with the tide, but molluscs use all their energy and ingenuity to cling rather than to move. My sister is the queen of molluscs." A plot is formed to stir the delightful but distracting victim of self-hypnosis. Mr. Baxter makes love to the governess in the most delicate and discreet but intentionally undisguised way. This is not enough. Then the brother succumbs to the attractions of the governess, and still the languid but restlessly inconsequent wife is spineless. The husband sprains his ankle and refuses her aid, because she is "not used to doing things for people," and finally the mollusc really moves.

So simple and yet so real a story would seem too slight even for comedy purposes without added interests, but with only four people on the stage attention is never allowed to wander. The play has been running nearly three hundred nights at Sir Charles Wyndham's Criterion Theatre in London, and is now fairly started on what promises to be a successful career in New York at the Garrick Theatre. Sir Charles Wyndham himself created the part of Mr. Baxter in the original production. Here, Mr. Frohman has given the part to Joseph Coyne, who is a capable comedian in musical comedy, where farcical methods are admired, but hardly equal to the requirements of delicate situations deftly turned to advantage. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the mollusc, is more satisfactory. She is an actress of experience and personal charm, with a physique which makes unmistakably apparent the unfounded assumption of ill health. There are opportunities for her, even, that are not seized. In the winning part of the governess Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson makes a delightful impression. She is bright, blonde, and slender, a natural contrast for the brunette plumpness of Miss Carlisle. The wise yet truly sentimental Brother Tom is done with ease and sureness by Forrest Robinson. The performance is a remarkable one as it is, but the droll, semi-tragic story might be better developed in better hands. There is purpose in the play, frothy as it is.

A new American play, produced last week at Wallack's Theatre, is an example of the play of purpose which fails to reach the mark. It is a drama of city life and Bowery characters in the main, written by Owen Kildare, who should know his materials well, as he is a newspaper writer who grew up in lower Manhattan. But his work is unconvincing melodrama. Arnold Daly, he of the Bernard Shaw cult, assumes the leading rôle, and with a devotion to its slang and traditional Bowery attitudes and methods that deserves a better medium. He is rescued from the alluring fields of vice by an attractive young teacher who busies herself with the work of redemption, and in the true romantic manner the two proceed to fall in love with each other. The curtain does not fall on prospective wedded bliss, however. An opportunity for heroic self-sacrifice is offered, and the Bowery boy grasps it firmly and takes the consequences. He has been shown that his predilection for his teacher can result only in loss of place and suffering for her, and he renounces his love. To make it effectual he pretends to return to evil ways, and by sheltering an acquaintance of other days, who is known to be a crook, he wins the stern and unwelcome attention of official authority.

Mr. Kildare has named his play "Regeneration," and undoubtedly it was his intention to show the difficulties that beset an earnest effort to rise to cleanliness and strength from demoralizing conditions. He hoped to show how a sturdy, self-respecting character might be built up through the aid of a tender, patient, unselfish woman, and the drawing of such characters gave ample scope to his talent. He has succeeded merely in pre-

senting people of the story world, whose motives, sentiments, and conclusions are romantic always, but seldom real.

Admirers in plenty have asserted the artistic strength of Arnold Daly's stage appearances, and his intelligent perception of dramatic possibilities. He has scarcely demonstrated such possessions in this venture. His versatility, his serious intention, his capacity for the demands of the play, were shown, beyond dispute, but he should have recognized the fact that the work itself is artificial in construction, unsound in logic.

It is seen that theatrical misfits persist. A good play can not inspire dull actors; good acting can not galvanize into life a sawdust play. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Beth Gelert.

The spearman heard the hughle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.
And still he hlew a louder hlast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear!
Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam—
The flower of all his race:
So true, so brave—a lamh at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's hoard
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his hed
In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.
And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare:
And scant and small the hooty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.
Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.
But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.
Onward in haste Llewellyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!
O'erturned his infant's hed he found,
With blood-stained cover rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood hesprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child!
"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side!
His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!
Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub hoy he kissed!
Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.
Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!"
The frantic howl which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"
And now a gallant tomh they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's hones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass
Or forester unmoved;
There oft the tear-hesprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved,
And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.
And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."
—William Robert Spencer.

Gold, silver, and lead mines are, it is said, to be worked extensively in the bleak district of Innishowen, County of Donegal, Ireland, overlooking the Atlantic, and experts have expressed the belief that it is almost impossible to estimate the wealth of the minerals. Specimens of the ore were shown at an exhibition in New York, and some American financiers decided to take the matter up if subsequent investigation proved satisfactory. A mining expert examined the mine, and after his report a syndicate was formed.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The three-year-old son and heir of the Czar Nicholas is insured for \$2,500,000 and pays the highest premium in the world.

John Hays Hammond has been chosen president of the National League of Republican Clubs, succeeding General Edwin A. McAlpin, who recently resigned.

Colonel Henry M. Nevius of Red Bank, New Jersey, was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the annual meeting in Toledo, Ohio.

Miss Selma Lagerlof, besides being the most popular writer in Sweden, has just received an honorary degree from the University of Upsala. She is the first woman in Sweden to receive this distinction, and it is said to be only a matter of time when she will get the Nobel prize.

England's oldest admiral, Richard Moorman, has just celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday. Probably no other naval officer in the world can boast of a longer record, as he entered the British navy at thirteen. His memory of service afloat goes back to the year 1823.

Arthur Burrows, the eldest practicing barrister in London, has completed his ninety-sixth year. His connection with the law extends to nearly seventy-eight years, as he entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn in November, 1830, but he still attends at his chambers almost daily.

Lady Philip Snowden, an English suffragette, arrived in Boston from London last week, and was surprised to learn that her engagements to speak at Vassar College and Chicago University had been canceled. Lady Snowden is young and attractive and finds it difficult to understand why she is regarded as "an ogre."

John Boyes, the white king of the Kakykus, will pilot President Roosevelt in his great hunting trip through British East Africa. Boyes has lived in British East Africa for ten years, after having been shipwrecked. He was made king of a large tribe, and his authority is recognized by the British government. He is a Yorkshireman by birth.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, neurologist, poet, essayist, and novelist, has been elected to a foreign fellowship in the Royal Society of England. The election is one of the choicest distinctions to which a scientist can aspire and it has fallen to the lot of only three other Americans now living, Alexander Agassiz, naturalist, and George W. Hill and Simon Newcomb, astronomers.

Christine Nilsson, now the Countess di Casa Miranda, recently celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of her birth at the little crofter's cottage at Gadsley in Smaland, Sweden, from which she used to start out on her concert trips when eight years old. In recent years the singer has made a practice of spending a few weeks of each summer in the land of her birth. Each year the inhabitants of the country towns turn out to greet her, and in acknowledgment of such compliments she often consents to sing a simple ditty from the porch of the inn.

Appleton P. C. Griffin, formerly of the Boston Public Library, but for the last eleven years connected with the Library of Congress, has been appointed to the position made vacant by the death of Ainsworth R. Spofford as a merited recognition of long and useful services. Mr. Griffin, as chief bibliographer of the National Library, has edited a series of bibliographies covering all questions of the day as they have arisen, an undertaking which has brought the resources of the book world into closer touch with current affairs than had before been possible.

Lionel E. Sackville-West will be forced to contest his right to the title and estate of his uncle, the late Lord Sackville-West. In 1903 the court disallowed the claim of Ernest Henry Sackville-West to be recognized as the son of Lord Sackville-West by Josefa Duran, a Spanish dancer who married the English diplomat in Madrid. Lord Sackville-West claimed that Señora Duran had a husband living when she went through the marriage ceremony with him. The case will now be reopened. The late Baron Sackville was driven from his position as British minister at Washington by President Cleveland in 1888 because of the famous Murchison letter, and this incident not only discredited him, but ended his diplomatic career.

Princess Friedrich Luitpold, sister of the German empress, one of whose compositions was recently performed at a sacred concert at Dresden, is the latest recruit to the ranks of royal composers who have challenged public criticism. The Duchess of Orleans, eldest daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria, has won golden opinions by her charming songs, many of them set to Hungarian words; Archduchess Marie Valerie of Austria has also composed a number of pretty songs; Princess Feodora of Reuss (a princess of Saxe-Meiningen) is credited with considerable talent and originality in composition; and Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia also possesses considerable gifts as a composer. The male royalties whose musical talent has taken the same direction are quite numerous, ranging from the German emperor and Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia to the blind landgraf of Hesse-Cassel, incomparably the most talented of all royal musicians, whose many compositions, chiefly produced at Paris, are very highly esteemed.

JUDGE VERSUS VIGILANTE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXI.

When the senatorial fight, with its sensational incidents, had ended, Judge Tower remained at the capital, detained there by his official duties. He was sorely tempted to neglect them and go to the Bay City, where stirring events were in progress. But he tarried until matters had reached such a pass that, in his opinion, duty absolutely commanded him to go. Mrs. Lyndon and Diana were already there, and they were not surprised to receive a note requesting them to secure accommodations for him at the International Hotel. This note was speedily followed by Tower in person.

In matters of moment, he was extremely uncommunicative to his women folk. He did not tell them why he had left the capital so hurriedly, but they surmised from his demeanor that he had important reasons. No sooner was he arrived than he hastened to the custom-house to see his friend Hamlin, collector of the port. There he acquainted Hamlin with his intentions concerning the Vigilantes.

Hamlin heard him with some misgivings. "Don't you think, judge, it would be well to refrain from any move for the present?" he inquired. "You can scarcely be a party to the action of a petitioner suing for a writ to be heard before you as a judge."

"I can not honorably keep aloof," replied Tower firmly. "I am told that a petition for a writ will be made to me as soon as this terrorized city learns that a judge of competent jurisdiction is here who will entertain such a petition. The judges here, both Federal and State, are completely cowed by this illegal mob calling itself the Committee of Vigilance. That fellow Fox, who does not adorn the Federal bench, has allowed it to become known extra-judicially that he will not hear petitions for writs of *habeas corpus* when leveled at the Vigilantes."

Hamlin looked much disturbed. "None the less, judge," said he, "I would strongly advise you to take no active part in this mess. Look at Senator Wyley—he agrees with you and me and the rest of our party that this body of law-breakers should be suppressed. But he is not proclaiming his views in public places; in fact, I am a little inclined to think the senator is keeping out of the way."

"Senator Wyley has a right to walk according to his own lights," replied Tower curtly. "Although not a personal intimate, I am his political friend, but I do not therefore consider that my freedom of action is at all hampered by what he may do in this matter."

"No, no, of course not," interrupted Hamlin, hastily. "The issue is only partly political."

"I regard it as entirely outside of politics. The issue is simple—it is the law against mob rule. I am inflexibly opposed to the body of men calling themselves the Vigilantes. I will do all that I can to suppress this illegal organization. I am not a party to originating a petition to be heard before me, but I am convinced that an opportunity will speedily arise for the hearing of such a petition."

"Do you know of any yet?"

"No, but in a city of this size there must be friends of the men imprisoned in the Vigilante headquarters who have the courage to take steps for their release."

The sentence seemed prophetic, for his words were echoed by a loud rapping. Hamlin appeared surprised at its violence, and went to the door. Scarcely had he unlatched it when in there burst a man trembling with terror.

"Is that you, Mahoney?" asked Hamlin. "Why, I scarcely knew you. What's the matter with you?"

"They're after me!" moaned Mahoney in a hoarse croak. "Oh, Mr. Hamlin, they're after me I tell you!"

"Who are after you?"

"The Vigilantes!" replied Mahoney, still in the same terrified undertone.

"You need have no fear, my man," here interrupted Tower. "If you have committed no crime you are entitled to the protection of the law. I will see that you are so protected. Why do they pursue you? Of what are you accused?"

"I aint guilty of any crime at all, sir," whimpered Mahoney. "But they're after me—the Vigilante police. All I did was to go to the armory in Santa Josefa for to get some guns for the governor. We was bringing them up the bay in a sloop, but just as we got off Pinole Point a Vigilante boat come alongside of us, and took the arms, and arrested me, and took me to their fort. Then they lemme go, but they warned me to keep my mouth shut, or they'd give me a hundred lashes."

"When was all this?"

"Last night, sir. I tried to keep a still tongue in my head, but I got to runnin' round the saloons, and drank too much, and told about it. This morning I got the tip that the Vigilante police was after me. They was coming for me just now down the street, and I run up here, hopin' the collector would protect me."

"He will do so, no doubt," said Tower. "As a Federal officer, his offices will surely not be invaded by the self-styled police officers of this Vigilante mob."

"You may be right, judge," here interrupted Hamlin, "but while we are theoretically under the protection of the Federal government here, I would prefer to take this man to the armory of Company B, of which I am captain. It is a substantial building quite near here, and probably we shall find there some members of my

militia company. I think he will be safer there than here."

"Probably you are right," said Tower, after a moment's reflection. "But lest we be attacked on the way, suppose we arm ourselves. I see you have a gun-rack here—I will borrow a rifle."

"And I will give one to Mahoney here and carry one myself. And now let us take up our line of march for the armory."

With their rifles over their shoulders the three men descended to the street. But scarcely had they gone half way to the armory when a squad of Vigilante police appeared.

"Halt, there!" cried the leader.

"Who are you, sir?" inquired Tower sternly. "Who are you to stop peaceable citizens on their way along the street?"

"My name is Lupkins," replied the leader, looking up in surprise, as one unaccustomed to be opposed. "I am a police sergeant of the Committee of Vigilance. And who are you, sir?"

"My name is Tower, and I am chief justice of the State Supreme Court. I order you to stand back, and let us pass."

"And I refuse," said Lupkins firmly. "My orders are to arrest this man Mahoney here, and take him to Fort Vigilant. I intend to do so."

"If you lay a hand on that man you do it at your peril," retorted Tower, menacingly.

"Vigilantes!" cried Lupkins, turning to his squad, "pay no attention to these threats. Take Mahoney. If these men resist, you have your orders." And he waved his hand defiantly toward the gigantic Tower.

The Vigilante squad hesitated.

"Again I warn you not to touch this man," returned Tower, fiercely. "I forbid you to attempt to arrest him. As a justice of the Supreme Court of this State, I shall not allow such an outrage on the law to be perpetrated in my presence."

As he spoke, Tower shifted his rifle to his left hand, and held it horizontally across the breast of the trembling Mahoney, as if to interpose a bulwark between him and the Vigilantes.

Lupkins still seemed surprised at Tower's audacity.

"I have already told you, sir," he said, "that I intend to arrest this man, and I shall do so." And so saying, he grasped the barrel of Tower's rifle and made as if to thrust it aside. As he reached for the rifle, a shot was heard, coming apparently from the Vigilantes; the ball whistled between the faces of the two contending men.

With the sound of the shot, every nerve and muscle in Tower's great body seemed keyed to instant action. Still holding the rifle, he reached with his right hand for the arm-pit of his waistcoat. Drawing from a spring there a long bowie-knife, he plunged it deeply into Lupkins's neck. As he withdrew the weapon, red blood spouted from the wound. It was evident that the carotid artery was severed. With a groan the stricken man fell to the ground.

With the dripping knife in his right hand, the rifle in his left, Tower still stood over the fallen Vigilante, glaring into the colorless face. It seemed as if he were waiting for a movement from the wounded man to attack him again.

But Hamlin was cooler and less ferocious. "Hurry! hurry! judge!" he cried. "Don't waste any time here, or these men will attack us! Come on! Let's get to the armory!"

Yet so reluctantly did Tower leave his prey that Hamlin and Mahoney almost had to drag him away.

They were not then pursued by the Vigilantes of the police squad, who were more intent on looking after their wounded sergeant than in seizing the man who had stabbed him. As the three men fled, the Vigilantes were already lifting Lupkins up and carrying him into an adjacent shop.

Tower, Hamlin, and Mahoney, succeeded in reaching the armory. They found there a small group of militiamen, but as soon as the warriors learned what had happened, they displayed the utmost celerity in quitting the building. As the last militiaman was leaving, Mahoney asked if he was coming back.

"Not much," replied he, briefly. "There will be about five thousand Vigilantes here in fifteen minutes."

And he was right. It seemed even less when the great bell on Fort Vigilant pealed forth the alarm, and in not many minutes the Vigilantes were assembling around and in front of the armory.

From behind the iron-shuttered windows Tower and Hamlin cautiously surveyed the scene without. The terrified fugitive from the Vigilantes' justice cowered in the back part of the room. Bewildering must have been the thoughts that passed through Mahoney's mind as he sat shaking there and reflected that he was the cause of all this turmoil—it was for him that the great bell boomed forth its summons calling armed men from every quarter of the city—it was to seize his clammy body that mounted couriers were clattering over the pavements to summon additional forces—it was to preserve him from these menacing thousands that these two cool, grim men were now standing at the window with their loaded rifles in their hands.

Fifteen minutes after the fugitives had entered the armory, at least a thousand armed men were drawn up in the street below. In half an hour the number had doubled. In an hour some four thousand armed men were in line, had surrounded the entire block, and had cut off all approaches to the building. Several times Hamlin had shouted from the shuttered windows, and asked for a truce to have speech with the leaders. In every case he was told that he would have to wait for the arrival of the executive committee.

At last five members of that committee arrived; they demanded that those within the armory immediately give up John Tower and Richard Mahoney, granting a truce of five minutes for a reply. Tower appeared in person at the window; throwing open the iron shutter, he offered to surrender if the other two were allowed to go free. To this the leader of the Vigilantes briefly replied that they would make no conditions.

"Will you read a written communication if we submit one?" inquired Hamlin.

"Submit your communication—we may answer it," was the laconic reply.

Hamlin indited this brief note which he thrust through the wicket of the iron door:

GENTLEMEN OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE: If the executive committee will give us protection from violence, we will agree to surrender.

JOHN TOWER,
ROBERT HAMLIN.

After some minutes a rap was heard on the door, and the following communication was returned through the wicket:

GENTLEMEN: If John Tower and Richard Mahoney, together with all arms and ammunition, be surrendered to us, we will give you and the building in which you now are protection from violence. An answer is required in fifteen minutes, it being now ten minutes to four. By order of the executive committee, of which we are members.

NUMBERS TWELVE, THIRTEEN, FIFTY, FORTY-FIVE.
By SIXTY-SIX, Secretary.

The answer soon came back from the besieged:

GENTLEMEN OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE: If you will also agree to see that Judge Tower and Mr. Mahoney are protected while in your hands from violence from persons outside your organization, we will then agree to surrender on the terms of the note just received.

ROBERT HAMLIN,
JOHN TOWER.

In a few minutes came the answer from the Vigilantes:

We will agree to protect Judge Tower and Richard Mahoney from violence from parties outside our organization. We beg to remind you that the time proposed in our first note has already expired. By order of the executive committee, of which we are members.

NUMBERS TWELVE, THIRTEEN, FIFTY, FORTY-FIVE.
By SIXTY-SIX, Secretary.

When this note was received, the besieged men, in their quick glance through the wicket, saw that a brass howitzer had been brought up and trained on the building. It was quite evident that if they did not yield at once, the Vigilantes would batter down the walls. Resistance was useless. There was nothing to be done. There were thousands against three men, one of them imbecile from terror. Tower and Hamlin hesitated no longer. They unbarred and threw open the iron doors of the armory, and a company of Vigilantes marched in. The three men were searched and disarmed. Tower's still sticky knife was taken from its spring-scabard in his waistcoat. All the militia-men's arms in the armory were removed, some three hundred muskets, while large quantities of ammunition and other articles were carried out and loaded on drays to be hauled away.

While this was going on, the prisoners were placed in two carriages, Tower and Hamlin in the first, Mahoney in the second. This last and least dangerous prisoner, shaking with fear, was honored by having three Vigilantes in the carriage with him, while Tower and Hamlin were guarded only by two. But there was no lack of guards. Mounted Vigilantes surrounded the carriages all the way from the armory to Fort Vigilant. As on the day when Clancy and Costa were taken from the jail, so on this day also, the thousands of armed Vigilantes were followed by many more thousands of citizens whose master-spirit seemed to be curiosity.

At last Fort Vigilant was reached. Here Hamlin was dismissed at the portal with a stern admonition. But Tower and Mahoney were escorted within, where they were placed in separate cells. At the door of each guards were set, carrying muskets with fixed bayonets.

Like many Bay City buildings of that period, Fort Vigilant had iron doors and shutters for fire protection. Therefore its seeming was somewhat like a prison and somewhat like a fortress. The door clanged behind him; the key rattled in the lock; the State's chief justice sat down on the cot bed and ruminated.

As he sat there staring before him, he saw something written on the wall. He leaned forward and examined it. It ran thus:

June the thirteenth. I despare of enny help. The Vigillyanty stranglers think they are goen to hang me on a gallus. But I have opuned an artry in my arm, and am sloly bleding to deith. I am groing weaker and weaker. May god punish the Vigillyanty assasins.

REUBEN MULLIGAN.

"Humph!" exclaimed Tower. "Did they think to scare me by putting me where I could see the last scrawl of that half-witted suicide? Then they don't know their man. Suicides are always cowards, and whatever else I may be, I am not that."

Again he looked at the writing: "May God punish the Vigilante assassins!" he quoted, with a sneer. "Well, the late Mulligan may leave that for God to do. But if I get out of here, I think I'll attend to some of them myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The population of the world could be contained in the little State of Delaware if people would be satisfied to live in as congested a state as they do in elever blocks in New York City.

THE STRUGGLE IN TEXAS.

Davy Crockett and Sam Houston Figure in a Stirring Romance of Early Days.

The story of the great struggle in Texas is among the most notable to be found in American records. If romance can not take the place of history, it is at least the most valuable of history's adjuncts and especially so when it is written with the care and the fidelity to be found upon every page of Mr. Everett McNeil's "In Texas with Davy Crockett." The characters of Crockett and of Sam Houston are unique in history. They were the products of an environment to which there is no parallel and that can never be repeated. They were the towering figures in a struggle born of racial antipathies and fostered by the long continued barbarities that marked the Mexican dominion in Texas.

The author is to be congratulated upon the stirring pages in which he records some of the final scenes in the conflict. Unencumbered by historical details that are, or that ought to be, a part of the mental equipment of every American, he shows us some of the leading incidents of the struggle with all the vivid precision of an eye-witness. That he has thrown his story into the form of a romance adds to its interest and in no way detracts from its value either as a picture of the strenuous days that have passed or as a direct narrative of heroic incident.

Here, for instance, is a scene in a dance hall of San Antonio at a time when the relations between Mexicans and Americans were at the breaking point. The two boys around whom the story centres have entered the hall in search of the Mexican desperado Vasquez:

At this moment the beautiful Mexican girl whirled almost directly in front of the boys, and her eyes, dancing as fascinatingly as her feet, flashed into their faces. For a minute she pirouetted before them, suddenly she gazed up to Trav, lightly as a flitting butterfly, and stopped, bowing and smiling, directly in front of the astonished boy, whose face flushed the color of the crimson mantilla that now hung in pretty disorder about her neck, and held out a soft little dimpled hand to him.

Trav stared at the little hand blankly for an instant, then gingerly seized it, gave it a couple of quick jerks, and dropped it as if the soft flesh burned his fingers.

"Dance, she wants you to dance with her, you young idiot," bellowed a rough voice from the crowd.

But there was no dance in Trav's trembling legs; and, hardly knowing what he did, so great was his embarrassment, he stepped back and turned his back on the girl.

Instantly the room was in an uproar. A dozen men, desperadoes every one of them, headed by the huge, red-whiskered bulwark to the pair of black snake-like eyes, rushed toward Trav, to avenge what they deemed an insult to the beautiful Mexican girl; while the owner of the pair of black eyes moved swiftly among the Mexican men, speaking in short, quick sentences to here and there a man, who at once began working his way through the crowd toward the spot where the two boys stood surrounded by the angry men.

"You won't dance to please this little beauty, eh?" roared he of the red whiskers. "Well, then, dance to please me," and he jerked out of his belt a huge double-barreled pistol and leveled it at Trav's feet, whose legs ceased to tremble now that he had to deal only with men. "Dance, you white skunk. Lively now, or—" and the pistol flamed and the ball buried itself in the floor not half an inch from Trav's feet. "Dance, or off goes a toe at the next shot. Dance, you—"

"Now, don't get too ripporously rambunctious, friend," and the tall form of Davy Crockett, his cloak thrown open and one hand resting on his belt suggestively near the butt of his pistol, stepped in front of the bewhiskered champion. "The youngster meant no offense. He was just naturally dazzled by the beauty of the gal."

For an instant Red Whiskers glared at Crockett in astonishment at his temerity in daring to brave his wrath; and then, as he caught the cold, steadfast glitter in Crockett's eyes, the hand that had been about to turn the pistol in his direction remained where it was.

"Hey!" he roared, his red eyes glowing like coals of fire. "I an Big Ike, the Red Terror of Texas, who never met his equal in man, beast, or devil. I drink blood, eat raw flesh, and pick my teeth with the bones of the men I have killed. Now, who be you that dares to come between Big Ike and the object of his wrath?" and, with every red whisker bristling, he turned on Crockett a pair of furious, bloodshot, tigerish eyes.

"I am that same Davy Crockett," and the gleam in the cold, steadfast eyes never wavered, and the hand never left the belt near the butt of the pistol, "fresh from the backwoods of Tennessee, half horse, half alligator, and a little touched with the snapping-turtle, shaggy as a bear, wolfish about the head, active as a painter, and can grin like a hyena till the bark curls off a gum-log. I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Rio Grande, ride upon a streak of lightning, and slip without a scratch down a honey-locust. I can whip my weight in wildcats, and, if any gentleman pleases, for a ten-dollar bill he can throw in a painter. I can hug a bear till his ribs crack and he growls for mercy, and I promise to swallow, without gagging, if you will skewer back his ears and grease his whiskers, this same Red Terror of Texas, who drinks blood and eats raw flesh, and picks his teeth with the bones of the men he has killed," and Crockett paused, his eyes still on the tigerish eyes of Big Ike.

The story of the fall of the Alamo is put into the mouth of Mrs. Dickinson, whose husband had been killed in the fight and who tells her story to General Houston:

"For many minutes that dreadful firing continued," she began, again in the monotonous undertone, "and soon the smoke was so thick I could see men only when the swirling air lifted it, and showed them loading and shooting as fast as swift hands could ram powder and balls home and it rifles to shoulders. Then, suddenly, I heard the Texans hearing wildly, and a minute later my husband came running through the smoke to the window where I stood, his face black with the grime of battle and his eyes shining.

"We have beat them back!" he cried. "We have beat them back!" I felt as if I must tell you. Hold the baby up here where I can see her face. But they will come again. Now I must be going," and, with a hungry look into baby's face and mine, he hurried back to his men.

"For a few minutes there was a lull in the firing, and the smoke of battle rose in the air and hung in a cloud above the Alamo. Powder-blackened men hurried by the window where stood, carrying water and ammunition to their comrades on the roofs and walls, and, as they passed, they joked and laughed, like schoolboys on a frolic; and yet, there was not one among them who did not know what the end was to be.

On the roof of the convent, behind a rampart of sand bags, I saw Davy Crockett. He was loading rifles; and, as soon as he had loaded one, he would smile and nod his head and lean it up against the sand bags, within quick reach of his hand. Already there were six rifles standing in the row of loaded guns leaning against the sand bags. With the seventh gun in his hand, I saw him suddenly pause, drop the unloaded gun, catch up one of the loaded rifles, throw it to his shoulder and almost instantly fire; and, almost at the same moment, the crash of the dreadful sounds of the firing guns and the fierce yells of the men began again, more terrible than before, and the smoke of the powder rose thickly and hung in heavy clouds above the Alamo.

"Again and again I saw Davy Crockett throw a rifle to his shoulder and fire, until the six guns were emptied. I saw him reload again and again and fire; and then the thick smoke settled down between us and hid the convent from my sight.

"So far I had not seen a Mexican; but now," and a shudder ran through her frame, "the heads of dark-faced men began appearing above the walls of the convent yard, and I saw the clubbed rifles of the Texans knocking them back, knocking them back until their arms must have grown weary with the knocking, but still the row of heads along the top of the wall grew thicker and thicker each moment, and soon shoulders were appearing, and then, with a wild yell, two Mexicans leaped over the wall inside the yard. Before their feet touched the ground the knives of the Texans had killed them. But now the top of the wall was swarming with Mexicans—they were dropping to the ground like apples shaken from a tree, and soon the whole convent yard was a wild turmoil of fighting, dying men.

"The Texans fought like lions among an overwhelming, barking, biting pack of hounds. They uttered no sounds, but struck, struck, struck, with knives and clubbed rifles; and, when one went down, there was a circle of dead Mexicans around him. No quarter was asked, nor thought of. Each fought until he fell dead fighting. Not a coward, not a shirker among them. From the convent roof, from the church roof, the rifles, even the cannon, of the Texans were turned on the Mexicans in the convent yard, until their dead covered the ground; but still they swarmed over the walls, and slowly, but surely, like a hundred dogs clinging to a lion, were worrying the Texans to death.

The death of Davy Crockett was worthy of his life. Bowie was already dead, murdered on his sick bed after accounting for a Mexican with each of his pistols:

"Now, of the hundred and eighty-five Texans that were living men when the fight began, only half a dozen remained alive, and these were still fighting, standing in an angle of the church near the entrance, their backs to the wall, their faces to the snarling pack of Mexicans that were trying to pull them down, a rampart of dead Mexicans around them. From where I sat I could see this last heroic stand of the bravest men that ever lived; and, even in that moment of horror, my heart thrilled at the sight. How scornfully they defied the overwhelming numbers of the soldiers of Santa Anna! How fearlessly and skillfully they met the knives and bayonets and sword thrusts of the jackals around them! "And foremost among this little band of heroes I saw the tall form of Davy Crockett. He was bleeding from a gash across the forehead, his clothing was torn and cut by a hundred bayonet-thrusts and knife-stabs; but still unconquered and undaunted he swung the deadly barrel of his rifle—all that was left of his loved Betsey—and struck with his long knife; and at every blow a Mexican went down. One by one his comrades fell, until he stood alone, the last of that heroic band.

"For a dread moment the fighting ceased. The cowardly jackals paused in awe of the terrible prowess of the king lion. I heard Colonel Almonte shout, 'Surrender!' I heard Crockett answer, 'Never!' I heard another officer yell, 'At him! At him!' And then the fight began again—a hundred, all that could get within striking distance, against one man, "I saw him strike down two men with the rifle barrel. I saw another fall back with a knife thrust deep in his heart. Then I saw a bayonet pierce deep into his own brave breast, saw him sink down, still striking, with a hundred knives and bayonets stabbing at him. A minute later and I saw his dead body tossed aloft on the points of bayonets and borne outside the church."

The fight on the Alamo comes near the end of the book, but not so near as to exclude the final triumph of American arms under Houston and the overthrow of Santa Anna with a loss of six hundred and thirty killed, two hundred and eight wounded, and seven hundred and thirty prisoners, with great stores of arms and money, and all this with a cost to the Texans of six men killed and twenty-five wounded.

"In Texas with Davy Crockett," by Everett McNeil. Published by the E. P. Dutton Company, New York; \$1.50.

The late Sir Henry Parkes, who was known as Australia's Grand Old Man, was a coiner of picturesque and impressive phrases. His was "The crimson thread of kinship," which Mr. Deakin used in a message of welcome to Admiral Sperry. Another of those felicitous oratorical inspirations was "One people, one destiny," in which Sir Henry, advocating Australian Federation, crystallized the movement into a captivating phrase of four words that traveled through the length and breadth of the island-continent, and became a really potent factor in the creation of the commonwealth. The Earl of Jersey was governor at the time, and Lady Jersey contributed a poem to a Sydney magazine under the title of "One People, One Destiny."

Menama, the principal port of the Bahrein Islands, the centre of the pearl fisheries, gets its fresh water from the ocean. Visitors often note boats anchored a few hundred yards from the shore, the boatmen engaged in drawing fresh water from springs at the bottom of the sea. These springs well up strongly at a considerable depth, and the entire water-supply of the town is obtained from them. The fresh water is procured in two ways—either in a goatskin water bag, which a diver takes down with him and carefully closes before bringing it to the surface, or by letting down long hollow pipes of bamboo, weighted at the lower end, through which the water rises up uncontaminated to the surface.

The bureau of engraving and printing at Washington is turning out new emergency notes under the Aldrich-Vreeland law at the rate of about \$3,500,000 a day, and new vaults must be built to store them in.

THE BOHEMIAN JINKS.

The Grove Play Has Now Become a Distinctive Feature of Dramatic Art.

Mr. Porter Garnett, the scribe and the recorder of the Bohemian Club jinks, prefers the title of Grove Play for a performance that may have had its frivolous beginnings, but that has gained such dignity with age as to be an "extremely interesting literary phenomenon." Mr. Garnett's book is to be heartily commended to those who take a serious interest in conscientious and artistic dramatic work and work that is so far distinctive as to be worthy of rank with the great nature dramas of antiquity.

Mr. Garnett divides his book into five chapters, with a valuable appendix containing a chronological list of jinks from 1872 to 1908. The first chapter, devoted to "The Setting," has perhaps the largest amount of general interest, although it is safe to say that no part of the volume will be missed by those who have once been introduced to the charm and the significance of the Grove Play. It is nine o'clock, we are told, when the performance begins on the Saturday night nearest the full of the moon of August and six hundred men—for no women are allowed to enter this second Eden—are gathered in a spacious glade of the redwood forest:

Rows of redwood logs are used for seats. All is darkness save for a group of tiny shaded lights that make the figures of the men and their surroundings dimly visible. They are the lights for the musicians in the orchestra pit. Beyond them is a stage innocent of scenery except that supplied by Nature. On either side of this stage two immense trees forming the proscenium arch stretch upward into the greater darkness overhead, where the black masses of their foliage, mingling with the foliage of their fellows, are vaguely outlined against an indigo sky. On all sides great trunks—ten, fifteen feet in diameter, two hundred, three hundred feet in height—tower aloft. At the back of the stage is an abrupt hillside covered with a dense growth of shrubs and small trees, picked out here and there with the shafts of redwood. Amid the tangle of brake and brush, the trail, which the eye can scarcely see by day, winds its devious course.

It would indeed be strange if such environment failed to awaken the muse or if there should be incongruity between such a stage and its filling. The prologue to "The Hamadryads," the grove play of 1904, fittingly expresses a sentiment that is both real and present:

Gather, ye forest folk, and cast your spells
Over these mortals. Touch their world-blind eyes
With fairy unguents. Open their eyes of fancy.
Lull all their memories of yesterday
And seal the gates of sorrow. Waken, brothers,
Waken, ye gentle spirits of hill and stream.
The magic hour arrives. Begins the dream.

There is no curtain to raise, except the curtain of darkness. Suddenly the stage is lighted by artificial means, supplementing the light of the moon, and the play has begun:

Now the voice of an actor rises rhythmically in a passage of poetry; now a troupe of choristers sing a mighty chant while the orchestra leaps to their aid with a great volume of sound that fills every recess of the grove. Splendid figures, in auras of light that seem to emanate from their persons, appear at various points on the hillside and take part in the action; a band of dancers run upon the stage and perform a sylvan dance with gracile wavings of branches or the clinking of cymbals. Again and again through this fabric of poetry, music, and spectacle, the maleficent Spirit of Care intrudes his hideous presence uttering threats and vituperation, only to be discomfited in the end by some god or hero who personifies the spirit of goodness and right, and who is the savior of the grove and its denizens. This *dénouement*, achieved in allegory or by symbolism, is finally resolved by the death of Care.

That such a play, performed *con amore*, free from the tribute of popular clamor, should leave a profound impression upon the minds of the spectators is not to be wondered at. It is the drama in its highest form, linked with external nature and expressing the facts of human consciousness.

The second chapter of Mr. Garnett's work is devoted to the "History and Development" of the grove play. The perfection of presentation that has now been reached implies a steady growth and a profitable experience. The whole of the labor of composition as well as the staging falls upon members of the club, and the fact that there is only one performance a year speaks much for the energy and the devotion of those concerned.

The synopses of the various plays that have been produced occupies a fascinating chapter. "The Man in the Forest, A Legend of the Tribe," by Charles K. Field, was rendered in 1902, with music by Joseph K. Redding. Every existing copy of this play was destroyed in the fire, "The Legend" alone surviving, and this finds a place in Mr. Garnett's book. In 1903 the play was "Montezuma," by Louis A. Robertson, with music by Humphrey J. Stewart. This was followed in 1904 by "The Hamadryads, A Masque of Apollo," by Will Irwin, with music by W. J. McCoy. Then came "The Quest of the Gorgon, A Musical Drama," by Newton I. Tharp, with music by Theodor Vogt. In 1906 the play was "The Owl and Care," by Charles K. Field, with music by Humphrey J. Stewart. "The Triumph of Bohemia," by George Sterling, with music by Edward F. Schneider, was produced in 1907, while the latest play up to the present time, that of 1908, was "The Sons of Baldur, A Forest Music Drama," by Herman Scheffauer, with music by Arthur Weiss. The synopses of these plays are all carefully worked out with full and carefully chosen quotations, while the illustrations, twenty-five in number, are admirable. The book is distributed by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, and its price is \$1.50.

PICKET NUMBER TEN.

By George Shedd.

The sun was already down when we trotted around the nose of the hill in a long twisting line, four jaded troops. The horses pricked up their ears, the men grunted contentedly. At last we were in sight of the spot where we were to halt for the night.

Because a mummified old medicine-man chose to foam at the mouth (chewing soap) and see a vision of brand-new scalps, our work was cut out for us. A band of Banlocks was off the reservation, raiding, harrying, spotting the country with blood and ashes; so much worse than usual was the outbreak the colonel himself had taken in hand the task of driving them back; and we had done our sixty miles this day without a glimpse of the quarry. But we were hard on their heels. Three hours' back we had come on a ruined cabin, and something by the smoking door that made the colonel's grizzled eyebrows grow ominous and the troopers beg for an early flight.

The horses, sniffing water, quickened their pace down the stony road. A small level patch of green lay at our feet, with a brook flowing along one edge and an old shack, untouched by any marauding hand, in the middle: an oasis in the wide waste of treeless hills. The wonder was that the Indians had passed it by.

"Who lives there?" asked the colonel.

"Johnny-under-the-Hill," I replied, in my official character of guide.

"Johnny-under—ch?"

"Yes, sir. He's a little off in the head, and it's the only name he's known by, but he answers to it. It isn't Indian—he's white all right. And an old soldier."

"Old vet, is he?" returned the colonel, his tone softening a bit. "Well, he'll have company tonight."

Five minutes later we turned in upon the flat and the bugle sounded. Soon the horses were rolling and rerolling upon the ground, working some sort of comfort into their tired bodies; the troopers had little piles of twigs blazing beneath their smoky cups of coffee, and already jests were being flung about among them. The business of the camp was, however, brief. Guards were posted somewhere out of sight, horses hobbled, fires out. And the dusk of the long summer twilight had hardly sifted down upon the earth when the men were asleep in their blankets, troop by troop, in a circling row around the edge of the flat. Oh, the colonel was not the one to be caught by any night rush!

Meanwhile I had seen nothing of old Johnny, Johnny-under-the-Hill. The two or three times before when I had stopped here his singular infirmity had impressed itself deeply upon my mind. During the day he seemed mild enough, and rational, showing me his tiny garden and a fruit-bearing plum thicket by the creek; but on each occasion I had been awakened at night by an odd sensation. His voice had spoken out in the darkness, "Captain, I report for duty," and, after a pause, in answer apparently to some fancied word, "Picket Number 10." After that, until I fell asleep, I heard his footsteps up and down, up and down, in front of the house. And a certain awe always grew upon me at thought of him holding this solitary vigil in the hills. I was wondering now how old Johnny would take the presence of the soldiers.

My curiosity had not long to wait. We were lying about the grass in a group, the colonel, his officers and I, having a last smoke before rolling into our blankets, when the old fellow appeared from somewhere, drew his feet together and gave a rusty salute. On his shoulder lay his carbine, on his head a dilapidated army cap. He was in a great state of excitement: his eyes had a mad light; his lean, brown, eager face, half covered with a ragged beard, worked and twisted; his body, crippled with rheumatism, was almost erect; and his gun trembled with a kind of ague. It was as if a phantom had risen up among us.

"Captain Burnham, I report for duty!"

He had the name right enough, but not the title. For a moment the colonel sat fully surprised; gradually he began to pull his moustache in perplexity.

"What is your name, my man?" he asked, gently.

"John Haven, sir." And with a trace of impatience, "Why you know it! John Haven, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry."

"What's that?" exclaimed the colonel, with a little in-taking of breath.

"Troop B, sir. I report for duty."

"My old troop! Haven—Hav—My God, this!"

He sprang to his feet. The rest of us sat fixed, just as we were, hushed in the presence of this unfolding drama which we did not understand.

"Picket Number 10. I report for duty, sir," he reiterated.

In old Johnny's face there was no recognition other than that of the officer. His voice had the same stilted tone I had heard the nights when I had been aroused by his strange actions. He stood waiting as if for something further to happen: while the colonel's brow wrinkled and wrinkled. At last the latter raised his head, and said,

"Take your post, sir." He gravely returned the old man's salute, watched him march straight through the row of sleeping troopers, out past the sentinel line, up to the top of a small knoll, where he began his picket, pacing back and forth and now and then pausing as if to listen. For a good three minutes, I think, the colonel stared after him, finally sat down to remain silent for the rest of the evening, but once I saw him shake his gray head as if under a burden of memories.

Twilight slowly thickened into darkness. A breath of air stirred the ashes of the dead camp-fires, and fell quiet. One by one my companions rolled up in their blankets, pilowing their heads upon their saddles. Only the officer of the guard, who smoked for wakefulness, and the colonel, busy with his thoughts, kept their seats. The great round moon rose in the east, spreading a haze of silver light along the hills: under its shining face the circling row of sleeping soldiers lay whitened, and still as a row of the dead. The murmur of the near-by brook and the stir of the horses as they steadily cropped the grass within the circle were the only sounds. Yonder on the knoll, pacing and listening, clearly outlined in the bright moonlight, moved the figure of old Johnny—Picket Number 10.

The immensity of space, the peace of night, seemed to have driven all fatigue from my body; the sight of the old man, under the spell of his wild phantasy, bound, as by a chain, to his tireless vigil, quickened the thought within my mind. I was oppressed by a sense of mysteries, of tragedies hidden in the hollows of the land, read by only the high, all-seeing stars. What was the cause of this mad fire in his brain? What held him a prisoner in the past? An hour I watched him, until gradually his form grew dimmer, farther off, and my eyelids were sealed close.

Sound of a shot brought me to my knees. The death-shriek of an Indian echoed it. The bugle flung its sharp staccato warning on the air. It was dark, the moon behind a cloud in the west, but by the starlight I saw a ripple run round the row of sleepers, men rolling over upon their stomachs, heard the slap of rifles thrown across saddles—and silence. One minute—two!—followed by a distant rush somewhere of horses' feet, and there appeared for an instant against the faint dawn light along the east a silhouette of wild tossing riders.

The surprise had failed. But the colonel sent out scouts to make sure there was no ruse, though knowing as we did our enemy, who stakes all on the first cunning stroke, we guessed that we should see no more of them here. And moreover, they had not, perhaps, suspected the nature of their game until they heard the bugle.

Johnny-under-the-Hill had given the alarm, so reported the officer of the guard. In the tension of the moment we had forgotten him. The moon crept out from behind its cover and showed the knoll empty; but we found him there, found him at his post—Picket Number 10. He was lying on the ground, the blood trickling from two stabs in his body, still alive; near him, face down, with hands knotted in the grass, was a dead Indian. Old Johnny! When we had checked his wounds as best we could, we bore him gently down the slope and through the soldiers, already asleep once more, and laid him on a blanket by his doorstep. We knew there was no hope—one glance told us that life was fast ebbing away.

His eyes opened, he struggled to speak.

"Captain, I re—"

The effort was too much for his little strength and he lay back gasping, his hand reaching out aimlessly. The colonel took the gnarled fingers and held them in his own strong grasp, and I honored him for the tear that stole down his bronzed cheek. The rest of us stood by, grave. We had all seen death come to men, yes, and faced it ourselves, but in its approach now we were touched by something of its solemnity.

When finally the colonel looked up and spoke, his voice was rough with sorrow.

"For this man," he said, "life was more painful than death will be. I was a captain in the Civil War, and he was my best trooper. He followed me through all the campaigns until one day near the close of the war. When we went into a fight it was really he who led the men, not I, and he went in with a laugh. You see a man like that once in a while. But that wasn't where he was harvest. When the other fellows were worn out, or sick, or what is worse, homesick, he cheered them up. You know what it is to be in the saddle day and night, how hard it is to smile then. John Haven did it. He seemed made of iron, ready any time for extra night service or to lend a hand when the doctor's knife was busy—and this is what is left of him! There is something worse to come, though; his name stands on the military records dishonored and disgraced."

"Maybe some of you have a brother—well, he had one. The boy was in the troop, too, a mere stripling, ten years younger than John, and not so strong. But there was the same pluck in him. I've seen him, staggering with fever, climb into his saddle and ride without a word. Oh, those were hard times! John watched over him like a mother, helping him where he could. As the months went by the

young fellow grew thinner, yet he never gave in, nor would he take a leave. The fun, he said, was just beginning. And after a little came our big raid.

It was during the time just following the Wilderness campaign. There was fighting every day, for we were at each other's throats at last. Finally came orders for the cavalry to get round the Confederate lines and to cut into them from behind: five thousand started on that ride. Not a man who could stick in his saddle remained behind, and those who couldn't begged to be tied on their horses. The second day we got separated from the main column, a couple of hundred of us, completely lost; and the enemy knew it. We did not turn back. Some of you perhaps know what it is to have a hard officer—our major was one. And he swore we should go where we had started if it ended in death.

"From that time on it was a race with the enemy. We lost all direction, on one night finding ourselves where we had been the night before. Our blind road took us through woods and swamps that confused and misled us continually, and the rain fell every day. I remember that we saw the sun but once. At night we threw ourselves on the wet ground, never daring to build a fire, at day-break we stumbled on. For a whole week we lived like this, ever hungry, ever exhausted, and every day we fought the enemy. The dead lay where they fell, the wounded—who knows? Half the men had flung their guns away, because they had no powder, and when they fought it was only with bare sabres. If our ride did not end in death, it at least passed through it.

"One night we got into a swamp that seemed to have no outlet. John had done sentinel duty the night before, it was his brother's turn now, but the boy was sick. John went with him to his post and when the latter fainted took his place. And when the relief made its rounds he was found asleep—on duty."

The colonel's voice grew husky and he stopped. We heard only the struggling breath of the dying man on the ground. The light along the eastern rim of hills was strengthening, the sky became pearl and pink.

"That was a time for a man to show mercy," went on the speaker once more. "An officer must know when to draw the lines tight, when to let them go loose; but our major knew only one way, and that was to hold them fast always. He had John Haven court-martialed at sunrise, and would have had him shot then and there had not the rest of us borne him down. As it was, John was stripped of his uniform and dishonorably discharged. After all, shooting would have been more merciful, for now he was alive, but with a broken heart. And—as sure as I believe in God—I think that officer shall have

his punishment some day, as this poor victim of his savage spirit shall have his reward.

"For a whole week, I have said, we had been in this swamp, but on the morning of John's disgrace we got out of it, after a fight. Those seven days of floundering in that terrible quagmire, of purposeless heating hack and forth, of bitter starvation, of cold, of hand-to-hand encounters and desperate struggles and bloody conflicts, have no name in history. It made one of those numberless small battles that stand overshadowed by the great ones, unknown in fact, except by those who fought through it: we call it simply The Swamp. On the last morning of it we cut our way through the enemy, found higher ground at last, and got back to our lines.

"It was in the fight of that morning that I saw the last of John Haven—until now. When the order was given to charge, I found him ready with the rest, his face pale, wearing the look of one who seeks death. I saw his brother go down, shot through the heart, but John never paused, never wavered, riding straight ahead. Once I was hard pressed and he saved my life. When next I saw him, through a sudden rift of smoke, he was lying on the ground, quiet, blood flowing from a gash in his head; next minute I was swept on by the fury of the battle."

That was the end of the story. The colonel's eyes were fixed upon old John's haggard face as if to read in it the misery of all the intervening years. We others gazed wonderingly upon the man whose soul was a hero's, whose life a tragedy. All was silent. The dawn gradually spread wider, a bird in the plum-thicket by the creek began to sing. Suddenly the bugle sounded its golden notes along the morning. Old John stirred, sat up.

"Captain Burnham," he cried, in a clear, ringing voice, "I report for duty."

Breathless we waited.

Then answered the colonel steadily, as if reading an order, "Trooper John Haven, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Troop B, is mentioned for conspicuous bravery at Picket Number 10, relieved from duty, and honorably discharged from service in the army of his country."

A change slowly came upon the old man's face, a light that transfigured it, and from his lips escaped a whisper, a sigh of rest: "Now I can sleep!"

Katharine Tynan's latest book, "The Lost Angel," is a collection of romantic tales of lovers, the scenes being laid in England, Scotland, and France, but chiefly in this author's own beloved Ireland. Miss Tynan, or Mrs. H. A. Hinkson, as she is known to her intimates, was born in Dublin and lived there until her marriage, since which her home has been in England. Her husband, a London harrister, is also a native of Ireland, and he also is a well-known novelist.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

At a recent meeting of the Library Association of England there was some spirited discussion as to the proper place of the novel in the free library. Opinions ran all the way from the total exclusion of fiction to its inclusion in unlimited quantities, one speaker demanding a "severe discrimination," while another put in a plea for the reader whose strenuous life necessitated a literature that would make little or no demand upon the mind. The representative of Glasgow urged the general adoption of a rule enforced in his city to the effect that no novel should be bought until it is a year old and that the amount spent upon novels should not be more than 10 per cent of the total expenditure. It was finally resolved that "mere ephemeral fiction, of no literary, moral, or educational value, even if without offense, is not within the proper province of a public lending library." Upon this we shall most of us agree, but none the less it seems to bring the literary censor within speaking distance, and our soul abhors him.

A Mistaken Marriage, by F. E. Mills Young. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

Even those who do not admire the problem novel will be fascinated by this important book. The scene is laid in South Africa, and while this may repel a certain kind of reader who is disinclined to look over the garden wall it will be an added attraction to those who can appreciate intimate description and vivid local coloring.

Sara Lovall, young, beautiful, idealistic, goes from England to South Africa in order to marry the man to whom she became engaged several years before. She supposes Arthur Morrison to be poor, too poor to come home to fetch her, and she attributes his apparently waning ardor to an honorable disinclination to identify his wife with colonial struggles and hardships. After the wedding she slowly realizes several unpleasant things. Arthur Morrison is not poor, but rich. His boyish sentiment is entirely dead, but he was too cowardly to make a timely avowal. So far from being gratified at the girl's arrival, he is intensely chagrined, while his nature has changed under the corrupting touch of opportunity and he has become greedy, cruel, and a debauchee.

All this comes to his wife slowly. She becomes used to neglect, but she does not understand the character of the women with whom her husband associates nor the questionable nature of his business. Full illumination comes to her only when Aimée Davidson, to whose house her husband has persuaded her to go as a guest, insolently admits her relationship to Morrison, and then the outraged wife seeks shelter in flight. Morrison divorces her upon an infamous charge of infidelity, and the remainder of poor Sara's life would have been spent in poverty and humiliation but for Michael Strange, who made her acquaintance on the day of her landing and has worshiped her from afar ever since.

The story is too long, but it is undeniably powerful. There is no jar to the credulity nor deviation from probability. It is a story that in broad outline must have been acted a thousand times in real life, and if sometimes we are irritated by Sara's simplicity, by her foolish refusal to marry while her first husband was still alive, by her rather exaggerated feminism, the author has done no violence to a type nor passed the limits of a common experience. The book leaves us face to face with a problem which is not solved either by rigidity or by laxity of divorce laws, which seems indeed to grow from the facts of human nature that are beyond the reach of any law. And incidentally we have added largely to our knowledge of social South Africa.

The Study of Nature, by Samuel Christian Schmucker. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most satisfactory books for the study of nature that we have seen. The teacher who really wishes to instill a love of nature into the minds of children will find it a veritable treasure house of advice, suggestion, and information. The theory of nature study is well worked out in the first part of the book, while the "materials" are insects, some water-dwellers, the frog and the toad, the reptiles, the birds, domestic animals, wild animals, the general life of the plant, reproducing the plant, and the heavens. There can be no teacher and no school so deeply immersed in the life of the city as to fail to find in this book a practical guide and a wise counselor.

The Life of Goethe, by Albert Bielschowsky. Published in three volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A certain danger awaits the reviewer who allows himself to do more than announce the third volume of this remarkable and impressive biography. The temptation to linger over its wealth of narrative, its prolific yet discriminating detail, its profound and sympathetic analysis is indeed a strong one, but one to be inexorably resisted. But the lover

of Goethe will find nothing lacking in this feast of good things, no feature wanting in the picture that it presents of the man who was of all others within recent historical periods the most complete and the most perfect.

The third volume is concerned with the period between the years 1815 and 1832, that is to say from the Congress of Vienna to Goethe's death. It includes, therefore, what may be called the Marianne von Willemer epoch and the political work of the poet in the Weimar ministry. Nowhere is the author more happy than in his examination of the psychological processes that alternated so remarkably between statecraft and poetry. The examination continues indeed all through the work and we are invited again and again to wonder at a dual nature that could so triumphantly express itself at opposite poles of human activity. Goethe's modesty forbade him to give us all the results of a self-analysis in which he certainly indulged, but the phenomenon of his own power was never without its perplexities for him. The inspiration under which he wrote seemed to be something apart from himself, melodies that sometimes reached him through the barriers between the sensuous and the spiritual. He wrote under compulsion, as an amanuensis, and in obedience to dictates not his own, and when the divine fire ceased he turned to the affairs of the world until the summons should again become insistent.

For Goethe the supersensuous and the spiritual was the noumenon. Only in that realm could he walk with firm, unwavering feet. Only from that height could he speak with a certainty of a "thus saith the Lord." The affairs of the world were for him a mirage, full of deceptions and uncertainties, and among them he walked doubtfully. Because Goethe's genius was complete he was untainted with the weird, the eccentric, and the unwholesome which cling to those of lesser calibre who must perforce halt in some middle sphere of dim conflicts and truths distorted in half-lights. That the author understands Goethe so fully is no small tribute to his own perception. That he helps us to understand him speaks much for his lucidity and the admirable care that distinguishes his work. This also may he said of the translator, Professor William A. Cooper of Stanford University, who has performed an immense labor with such ability that we are conscious of none of the disadvantages that usually attend a rendering from one language to another.

Arkinsaw Cousins, by J. Breckenridge Ellis. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Arkansas has never figured largely in literature and this capital story should therefore have a welcome. Core City, Arkansas, seems to be filled with the family of the Thornberys. They are at the apex of the social pyramid and at the base, but the cement of cousinly clannishness never weakens. From start to finish we watch the progress of this remarkable family with admiration and even with enthusiasm. They are a very lovable crowd with their humor, their happy-go-lucky providence, and their shrewd kindness. They are good people, too, with a sense of duty and an honor for womanhood. "Arkinsaw Cousins" is a good and wholesome book to read and one that stimulates a belief in human nature.

The Well in the Desert, by Adeline Knapp. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

It would be hard to find a better story of the desert or one in which romance and adventure are more happily combined. The hero is Gard and we are introduced to him on his escape from an undeserved imprisonment. Through the treachery of the man to whom he originally owed his trouble he is again captured, but is once more liberated by an accident while on his way to jail. Then comes his life on the desert as a kind of modern Robinson Crusoe, his discovery of gold, and his final return to civilization and the ensuing rehabilitation of his name.

That the author knows her subject and is saturated with the life of the desert is evident enough. She can also create strong and virile characters.

To the End of the Trail, by Richard Hovey. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.25.

This little book is appropriately titled, inasmuch as it contains all that remains, or nearly so, of the writings of Richard Hovey. Among the longer poems is "The Laurel," an ode to Mary Day Lanier, which was written long ago for private circulation and is now published for the first time. Several of the songs, too, are new, while the bibliographical notes by Mrs. Hovey are interesting and important. This edition, now complete, of Mr. Hovey's poems should find a place in every American library.

What the White Race May Learn from the Indian, by George Wharton James. Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

The author probably knows as much about the Indian as any man living. Nor is there any lack of discrimination in his praise and

admiration. If he is kind to the virtues of the red man, he is not blind to his faults; both are set forth judiciously. Mr. James has indeed written a book worth reading even by those who are not particularly interested in Indians. The chapters on diet, education, hospitality, sex questions, mental poise, immortality, and others are models of sane and helpful advice, enhancing our respect for the red man and showing the benefit to ourselves of imitating whatever is worth imitation in the aboriginal life of the country. The illustrations are numerous and good.

The Car and the Lady, by Grace S. Mason and Percy F. Megargel. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

This is one of the few automobile stories that are not tiresome to the uninitiated and that can be read with delight by those innocent of automobile lore. It is the story of a road race from New York to Portland by two rival tourists who have the further incentive of the favors of a pretty girl that will certainly be given to the winner. We are told that the true history of a transcontinental race underlies nearly every detail, and the story is indeed so minutely told as to give it a practical value. As a romance it is both

vivid and dramatic and must surely be a delight to the automobile enthusiast.

Betty of the Rectory, by Mrs. L. T. Meade. Published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York; \$1.

The story would be stronger if the hero were not a clergyman, although it must be admitted that the Rev. Geoffrey Pevensey is by no means the emaculated figure in which the ordinary novelist seems to rejoice. Pevensey believes himself to be under the inherited curse of insanity, and although Betty refuses to hear his secret on the eve of their marriage, we feel that he ought to have insisted upon telling her. How she eventually learns of it and how her husband is saved are set forth with marked skill, while the character of the beautiful Betty is not one to be forgotten.

"How to Get a Position and How to Keep It," by S. Roland Hall, is a sound book for young men who are inclined to think that hard work is no longer essential to success. Mr. Hall gives much practical advice on letters of application, good and bad form, etc. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price, 50 cents.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

A new, handsome, and spacious playhouse was added to the attractions of San Francisco last Saturday evening, when the Valencia Theatre opened its doors to the public for the first time. Every available portion of space in the auditorium was filled by the audience that gathered to celebrate the event. The play offered on the stage and the company participating were attractions in themselves sufficient to account for a large patronage, and they should be given credit for their share in the success of the opening. Walter Hoff Seeley, for the management, and J. Charles Green, for the owners, made brief addresses of congratulation and promise.

In "The Great Ruby" the new stock company were able to make a pleasing impression. Robert Warwick, the leading man, as the Indian prince, was distinct and forceful with the ease of experience. Miss Willette Kershaw, the leading woman, has an agreeable personality and notable ability. A number of well-known actors were seen in the less important rôles, among them being Reginald Travers, Robert Leonard, and Wallace Shaw. Peggy Monroe made her professional debut in an ingénue rôle. In scenic investment the play revealed the ample resources and eminent ability of a management determined to do things well. Altogether, the new theatre's beginning is most auspicious.

Next week, beginning Monday evening, "The Conquerors" will be produced. This is a strong play, made known by William Faversham and Viola Allen. It was written by Paul Potter, and tells a romantic story of the Franco-Prussian war. The strength of the Valencia company will be shown to advantage in the distribution of characters.

"The Girl Question" is running merrily before large audiences at the Van Ness Theatre and will be continued all next week. It is a musical comedy of much more than average quality, and it is presented in a gratifyingly generous style. There is good singing, good dancing, good comedy in abundance, offered by a big company. Paul Nicholson and Henrietta Tedro are at the front in most of the fun-making, and they have earned their position. There are others, however, who could not easily be replaced, and the chorus of "show-girls" and "broilers" is metropolitan in numbers and attractiveness. Several of the musical hits are already popular with those who whistle for sincere if mistaken love of music, and also with the unfortunates who try to whistle while in the theatre, betraying the vacancy in their topmost part as does an empty ink-bottle in the wind.

At the New Alcazar Theatre overflowing crowds attest the strength of David Warfield's hold on the play-going public. Some have had the good fortune to see him already more than once, while others, who have the bad habit of deciding at a late hour, have not yet been able to secure anything but standing-room. A third week of "The Music Master" begins next Monday evening. The play and the star are reviewed at length in another column.

"The Fortune Teller," somewhat abbreviated, has pleased Princess Theatre patrons particularly this week, and principally because Christina Nielsen in the title-rôle is delightful to eye and ear, and Arthur Cunningham, as Sandor, the gipsy lover, has songs worthy of his voice. Miss Nielsen as a comic-opera prima donna promises well. Her voice is pure, sweet, and flexible, and used with discretion; her dramatic ability is as yet but partially developed, but nature has been generous in gifts to her. Ferris Hartman, as Boris, had no great opportunity but made the most of what was in his way, and with excellent judgment did not attempt to force a great victory.

Next week, the sixth of Mr. Hartman's engagement, "The Toreador" will be put on by special arrangement with Manager George Edwardes of the Gaiety Theatre, London. The musical play has been seen here, and memories of its earlier production at the Tivoli Opera House are still pleasant. It has much sparkling music, some amusing comedy, and possibilities in the way of handsome costumes and stage effects that will not be slighted. Mr. Hartman will have a droll part as Tommy Gigg, and Arthur Cunningham will be the real Toreador. Both Christina Nielsen and Sybil Page are in the cast, with all the other favorites of the Princess company well placed.

Beginning Sunday afternoon the Orpheum will offer a bill which is notable for the number of people in the several acts. First come Jesse Lasky's "Pianophiends," in which nine players perform on five pianos. There is singing and dancing as well in this popular number, an octette being presented which is said to rival the famous double sextette of "Florodora." The Seven Yulians are famous acrobats and athletes. Claud and Fannie Usher have a classic little playlet in "Fagan's Decision," which is a study in New York slang. The Reiff Brothers are tuneful singers and graceful dancers. It will be the last week of Gardiner and Vincent, A. O. Duncan, the Two Pucks, and of Charmion in her transformation act. A series of new and realistic

motion pictures, showing the famous Marathon race at the Olympic games, London, will be shown.

David Warfield will appear in "The Grand Army Man" during his present engagement at the New Alcazar Theatre.

George Leon Moore, formerly with the Princess Theatre Company and pleasantly remembered for his success as young Bronson in "The Belle of New York," is now with the "Algeria" company which is delighting patrons of the Broadway Theatre in New York. He made the hit of the piece the first night, singing "Love Is Like a Cigarette."

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mark Twain has forsaken New York as a place of residence and henceforth will live in his Italian villa at Redding, Connecticut.

Professor George McLean Harper of Princeton University, after a year abroad, during which he has been working upon his life and critical study of Sainte-Beuve, the great French critic, for Lippincott's French Men of Letters series, has now collected all his material for the work and will return to America this month. He expects to revise and rewrite the book at Princeton during the autumn, and it will probably be issued during the early part of next year. It is based in great part upon original research and will no doubt be one of the most important books of its season.

Louis Becke's new novel, promised in the fall, is to be called "The Adventures of Louis Blake," and the action will be laid chiefly in the south seas of the Pacific. It is reported that the wanderlust has again seized hold of Mr. Becke, and that he is about to start off on a two or three years' journey.

The report that the works of Molière have been suppressed in Japan is discussed in the *Depêche de Toulouse* by a writer who says that the reason for the action must be evident to any one who knows the Japanese people. Molière's ridicule of old age would be enough. But in nearly every work some father is made the butt of jokes and gross wit by his child or children. Paternal authority is dethroned and undermined. Youth is always victorious at the expense of age. Plays of the class of "Fourberies de Scapin" would be impossible in Japan, where filial affection is the prime virtue. The ideas of the author also clashed with those of the Japanese as to the relation of husband and wife. The Japanese wife must obey without question. In the presence of her husband she may not even speak aloud, and therefore scenes and quarrels are impossible. In fact, Molière is, in the eyes of the people of the Land of the Rising Sun, an anarchist, who holds nothing sacred, and to prevent a spread of his influence his works must be banished.

Lippincott's Magazine for October will contain a complete novel by Miss Jessie Kaufman of San Francisco. Very little fiction has been written about Hawaii because there are very few writers who are competent to do it. Miss Kaufman is one of the select few, having spent much time on the islands and being thoroughly familiar with the society she depicts. She is a graceful writer and well qualified to show the life as it actually is—the delightful social functions, the welcome accorded visitors from the outside world, the trials of the housekeeper, all the advantages and disadvantages of living in this tropical garden spot. But aside from its atmosphere and local color, the tale has a strong, well-defined plot to commend it—a plot with a mystery, hanging upon the advent of a pair of impostors who create much trouble and amass considerable profit before a suspicious young American lawyer succeeds in "spilling their guns." Altogether, "A Jewel of the Seas" bids fair to deserve the interest that it will arouse in San Francisco.

New Publications.

Charles H. Pope of Boston has published "The Pioneers of Maine and New Hampshire, 1623 to 1660; a Descriptive List. Drawn from Records of the Colonies, Towns, Churches, Courts, and Other Contemporary Sources," by Charles Henry Pope.

"Stop and Think," by L. R. Andrews, is a valuable and helpful little book to be commended as a cure for pessimism and the more domestic malady of the "blues." Its four divisions are devoted to "Forethought," "Thoughts on Business," "Thoughts on the Home," and "Thoughts on Health." Published by L. R. Andrews, San Diego. Price, 50 cents.

Under the title of "Beyond the Blue Grass," George Cresswell Gill has written a good story of Kentucky. He tells the story of the way Ginseng County threw off the lassitude of generations, and of the traditional; of the way Edward Singleton's influence and energy penetrated every corner of the picturesque old county, straightened the lines, mapped the territory and promoted a railroad. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

The Lloyd Scott Travel Talks.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum's first attraction this season will be Lloyd Scott, A. B., the famous traveler, in a series of Travel Talks, illustrated with colored lantern slides, moving panoramas, and motion pictures. Although educated for the law, Mr. Scott has devoted most of his life to globe-trotting with his camera.

The travel talks are not the stereotyped form of lecture, but personal narratives and anecdotes combined with useful information. The subjects will be "India," "Japan," "Russia," "Egypt," and "Ireland." Two parallel courses will be given, so that one may attend the entire series without going on successive nights. Course A will be given Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, October 5, 8, 10, and Monday and Wednesday, October 12, 14. Course B will be given on the alternate nights, Wednesday and Sunday nights being always omitted.

The travel talks will be given at Christian Science Hall, and the box office for the sale of the course tickets will open Monday, September 28, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Van Ness Avenue store. The prices for the entire course are \$2, \$3, and \$4. Seats for single events will be on sale Thursday, October 1, and prices will be 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1. Mail orders for course tickets may now be sent to W. L. Greenbaum at the box office and will receive careful attention.

At the conclusion of the engagement in this city a course will be given at Maple Hall, Oakland, which has been refitted and remodeled into a handsome auditorium.

Hatford Manor, Faringdon, formerly the home of the poet Chaucer, and a part of the Pusey estate, has been sold to the leaseholder, George Baylis, of Wyfield Manor, Newbury, the largest producer of barley in England. Pusey is said to have been granted to the family of that name by Canute by tenure of a horn, which is still in Mr. Bouverie Pusey's possession and bears the inscription: "Kyng Knoude gave William Pewseye horn to holde by tby Londe."

The tickets to George Cohan's new Gaiety Theatre in New York bind the women who use them to remove their hats during the performance, according to a "contract" printed on the reverse side of the ticket, directly back of the seat coupon. As the coupon must be produced upon demand by the seatholder to prove a right to the seat, the printed "agreement" always will be available to the management of the theatre.

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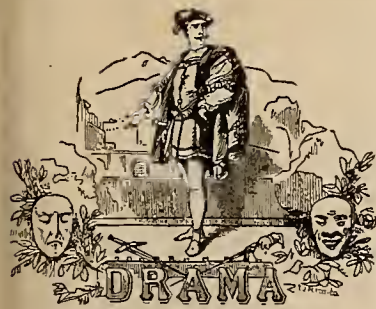
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WARFIELD AND BELASCO.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Music Master" is more a portrait than a play. Upon this portrait both author and actor have lavished an infinitude of pains, developing to the last tint and shade all the kindness, the gentleness, the loveliness, and the sweet humor, wholesome as a ripe nut, of the tender-hearted musician toward whom cruel old age is hastening, hearing the twin evils, poverty in one hand and loneliness in the other.

"The Music Master" will please Germans particularly, as the language of the fatherland is much in evidence. The old music master has a delightful German accent, perfect as only David Warfield can make it. His young protégé, Poons, the 'celloist, who can speak German only, is in love with pretty Jenny, who can speak English only. The lack of means of communication is a har, but the lovers bridge it, as only lovers can. The frequent relapses of the two Germans into their native language, the agitated splutterings of the hearing lover, when he throws aside the restricting English, and plunges into a flood of guttural protestations, the comments and half-soliloquies of genial old Von Barwig, who acts as a sort of beneficent Providence to the blushing pair, all tickle the ribs of German auditors, some of whom say that the German used is so racy and idiomatic as to be in some cases untranslatable.

David Belasco has, with his usual minute care, and inspired elaboration of trifles, built up an interior in the household of Miss Houston, keeper of a boarding-house for musical Bohemia, that forms a realistic and highly interesting background to the figure of Von Barwig, the music-master. The company has been carefully selected; Marie Bates marshals into line the elderly coquettes of the good-hearted Miss Houston with a recognition of the humor of the part that few actresses can surpass. Agousto Aramim, an Italian actor, and Louis Verande, a French one, fill with continental color the rôles of the two musicians of corresponding nationality. George Woodward's Al Costello is a study from life. So are the representatives of the musicians' and brickmakers' unions. A curious juxtaposition truly. As Herr Von Barwig says, when he finds that the music hall of his new employer that was to be his out of commission because it is built with non-union bricks, "What have I to do with bricks?" But the intervention of the union into the destiny of the music-master is another hit of Belasco realism.

The play with David Warfield in it has become one of those attractions which the public regard as absolutely obligatory to see. Prices have gone up—some say to the huge annoyance of Mr. Warfield himself—and the Sutter-Street playhouse is full to capacity every night.

A fair, pretty, blonde girl, Miss Antoinette Perry by name, plays with an effect of gentleness and sweetness the part of the daughter whom fate has, in her babyhood, so cruelly reft from the fond arms of the longing father. Pretty, baby-faced Antoinette Walker is well placed in the rôle of dimpled Jenny, beloved of August Poons, the German 'celloist who is just plunging and spluttering into his first bath of the English. So the matter of providing suitable players has been carefully looked after. There is, to be sure, a group of supposititious "swells" trailing in and out of the parlors of Mr. Henry Stanton, who fail to make apparent the authenticity of their connection with swiftness. Cruger père is stilted and oratorical; Cruger mère lacks manner and is self-effacing; Cruger fils isn't anything in particular except young-man-in-love-with-his-girl, and the Cruger nieces fail to uphold the family credit as representatives of the great world of society.

Indeed, this bit of drawing-room life forms the weakest scene, or scenes, rather, in the play, being tame, flat, and unconvincing. But, generally speaking, the production as a whole is characterized by that completeness of ensemble which we recognize as one of David Belasco's claims to greatness as a caterer to the dramatic tastes of the public. At the point at which Mr. Belasco lays down the brush, David Warfield steps in and completes the picture, filling it out with strokes so delicate, yet so sure, as to give the portrait the aspect of life.

There are many pleasant chords of sentiment sounded in "The Music Master." Friendship and kindness and goodness—"Good faces, kind faces," says Von Barwig at the last, when he looks upon the grieving

countenances of the friends who will miss him—a benevolence of attitude toward young love; the practicing musicians play their loudest when they hear the explosion of honest Poon's kiss to his pretty Jenny. There is the goodness of heart toward her hoarders of sentimental Miss Houston, who, by the way, makes me think of E. M. Holland in petticoats. There is any quantity of goodness piled up in "The Music Master." Besides Von Barwig's goodness, which is simple, and real, and lovable, there is the oratorical goodness of Mr. Cruger, which is rather oppressive, as, indeed, is the whole Cruger family. There is the philanthropic goodness of Helen Stanton, and the off-hand, devil-may-care, slang-dealing goodness of Al Costello, keeper of the freak museum in which Von Barwig plays.

The intention on the part of the author has been to create an atmosphere which is stimulating to all those emotions of sympathy, compassion, and affectionate regard which are so prized by that connoisseur in mimic emotions, the confirmed theatre-goer.

The dominant motive in the play is paternal love. There is not a love scene in it for the heroine, in spite of the presence of a rather pikerish young man who is more her suitor than her lover. And Belasco and Warfield between them play very expertly upon our sympathies.

From the moment that we see Herr von Barwig gravitating involuntarily toward the sprig of youth blooming in Miss Houston's shabby boarding-house and kindly pinching Jenny's round, rosy cheek, we feel that he has a father's heart in his breast. The scene in which the music-master gives a lesson to his own unrecognized child is beautifully played, so delicately and touchingly does the actor indicate the involuntary yet carefully repressed outflow of the tenderness long hoarded in the father's breast. That utterance, "one, two, three," in a voice that slightly quavers, then grows stronger, as if hiding defiance to an emotion that threatens mastery, is one over which students of dramatic art well might dwell, as showing the possibilities of expressing emotion with a minimum of physical effort.

That Mr. Warfield duly recognizes the time when physical effort will tell is shown in the later scene, with the betrayer of Von Barwig's wife and the reputed father of his child, when the musician taxes the betrayer with his crime, sweeping aside in the flood of his wrath the prayers and palliations of weak, hoastful pretense. The strained, agitated, hysterical voice, and the wild, yet monotonous pounding of a nervous hand upon the piano were the striking outward manifestations of an anguish and a sense of outrage long and hardly repressed. Nerves and sympathies alike vibrated in overwhelming response to those moving indications of a gentle and loving nature wrought to the supremest pitch of reproach and protesting grief.

Yet even this scene was surpassed, when, in a later one, the father, after trying in vain to deny his hungry heart the gratification of its longing, broke down in response to the daughter's tacit appeal, and gave free vent to all the up-springing tenderness of long repressed affection. "My little baby, my little baby!" he cries brokenly, as he kisses the young face of his woman-child.

For all his undeniable limitations David Belasco often has inspirations, and the simplicity of Von Barwig's expressions is one of them. The old musician always speaks in character. He does not pose or utter noble sentiments. He indulges in no polysyllables, except when he lets loose on the villain hater—aptly played by Oscar Eagle—a rolling tide of German hotly minted in a heart that hates treachery and evil.

And when he tenderly uttered those simple words to the grown daughter who was hut a baby when she was stolen from him, an electric wave of sympathy swept like a tide through the house, and the eyes moistened involuntarily.

Still the play is no great thing. While it contains many delightful realistic effects, Belasco appeals too studiously to pretty sentiment to make for large effects. Like Clyde Fitch, he never hesitates to defer the onward sweep of the play for the purpose of introducing small, entertaining details of atmosphere. That these things are well done goes without saying; but they detract from the forcefulness of his theme. His comedy is often puerile. The scene between Von Barwig and the Cruger nieces is a case in point. However, while Jove—meaning Belasco—

nods occasionally, Mr. Warfield never does, and is just as artistically conscientious in conveying the quizzical state of mind of the old musician, in such trifling scenes, as he is in painting the tired longing of a breaking heart.

I very much question if the abruptness of Helen toward her music master, when she finally summons resolution to obey her putative father and dismiss him, is in keeping with the tender friendliness she had previously shown him. But Belasco wanted to put on the pathetic stop, so he made things a little more tragic for Von Barwig than they had need to be, just to give the wave of sympathy a good, big impetus. The premeditation of it is too plainly revealed, and, to a more discerning mind, the pathos of the scene is lessened, instead of increased.

The stiltedness and artificiality of the drawing-room intercourse as pictured in the play would seem to argue that the versatile dramatist will never find firm footing in a society comedy. Let us hope he will never try. He is popular in his own field, and while Belasco will never write a great play, he can reach a great multitude with his kindly, refreshing sentiment. Of his other qualities, the warm coloring of the atmosphere he creates, the ingenuity of his situations, his natural dialogue, and his remarkable sense of stagecraft, one does not need to speak. The world knows it well already. The setting of "The Music Master" is extremely simple, but there are the abounding suggestions which create the atmosphere of the musical Bohemia in which Herr von Barwig lives. And there is the fine old fellow himself—Belasco gave him to us. His face, with its searching, tender eyes, its kindly, flexible mouth, imprints itself on the memory. One hears him saying in his voice of the heart, "It gives me much sentiment," or listens with tender sympathy as he says to the unconscious, golden-haired daughter in her home of wealth, "I could not take money from you."

Gertrude Fleming's Farewell Concert.

Miss Gertrude Fleming, who is soon to leave for Europe to continue her music study as the protégée of Jean de Reszké and Luisa Tetrazzini, will appear in a farewell concert Sunday afternoon, September 20, at three o'clock, at the Van Ness Theatre, a testimonial benefit tendered by her many friends. Dr. H. J. Stewart will direct the music, and Louis Newbauer, flute soloist, will assist in the programme. Miss Fleming will sing arias from the grand operas and other selections. Among the musical people of the city Miss Fleming has been regarded with admiration and interest for years. She is only fifteen years old, but has been singing and studying since she was six, and her future career promises to be marked by notable success.

N. J. La Vigne in Concert.

Noe Joseph La Vigne, a distinguished haritone, will be heard in concert at Lyric Hall, Thursday evening, October 1. His numbers will include selections from "Rigoletto," "I'Pagliacci," and "Faust," and he will also sing several French, Italian, and English ballads. Mr. La Vigne will be assisted by Miss Betty Scholtz, violinist, and a graduate of the Berlin Conservatory of Music. Miss Alma Rudolph will preside at the piano.

J. B. Aleshire, quartermaster-general, has been accompanying Secretary of War Wright on a tour of the Western army posts. General Aleshire says that it is difficult for the government to get good horses for the use of the cavalry. The restoration of the old Morgan type of horses is deemed desirable, and there is a movement on foot in Colorado to establish a government breeding farm for the raising of modern cavalry horses. "Good horses are hard to get, and any stock country that will pay particular attention to raising the type of horses needed for the army will find a steady and profitable market," says the general.

A restaurant keeper at Marienhad has a straw hat which he values at \$1000. It is not a handsome object, but he was many years in collecting the materials from which it is made. Every straw in it has been touched by the lips of royalty, for the thing is woven from the straws put in the drinks of the crowned heads of Europe who frequent his café.

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VANITY FAIR.

Dr. Allan M. Lane Hamilton of New York has been interviewed for the last time. At least he says so, but then he admits that he said the same thing upon the last occasion. But to do Dr. Hamilton justice, he does not belong to the ranks of the publicity hunting alienist, that dangerous and pestilent creature whose mission in life is to poison justice and to mislead juries. Dr. Hamilton is a real scientist, and that means of the non-advertising kind, but wherever medical knowledge is studied and valued Dr. Hamilton's eminence needs neither exploitation nor defense.

Dr. Hamilton was interviewed by the Philadelphia Ledger, and while the main subject of his conversation was insanity from the legal standpoint he allowed himself to be diverted into some of the bye paths and to speak of society in general and its hearing upon the question of alienism. But his opening words are worth quoting as showing his own standing and the very positive point of view from which he speaks. He says:

I have had forty years' experience in the courts and in private practice with cases of insane people, and here we are, in this enlightened—I use the word in its colloquial sense—enlightened period of 1908, and I am confronted with a restless, blasé, impudent state of ignorance in science and morals in my own country that is hopelessly tangled.

It is popular ignorance, the ignorance of the average jury, that is the stock in trade of the alienist quack. The average jury will believe anything that any "expert" charlatan chooses to tell it, will believe it as though it were a declaration from a new Sinai.

But let that pass. It is with Dr. Hamilton's survey of New York society that we are most concerned. Perhaps it is not wise to take New York as a "fair example," but Dr. Hamilton does so. He says:

I take New York as a fair example of general standards. Our bohemianism is brutal, vulgar; it has no fellowship or camaraderie in it. It is a region of cafés and restaurants, where men and women prey upon one another. Our society is imitative without originality, with absurd exhibitions of loud taste and ill-proportioned artistry. We are free to the verge of open revolt against the laws of Moses, that are needed, but ignored. We have all the license of foreign decadence, with a unique degeneracy of our own that no foreign city would endure because of its cruelty, its savagery. We read chiefly false exaggerations of science and outrageous exposés of forbidden crimes. Of course, press censorship is impossible in the present state of political conflict, but I consider that a large part of the so-called emotional insanity that leads to crime in New York is due to these sensationally false and blatant exposures in certain newspapers of disasters that we never heard of before and would never hear of again except for their impression upon half-formed minds and young people.

"National degeneracy," says Dr. Hamilton, is our chief menace, and he asks what meaning is attached to the word "home" in New York. The word has been "demoralized by the modern standards of living."

Dr. Hamilton is impressed with the "brutality of conditions," with the absence of contentment and of placidity, and with the feverish emulation that lays the seeds of insanity:

Over here if a Newport society woman gives a pink tea the woman who is married to a man living on \$900 a year must have her pink tea, too. The effect of that pink tea in a cheap flat is demoralizing, to say the least. There is a good sign in the recent exodus of people to the country, but there is not half as much of that as there ought to be. The trouble is that there is no standard, there is no definite appreciation of right and wrong; we none of us know where we are in our professional capacities or in our moral outlook.

That is the trouble with society in its wider as well as its narrower meaning. There is no sense of right and wrong, no moral yardstick with which to measure thoughts and deeds.

An article in the New York Sun deals pleasantly with the tribulations of the hostess who finds that she must entertain ill-mannered guests. It might be supposed that to a certain extent the hostess has a remedy ready to her hands. Having once experienced the vagaries of a badly behaved visitor, she can surely protect herself in the future by revising her invitation list and omitting the name of the offender. But this, it seems, she can not always do. In large houses there is sometimes a dearth of guests and offers of hospitality must fall, like the rain, upon the unrighteous as well as upon the righteous. Then, again, it is not entirely a matter of invitation at all:

In large houses guests are needed, and in some of them they come and go with as much freedom as they would in a hotel. Guests invite other guests who are friends of theirs, but may not be in the least known to the hostess. Women invite men whom they have met only once, and sometimes they are as hospitable to women whose acquaintance they are anxious to continue. A hostess with a big house to fill can not always be sensitive about the demeanor of her guests.

One would suppose that a self-respecting hostess would rather have fewer guests and confine herself to ladies and gentlemen, but the behests of the society juggernaut are not always conducive to self-respect.

One of the great grievances of the modern entertainer is the refusal of guests to come by the train indicated. Few establishments

can look after eighteen or twenty people who insist on traveling by trains that arrive within a quarter of an hour of each other:

When the hostess writes for you to come on the 3:35 she means that it is convenient for her to have you take that train and no other. Yet there are very few persons who have any regard for her feelings in the matter. They decide what hour will suit them and arrive then.

When a social lion has been invited the hostess must, of course, be prepared for eccentricities. The lion will not always roar just at the right time nor in the correct key, and sometimes he sulks in the corner of his golden cage when he should be prancing up and down for the edification of other guests. In other words, he is liable to prefer a cigar in his own room to the company of the expectant group on the lawn. And the lionesses are just as troublesome as the lions, and even more so. The most beautiful woman in the party is apt to go to bed for the afternoon just when she is expected to be most in evidence. These are among the penalties for entertaining the king of beasts:

"I had a man in my house once," said a woman who knows all the peculiarities of guests that it is possible for the possessor of a large house to learn, "who could not be got downstairs before lunch, try as we might. His wife told me he did the same thing at home, so I knew he was not imposing on me.

"At different periods of the morning I would see one of the men servants ascending to his room with a brandy and soda. After that had happened several times enough appetite had been aroused for his morning coffee. That was followed after a brief interval by a few more drinks to give him the courage to allow his valet to dress him. By following that routine every day he managed to get downstairs in time for lunch.

"He was a nice man, and I liked him very much. I rather liked having him in the house, too, but I thought it was imposing too much on any man to ask him to go through all that trouble every day just to accommodate his hostess. Even if he did go through the same routine at home, he had to take less trouble about it there. So I stopped inviting him."

Unpunctuality at meals is a vice that has nearly disappeared, and this, we are told, is due to a rebuke administered three years ago to a young woman who was then very much in the favor of society:

She was such a popular figure at that time that she thought she could do just about anything she pleased. The young millionaire who had invited her down to his Long Island estate was just about as spoiled as she and was especially punctilious in the matter of promptness at meals.

One night this young woman came down to dinner half an hour late. The host, after having waited as long as he cared to, told his twenty guests not to wait any longer, and all were seated when, without apparent embarrassment, the young woman entered the dining-room. It took nerve, but she was equal to it.

She giggled an apology as she took her place next the host. He was rather rude in the frankness with which he showed the displeasure he felt.

The next night she was late again. The guests waited for only a minute and then went to dinner. When the actress came down half an hour late again she entered the dining-room and started to walk to the place next the host, where she had sat the night before. But the place of honor was occupied that night by another woman. The host arose as she approached, but without much politeness.

"You must have forgotten, Miss von Fox," he said in a cold, deliberate tone that gave every other guest the full benefit of every word he said, "that we dine at half-past eight, although I had supposed after what happened last night that you would not fail to remember it. You will find your seat at the other end of the table."

He was young, a bachelor, and very rich. Perhaps he was rude in addition, but his action had a splendid effect. I haven't heard of anything of the kind since.

Of course everybody at the house party told of what had happened and the story went the rounds thoroughly. And it had a good effect. It relieved the country house hostess of one bother.

The hero of this occasion certainly was rude, if a rich man can be rude. A gentleman would have found the better way.

The "Cullinan," the largest diamond in the world, which was presented by the Transvaal government to King Edward, has been cut into two beautiful white stones, one of which will be set in the royal crown and the other in his majesty's sceptre. Details of the cutting have been given by Sir Henry de Villiers, who arrived at Plymouth from Quebec, where he was the South African representative. Having heard recently of the progress of the diamond cutters in Holland, he explained that the two chief gems resulting will ornament the sceptre and the crown of King Edward. When it was shipped to England it was a moot question what the quality of the diamond would be, experts being unable to tell the perfection of a stone from the rough. Now it has been found to be of superfine quality, pure white, and possessed of remarkable brilliance and lustre. The cutting will employ three artisans for nine months. One of the diamonds will weigh 425 carats and the other will be slightly smaller, but both will be immeasurably larger than the Koh-i-Noor (102 carats). The great cost of cutting will probably be met by the value of the chips which come from the two perfect gems.

There is weeping and wailing among the women of New York who have been accustomed to replenish their wardrobes from the periodic sales of goods seized by the customs authorities. Hitherto it has been the prac-

tice to sell these goods in small lots, and it was no uncommon experience to buy a hundred-dollar gown for a tenth or a twentieth of its value. But the United States marshal who has charge of these auction sales has seen a great light. Just before the last occasion he was approached by the representative of a Boston firm, who offered a good price if the goods were sold in one lot. He wanted to buy them, but he did not intend to waste his time in bidding for the things piecemeal and against the competition of a crowd of desperate and despairing women. The marshal fell in with the idea and as a result he netted \$1650, as against \$900 received for a similar lot the previous year.

The scene of the latest sale is well described by the New York Evening Post. The usual notices were sent out to the effect that three trunks full of dresses, imported by Mrs. L. E. A. Parker on La Provence and seized for non-payment of duty, would be duly auctioned. The dresses were divided into 149 lots. The invoice value was about \$10,000, to which duty to the extent of about \$5000 must be added. But as the dresses had been packed in trunks for over a year their value was supposed to have decreased to \$10,000:

As soon as the doors of the court-room, guarded by a squad of special officers wearing gold badges, were thrown open, a large number of the women buyers, familiar figures at these sales, forced their way in ahead of every one else. The light of anticipation broke out upon their faces as they saw the masses of silk, satin, and laces, mixed with rare furs, spread out on long, legal tables. But within five minutes they received a shock.

"I wish to announce," it was the voice of Henkel speaking, "that the goods here will be offered in three lots—Lot No. 1, of packages from one to sixty-five; Lot No. 2, of packages from sixty-six to 125, and Lot No. 3, packages 126 to 149. The days are over when people can buy one hundred-dollar gowns for a dollar and a quarter. We aren't having these sales for the benefit of the public. They are to get as much money for

the government as possible. My duty is to get all I can for the government, and it is because of that that I am selling the goods this way."

The general opinion of the women present was that if the United States marshal should be so fortunate as to escape immediate arrest and condign punishment at the hands of an outraged nation, he would certainly not avoid ultimate retribution from indignant Providence. But the marshal smiled the smile of impenitence. The sale was over in a few minutes and a much larger sum was realized than ever before.

Gouverneur Morris in *Everybody's* gives us a new view of life at Newport. He says that Bailey's Beach is the nearest that Newport will ever get to trial marriage:

It does not, of course, furnish complete proofs of compatibility; but it gives considerable go on. The possibility of hitching one's star to a cork leg or a cloven hoof is done away with. The man who continuously leaps into the air and enters the water stomach first is pretty sure to be good-natured; the woman who doesn't mind getting her hair wet will put up with greater trials; and those who literally bask in that frigid water, hour after hour, can of course stand anything. Think well, too, of that woman who is the quickest to change from land to sea clothes, and vice versa. She will occasionally be on time.

Many other truths come home to one; the baleful influence of the shoe upon the male foot; the fact that the colors of expensive socks are not always fast; the resemblance between the distinguished foreigner, as he runs and skips and festively sports, and the sandpiper turned loose on a good feeding-ground; that the girl whom you saw at tennis in filmy, floating white things, and thought as slender and graceful as Canova's Psyche, has legs like the columns of Hercules (and doesn't care), that the walk which was dignified in the reading-room is a waddle on the beach; and that every man over thirty years of age, no matter how thin of arm and leg and chest and neck, looks as if he had swallowed one melon—whole.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A physician, upon opening the door of his consultation room, asked: "Who has been waiting longest?" "I have," spoke up the tailor, "I delivered your clothes three weeks ago."

Tom Reed and Jerry Simpson, the noted Populist Congressman, were great friends. Their good relationship came after this incident: "Say, Jerry," said Reed one day, "why are you a Populist?" "For the same reason," said Simpson, "that you are a Republican. A majority of the people of our respective districts are of our way of thinking."

Henry B. Stanford, for several years the leading man with Sir Henry Irving's company, tells of an incident which occurred while rehearsing "Faust" with him at the Lyceum Theatre in London—they were doing the Brocken scene and the famous actor had occasion to reprove an army of exuberant supers. He stopped the rehearsal and all was silence. Then, in a quiet, grim way, he said: "Very charming—but you must remember that you are in hell—not picnicking on Hampstead Heath."

An Englishman was recently invited by a New Yorker to accompany him on a hunting trip on Long Island. "Large or small game?" laconically asked the Briton, who has hunted in every quarter of the globe. "You don't expect to find lions and tigers on Long Island, do you?" queried the New Yorker. "Hardly," responded the Briton with a laugh, "but I like a spice of danger in my hunting." "If that's the case," answered the other, with a grin, "I'm your man, all right. The last time I went out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg!"

The demand that the Sultan of Turkey dispense with his harem recalls the story of the cannibal chief who became converted and asked the missionary to admit him to the church. "But you have more than one wife," objected the missionary. "My church does not allow that." The chief departed in dejection, but returned again in a few days and announced, with evident satisfaction, that he now had only one wife and was ready for baptism. "But," objected the clergyman, doubtfully, "where are your other wives?" "Oh," replied the convert, "I have eaten them!"

As the brisk philanthropist thrust her fare into the cab driver's hands she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half hour of pouring rain. "Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked. "Yes, ma'am," said the cahnman, with humility. "I generally do." "Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her house key in the lock, opened the door, and vanished, to reappear a moment later. "Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills; you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."

It is told of the youth of a young German prince, many years ago, and presumably the present Emperor of Germany, that upon one occasion, his tutor having been changed, the newcomer in examining the young prince asked: "Can your highness tell me how much is nine times twelve?" "Seventy-two," replied the prince, with royal promptness. The tutor paled, but soon recovered his equanimity. "Permit me to state to your highness that your highness's former tutor, whom I have had the honor to succeed as an instructor to your royal highness, appears to have been a person of rather limited capabilities," he said.

One of the lectures in which the late Bishop Potter was most entertaining illustrated the eccentricities of the artistic temperament and contained this anecdote of Landor, the poet. Landor, he said, was at the same time the most violent and brutal and most delicate and sensitive of men. He adored flowers. The gardens of his beautiful villa at Florence were full of flowers, and the poet walked among them daily, never plucking them, only bending over them reverently to admire their loveliness and their perfume. His cook one day served him a wretched dinner, and in his rage the poet threw the man out of the window into a bed of splendid roses. As the cook writhed with a broken leg below, Landor from his window exclaimed in a horror-stricken voice: "Good gracious, I forgot the roses!"

An English farmer recently went into a restaurant in Liverpool and called for some bread and cheese. "What kind would you like, sir?" inquired the waiter, "Cheshire, Yorkshire or Gorgonzola?" "Fancy name, that last," said the farmer; "I'll try a bit of that." He thought it so tasty that he bought a pound, took it home for his wife late at night, and left it for her on the sideboard in the kitchen. Next morning he came in from his before-breakfast round and asked her if she had found the parcel. "Oh, yes,"

she replied; "I saw it there all right, and very good mottled soap it is, no doubt, when you know how to use it. But I couldn't make it lather very well when I washed the children, and after I'd done they smelled so strong that I've turned 'em out for a breath of fresh air, just to sweeten 'em a bit before they go to school."

One afternoon a young woman stepped up to the telegraph counter in a local department store, and in a trembling voice asked for a supply of blanks. She wrote a message on one blank, which she immediately tore in halves; then a second message was written out that was treated in the same way; finally a third was accomplished; and this she handed to the operator with a feverish request that it be "rushed." When the message had gone on the wire and the sender had departed, the operator read the other two for her own amusement. The first ran: "All at an end. Have no wish to see you again." "Do not write or try to see me any more," was the tenor of the second message. The third was to this effect: "Come at once. Take next train if possible. Answer."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Sad!

She looked an angel, Ethereal, fair; For earth too lovely, A being rare. She looked an angel, But she was not, For speaking, she said: "Geel! aint it bot?"

—Boston Traveler.

Discovered.

She was a student at Vassar, While he was a Princeton man; And during the Newport season They gathered a coat of tan Which caused unlimited wonder—Knockers cried "What a disgrace!" For each of the pair was sunburned On opposite sides of the face. —Life.

Stung.

There once was a bulldog named Cesar Saw a cat and he thought he would tassar, But the cat was too fly, And she scratched out an eye; Now Cesar just sasar and flasar. —Philadelphia Press.

I Wonder!

My papa he was born some place away up in New York; And mamma in Chicago, where they manufacture pork; And I was born in Pittsburg; and I'm awful glad, you bet; But aint it awful funny that we three ever met? —Lippincott's.

Opening of the Maryland Season.

Lingering at Long Dock—Hark, the auctioneer! Oysters by the wagonload, huge as the pier; Horny-handed oystermen, naked breast and back, Mouthfuls of delightful oaths seasoned with tobac: Oysters bulging from the hold, Oysters towering high; Proper treasure, legal measure, Who's a-goin' to buy!

Lingering at Long Dock—roustabout, aboy! The cargo 'neath the hatches is a-lubberin' for joy; Tongers up from Tangier, tongers up the tide Where Chester River ripples o'er the beds the gods provide: Oysters by the basketful, Oysters by the ton; Long Dock, where the pungies lie, Slumbering in the sun! —Baltimore Sun.

The Outcast.

You ask me why I weep and moan, like some lost spirit in despair, and why I wander off alone, and paw the ground and tear my hair? You ask me why I pack this gun, all loaded up, prepared to shoot? Alas! my troubles have begun—the women folk are canning fruit! There is no place for me to eat, unless I eat upon the floor; and peelings get beneath my feet, and make me fall a block or more; the odors from the boiling jam all day assail my weary snoot; you find me, then, the wreck I am—the women folk are canning fruit! O, they have peaches on the chairs, and moldy apples on the floor, and wormy plums upon the stairs, and piles of pears outside the door; and they are boiling pulp and juice, and you may hear them yell and hoot; a man's existence is the deuce—the women folk are canning fruit.—Emporia (Kansas) Gazette.

An Oxford student was showing two fair cousins through Christchurch College. "That," he explained, "is the picture gallery; that, the library; and that tower contains the famous hell, 'Great Tom of Oxford.'" Stooping quickly, he picked up a stone and sent it crashing through a second-story, ivy-framed window, where there immediately appeared a face, purple with rage. "And that," added the young man, helpfully, "is the dean." Thus it was that he came to leave one seat of learning for another.

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Clubbing List.

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St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....5.25

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Singularly without incident in the matter of entertaining have been the first days of September, but already rumors of teas, receptions, dinners, and dances for the déshutantes of the winter are heard, and October will probably begin a season of unusual gaiety. Del Monte has attracted many during the past fortnight, but train and motors are bringing home the last of the sojourners now, even those who lingered after a lengthy holiday jaunt.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Foster Buchanan, daughter of Mr. Edward Young Buchanan, to Dr. Daniel Crosby of Fruitvale. Their wedding will take place during the early winter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Vera Meyer, daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, to Mr. Hugh Huddleston Owens. No date is announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Phyllis Moulton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moulton of Fair Oaks, to Mr. Charles Merrill took place on Thursday evening at the First Unitarian Church, on Geary and Franklin Streets. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Miss Alyse Warner, the bride's cousin, was the maid of honor, and the two matrons of honor were Mrs. Leonard Hammond and Mrs. Louis Pierce. Little Miss Frances Merrill was the ring-bearer. Mr. Ralph Merrill was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Leonard Hammond, Mr. Carl Wolff, Mr. Arthur Hooper, and Mr. Roger Topp. After a month's honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Merrill will return to this city.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Whitaker, daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Whitaker, to Mr. Edward H. Gerher of Sacramento took place on Tuesday evening last at the Fairmont. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Bishop William Ford Nichols. Miss Emma Gerher was maid of honor and Mr. Roger Scott was the best man. After a wedding journey through the Eastern States, Mr. Gerher and his bride will make their home in Sacramento.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla was in town for several days this week from her home in Santa Barbara.

Admiral Richardson Clover, Mrs. Clover, Miss Dora Clover, and Miss Beatrice Clover were in town for several days last week from their country place at Napa and were guests at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett went up this week to Napa Valley, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt (formerly Miss Emily Wilson) will sail from England on September 19 for America.

Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sara Coffin will close their Ross Valley home for a part of the winter and will come to town.

Miss Florence Breckinridge has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Martha Calhoun and Miss Margaret Calhoun have returned from a visit to Miss Louise Boyd in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret, Miss Marion, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall arrived last week from Santa Barbara, where they have spent a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick McNear will come up shortly from their home in Menlo and will occupy a house on Clay and Webster Streets for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Draper (formerly Miss Anna Foster) have returned from their wedding journey and are at their new home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle, and Miss Hess Pringle are expected home next week from Mendocino County, where they have spent the summer.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and Mr. Porter Robinson have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit.

Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. James F. Houghton, at San Jose, has returned to her home in Hartford, Connecticut.

Miss Katharine Martin has returned to Santa Cruz, after a visit in town of a few days.

Mrs. George Boyd left on Tuesday of last week for an Eastern trip.

Bishop William Moreland of Sacramento and Mrs. Moreland were in town for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard will close their San Rafael home in a few weeks and will spend the winter at the Hotel Granada on Sutter Street.

Mrs. William H. Howard has gone to Seattle to visit her son William.

Miss Emma Grimwood has been in town

recently as the guest of Mrs. C. O. Alexander.

Mrs. George H. Howard and her sons, George and Henry, left last week for New York.

Mr. Wilberforce Williams has returned from an Eastern trip of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned to their apartment at the Lafayette, after a stay at Del Monte.

Miss Christine Pomeroy and Miss Augusta Gibbs Foute have returned from a visit to Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at her home in the Napa Valley.

Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick have gone to their country place at Pleasanton to spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas have taken a cottage in Mill Valley for the fall and winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle have returned to their home at Menlo Park, after a brief stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlynn Stow and their son, Mr. Ashfield Stow, left on Wednesday last for the East. Mr. Stow will return in about a month, but Mrs. Stow will remain for some weeks longer. Mr. Ashfield Stow will enter Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have returned to their Burlingame home, after a motor trip to Del Monte.

Miss Elena Robinson has been visiting Miss Kate Herrin in Shasta.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore has been in town recently as the guest of Miss Newell Drown.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Winn left last week for the East, where they will spend some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell McNutt have been spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who have spent the summer at Menlo Park, are returning to town this month.

Miss Teresa Thompson has been visiting in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Margaret Mee.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson have returned from a visit to Colorado.

Mr. Charles Norris left last week for New York to remain permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Holbrook have returned from Coronado and are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels on Pacific Avenue, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Frances Jolliffe will return next month to America from Paris, but will probably spend the winter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Tohey of Palo Alto returned from Lake Tahoe on Tuesday last.

Mr. Isaias W. Hellman, accompanied by two members of his family, left here for his summer home on Lake Tahoe on Sunday last.

The Frederick Kohls closed their summer home on Lake Tahoe on Wednesday last and returned to the city the following day.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado were Mrs. Annie Richmond, Mrs. A. Pond, Miss H. Pond, Mr. Jack B. Sehree, Mrs. S. W. Haynes, Miss Florence Haynes, Miss M. E. Jaquillard, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Howard, Mr. L. F. Yates, Mrs. W. D. Winch.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were Colonel A. Andrews, Mr. A. F. Andrews, Mrs. S. Baker, Miss Emma M. Baker, Mrs. William A. Case, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Speiker, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everson, Mr. H. A. Taussig, Mr. L. Taussig, Mr. E. Taussig, Mr. S. Walker, Mrs. E. Hammond, Mr. William M. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Napthaly.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Boyd, Mr. Charles Fletcher Scott, Mr. L. S. Moore, Miss I. Block, Miss Mary D. Haley, Mr. A. B. Sharkey, Mr. John F. Rhoads, Mrs. J. H. Dyer, Miss Dyer, Miss P. Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Miller, Dr. William C. Dawson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Lane, Miss Mary L. Hood, Mrs. Louis Goodchild, Mrs. William Greger.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte from San Francisco include Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Green, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Wright, Mrs. F. W. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gardner, Mrs. W. R. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Peter, Miss Mary Murphy, Mrs. J. B. Sheridan, Miss Isabel Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. George Francis, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Eva, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Mrs. Gus Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Howell, Mrs. I. L. Borden, Miss Hester Borden, Miss Adelaide Linne, Mr. S. M. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Eaton, Mrs. Joseph Hill, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Doolan, Miss Marion Doolan, Mrs. John W. Allyne, the Misses Allyne, Dr. and Mrs. M. Lovegrove, Mrs. J. J. Anderson, Miss Theresa Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Welsh, Mr. S. R. Marvin, Mr. Paul H. Sperry, Dr. and Mrs. John E. Davis, Dr. George B. Somers, Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook, Miss Elsie Cook, Miss B. Wade.

Creston Clarke has gone into vaudeville. He will appear in a present-day comedy of stage life entitled "The Old-Timer."

CURRENT VERSE.

When the Song Is Done.

When the song is done
And his heart is ashes,
Never praise the Singer
Whom you, silent, heard.
What to him the sound?
What your eyes' fond flashes?
When the singing's over
Say no word!
Ye who darling stood,
Think, your noon of praises,
Can it glimmer down
To his deepest bower?
Never round him shone
Once your garden-mazes:
Now his wandering's over
Bring no flower!
—Arthur Upson, in *The Bellman*.

The Outlaw.

I drank of the sunlight on the spring,
And the sunlight on the brook;
I stretched at night on the gray, hard rock,
And soft was the sleep I took.

I woke with the morning on my face,
And my heart was free from care;
And my hands were free and my feet—as free
As the red hawk wheeling there.

But I thought of the houses down in the vale,
And I thought of the little flowers
That look so fair and smell so sweet
In the wake of the summer showers.
—Humphreys Park, in *Appleton's Magazine*.

To the Apollo Belvedere.

O poet's vision, petrified by art
In those high days when Song was deified,
Before the pure, free joy of nature died,
Or man was hunched with a contrite heart!
From the dull rubble of our modern mart
I turn to thee—thou being justified
In everlasting beauty, passion, pride!
In our cold age thou hast no counterpart.

Glorious Apollo! Little now remains
To prove our plodding race was ever young,
That once man's blood flowed freely in his veins,
That out of sheer delight he loved and sung,
When now a lyric measure thrills his tongue,
'Tis mainly to recount his hidden pains.
—Elsa Barker, in *The Forum*.

The Moor Grave.

I lie out here under a heather sod,
A moor-stone at my head; the moor-winds play
above.
I lie out here—in graveyards of their God
They would not hurry desperate me who died for
love.
I lie out here under the sun and moon;
Across me bearded ponies stride, the curlews
cry.
I have no little tombstone screed, no "Soon
To glory shall he rise!"—but deathless peace
have I.
—John Galsworthy, in *London Nation*.

The Brides of May and September.

I saw my sisters meeting along the shady way
That led between the houses and the sea;
The bride of late September, the bride of early
May,
They met before the church of Cloverdale.

The springtime bride was hanging on her young
stalwart's arm,
Pink as the rosy bonnet that she wore:—
The autumn bride trudged slowly the long mile
from the farm,
Her nine stepchildren walking on before.

And oh, the little lame one had all her hair in
curls,
And spruce were all the newly mothered hand:
A father in each boy's hat, a flower in each
girl's,
And each child had a comfit in its hand!
—Sarah N. Cleghorn, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Ninon Grown Old.

Dead roses, in the silence of a book . . .
An idle chance, my fingers found the page,
Then chilled to mark the panoply of age
On youth's lost dream; the petals Love forsook
And left to fade, forgotten of his look.
Between their crumbling fragments sings the
Sage:
"Tomorrow's woe is yesterday's just woe—
Who dances, pays the toll his folly took."
So be it! And the toll were thrice as great,
The dance was mine! It should be mine again,
If mine it were to say. Alone I wait,
Within a dusk of memory and pain;
But, when these withered roses flushed elate,
All night at Love's slim feet my soul has lain.
—Fannie Heaslip Lea, in *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"The Social Guide" is the name of the new play which Clyde Fitch has written for Maxine Elliott. The latter also has another piece called "The Chaperone," by Marion Fairfax.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., commanding the Department of California; Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., chief quartermaster, manoeuvre camp, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., chief of staff, manoeuvre camp, have returned from a trip to Atascadero on duty in connection with the manoeuvres, but will go down next week to remain during the manoeuvres.

Major William C. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Monroe, Virginia, for temporary duty, and upon the completion thereof will proceed to and take station at Boston, Massachusetts, until the completion of special work in connection with searchlights heretofore assigned to him, when he will proceed to and take station at Fort Revere, Massachusetts.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived on the last transport from his station in Honolulu and will assume his duties as adjutant-general of the manoeuvre camp, Atascadero.

Major Frank R. Keefer, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, arrived in San Francisco last week, reporting upon arrival to the adjutant-general, Department of California, for assignment to duty as acting chief surgeon of the department during the absence of Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Corps, U. S. A., chief surgeon.

Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed as quartermaster and commissary of the transport *Crook*, and sailed on September 15 on that transport for Manila. He will return immediately to San Francisco from Manila as quartermaster and commissary of the transport *Warren*, and will then join his proper station.

Captain Morris E. Locke, U. S. A., promoted on August 25 from first lieutenant, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Third Field Artillery, U. S. A.

Captain Thomas B. Lamoreux, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Captain Andrew Hero, Jr., Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Wesley W. K. Hamilton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., have been ordered to report on October 15 to Colonel Frederick Marsb, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board at the Presidio of San Francisco, for examination to determine their fitness for promotion.

Captain Frederick G. Stritzinger, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey, has been ordered to proceed to Benicia Arsenal, on duty in connection with the work of perfecting an experimental falling target recently submitted by the School of Musketry to the board of officers now in session for the purpose of revising the small arms firing regulations.

Captain Junius Gregory, Medical Corps, U. S. A., arrived here last week from his station at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, with a detachment of recruits.

Captain William R. Davis, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Fort Mason, has been ordered to join Company B, Hospital Corps, U. S. A., and be attached thereto during the march to the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, reporting upon arrival to the camp commander for assignment to duty.

Commander A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in command of the *Severn* and ordered to the command of the *Hartford*.

Lieutenant George C. Mullen, U. S. A., retired, upon his own application is detailed as professor of military science and tactics at St. Matthew's Military School, Burlingame.

Lieutenant Charles L. Hall, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., was ordered to proceed upon the return to duty of Lieutenant Ralph T. Ward, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., to the manoeuvre camp, Atascadero, and to report for duty to the commanding officer, Company A, First Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Augustus B. Van Wormer, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Cloverdale, California, will stand relieved from duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States and will proceed to the manoeuvre camp, Atascadero, in time to reach that place upon the arrival of his regiment.

Lieutenant William J. McCaughy, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month on account of sickness.

Lieutenant Harold W. Jones, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take effect about January 15, 1909, upon the arrival of the transport *Buford* at Manila. He is authorized to return to the United States via Asia and Europe.

Lieutenant Leonard S. Hughes, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, will, in addition to his other duties, report to the commanding officer, Depot of Recruits and Casuals, Angel Island, for temporary duty during the absence of Captain Robert L. Carswell, Medical Corps, U. S. A., at the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero.

Lieutenant John P. Kelly, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., Fort Miley, has been ordered

to proceed without delay to the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for temporary duty.

Lieutenant Henry F. Lincoln, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., was ordered to accompany Troop G, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., on its return march from duty in the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks to its proper station, the Presidio of San Francisco.

The U. S. S. *Wyoming* is to be placed in commission on October 1 at Mare Island Navy Yard, and it is probable that she will make a cruise to test her oil burners and furnish a basis for the further development of that form of motive power.

The Late Mrs. William F. Herrin.

Mrs. Anna Van Clief Herrin, wife of Mr. William F. Herrin, died at her home in this city at one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th instant.

Mrs. Herrin's death was wholly unexpected, as she was supposed to be slowly recovering from her severe illness of some months ago, an illness induced by a long-standing affection of the heart. Until about ten days ago Mrs. Herrin was recuperating at her country home in Sbastia County, but a relapse supervening, her physicians recommended her return to San Francisco. For a time her condition seemed to be critical, but she gradually gained strength, and her sudden collapse on Tuesday morning came therefore as a peculiarly painful shock.

Mrs. Herrin was the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Peter Van Clief. She was born in Sierra County in 1859. Her father was chief justice of the Supreme Court of California and her aged mother, who survives her, was in the house at the time of her death. Mrs. Herrin leaves three children, Kathryn, Alice, and William.

Mrs. Herrin was an influential and devoted, although never a prominent, figure in the benevolent life of the city. Delighting in a personal and unobtrusive charity, the natural charm of her unselfish disposition seemed to be accentuated in proportion to her own sufferings. Countless acts of kindly helpfulness have endeared her to many sections of the community and the sympathy that is extended to her family in their bereavement is unstinted and sincere.

The funeral took place from the residence on Broadway and Scott Street at 9:30 on Wednesday morning.

At the Hotels.

Among the recent registrations at the St. Francis are Mr. John T. Byrne, general passenger agent of the Santa Fé; Mr. William Pedrick, Jr., passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Colonel E. A. Wall, of Salt Lake; Brigadier-General Philip Reade, and Mr. F. J. V. Schiff, United States Commissioner to the World's Fair at Tokio.

Among recent registrations at the Fairmont Hotel are Mr. Arthur Letts, Mr. Adolph Fleishman, Mr. Robert Wankowski, Mr. R. L. Follme, Mr. W. G. Schreiber, Mr. Thomas Foulkes, Mr. J. A. Maxfield, and Mr. Niles Pease, of Los Angeles; Admiral W. H. Whiting, Mrs. Whiting, Miss Marie Whiting, and Miss Magoon; Mr. Carter Harrison and Mr. Carter Harrison, Jr., of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bliss and Miss C. F. Barnes, Mrs. Gladys L. Lamberton, and Mrs. J. Park White, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rogers and Miss Kathe Rogers, of Philadelphia; Judge Sepulveda, Mrs. and Miss Sepulveda, of Mexico City; Mrs. J. H. Hecht and Miss Frankenstein, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. Boardman Reed, of Springfield, Mass.; Dr. Karl Reihl, of Munich; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stewart and Mrs. A. J. Lewtwaite, of Portland.

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*8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.	1:40 P.
1:45 P.	*9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR. DAY	9:45 A.	2:45 P.	SATUR. DAY	1:40 P.	3:10 P.
Tamalpais only	12:45 A.	5:45 P.	SATUR. DAY	4:40 P.	6:40 P.
	3:45 P.	* Tamalpais only		9:50 P.	8:15 P.
	14:45 P.	* Muir Woods only			

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Ever experience a stage-robber?" "Once I asked a chorus girl to lunch."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"How was the table at your summer resort?" "Splendid! Never had such canned goods in my life!"—*Life.*

First Visitor—What a singular chin the old boy has? *Second Visitor*—Singular! I should call it plural.—*The Toller.*

"We lost a wheel." "How did you get home?" "One of the girls let us take her Merry Widow hat."—*Boston Traveler.*

Dyer—I don't think I will take a vacation this year. *Ryer*—Why not? *Dyer*—I still owe the doctor for fixing me up after last year's.—*Puck.*

"You know the poet says a man must be either the hammer or the anvil." "Lots of fellows I know are more like the bellows."—*Boston Transcript.*

Gushing Young Woman (to coronet of garden party)—Oh, Sir James, I hear you have an acetylene plant, and I simply adore tropical flowers!—*Punch.*

Jack—The fortune teller said I would marry a blonde. *Belle*—Did she say how soon? *Jack*—In six months. *Belle* (cayly)—I can easily be a blonde by that time, Jack.—*Sketch.*

Politician—Congratulate me, my dear, I've won the nomination. *His Wife* (in surprise)—Honestly? *Politician*—Now what in thunder did you want to bring up that point for?—*The Globe.*

D'Aubist—Do you think my battle picture expresses, as I have meant it to, all the poignant horrors of war? *Krittick*—Oh, yes; it's the awfulest thing I ever saw.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Benevolent Old Gentleman—I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye. *Promising Youth*—You go home and feel sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"She's got a future." "Can she act?" "No, but she can work her eyes better than any lady in the business, and as for wearing swell clothes—gee! she couldn't do better if she was twins."—*Life.*

Hiron Greene—What did your sister say when you told her I was going to make a speech in the town hall tonight? *Willie*—She didn't say nothin'; she just laughed till she had hysterics!—*Stray Stories.*

Trotter (who has been abroad)—So Maud and Charlie finally married? *Miss Homer*—Yes. *Trotter*—I suppose they are happy? *Miss Homer*—Undoubtedly; they each married some one else.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"There goes a man who once offered to make me independently rich." "But he didn't appear to know you. At least he gave you no sign of recognition." "You see, I refused to buy the stock."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Gatemon (at the musical comedy)—Don't you want to come back? *Castleton*—No. *Gatemon*—Well, take this pass check, anyway. You can hand it to some chap on the outside. *Castleton*—My dear fellow, I haven't an enemy in the world.—*Life.*

Sossenach Humorist (amusing himself at expense of *Highland Caddie*)—Hoots, ye ken. ma wee bit laddie, yon was nae so muckle had a shot the noo. What think ye? *The Bit Loddie*—Eh! Ah'm thinken ye'll learn Scotch quicker'n ye'll ever learn gouf.—*Punch.*

Phatboy—Why did you have such an ugly-looking cur as that stuffed? *Binks* (with emotion)—That dog saved my life. *Phatboy*—Well, well! How? *Binks*—When we got back from our wedding tour my wife baked a cake for me, and the dog ate it.—*Half-Holiday.*

Mrs. Casey on Philosophy.

Philosopher Dooley of Chicago, discovered and photographed by Peter Finley Dunne, has a soul-mate in New York, found and credibly reported by one of the bright young men on the staff of the New York Sun's city editor. Mrs. Casey may become Mrs. Dooley later, but at present she sells fruit near the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge and discourses on this, that, and the other to the friendly newspaperman. Witness this evidence of affinity with the sage of Archey Road:

If you wud be happy know what ye want to do that won't get ye into jail and do it. No philosopher ever went to jail. He stopped being a philosopher before he got there.

Ye may have to fight for it. All right. The man—or leddy—who wouldn't fight for what he wants doesn't deserve to get what he wants.

Ye'll hear people widout our learning blaming men for being stingy. Ye might as well blame thim for having blue eyes or a black beard. Wud ye say that blue eyes was a bad habit? Ye might if ye was foolish. Philosophy is a grreat thing. If I didn't

have it there's many a man I'd give a clout on the jaw for being this or being that whin I might as well give him the back of me hand for his onpleasant habit of having a nose that was longer than me own.

Politics is the same. Whin I was young and ignorant and Casey was what my Michael is now—young and handsome and full of polytics—I'd fight for his polytics as quick as I'd take a cup of tea wid a frind, and enjoy it as much. 'Twas worriting work at that, for Casey was an independent; he'd be all for the parthy what wud give him the most for to spind in his precinct. "And why not, darlint?" he'd say to me. "If there's anny difference betune the two except which will do the most for ye I've niver found it out." So wan eliction I'd be fighting the leddy on the flure above and taking tea wid the wan on the flure below, and the next eliction 'twud he the other way 'round. In that way I learnt the strent of the tea and the ar'rm of all me neighbors.

My Michael is not the same. He's a sthrong parthy man. 'Tis the principle of the thing that gets him. Whin he was eighteen our distrikt leader hacked him for to lick a Coenties Slip bully. Whin they tuk the bully to Gouverneur Hospital the leader give Michael the money he'd won on him, and be says, "What's ye're polytics, Casey?"

"What's yours?" say Michael. "I'm for Joodge Par-rker," says the leader. "So am I," says Michael; "who is he and what's he running for and on what ticket?" says Michael, and he's never changed his polytics since.

I love him for sticking to his principles, but I cud relish having him get some of the good things what come to the precinct captain on the other side. There's a la-ad my Michael cud put out wid one punch, but he gets invitations from his distrikt leader to grub at wan of thim swell snares on Broadway, where, as Michael says, ye sit down to a hundred dollars' worth of food and a thousand dollars' worth of booze, wid a band playing on one side of ye and a dozen dolls from the leading t'eatres on the other side, eating lobsters wid Long Acre cutups, while the rayporters ar'e going the rounds finding out who is among those prisint and who has got her divorce and who has been indicted for racetrack gambling and all the other things what's going on in society.

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

FRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Boy Detective.

A boy of nineteen, named Oliver, described as a special agent attached to the district attorney's office, has been adjudged as guilty of contempt of court for his offense being an attempt to interview two jurors temporarily passed in the Ruef case. It is stated that Oliver was acting under instructions from a man named Schindler, who gave him the names of the jurors and instructed him to "make some inquiries." He did not tell Oliver not to speak to the jurors themselves, as he "understood that." It seems that Oliver understood nothing of the sort, as he proceeded to call upon the men and to question them. It is thought that there was only one offense in the case of the prosecution, and that was to be found

in the fact that there will be no disposition to be unduly harsh upon Oliver himself, but the incident is useful as throwing upon the reckless and conscienceless procedure of the district attorney marked the course of the prosecution almost at its beginning. Detective Burns has dismissed Oliver from his service—he could hardly do so with the statement that he does not hold the

boy culpable except for his inexperience. But why was a boy employed upon such work as this without warning or presumptive knowledge of the law? Considering the salary that Mr. Burns receives from the taxpayers of San Francisco, presumably for doing this very work of tracking and vivisection prospective jurors, it seems strange that he can not supervise the young folks to whom his duties are delegated. There is an old legal maxim that seems appropriate to the case. It is, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. Perhaps the district attorney can translate this for Mr. Burns, although it may be doubted.

The prosecution is of course reaping where it has sown. It is filled with a desperate alarm lest it shall be unable to convict even Ruef, and if it can not convict Ruef, what hope can it have elsewhere? It knows that there is no honest man in San Francisco who is not saturated with distrust of its every move and its every word, and this accounts for the feverish suspicion that it directs against each name on the venire list. The prosecution is, in other words, in the precise position predicted for it by the *Argonaut*. It gave immunity to criminals of its own arbitrary choosing. It played fast and loose with the chief criminal of them all, and now it looks as though it could neither convict him nor any one else.

The display of venomous acerbity in the court on Tuesday shows the pass to which both prosecution and defense in the Ruef case have come. If we were not painfully accustomed to such indecent collisions between the legal bravos upon either side, we could hardly believe that a court of justice could be so degraded or that public time could be so discreditably squandered. First we have the complaint of a jurymen that his mind has been so affected by the intolerable shadowing of prosecution detectives that he can no longer approach his duties without prejudice, and then we have a furious quarrel between Messrs. Heney and Ach in which personal insults, taunts, and recriminations are exchanged with a power of glib abuse better fitted to the atmosphere of a bar-room than a court of justice. If the effect of these abominable scenes was confined to the people immediately responsible, it would be bad enough. But it is not so confined. It is a discredit to San Francisco and a slur upon the administration of justice.

California and a New Tariff.

Excellent advice is offered by Congressman Needham to the general committee on tariff revision for California. Mr. Needham speaks from intimate personal knowledge of his subject and also by authority as a member of the ways and means committee of Congress, before whom the petition on behalf of Californian products and industries must be presented. In his address to the committee the congressman advised that the committee's report should deal primarily with those industries in which California is preëminent or in which this State possesses a virtual monopoly. He explained that this course of action was most important unless it was the intention of the committee to extend its effort to include all the industries that will be subjected to scrutiny in the impending investigation looking to a revision of the tariff. The purpose of Californians should be directed upon the interests of Californian production, and the main effort should be concentrated on those products and manufactures that are exclusively Californian.

A tariff revision controversy is one of the most selfish that may be introduced in parliamentary debate. When a demand arises in any country for a revision of the tariff those who utter the demand are thinking of their own interests wholly. Every tariff revisionist is only eager to revise his neighbor's tariff—his own is always low enough or, possibly, altogether too low. This distinction is like that which Bishop Warburton, a famous English prelate of the eighteenth century, made in his definition of orthodoxy and heterodoxy—

"orthodoxy," said the bishop, "is my doxy; heterodoxy is the other man's doxy."

In consequence of this selfish attitude any effort to revise the existing tariff is immediately provocative of a universal conflict, offensive and defensive. It is generally conceded that the tariff ought to be revised, but nobody is willing to submit to an impartial apportionment of the protective duties based upon the axiomatic economical proposition that the protection shall confer the greatest good upon the greatest number. The manufacturer insists that his product shall be protected under the highest possible tariff, because a larger portion of the accruing profit is thereby distributed among the men employed by him in this particular production. As consumers, these men desire a low tariff on those things which they consume; but the manufacturer meets this argument with the counter claim that a high tariff on his product enables him to pay wages that will purchase whatever the laborer may desire, with less strain upon his financial resources than would ensue if the cost of the thing coveted and the amount of wages were both lowered by the tariff. This manufacturer, however, is quite willing, if a tariff revision is absolutely necessary, that it shall be applied to the business of any other manufacturer.

Sections are in the same attitude towards each other. The wool-growing States insist that their industry must be protected or the States will lapse into bankruptcy; the cotton-growing States urge the same plea; but if the best interests of the whole country demand a lower tariff the wool-growers will not object if it is based on the cotton-growers, and the cotton-growers will threaten another section of the country if it is clipped somewhat of their golden fleece. The consumer who is not peculiarly interested in either wool or cotton, cries a plague of both houses and demands that his tweeds made in New Jersey shall be as cheap as the shoddy he is now compelled to wear, and that his wife's cotton skirts shall not cost as much as real Irish linen.

It is clear, therefore, that the rule of national economic reform is everybody for himself and revision take the hindmost. California is peculiarly open to attack from any or all interests that may be threatened by tariff revision. California is a garden and an orchard rather than a factory. Here the fruits of the earth grow to perfection in a soil especially adapted for their cultivation, nurtured by a climate that insures a profitable return in spite of adverse expense, provided the competition of inferior foreign products is kept within reasonable bounds by a just protective tariff. But the very circumstances that have contributed to set California apart from the rest of the world in the production of fruit, wine, every variety of nuts, better olives and better olive oil than can be imported from Syria or the Mediterranean; the fact that our oranges are superior to those of France and Italy, our lemons of finer flavor than those of Spain, our citrus fruits of every variety more desired in the markets than those of any other country, our honey of better quality than that of Hymettus—all these singular advantages over other lands are so many distinct targets for envy and shining marks for the shafts of self-interest. If it shall be decided that one of two industries must be "sacrificed" to appease the demand for a lower tariff, we may be sure that the one least harmful to the interests of the greater number will be offered on the smoldering altar of the tariff-tinkering goddess, whoever she may be—a parsimonious, close-fisted, thrift-haunted jade, no doubt. California is in this category, and it behooves us to begin early in the work of defending our solitary position. We must go before the ways and means committee of Congress prepared to show not only that California is dependent upon her special industries, but also that unless these industries are fully protected an important branch of American commerce will suffer irreparable damage, and in that degree inflicting injury upon

the general commerce of the nation. Our representative before the committee on ways and means must be subtle, wise, and so well informed upon the minutest details of his subject that none of those representing adverse interests will be able to trip him or belittle the cause in which he appears. He must keep always in mind that the questions he will be called upon to answer are not inspired wholly by a desire to arrive at the truth, but may be framed merely to procure evidence that our interests are of inferior importance to others undergoing the same process of investigation. If this method of attack is successful, the result will serve the double purpose of injuring California's most valuable industries and at the same time assisting to save less important but wider spread interests.

There are tricks in every trade, but in none is trickery more prevalent than in politics, and in none is the game played with less scruple than in revising a tariff wherein so many personal advantages are to be gained or lost, not only by those financially concerned in the matter, but by those whose political ambitions are intimately involved. It is a very serious emergency that confronts us, and it will require our best statesmanship to preserve what we have gained at the cost of so much labor, expense, and persistent application upon the industrial and scientific problems of our productive resources.

A Political Phenomenon.

Speculation as to the reason why the current campaign is "apathetic" occupies much of the thought of publicists, politicians, statesmen, and citizens generally who are interested in public affairs. The "quietude" of preëlection conditions, the absence of "burning issues," the mildness of the campaign oratory, and the lack of editorial vehemence, all contribute to the expression of a phenomenon rare in American politics. So calm and placid is the general trend of the event that the noise of Mr. Hearst in vociferous denunciation of Mr. Bryan is quite perceptible. What is the matter with the shouting captains and the spellbinders and the howling dervishes of political campaigns? Why do the orators of the parties go about merely arguing, sometimes "conceding," treating their opponents with courtesy, and so frequently declaring their willingness to leave the final verdict to the discretion and best judgment of the people?

It has been suggested that one reason why the disturbers of the national peace are not so loud in their wail this year is because the "campaign contributions" have been cut to the actual necessities of the presidential canvass. The laws governing these contributions and compelling absolute publicity of every expense contracted by the campaign committees are not only very strict, but they have forced the candidates and their managers to scan closely the source of every dollar contributed to their campaign funds. It would be stretching the meaning of the phrase, perhaps, far beyond the intention of its application in this instance, to say that the candidates and their managers had "awakened to a moral consciousness of the turpitude of venal assistance from interested sources"; but there is not the slightest doubt that money in unlimited amounts poured into a political campaign has much to do with the clamor thereof. Orators are loud in their acclaim or vehement in their oratory in proportion to the salary they receive; newspapers may not be directly influenced by the same motive, but indirectly they are stirred to strenuous effort by the vociferation of the orators; thence it is easy to excite the passions of the populace. It is possible that this theory of the political "apathy" now prevalent in this campaign is a partial explanation of the phenomenon. It may be considered a surface indication at least.

Going a little deeper, is it not possible that the people themselves are largely responsible for the safety, the sanity, and the conservatism of the campaign up to this point? The republic has existed almost a century and a half. In that time the citizens should have gained a certain amount of wisdom from their experience in self-government. They should have learned in that time to think for themselves. Most of them are fairly intelligent, made so by education in the public schools, where the history of the nation is taught with more or less attention to detail and some regard for accuracy. Why is it not reasonable to suppose that these citizens are competent to digest the paramount issues of a political campaign and to resolve its complexities for themselves?—not as thoroughly, perhaps, nor as logically as they could be formulated and resolved by the orators and the editors, but sufficiently to lay the foundation of a firm conviction in the minds of every

voter? It is possible that this view of the matter may argue a larger discretion and a more intelligent apprehension in the masses of the commonwealth than some cynical observers of popular prejudice will be willing to admit; but it must be taken into consideration that even the densest mentality of a heterogeneous citizenship must have gained some knowledge of the fatuity of much of the discussion indulged in preceding campaigns; that even the most superficial minds must have comprehended much of the inutility, the factitious character, and the small purpose of a vast amount of the politics offered by the conventions and presented by the orators in previous contests. Surely it is not difficult to distinguish fustian from cloth of gold, and the difference between leather and prunella is obvious enough.

Furthermore, why not ascribe the apparent indifference of the masses of the people to the "issues" presented in the platforms and formulated by the orators and editors, to the circumstance that everybody at this time is attending strictly to his own affairs. The voters may be minding their own business and giving but a cursory attention to the business of the politicians. It is a season succeeding a somewhat disquieting period of financial stringency, and the majority of the citizens are repairing leaks and cracks in their bank accounts and safe-deposit boxes—mending their fences, as the statesmen would phrase it. Politics is a recreation with many persons; and these are probably attending to business rather than pleasure.

Finally, why not state it simply and succinctly, thus: Everybody has decided how he shall vote. Nobody is alarmed as to the outcome of the election. Only one of two men can be elected—Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan. Neither of these candidates can throw the ship of state on the reefs of administrative disaster. If Mr. Taft is elected he will be supported by the Republican majority in Congress, and the people are as well satisfied with the conduct and record of the Republican party as they have ever been with the record and administration of any party. If Mr. Taft is elected there is no present danger to be apprehended. If Mr. Bryan is elected he will be opposed by a Republican majority in Congress. If he is inclined to force whimsical, fantastic, and impractical innovations upon the government by way of economic and political experiment, he will be promptly checked. Therefore, through the mass of voters who will finally decide the question of the presidency, there is a certain disposition toward indifference—the country will be governed as heretofore; by the people and for the people, who will make it plainly manifest to those in temporary power whether the administration of affairs is consonant with the popular idea or not. Heated and rancorous discussion of political issues before an election is little better than so much sound and fury; it is in the calm and deliberative aftertime that the processes of national government are determined.

Politics in Canada.

Without in any way trenching upon the domain of party politics in Canada, it is permissible to wish Sir Wilfrid Laurier all possible success in the electoral campaign that he has just begun near Montreal. His opening speech was made a few days ago at the little town of Sorel, on the St. Lawrence, palpitating with political excitement and resplendent with the flags of old France, of England, and of the United States. The mingling of the flags was in its way typical of the power exercised by the prime minister of Canada, a power emanating quite as much from tact and courtesy as from intellectual ability. The thickly populated province of Quebec is intensely French in language, religion, and tradition. Allegiance to the English flag is an affair of the head, but the tri-color of France calls forth a passionate devotion that is as strong now as ever it was. But when we have once left Quebec behind us we find a sturdy Anglo-Saxon element that has been slowly filling the vast plains of Manitoba and the Northwest territories and finding its way to the Pacific Coast, a vigorous pioneer element that is the very antithesis of the old-world and conservative peoples of the French stock. No ordinary ability was needed to govern the east and the west, to allow the Frenchman to keep his traditions unviolated while giving free scope to the Anglo-Saxon dominance of the west. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has done this and he has done it with conspicuous success. The habitants of the east feel that they are governed by a good Frenchman and that their religion and their sentiments are safe at his hands, while the people of the west have never entertained even a fleeting suspicion that the

integrity of the dominion is endangered by its prime minister or that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has ever swerved in his duty to the country as a whole. That is no small feat and it speaks volumes for a political genius too common nowadays. Sir Wilfrid's perfect oratory in both languages has of course helped him much. What has helped him still more is his unflinching kindness and his freedom from every taint of bitterness. He is a born ruler because he has a genuine affection for all sorts and conditions of men.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been prime minister since 1897. That is to say, he has twice appealed to the electorate with success and his friends entertain no doubt that he will now do so for the third time. Although he has only now fired his first gun in the campaign, the opposition have been in the field for weeks. They have said all that they have to say over and over again and the people are just at that point of weariness when a new voice comes as a relief. Laurier will of course have things all his own way in Quebec, but the great fight will come in Ontario, where the English element is very strong. But he has a chance even in Ontario. The opposition to his scheme of a new transcontinental railway to run north of the Canadian Pacific line has been largely silenced by recent events. The Canadian Pacific has been in serious trouble. The line was first paralyzed by a great labor strike and then dislocated by washouts the north of Lake Superior. All through traffic has been made a wide detour southward by Sault Ste. Marie with consequent delay and congestion. The new line would have saved all this, and this is evident even to those who were most hotly opposed to a tapping of the country resources.

Except for the personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier the Canadian campaign will be a dull one. There is in fact, nothing much to talk about. Prosperity has been continuous throughout the country, a cool patriotism has animated the races and of scandals have been none. The prime minister says he is confident to win because there is no reason why he should be turned out. And he seems to be right.

A Better Use for Goat Island.

When Greater San Francisco is an accomplished fact and not a controversial theory; when compromise, concession, and a public spirit superior to provincial ideas of things and the village notion of a metropolis, have combined to create a city on this Far Western verge worthy of its name, then, perhaps, something will be done to clear the barren waste now known as Goat Island hummock in the bay lies nearly midway between San Francisco and the Alameda shore. It is a part of the national domain of the government. It is absolutely necessary to the government, and is used as a lighthouse station, a cable crossing, a wireless graph outpost, and a site for a naval school. It is not necessary to remove any of these governmental appliances if the island were ceded to the State and placed under the control of the State Harbor Commissioners to be utilized as a base for docks and wharves, a ferry landing, and a great union depot for the continental railroads that are centering at this point. If the national government should deem it advisable or impractical to enter upon joint occupancy of the island with the State, the government settlements on Angel Island, where there is great water and where the facilities for conducting the government business are quite as adequate and convenient as they are in their present location. If it is urged that emergencies may demand the erection of batteries or heavy guns on Goat Island, it may be demonstrated that the State occupancy need not interfere with the government purpose in this regard, with the supposition that the harbor is not only well fortified but that other more advantageous places, but that further fortification may be effected where guns will do more than if they were emplaced on Goat Island. It could be argued that the government has abandoned the fortifications of Alcatraz, a far less post of defense than is afforded by the island in question.

On the other hand, it is obvious that Goat Island is essential to the full realization of the Greater San Francisco scheme. Especially necessary in the contingency is this island as a landing place for the transit system between the central city of San Francisco and its boroughs of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and the back-lying country now contemplated as part of the great municipality. It will be the policy of the administration of the greater city to facilitate

utmost extent the interurban traffic of a vast metropolitan area. If Goat Island is included in the territorial area of the greater city the actual ferry time between the business centre on this side of the bay and the Alameda shore will be reduced to five minutes. The passenger traffic on the other side will be handled by swift trains and electric cars, and the forty minutes now required to convey passengers from this city to Broadway in Oakland or to the residence districts of Berkeley and Alameda would be cut in half; continuous travel by this route for forty minutes ought to enable a passenger whose business is in San Francisco to reach his home in what is now Alameda County at a point as far east as Melrose or Elmhurst.

Another great advantage to the proposed greater city would be the actual conjunction of ship and car at wharves built to accommodate the deep-sea traffic of the Pacific. No time would be lost in lightering or transshipment across the bay. The trains would run directly into the Goat Island union depot and passengers and freight would be distributed without delay east or west.

These are the chief advantages that would accrue to the State ownership of Goat Island; but there are many others of minor importance, all complementary to the main purpose of concentration of traffic and its rapid movement throughout the proposed greater city.

The proposition is not a new one. It has been often broached at discussions of San Francisco's future and in the public press. But heretofore obstacles apparently insuperable have been thrown in the way of its accomplishment. There has been no united and determined effort to overcome these objections or even to ascertain whether they were irremediable. It would seem, however, that before we can undertake seriously the consolidation of the bay cities into a compact, homogeneous municipality, we ought to consider this very important detail of our intention. Goat Island is at present a stumbling block; it may be made a stepping-stone.

Bigotry in England.

The display of religious bigotry in England in connection with the Eucharistic Congress is baffling and discouraging to those who contend that the world does move forward and not backward. Here we have a number of high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church who propose to do nothing more revolutionary than to walk through the streets in orderly procession and bearing the symbols of their faith. An iniquitous law is invoked in order to prevent them from carrying out their project, and the prime minister, fearing an actual riot, is compelled to ask that the Host be not displayed in public. And all this in a country that professes to enjoy religious liberty and where the corymbant performances of the Salvation Army are viewed with toleration and sympathy.

Now the view that the *Argonaut* takes of this whole wretched business is perhaps a little different from that usually expressed. Among the responsible parties the prime minister made the gravest mistake when he wrote a private letter of deprecation and remonstrance to the organizers of the procession, a letter that he now declines to make public. That was the temporizing act of a man not ordinarily weak, but apparently frightened into weakness by a fanatical Protestant mob. What he should have done was to make an open declaration to the effect that a discreditable law had been invoked by a narrow and deplorable prejudice, but that the law having been invoked must be obeyed at all costs. He should then have pledged himself to further the repeal of the law at the earliest possible moment. Had Mr. Asquith followed such a course as this he would have secured the applause of the Catholics and of all good citizens, while administering a stern rebuke to the intolerance of their enemies. He would have prevented all chance of a riot, he would have vindicated the majesty of the law, and he would have advanced the cause of religious toleration. To ask privately that the law be kept as a favor to himself and to prevent a troublesome disturbance—for this seems to be the purport of his letter—was a singularly inept performance for a clear-headed statesman.

The only question for Mr. Asquith to determine was whether the law forbidding the public carrying of the Host was or was not obsolete. He might have answered the question in any way he wished, but he should have answered it publicly. If he decided that the law was obsolete like many old legal survivals, then he should have said so and proceeded to protect the procession by all necessary force. But if the law was not obsolete, then again he should have said so and

courteously asked that it be observed until its repeal could be effected. To write a private letter was a sad piece of indiscretion.

The law, of course, is not obsolete. It dates no further back than 1829, when the Catholic Emancipation Act provides that no Catholic ecclesiastic shall exercise any of the rites of his religion except in churches or in private houses. Laws do not die of old age in seventy-nine years, and even so late as 1852 a proclamation was issued forbidding a Roman Catholic procession in the streets. A few days after this proclamation a procession of Catholic school children in Stockport did actually produce a riot in which several people were killed or injured, although neither vestments nor symbols were used. If it be held that these laws have become obsolete, what are we to say of the right of royal veto, for example, which has not been used for over two hundred years. No jurist would contend that the technical power has lapsed.

The law against Catholic processions would of course have been repealed long ago if attention had been called to it. It will certainly be repealed now, thanks to the threats of the narrow-brained fanatics who invoked it in order to humiliate the Catholics and who have succeeded only in humiliating themselves. But it is disconcerting to find that there are so many of them in existence, and we can only wonder what chance there is for such schemes as international arbitration while different brands of Christians in the same country persist in "hating each other for the love of God."

The Devil.

On the night of October 23 (note the day), 1538, Dr. Johann Faust was carried off by the devil. The account of his ending is scarcely less circumstantial than that of his life prior to the final digression. Biographers of the time say that he was born in Würtemberg, that he grew up to become a magician, astrologer, and soothsayer, and that his reputation for loose living was earned by assiduous practice. A hundred years earlier another Johann Faust, or Fust, also German, was reputed to have intimate acquaintance with the devil, though it was discovered later that his black magic was performed with the aid of a printer's cub and the first printing press. In after years it was believed that the Shylockian methods by which he gained possession of poor old Gutenberg's invention were more devilish than any other of his arts. Of this earlier Faust there are positive records as well as apocryphal stories of dark doings.

Legends of Dr. Faust made up a book sold at Frankfurt-on-the-Main fifty years after he had been separated from his habitat, and while the traditions were still plentiful. Copies of the work were carried to England and new versions began to appear immediately. It seems to be a fact, more or less peculiar, that thoughts of the devil are prolific breeders. Christopher Marlowe founded his second play, "The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus," on the German book and its brood of translations and plagiarisms, and the work on the stage achieved instant success and inspired a flutter of imitations. In one form or another, verse or prose, story or drama, the legendary history of the German wonder-worker appeared in France, Spain, Italy, Poland, and Holland. As the protagonists of this first world-play, Faust and the devil were raised to an eminence of regard upon which they reappear at intervals. Faust, the seeker of delights beyond knowledge and wisdom; the devil, a cunning and complaisant aid for a consideration not to be waived.

Marlowe's play and many of its successors were tragedies, but the impressiveness of the stage spectacles lessened with repetition. Faust and his compelling assistant became familiar, and the inevitable resulted. From tragedy they dropped to farce, and even to pantomime. There was really little of mystery about them, little to inspire the delightful thrills of terror, outside of the suggestive direction taken in the final disappearance. It was easy to laugh at the play and the actors when close acquaintance dispelled the illusions. It was quite as easy to make Faust a pantaloon and the devil a harlequin. In fact, it was impossible to keep them above the ridicule and laughter of the multitude. From mirth-provoking buffoons for the entertainment of adults they descended to the indignity of marionettes and were shuffled and thumped on the narrow board of a curtained booth at fairs to amuse children.

Another century brought a reappearance in a more dignified form. Joost van Vondel in 1654 wrote his "Lucifer," and this may have given direction to the

thoughts of Milton, who, six years blind, began "Paradise Lost" in 1658. The Lucifer of Milton, more than the Lucifer of Enoch and the Satan of Job, persisted and persists in theological writings. He is a more impressive figure, seemingly above demanding contracts signed in blood pledging the delivery of souls in payment for services performed. But the use of the character stirred recollection. Again the stage claimed him, and another, ever descending line of devils in disguise disported themselves along the way from comedy to musical burlesque.

Goethe's greatest poem, which harks back to the Faust of Würtemberg legend, was the work of many years. It was written and published in parts, the first appearing in 1790, the second in 1833. Gounod took an episode from the poem for the story of his opera, produced in Paris in 1859, and it is still one of the popular offerings of the grand opera stage. The Mephistopheles of the opera is much better known than the Mephistopheles of the poem, and he is gross and obvious or lean and subtle as operatic bassos differ in physical proportions. Lighter musical plays and serious prose dramas built upon the same legend and situations have been numerous.

Novelists have but seldom utilized the mediæval machinery and suggestions of the black-art master. Wilhelm Hauff, a German fictionist, published "The Memoirs of Satan" in 1825, in which was presented a mysterious and malevolent tempter in human form, whose satisfaction was apparent when he had coaxed a pair of lovers on to ruin. Ferenc Molnar, a Hungarian playwright, now has taken the same plot for a drama, and his work is not only sensationally successful in Europe, but, having been translated, adapted, and transplanted in America, is already being offered in playhouses throughout the country. Molnar's devil is malignant but well mannered, sly as Joey Bagstock and almost as humorous, with wit and satire. He will differentiate mainly, as does the older Mephistopheles, by reason of the varying capacity of his impersonators.

Again, however, is his playhouse descent rapid and inevitable. Tabloid preparations of Molnar's play are to be seen in the vaudeville houses and moving picture shows. Almost before he awakens the interest of amusement seekers in the orchestra circle of high-priced theatres he will become the object of derision in the cent-a-minute shows of the penny arcades. Poor old devil! His day as a wonder-worker, tangible and familiar, even with red fire and star trap exit, is over. He is a grand opera figure now or nothing. Yet the seven deadly sins persist.

Editorial Notes.

Those who suppose that France has fully recovered from the anti-Dreyfus mania would do well to mark, learn, and inwardly digest the verdict of "not guilty" pronounced by the Paris court that tried the man who shot Dreyfus on the occasion of Zola's funeral in the Pantheon. This man Gregori admits that he shot Dreyfus and glories in it. Every one present saw him do it and no one pretends to deny that he did it. Indeed, his only defense is that he shot at Dreyfusism and not at Dreyfus, which is the sort of plea we should expect to find in "Alice in Wonderland" or in a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. But yet this curious lunatic is "not guilty," although he says he is guilty. The heads of these jurymen ought to be phrenologically examined in the interests of science.

It may be doubted if the welcome given by Australia to the American fleet has any of the profound political significance that some people are anxious to attach to it. It was a spontaneous ebullition of feeling at the meeting of neighbors who speak the same language, and who suddenly realize that they ought to see and know a great deal more of each other. Perhaps the sight of the American fleet was a reminder to Australians that they themselves might "go and do likewise" and develop themselves into an independent power. Certainly England would have no objection, as there are practically no ties between Australia and the mother country except a willingness on the part of Australia to be protected by England—at England's sole expense.

Probably history can show us nothing comparable to the demonstration called forth by the eightieth birthday of Count Tolstoy—or quite so inexplicable. The press of the whole world has given itself up to biography, laudation, stricture, and rebuke. The aged author himself received many thousands of congratulatory telegrams from all parts of civilization, while the Aus-

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

sian government has been perplexed and almost stultified by the frenzied adulation of the people and by their determination to express their hero-worship in ways that might easily become dangerous. How can we account for it? Tolstoy is of course eminent as an author, but others have been more eminent and less appreciated. He is the advocate—perhaps the inventor—of a philosophy that would extinguish humanity within a generation. He teaches a system of personal conduct impossible to the best and the wisest among us and with that system his own life is avowedly in discord. He is inconsistent, illogical, unpractical, but he is followed and revered as though he were the harbinger of a new dispensation. Perhaps the environment rather than the man himself must contain the solution of the problem, and this without any failure to recognize a personal heroism and a splendid devotion that must also play their parts in the creation of this unprecedented display of a popular tribute.

Colonel Henry Watterson seems to be the only one inclined to throw doubt upon the authenticity of the now celebrated Cleveland letter, but isolation has no terrors for Colonel Watterson—quite the contrary. He invites us to suspend our judgment until we know more about a document that, he says, was hawked among the metropolitan newspapers at a very low price before it found a purchaser. The colonel thinks that there are internal evidences that it is spurious, but then it is precisely upon its internal evidences that most people think it to be genuine. He shakes his head portentously because there is no "authorized statement" from Mrs. Cleveland, but it is hard to see why Mrs. Cleveland should issue such a statement when Colonel Watterson himself is the only one who seems to need it. Mr. Cleveland, we are told, was not used to "slop over" as in the reference to Mr. Taft where he says "his high ideals of honesty and justice are valuable and commendatory." Even in the staid and deliberative atmosphere of Louisville this can hardly be called slopping over, but it is strange that the colonel did not call attention to the apparent misuse of the word "commendatory." Surely the word should have been "commendable"—a strange error on the part of a man whose literary accuracy was sometimes even labored and ponderous.

The grim means of execution, the guillotine, which stands rusting in France today for want of employment, has had an interesting and, needless to say, tragic history. The machine in its perfected form was the invention of Dr. Guillotin, who was born in 1728 and some fifty years later was elected a member of the constituent assembly. He was much interested in getting the government to adopt a new form of execution and about three years after he entered the assembly succeeded in gaining his point. Prior to this, decapitation was a form of execution by which only the people of rank were permitted to sever their connections with this mundane sphere, the common people being hanged by the neck until they were dead. Dr. Guillotin proposed that "in all cases of capital punishment it shall be of the same kind, and executed by means of a machine." Many stormy debates were indulged in in the assembly, and when the measure was passed nothing was said about the kind of instrument that should be used except the sword. It was not long, however, until the executioner, who was doing active work in those days, pointed out how inconvenient and expensive the sword method was, and then the assembly adopted a machine built along the lines suggested by Dr. Guillotin. In 1792 Paris saw the first execution by means of the guillotine, or Louisette, as it was then called. Later it took the name of its inventor. The criminal first executed by its means was a notorious highwayman by the name of Pelletier, and so successful was the decapitation that the government established similar machines in all the departments of France. It is popularly believed that Dr. Guillotin perished on the machine that he had persuaded the assembly to adopt, but as a matter of fact he died a natural death in 1814.

Cheese must have been a rather dear or scarce article of food in 1502, for it is recorded in the "blackbooks" of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn that at Easter term, 1502, it was "agreed by the governors and benchers this term that if any one of the society shall hereafter cut cheese immoderately at the time of dinner or supper, or shall give cheese to any servant or to any other, or shall carry it away from the table at any time, he shall pay four pence for each offense. The butlers of the society shall present such defaulters weekly, under pain of expulsion from office."

Some English surgeons have received permission from the Egyptian government to make investigations among the mummies and other things in the Cairo museums in order that something may be learned of the almost prehistoric surgery. It is known that the early Egyptians were adepts in performing certain operations which are even now considered difficult.

There is no reason to deplore Mr. Taft's determination to go on a campaign tour and to give the electors an opportunity to make his personal acquaintance. Circumstances alter cases and front-porch oratory that a month or so ago seemed to be all that would be needed has now become inadequate. We are all of us ruled by sentiment and emotion, while personal magnetism counts for more than policies.

About a month ago Chairman Hitchcock assured the public that "it could be stated in a formal and official manner that Mr. Taft would make no speeches outside the city of Cincinnati during the campaign." Perhaps he had Mr. Taft's authority for that pronouncement and perhaps he hadn't. That it went somewhat against the grain is shown by Mr. Taft's own statement less than a week later that nothing pleased him more than "making at least one speech a day," although he doubted the wisdom of "hurried speeches from the rear end of a train."

But the train oratory has come at last. Mr. Taft has made something like a triumphal progress through Ohio, and we may judge of the severe inroad upon earlier resolutions by the news item to the effect that "Mr. Vorys pulled the candidate by his coat tails, while the crowd clung to his right hand and the conductor shouted 'all aboard!'"

Mr. Bryan's programme has been similarly modified. We were told that he would make "a few prepared speeches" and would then seek a dignified retirement. The gift of silence is not among Mr. Bryan's accomplishments, and therefore we are not surprised to find that old methods have once more prevailed and that voters will find it by no means easy to keep outside the range of his voice. The more conservative elements among the Republicans are inclined to regret Mr. Taft's activity. We are reminded that presidential candidates who have toured the country have always been defeated, while Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley, who stayed at home and confined themselves to front-porch oratory, were successful. Even Blaine's defeat, we are told, was indirectly due to his peregrinations. Burchard's fatal alliteration would probably never have seen the light if Mr. Blaine had stayed beneath his own vine and figtree. But it is easy to ride the precedent nightmare to death. Mr. Taft will not lose his dignity by meeting the electors face to face, not even when it becomes a tug-of-war between his right hand and his coat tails.

It would be hard to find fault with Mr. Taft's campaign speeches so far as they have gone. He has the happy knack of saying something every time rather than dealing in the eloquent platitudes that mean nothing. On his way through Ohio he made distinct points in every speech. Upon one occasion, for instance, he made it clear that government regulation of interstate business should be of such a nature as to cause the least possible shock to conditions. It must be not only sound in legal principle, but the interpretation and the enforcement of law must be clear and speedy. Upon another occasion he pledged himself to further the policy of government supervision of the stocks and bonds of interstate railways, while at still another place he made it clear that the Republican party had made the best record during the last four years of any administration since the time of Washington.

But one of his most crushing points was made at Carey. Referring to Mr. Bryan's assault on the Philippine policy of the administration, he said: "I assert without hesitation, and I know what I am talking about, that the war was continued two years longer in the Philippines because of the attitude of Mr. Bryan and his party on that subject."

Terence V. Powderly has a few timely words to say on the vexed question of the injunction in labor disputes. Mr. Powderly is chief of the Division of Information and Distribution of Labor under Secretary Straus, and he is therefore in a peculiarly advantageous position to know the facts. He says:

The introduction of partisan politics into a labor organization leads to differences and ill feelings that do not end with the close of a political campaign. Workingmen are Democrats and Republicans, as they are Protestants, Jews, and Catholics, and it is a hazardous thing for any one to attempt to turn their votes to any particular party. Of course, there are many men out of employment as the result of the recent depression, but, to my knowledge, men are returning to their old occupations all over the country and at their old rates of pay.

If you show me a single union that has been dissolved, that has lost a member, that has even lost prestige or the respect of the community through the use of the injunction in labor disputes, then I'll admit that the injunction has done harm; but you can't point to one instance wherein labor has lost ground through it. To my mind, the injunction has drawn employer and employed closer together. Take our railway organizations. Today the officers have the entry to the offices of presidents and general managers of railroads, and now their differences are settled through conciliation, without even waiting for the arbitration stage.

The efforts that have been made to induce the President to take the stump on behalf of Mr. Taft do not reflect much credit on the political acumen of those who are responsible. Mr. Roosevelt's politics are of the practical variety, and no one knows better than he that such a shock to the dignity of the presidential office could do nothing but harm to his cause. From Oyster Bay comes an official assurance that "for the twentieth time the President wants to deny the statement that he is going to take an active part in the campaign this fall. Mr. Roosevelt is extremely busy attending to the duties of his office and he sees no occasion for taking the stump."

It seems to have been Mr. Hitchcock that first suggested the preposterous idea. At least he does not deny the explicit statements to that effect that have been made very fully in New York, and if he really has so little sense of the fitness of things as to suppose that a series of stump speeches by the President would be of value to Mr. Taft, we can hardly be surprised that there should be some dissatisfaction with his conduct of the campaign.

In support of the charge that Mr. Bryan had stigmatized American workmen as "public beggars" comes an affidavit from James Campbell. As was once said by a celebrated jurist, "the truth will sometimes come out even in an affidavit," and in this instance Mr. Campbell is so precise that we can hardly question his memory. He says:

I was formerly president of the International Association of Window Glass Workers, embracing the United States, Belgium, and France; also president for three years of the Window Glass Workers' Association of the United States, and was chief State factory inspector of the State of Pennsylvania for two terms of four years each.

I also declare that in 1893, while the Wilson bill was being considered by Congress, I was in Washington, D. C., with a committee of the Window Glass Workers' Association in the interests of the Window Glass Workers of the United States.

Our committee was present at a hearing accorded to the window glass manufacturers of the United States by the ways and means committee. During the discussion that followed, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who was a member of the ways and means committee, in talking to Mr. James A. Chambers of the manufacturers' committee, referred to the manufacturers as "robbers." I then said to Mr. Bryan:

"If you consider the manufacturers robbers, what do you think of the workers?"

To which Mr. Bryan replied:

"They are a lot of public beggars."

In reply I said:

"I do not consider it begging to try to maintain the American standard of wages."

Those who advocate the participation of women in political life will be encouraged to hear of the Women's Club of Memphis. These good ladies have decided to take a definite stand in the matter of the presidential election and to throw the weight of their influence upon the side of Mr. Bryan. Now they would have been better advised had they confined themselves to a statement of what they are pleased to call their convictions, but nothing so prosaic as this would satisfy them. They must give their reasons also and these reasons are embalmed in a set of resolutions passed at a recent meeting and given out to the world for its delectation.

The reasons for their political preferences are two in number. At the first glance we are surprised at the moderation of the Democratic dames of Memphis, and we acquired a momentary respect for an assembly of women who could confine their reasons for any action whatever within such narrow limits. But when we see the true nature and inwardness of the reasons advanced, we understand at once their all-inclusive nature and we recognize that such trifling considerations as the tariff issue, imperial policies, and the corporation problem would be entirely superfluous and superfluous. The first of the reasons why the Women's Club of Memphis has determined to throw the vast weight of its intelligence and prestige upon the side of Mr. Bryan is the fact that many frivolous newspapers have referred to President Roosevelt's daughter as the "Princess Alice," and that such a monarchical suggestion went unrebuked from the White House. It is strange that Mr. Bryan should have overlooked a point like this, but it would really seem that when we want true profundity of thought we have to go to the women. But the second count in the indictment is even more serious. Mr. Bryan is a grandfather, and this can be said neither of Mr. Roosevelt nor of Mr. Taft.

Far be it from us to appeal against a decision so obviously based upon conceptions of true statesmanship and of the national welfare. The Women's Club of Memphis has justified its existence, and has triumphantly proved the right and the capacity of women to govern the nation as well as the individual. And yet it might be urged diffidently and even shrinkingly that Mr. Bryan is as little deserving of praise for the presence of grandchildren in his illustrious family as Mr. Roosevelt is deserving of blame for a corresponding absence. Both praise and blame must be allotted elsewhere and surely the ladies of Memphis should be aware of this.

The opinions of the various vice-presidential candidates as to the nature and scope of the duties that they covet is no doubt very interesting—but superfluous. Even a lawyer could find no more than one meaning in the clauses of the Constitution of the United States that deal with this subject. The Constitution says:

The Vice-President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they be equally divided.

Later on we find a further reference in Article II, Section 1, Subdivision 5:

In case of the removal of the President from office, or his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President.

It is of course a free country, and Mr. Kern is at liberty to elaborate his "conceptions" to any extent he pleases, but he might have curtailed his labor by a preliminary examination of the Constitution.

Finances are not as they should be in the Democratic campaign. Mr. Bryan estimates that the Democratic national campaign will muster 8,000,000 votes. Now if these 8,000,000 people would but contribute 25 cents each—and what after all is 25 cents to a patriotic Democrat?—just see how ample would be the campaign fund. But Colonel Watterson is more modest still. Some impecunious, or parsimonious, Democrat sent him a nickel and the gallant colonel worked himself into a perspiring enthusiasm by visions of a similar contribution from every Democrat in the country. Colonel Watterson does not seem to have made any references to the widow's mite, and he thereby missed his opportunity. Perhaps he never heard the story, but there is a wonderful efficacy about such allusions and some command of them is worth acquiring—even in the South.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is required by ancient custom to prepare a plate of soup for the king, should his majesty at any time prefer a request for refreshment at the hands of the prelate.

MR. BARRIE SCORES AGAIN.

"What Every Woman Knows" Is Received in London with Delighted Enthusiasm.

It was an audience of overflowing good humor that greeted Mr. Barrie's new play at the Duke of York's Theatre. Every one knew that there would be fun galore in "What Every Woman Knows," and if there should be also a dose of kindly philosophy, in other words a moral, why the sugar coating would be so thick that even unpalatable virtue would slip down unobserved. Of course the theatre was full, and it would have been hardly possible to throw a stone in any direction without hitting a celebrity. Prince Francis of Teck was there and Sir Edward Russell, and when Mr. Winston Churchill was discovered with his fiancée the great crowd, like the ranks of Tuscany, could "scarce forbear to cheer." Indeed, it did cheer and the lady smiled and blushed very becomingly. The profession itself was in full force to see Mr. Barrie's triumph. There was Miss Marion Terry, Mr. E. H. Willard, Miss Maud Adams, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Lewisohn (Miss Edna May), Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Zangwill, while Mr. George Bernard Shaw shed the light of his cynical presence upon the scene. Indeed, Mr. Barrie had all the encouragement that any playwright could desire.

"What Every Woman Knows" is a Scotch play. The hero, John Shand (Mr. Gerald Du Maurier), is a Scotchman, dour, unsmiling, and even forbidding. Aleck Wylie (Mr. Henry Vibart), father of the family, is Scotch, and therefore his two sons, David and James (Mr. Sydney Valentine and Mr. Edmund Gwenn), are Scotch. The heroine is the daughter Maggie (Miss Hilda Trevelyan), and lest we should be overweighted by North of Tweed folk we have just a suggestion of delightful wickedness in the Comtesse de la Brière (Mrs. Tree) and Lady Sybil Lazenby (Miss Lillah McCarthy). Mr. Venables (Mr. Norman Forbes) and a maid (Miss Madge Murray) complete the cast.

The first act shows us how John Shand becomes betrothed to Maggie Wylie. Now, poor little Maggie deserves lovers, but she has had none. As she says herself, she "has no charm" and she quite lacks that indefinable "come hither" in her eye that, so we are told upon excellent authority, is more to a girl than good looks. When the Wylie family suspect that their house is being burglarized they sit up to surprise the intruder. And sure enough they catch him. But it is no ordinary burglar, but only John Shand, whose unappeasable thirst for learning is such as to tempt him to quaff illicit and midnight nectar from the amply filled and otherwise unused bookshelves of the Wylies.

Such an occurrence comes as a direct intervention of Providence to the canny Scotchman, who sees nothing but unloved spinsterhood and dependence for Maggie. Moreover, John Shand's determination to learn commends itself to his captor, and so a bargain is speedily struck. Will John Shand agree to marry Maggie in due season in return for his education? John Shand, unhesitating and unsmiling, will agree, and so the curtain rings down on a situation pregnant with possibilities.

And so they are married, and although John Shand is not at all in love with his wife, the audience is in love with her, and it is quite right that they should be, because there is safety in numbers. Shand is now a rising politician. His speeches have attracted attention in the House of Commons. There "Shandisms" appeal to the public, and a cabinet position is just ahead of him if he can rise to his full oratorical height in the approaching debate. But there is domestic discord in the Shand household. The faithless John has fallen hopelessly in love with Lady Sybil Lazenby, and if he is thwarted just at this crisis of his career, what will become of the speech upon which so much depends? Then Maggie rises to the heights. Nothing must interfere with the speech. If John believes that his inspiration can come only from the flighty Sybil, then to the flighty Sybil must he go, and so she arranges that her husband and the fair one shall be invited to the same country house, where he can write his speech under the only auspices that he believes can be favorable.

But the speech at its preliminary reading is a disappointment. It is flat, stale, and unprofitable. There's none of the old ring about it, none of the inimitable lashes that made the orator a power in the country. None of the "Shandisms" for which delighted audiences had so often waited. John's future as a statesman is rembling. He has been tried in the balances and it would seem that he has been found wanting. And, worst of all, two weeks with the Lady Sybil have wearied him with that frail beauty almost to the point of disgust.

Then the triumphant Maggie comes upon the scene. She, too, has written a speech, and now we understand where the inspiration came from. Now at last we know the author of the "Shandisms" and the true source of those touches of delicious humor upon which political party had been wont to rely. She had always typed her husband's speeches for him, and taking advantage of her opportunity she had inserted a word here and a sentence there, just those little magic touches which had lifted his orations from the dead level of the commonplace. When John Shand had written "Let us not be engulfed by the flowing tide," Maggie had inserted an exhortation to "dam the flowing tide," and so on all the way through. At last John had found his inspiration. He was merely stupid, the

mental failing of his sex. The wit, the effervescence, the captivating turns of speech, were all Maggie's.

This, of course, is "what every woman knows," a knowledge epitomized by Maggie when she says that woman was not created from the rib of Adam, but from his funny bone. Perhaps the existence of the funny bone was unknown in biblical days.

All the way through the acting was of a high order. Miss Hilda Trevelyan carries away the supreme laurels, but then her part of a little plain Scotchwoman saying little but suggesting unutterable things was peculiarly appropriate to her powers. But nothing could have been better than Du Maurier's acting. He made of Mr. Barrie's conception of Shand a living reality with his dry speech and his Scotch tongue as though to the manner born. And the delighted audience took particular care to tell Miss Trevelyan and Mr. Du Maurier exactly what it thought about them, and they are never likely to have a pleasanter recollection than the thunders of applause and the recalls that would not be silenced or satisfied.

LONDON, September 5, 1908. PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Wreck of the "Pocahontas."

I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower—
Ten golden and five red.
Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge—almost
They seemed to answer me!
O warning lights! hurn bright and clear,
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear—
Burn till the break of day!
Good-night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me hark with boding cry.
A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows hoiled below,
And dimly peered the stars;
The sails that flecked the ocean floor
From east to west leaned low and fled;
They knew not what came in the distant roar
That filled the air with dread.
Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain—
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.
It smote the waves for a moment still,
Level and deadly white for fear;
The hare rock shuddered—an awful thrill
Shook even my tower of cheer.
Like all the demons loosed at last,
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, while strong and fast
Rolled in the rising tide.
And soon in ponderous showers, the spray,
Struck from the granite, reared and sprang
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
Where overwhelmed they clung
Half drowning to the naked rock;
But still burned on the faithful light,
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
Through all the fearful night.
Was it in vain? That knew not we.
We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
One point whereon was cast
The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
Far on into the day.
When morning dawned, aghast the din
Of gale and breaker hoomed a fun!
Another! We who sat within
Answered with cries each one,
Into each other's eyes with fear,
We looked through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
The signals pealed, until
One glimpse of hulk half heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.
Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though hued the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.
And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,
We told our tale, and the hoatmen cried:
"Twas the *Pocahontas*—all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tossed."
Then I looked the whole horizon round—
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
"Father in heaven," I said—
A child's grief struggling in my breast—
"Do purposeless thy children meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat?
O wherefore! Are we naught to Thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more than, after all?"
And I shut the heavy from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below;
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.
Then I heard the far-off rote resound
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtle sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.
And like a voice eternal spake
That wondrous rhythm, and "Peace, be still!"
It murmured "how thy head and tace
Life's rapture and life's ill,
And wait. At last all shall be clear."
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.
Sighing I climbed the light-house stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died, sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again. —Celia Thaxter.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Clemenceau, the French premier, is a martyr to indigestion and has been a regular visitor to Carlsbad for the past twenty years. It is easier to direct a government than a stomach.

Miss Ellen M. Bigelow of Athol, Massachusetts, has entered upon her fifty-sixth year as a teacher in the public schools. She is said to be the oldest school teacher in point of service in the State.

Captain R. F. Scott, commander of the *Discovery* Antarctic expedition, and Miss Kathleen Bruce were married recently, in the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court, near London. The bride is a sculptor, and was a pupil of Rodin.

Ogden Mills Reid, only son of Whitelaw Reid, publisher of the *New York Tribune*, has begun work as a reporter on his father's paper. Young Mr. Reid, who is twenty-five years old, is a Yale graduate of the class of 1904. Subsequently he took a course at the Yale Law School.

King Alfonso played in an exciting polo game at the Spring Hill grounds near Rugby during his recent visit to England. The king had several fine individual runs, one almost from goal to goal, and it was noticed that he limped whenever he dismounted. He used five ponies in all.

M. and Mme. Eugène Gouard, who started on their wedding day in 1896 to walk round the world, crossed from Dover to Calais a few days ago. During the past twelve years they have walked 60,000 miles through Europe, Siberia, Japan, North and South America, and North Africa.

Major-General Leonard Wood has been in attendance at the manoeuvres of the German army in Alsace-Lorraine, which came to an end September 10. He speaks highly of the courtesy of the German military authorities. From Saarbrücken, General Wood went to France, where he will be present at the French manoeuvres.

Miss Ruby Abrams, who was recently graduated at the head of the art class in Cooper Institute, is deaf and until a few years ago was also dumb. She has been an art student ever since she was graduated at the head of her class six years ago at the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, and has the record of having won four prizes during her art courses.

Mme. Marisha-Aldrich, Hammerstein's newest grand opera star, is an American. Except for a few concerts, she has never been heard in public, and has the unusual distinction of possessing a contract as prima donna without ever singing with an orchestral accompaniment. Mme. Marisha-Aldrich is a native of Boston, and is not yet thirty years of age. Her parents are wealthy Hungarians.

William M. Chase has had the extraordinary compliment of a request from the Italian government to give his portrait, painted by himself, to hang on the walls of the Uffizi Palace in Florence, along with other portraits of artists painted in likewise. The only other American besides Sargent and Chase so honored is George Peter Alexander Healy, who died in 1894, after a long career of success as portrait painter.

Johann Martin Schleyer invented Volapük in a flash of inspiration one sleepless night. Devotion to the original Volapük is still paid by a publication printed in Gratz, the capital of Styria, Austria, entitled *Volapükabled Lexendonik*, and at present edited by the aged Bishop Schleyer himself, who took up the work on the retirement of the previous editor eighteen months ago. Bishop Schleyer is now seventy-six years old.

Waldorf Astor, Jr., has seriously entered upon a turf career by securing admission for his race horses into the Kingsclere stable, which is the most fashionable racing establishment in England. It is owned jointly by the Dukes of Portland and Westminster, who purchased it a few years ago and transferred it from a public stable into a private one, excluding all other owners. Astor has hitherto confined his racing ventures to a few steeplechases in hunt races.

The celebrations on September 11 throughout Russia in honor of the eightieth birthday of Count Tolstoy passed off quietly and no arrests were made. The authorities at the last moment relaxed the severity of their orders prohibiting celebrations and permitted the people to give special theatrical performances of Tolstoy's plays, on the promise that political demonstrations would not be attempted. The only repressive measure of importance in St. Petersburg was the suspension of the reactionary newspaper, *Znamya*, for an outrageous attack on Tolstoy.

The Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham is in America for the third time since he left the country in 1853 with his wife as a missionary to the Gilbert Islands, and each of his visits has been a short one. For more than fifty years he has labored among the people of the islands, and to his efforts, and to those of his wife, now dead, the civilization of the savages is due. The monument which Dr. Bingham has raised to himself is a translation of the Scriptures from Hebrew to Gilbertese and a complete dictionary of the island language. He was fifty-two years old when he began his task of translation. The manuscript of his dictionary was accidentally lost when complete and the work had to be done over again from the first page.

LADY VISITORS AT FORT VIGILANT.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXII.

When Tower's friends learned that he was a prisoner in Fort Vigilant, locked in a cell like the murderers Clancy and Costa, their indignation knew no bounds. Every means was set in motion to procure his release. Appeals were made to the Federal officials in the custom-house, the navy office, the postoffice, and other important government bureaus. The prisoner's influential friends also sought the protection of General Murray, commanding the military post at the Presidio; General Ruhl, in command of the Federal arsenal on Yedras Island; Admiral Farquhar, the commander of the naval station at Benito; and Captain Shotwell, who commanded the warship *Monroe*. But the Federal officials seemed half-hearted; the civilians protested their powerlessness to overstep their official functions; the officers of the army and navy declared that Federal interference in State affairs was an extremely delicate matter; and that they would have no right to interfere until the State had asked help from the Federal government, which then might or might not issue orders to them to act.

The civilians holding Federal posts were more sympathetic. Like the prisoner, they were Southerners, and belonged to the same faction of the Democratic party as Tower. Still, however great their sympathy, however strong their desire to aid him, they were powerless; their hands were tied. In the face of a force of six thousand armed men, which the Vigilantes' ranks now numbered, the protests of civilian officials meant nothing. All they could do was to address the heads of their departments at Washington; this they did, and their letters were duly received—and filed.

The executive committee of the Vigilantes showed no desire to impose unnecessary hardships on their important prisoner. He was permitted to receive friends freely, although a guard stood at the door during all of their interviews. Hamlin, the port collector, Dr. Porter, Colquhoun, Bandy, and Quirk came to see him almost daily. They kept him informed of the condition of Lupkins, the Vigilante sergeant whom he had stabbed, and on whose fate his own was believed to depend. For, although the Vigilante leaders were extremely reluctant to hang such a formidable prisoner as the chief justice of the State, they had behind them thousands of hot-headed and ignorant men; the privates might force the generals to sentence Tower to death, however much the leaders might be indisposed to go to such an extreme.

It was some days after his arrest before Tower saw Mrs. Lyndon and Diana. They had been unable to secure admittance to Fort Vigilant, until Eugene Yarrow's influence cut the Vigilante red tape sufficiently to secure them a pass. He also accompanied the two distressed ladies to the Vigilante headquarters. As they drove through the heart of the city, with the streets crowded with people and vehicles, Yarrow exclaimed:

"It is difficult to believe that a few squares away in this busy city an extra-legal body holds in strict confinement a justice of the Supreme Court."

"Difficult?" cried Mrs. Lyndon. "Why it is absolutely incredible. It was not so bad, perhaps, when the Vigilantes were trying common murderers whom everybody knew to be guilty. But the idea of their arresting such a man as Judge Tower! And for acting merely in self-defense too!"

Diana's face showed that she was much more disturbed over the arrest than Mrs. Lyndon, who evidently believed firmly that some relief would come.

"Do you think, Mr. Yarrow, that the judge is really in any danger?" asked Diana.

Eugene hesitated before replying. "I would like to assure you that there is no danger, Miss Diana," he replied, at last, "but it would not be the truth."

Mrs. Lyndon looked at him with startled eyes. "Why what can you mean?" she cried. "You do not believe it possible that the Vigilantes would—"

"I mean," he said gravely, "that the situation is no longer in the control of the Vigilante leaders. Lupkins, the man who attacked Judge Tower and whom the judge wounded, is lying at the point of death. If he dies, the hot-headed thousands in the ranks of the Vigilantes will force the leaders to—but here we are at the fort."

As they alighted from the carriage the ladies noticed with growing anxiety the sand-bag breastworks, the heavy guard, and the cannon on the roof. When they reached the iron door they were stopped by two sentries with muskets. Yarrow produced their pass, and they were at once admitted. But when he attempted to follow them, the sentries barred his way with their bayonets.

"The pass only reads for two ladies," said one. "You can't go in."

It was true. Yarrow had neglected to have himself included in the pass. And he was forced to content himself with a reassuring smile and a wave of the hand to the two ladies as their alarmed faces disappeared behind the closing door.

At the door of Tower's cell they encountered another sentry, who admitted them after a glance at their pass. They found the prisoner more composed than they had expected. His iron courage, his impassive demeanor, seemed unchanged.

Diana was almost in tears as a result of Yarrow's discouraging remarks. "Oh, uncle, dear uncle," she cried, throwing her arms around him, "why did you come here and get into this tangle? It was not your quarrel."

"These Vigilantes have been attacking the law, Diana," replied the judge gently. "I am an officer of the law, and any men who quarrel with the law quarrel with me."

"But some other judges are not interfering," protested Mrs. Lyndon. "There is Judge Fox, for example—he refuses to have anything to do with it."

"Fox may settle the matter with his own conscience, if he can," replied Tower, concisely. "Mine impels me to defend the law."

"Oh, I can never forgive myself," lamented Diana. "When I think, uncle, how I used to dispute with you about these Vigilantes, and say they were right, and that I hoped they would arrest and punish all the—"

"You are not the first, Diana," interrupted Tower, "nor will you be the last to applaud the rule of the mob until it turns on some one you love."

There was a depressing pause, during which Diana wept silently. Her girlish advocacy of the tempestuous tribunals, the passionate judgments of the Vigilantes, now shocked her when she saw the man who was her father's friend and who had been to her more than a father, locked in a Vigilante cell, in danger of his life.

"There, there, Diana, don't cry," said Mrs. Lyndon, soothingly. "You could not know what would happen, and it is not at all your fault that it did happen. You can best show you are sorry by helping your guardian out of his present situation."

Diana looked up inquiringly through her tears, and Tower also looked inquiringly at Mrs. Lyndon.

"This is what I mean," she went on, in answer to their unspoken queries. "Mr. Yarrow tells us that the leaders of the Vigilantes are not at all unfavorably disposed toward the judge, but that it is the hot-headed mob among them who hate him. Now, Diana, you have more influence with him than I have—why don't you urge him to write to the Vigilante leaders, asking consideration at their hands—promising to leave this city and return to—"

"Stop!" cried Tower, his brow darkening. "I know what kindly feelings actuate you, Mrs. Lyndon, but I can not consent to humble myself before the leaders of this mob."

Diana joined her entreaties to those of Mrs. Lyndon, but he remained obdurate. It was only after an hour of pleading that he relented slightly, and consented to make a draught of such a letter, "for them to look at tomorrow," as he said. But he would yield no further, and they at last left him without having obtained his promise to send it.

As the cell-door was locked behind them by the turnkey, Mrs. Lyndon asked that official if there would be any objection to their sending some fruit and other delicacies to the prisoner.

"No, ma'am, I guess not," he replied affably, "but the other lady said she was goin' to send some today."

The "other lady"—Mrs. Lyndon and Diana looked at one another searchingly.

"Has there been another lady here today?" inquired Diana in surprise.

"Oh, yes," replied the turnkey, "it's the same lady—the one that comes every day."

Again the two visitors exchanged glances.

"How does she look? I wonder if it is the judge's aunt, Mrs. Banks?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"Oh, no, she aint old enough to be his aunt—it's a young lady," answered the guard, "quite a good looker, with yellow hair. And her name aint Banks—it's Leigh."

The two murmured simultaneously "Sophia Lucretia!" And as they drove in silence up the street with Yarrow, who had dutifully waited for them long, it impressed him that the emotion which seemed most to sway them was not grief, but anger.

When Tower was alone, he reflected deeply on the entreaties he had just heard. At last seizing a pen, he wrote for some minutes. But on reading it over, he shook his head.

"I don't like to ask favors from these d—d pork-sellers," he muttered.

Just as he was about to destroy the draft, he was told that his two friends, Hamlin and Porter, were waiting to see him. They were admitted, and Tower's first question, very naturally, related to the condition of Lupkins.

"How is he getting along?" Tower inquired. "I may be suspected of ill-feeling toward him, but it is an error. I never was so deeply interested in the health of a man in my life."

Although Tower was a mirthless man, this remark was apparently intended to be playful. But it did not bring a smile to the serious faces of his friends.

"The community shares your feelings, judge," replied Hamlin. "I never knew an invalid so solicitously treated as Lupkins, nor one about whose health such anxiety is expressed. But the latest news is only that he is about the same."

"Have you heard of the manner in which he is being nursed and attended?" inquired Porter.

"No. Where is he?"

"Judge, for a fact, he is installed in a Law-and-Order stronghold! The firemen of Pennsylvania Engine No. 12 have turned over their entire establishment to the august invalid. The engines and hose-carts have been taken out, beds and carpets installed,

and every comfort and convenience prepared for the patient and his nurses and doctors. Out in the street they have spread sawdust on the roadway and sidewalk in order to muffle the sounds of traffic. Guards warn inquirers to lower their voices, and there is a solemn hush all day long around the engine-house.

"Is his condition at all encouraging?"

"This morning I saw Dr. Dole, the physician in charge," replied Hamlin. "He told me that the operation of taking up the artery had been successful, and they hoped the man would be out of danger by the twelfth day. He told me also that they were inundated with telegrams from all over the State—not only Law-and-Order men, but Vigilantes. Were not the situation so grave, he said, it would be ludicrous to see such keen interest in so pitiful a person."

"Is he so worthless a fellow?" asked Porter.

"I am told that he is a wretched loafer," replied Hamlin. "When Clancy and Costa were to be executed there was difficulty in securing a hangman. No Vigilante was willing to accept that unpleasant position. It looked as if they would have to kidnap some man on the street and force him to perform the office. But when Lupkins heard of the hitch, he at once volunteered to be hangman—for a handsome consideration."

"The man must be without shame," commented Tower.

"Dr. Dole told me another incident," went on Porter, "which seems to show that the fellow's womenkind are of the same stripe as he is. Both his mother and wife are in attendance at his bedside: one day, while Lupkins was apparently asleep, Dole heard the women, in animated undertones, discussing how much the Vigilantes would probably give to the mourning widow of Lupkins should he die. They became so wrought up that a dispute arose as to the amount the mother ought to get if the widow got twenty-five thousand dollars. In the midst of this the invalid opened his eyes and muttered: 'Let up, will you! I oint dead yet.'"

"Talking of money for Lupkins," said Hamlin, "a benefit is to be given him at the American Theatre this week."

"Does this mean sympathy from the community at large?" inquired Tower.

"No; the benefit is inspired by the Vigilantes. They are under heavy expense. It is costing them something like two thousand dollars a day to keep up their organization. Lupkins's illness, with his corps of doctors, surgeons, and nurses, has added so largely to their expenses that they want the public to help them."

"In short, they want to dance, but refuse to pay the piper. That is what might be expected from a lot of skinflint shopkeepers," said Tower, with a bitter sneer.

"We've got to take them as we find them, for they're on top," remarked Porter philosophically. "And this is a good time to tell you, judge, that Hamlin and I have come today to urge you to make some advances toward conciliating them. What would you say to addressing a letter to the executive committee—nothing humiliating—nothing in any way affecting your honor—but a straightforward, manly letter asking for greater lenience at their hands?"

"Ask mercy of the Vigilantes? No! no!" cried Tower. "I am unalterably opposed to placing myself in the attitude of a supplicant."

"But listen to us, judge," pleaded Porter. "Look the facts in the face. These Vigilante leaders are in a critical position. They are between the devil and the deep sea. The executive committee secretly favors letting you go, for you are a very awkward customer on their hands. But they have behind them this large body of hot-headed men, and unless they can allege some plausible motive for releasing you, they dare not do it. Now, why not present to them your case as a judicial officer of the State; ask in temperate language that you be freed in order to take up your judicial duties; make any reasonable promises they may require. If you will do this, your friends are convinced that the executive committee will be disposed to let you go."

For a time Tower remained silent, plunged in thought. At last he spoke: "I am extremely reluctant to make any overtures to this illegal body," he said. "My ward, Diana Wayne, and her companion, Mrs. Lyndon, have been urging me this very morning to follow the course you recommend. They were so urgent that after they had gone I roughly drafted a few lines. I was half tempted to destroy the draft, but I will read it to you and hear your opinion." An taking up a paper from the table Tower thus began:

"To the Executive Committee of the Vigilantes—Gentlemen: To give me an opportunity to vindicate my fair name, which is dearer far than life, I request the charges against me be submitted to a legal tribunal. I will interpose no delay, make no application for change of venue or bail, and will object to no juror because he is a member of your organization. I am willing to submit my cause to a jury composed of honest men. I shall be content if every man on the job be a member of the Vigilance Committee. I am informed that your body is composed of men of honor. If so, you desire only to do justice."

Both Tower's friends listened attentively to the reading. Hamlin shook his head. "I do not believe that the Vigilantes will consider this request favorably said he. "Their members believe that the courts this city are corrupt. The offer to submit your case to one of the criminal tribunals here would not entertained by them."

"Furthermore," added Porter, "they are bent

A MASSACHUSETTS STORY.

Henry Longan Stuart Writes a Dramatic Novel and Calls It "Weeping Cross."

our resigning your office as supreme justice. You say nothing of that in your letter. Do I understand that you are willing to resign?"

"No, I most assuredly will not resign," exclaimed Tower firmly. "I have done nothing which any honest man should not do. When I drew my knife on the vigilante officer it was in self-defense. A pistol had been fired at me by one of his party, and he was extending his hand to seize my weapon. I was entirely justified in my act. Were I to resign my office, it would be a practical admission of guilt. I shall refuse to resign."

"In that case you had better not forward this letter to the Vigilantes," said Hamlin. "It would only make them believe that you were becoming intimidated, and our request would be refused. Why not make an appeal to the Federal power?"

"By that I presume you do not mean the civilian officials of the Federal government?" asked Porter, with a twinkle in his eye.

"By no means," replied Hamlin hastily. "As collector of the port—that is, as an official—I could do absolutely nothing to aid Judge Tower."

"Could you not, as collector of the port, place at his disposal a revenue cutter?" inquired Porter.

"What good would that do him?" queried Hamlin somewhat warmly. "Judge Tower is on land, and unmolested within a Vigilante cell."

"If it were known that a revenue cutter was at his service, I believe there would be an attempt made by some bold and determined friends to rescue him from the Vigilantes," remarked Porter.

"If that were possible," said Hamlin, still with some warmth, "what is the reason that Captain Shotwell's ship does not afford the required refuge? Shotwell is very friendly to Judge Tower, and he has moored his ship at the foot of this very street that he may thus command Fort Vigilant with his guns."

"Here is an idea, gentlemen," interrupted Judge Tower, who regarded with some misgiving the dispute between his two friends, which was gradually growing warmer. "If I prefer petitions in any quarter, why not make my appeal where it may do me some immediate good? Captain Shotwell commands a United States ship-of-war; then why should I not send my petition to him as an American citizen legally restrained of liberty?"

"Admiral Farquhar has already been approached by the Vigilantes," replied Hamlin, "and they boast that Farquhar sympathizes with them."

"But Shotwell is a Southern man," said Porter. "He commands his own ship, is not in waters immediately under Farquhar's command and may entertain different ideas from those of the admiral."

"At least the experiment is worth trying," added Tower. "There is precedent for it. Not long ago an American warship was lying in a foreign harbor under Captain Ingraham's command. A Hungarian refugee who had only taken out his first papers for American citizenship applied to Ingraham for protection from Austrian kidnapers. The refugee, Koszta, was at once received on the deck of Ingraham's ship. That gallant sailor said that any man with even partial American citizenship should not be refused the protection of the stars and stripes. When an Austrian corvette demanded Koszta, Ingraham refused, and timed his shotted guns at the corvette. The United States rang with plaudits."

"Surely Shotwell will do as much for an American citizen kidnaped in one of our own ports as Ingraham did for a half-naturalized Hungarian in a foreign seaport," exclaimed Hamlin.

"He could not refuse!" cried Porter. "I am glad you both think so," said Tower. "I shall at once prepare a letter to Captain Shotwell, stating that I have been seized with force and violence by an armed body of outlaws; that I am illegally imprisoned in the heart of this city, and that I ask for his protection. This epistle should be delivered with speed and safety, so I will write it now, and urge you gentlemen to see that it reaches Shotwell."

"His friends assured him that the charge would be sacredly carried out, and Tower drew to him writing materials and indited in a firm hand the words: "To Captain Shotwell, commanding the United States ship-of-war Monroe."

While Tower was absorbed in his writing Hamlin said to Porter in an undertone:

"What could you possibly have meant just now, Porter? How could any group of friends, however bold, succeed in breaking into this fortress with its hundreds of armed guards? What chance would they have to rescue Tower? What show would they have if they put him aboard a revenue cutter or any other vessel?"

"Don't you see the blind alley these fellows are in?" whispered Porter with a meaning smile. "The Vigilante leaders are already so much embarrassed over their danger as Tower's jailors—their danger from their own mob—that they would themselves con-
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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Vienna Academy of Sciences has spent nearly \$9000 in working ten tons of uranium ore for radium.

The inimitable Montaigne tells us that "few have wedded their sweethearts, their paramours or mistresses, but have come home by *Weeping Cross* and ere long repented their bargain." Perhaps Richard Fitzsimon, Irish Royalist, embryo Jesuit, and one of Cromwell's bondmen in America, had but an imperfect recognition of this truth. Perhaps he was so blinded by overwhelming passion as to recognize nothing, and this in its way is fortunate for us, for his strange story supplies material for one of the great books of the day, a romance so stately that it should have few successful competitors for popular favor.

When Fitzsimon landed at Boston he found himself within the clutch of that arch-wolf Endicott, who set him to work as a scavenger until further disposition could be made of him. His disquisitions on the Puritan life of Boston are not more severe than might be expected from a Catholic and a slave:

Their Sabbath begins, like that of the Jews, who are their great prototypes, at sundown the day before. Then I was seized and flung into the bridewell, lest I should in some way profane the Sabbath, so that I told them plainly they had changed God's ordinance for me: "Six days shalt thou work, and the seventh spend in prison." In the morning my good suit of cloth was brought me, indeed the other was by now not to be borne in any close assembly, and I was taken to their meeting-house, in which I have since inquired and been told I sinned not, for we are not bidden resist everything unto death only those things that are essential, a moderation by which a Catholic can ever be known, but poor, deluded Quakers will suffer death for the putting on or off of a hat, and think they improve upon the martyrs. I say I was taken to church and put upon the end bench under the eye of the marshal, together with any malefactors that might be jailed at the time, and I have sat next to trembling wretches that were to die on the next day, a very horrible neighbourhood, and heard them abused and hell painted for them by the wolves in the pulpit, until I longed to shew them the mercy and clemency of God. There was one batch of pirates that behaved very disorderly, winking upon the women and bandying wags with one another, tho' they were to hang the next week, and when I would not join in with them railed upon me for a square-toes, and crowding against me on both hands forced me from my seat, with other pleasantries of the same sort, and I think this business of bringing criminals to church were best pretermitted. God shall surely speak best to these hardened hearts in the silence and gloom of their cells.

Fitzsimon is eventually handed over as an indentured servant to Captain Fleming of Long Meadow of Pecosack and his life becomes more tolerable. His master is humane and a gentleman who knows the life of the soldier, but in the person of his daughter we are at once introduced to romance in its most passionate and imaginative form.

Fitzsimon is not at once enamored of the fair Agnes, and it takes all of her voluptuous insistence to kindle within him an answering spark to her own fire. There is indeed nothing in fiction much finer than the description of the bold assault that she makes upon the heart of the prisoner and his own reluctance, slowly overcome, to another and a more tender captivity. She recommends him to let his love locks grow and he answers that they would be incongruous with a leather collar. "She did not answer, but took down a great coil of her own hair from under her cap . . . and put it against my head where the light fell upon it." Mistress Agnes at least was no Puritan. And upon another occasion:

"I fear me you are sickening for somewhat, Richard," says she, "come, let me feel your forehead"; but I mumbled some excuse, and slipping out the door, was on my way to find work in the orchard, when as I past the kitchen window, which was open, my mistress calls to me, more insistent this time, "Richard, come here to me, I say."

And when I went in, "Pull up my sleeves for me," says she, "they are nearly slipt down into the soap-suds."

"You will pardon me, madam," says I, "my hands are wet, too, with carrying of water."

"You lie," says she, looking at them, "you have packed none since dinner."

"Well," I said, "they are soiled from my labour."

"Are you crazed," said she, stamping her foot. "Wipe your hands if they be wet and do my bidding without further words."

"Now," says I to conscience, "you see, I am put in obedience" but as a reward for my stoutness, she gives me a most happy advice, which was, when a thing were thrust as 't were into my very face, from the poison to such an antidote, as now, when pulling up the sleeves, I could not help remarking the whiteness of Mrs. Agnes's arms, which was very wonderful, I recited to myself that beautiful little versicle from the psalm "Miserere," which is used in our service before Solemn Mass. *Lavabis me, et super nitivem dealbabor*—Thou shalt wash me and I be made whiter than snow.

"What are you muttering under your breath, Richard," says my mistress, seeing my lips move.

I blushed and looked very sheepish, but forget now what answer I made her. She turned right about from her work and looked me full in the face.

"I am sure you have been bewitched, Richard," says she, "no man in his senses ever acted as you are acting. Tell me plainly, good man, are you ill?"

"I think, indeed, madam," I faltered, "that I am best in the open."

"Then for God's sake abide there," she said, flushing angrily, "for a week I have had you round my skirts, so I could not move but your foot was on my gown; now it is with much ado I can get a civility from you. If you are a cavalier, I pray they send no more out to us."

"Shame," scoffs the devil, "ask her pardon, and play the man. Your scruples would be ridiculous in a monk."

"Bravo!" says conscience, approving me. "Fight the good fight! time enough to talk of pardons when the victory is won. You are a beleaguered city, Richard, and these things which were lawful in time of peace are rank treason now. Therefore keep your gates close, and have a watchword at the postern."

Of course, the lady has her way and we may fear, indeed, that she is little more than a wanton and knowing no restraint—indeed, none at all—in the satisfaction of her passion. There is the tremendous scene where they are awakened from sleep by the clamor of the dying

servant and the demand of Agnes that her lover shall kill him lest he be still alive in the morning and babble of what he has seen. And there is the night ride through the forest:

We were in the depth of the wood's obscurity by the time I was done eating; as alone as though we were at the sea's bottom. She put back her hood and laid her head upon my shoulder.

"Is my head heavy for you, Diccon?" she asked. "'T is when 't is lightest," I answered, "that it irks me sorest."

"It is only heavy now with sleep," says she.

I told her in an access of passion that I would it might sleep nowhere else all our lives.

"She put up her mouth and kissed me on the cheek. "'T would tire you in a month, dear," said she, "I am an old bitter-tongued woman, Diccon. There never was a man I was so sharp with as yourself. Why do you bear me so patiently?"

"Ye are the sweetest woman in all the earth, Madam Agnes," says I, "and were there to be naught for me evermore but sharp speeches, I had rather them at your tongue than all the world's soft flatteries."

"Can you not put me round in front of you," says she presently, "I am weary craning my neck to get at your lips."

I checked the mare while she stepped round on my boot toe, and she nestled in my arms, while we went on at a foot pace.

"Is not the wood still and silent," says she next, "and yet I never felt fear in the forest. When I was a little maid there was a wood quite next our gardens and I would take all my child's troubles and scalded hearts into it for comfort, and wept when 't was cut away."

"Do not speak to me of your childhood," I begged her.

"She asked me, why not."

"I know not," I said, "but tonight it fills my heart with tears."

She threw her arms round my neck in an abandonment of affection and put her face against my bosom, the grey mare plodding on toward the house, with her freight of folly and frailty, constant and unhurried as God's purpose. I know not how it happened, whether I checked the mare or she stopped feeling the rein slack on her neck. Only that we were on the forest track, soft and deep with mould and last year's leaves and the beast away from us thrusting her nose in among them while I held my mistress to my heart.

"Say you love me! Say you love me!" I repeated, clinging to this assurance, it seems, as the one thing not vile or ignoble in all this tempest of shame and violence.

I know not if she answered. I think she told me so o'er and again, but my ears were deaf with passion. I know she did not return one of the kisses I rained upon her eyes and lips, upon her bosom, through the lace, from which the red cloak dropped as I held her, like a great clot of blood from a mortal wound. She was cold and motionless, a woman of marble, her lips parted, her eyes closed, her arms fallen from my neck and laid along her sides: I must hold her or she would have fallen. There was a mist before my own eyes, no thought in my brain save only this; that here was I falling, falling headlong, through flowers and roots of flowers into the mire beneath.

One more extract must suffice to show the strength of powerful narrative. Fitzsimon determines to fly to a Jesuit mission in Canada and he takes Agnes with him. They are married by one of the priests, who asks, "If I bid you in God's name, send this woman away, and come with us, will ye do it?" and receiving a wearied and affirmative answer says, "'T is well. I will absolve you and marry you, too." Then there is the Indian raid:

We went on toward the fire, running where the way was clear and level enough. So breathless and helpless was I when I reached it, that I must fling myself upon the ground a while to recover my breath, and it was thus, within the shadow of the great rock where I had confessed my sin, that I witnessed its punishment.

With his back to one of the boulders, fastened indeed to it by a great rope that passed twice or thrice round his body under the armpits, was an old gray man. He was not dead, limp as his body hung, for from time to time a convulsion would seize upon all his members, and he would turn his face up to the darkening sky. There were some three or four Indians in the enclosure; all but one of them, wearied by now I suppose with their barbarous work, sat wrapped in cloaks by the great fire, cooking or fingering their spoil; but besides the great fire there was a little low one, not more than a few embers, kindled at their victim's feet, and before this the Indian Queasy squatted on his heels with a red-hot skewer in his hand, blowing at the ashes with puffed cheeks. As I gazed he leapt to his feet and thrust it into the captive's flesh.

"Ah!" says he in English, spitting in his face. "You beat Indian? You kick Indian out of your yard? Kick him now!"

It was but for a moment I watched all this, the next I had leapt from behind the rock and ran across at him. At my approach he turned, and with a neigh like a scalded horse, thrust at me with the skewer. I ran him through his bowels.

"These are your wages," said I, "treacherous, bloody dog, take you your wages!" and kicked him aside as he fell. He did not die at once, but crawled on hands and knees away to the rocks. I heeded him no more, but cut at the cords that bound my old master to the stake.

"Master! Master!" cried I, as I hacked and tore at the rope. I kicked the fire from his feet, but they were charred almost away, and he fell into my arms. He rolled his eyes upon me, the lids were cut off and the balls swimming in blood, but he knew my voice.

"Ye bloody papist," says he in a dreadful Scots' accent. "Where's my lassie?"

"She is safe, she is safe!" I cried. "She is at hand." As I spoke I heard from below the deep bay of a running dog, nearer and louder each instant.

"Oh!" says he, slipping from my arms, all his limbs writhing at once. "I am an old man, will none put me from my paining?"

The dog scrambled over the boulder, his tongue hanging out, and flung himself upon the old man, howling, and licking his wounds. I think he was dead by then. I laid the body down, and climbing the rock over which the dog had leaped, saw my mistress and the priests toiling up the slope through the snow, behind them the two Indian lads, laden with our baggage.

There are many other incidents such as these, but the extraordinary power of the book lies not so much in incident as in the dramatic picture of a human conscience and of heroic moral valor. The character of Richard Fitzsimon is a great piece of creative work that burns its impress upon the imagination and will not be effaced.

"Weeping Cross," by Henry Longan Stuart. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Emperor Franz Joseph still enjoys his favorite pastime of hunting at Ischl, and in spite of his seventy-eight years climbed 5000 feet the other day and shot four stags.

THE MAGISTRATE'S NEW WINTER COAT.

Among the papers of the late Magistrate C. M. Holst a sealed envelope was found bearing the following directions: "The inclosed statement I wish to be published after my death in *Berlingske Tidende* or whatever paper may be at that time the official organ of the Danish kingdom."

The paper has so far as I know not yet appeared in *Berlingske Tidende*. It reads as follows:

I wish to make a confession—for the benefit of our courts, legislators, and moralists—of a theft which I committed in the fortieth year of my age, the year after my appointment by his majesty the king to the magistracy in the beloved city in Jutland, where not long ago I celebrated my twenty-fifth anniversary in the service of the king.

It was at a stag dinner at the house of the Judge Crown Chamberlain Lilje, who has now been dead for many years. After dinner the judge, with Baron Ornhjelm, Dr. Kolbein, and myself, sat down to a game of whist.

It was a very animated party. We had been drinking a good deal at the table, and we drank more during the game. We did not give the cognac—a very fine old Charente—a chance to get flat in the bottle. Ornhjelm especially was soon in a very befogged condition. He was bragging in a manner anything but gentlemanly of his ability to drive a bargain in horses. That very day, he said, he had palmed off a pair of old saw-bucks on a stupid country preacher at a price at least a hundred dollars in advance of what they were really worth. He pulled out a fat pocket-book and triumphantly showed us the roll of bills that he had done the poor minister out of.

Ornhjelm was slobbering over a fat Havana cigar and playing his cards in a most asinine way. I was comparatively sober. Not that I had not been drinking and was still relishing the stuff, but my brain was perfectly clear, and I knew precisely what I was saying and doing.

We were playing dummy, and it was my turn to sit out. I pushed my chair away from the table, and as I did so I happened to look down. My eyes fell on a fifty-dollar bill lying under the table. I did not doubt for a moment that it had fallen from the hands of the baron, when he had his pocket-book out.

Now, this is what passed in my mind: I was on the point of bending down to pick up the bill and restore it to its rightful owner. But suddenly I was seized by an irresistible impulse to keep it. I had no income but my salary. It was large enough for me to live pretty comfortably as a bachelor; it was not so large but that I was obliged to manage very carefully in order to meet the social demands on a man in my official position. Besides I still had some debts contracted during my student years. To put it briefly, fifty dollars meant something to me. It occurred to me that the sum would enable me to order a much-needed new overcoat for the winter.

But that was not all. I felt a thrill of sensuous pleasure at the bare thought of becoming a thief.

I laid my plan quickly and executed it with a coolness that excited my own intense interest and filled me with a secret pride in my clever assurance. While I pretended to watch the game I took a fresh cigar, cut off the point, but dropped my knife as if by accident. It fell exactly in the right spot close to the bill. The other men were too much occupied with the game and too much affected by the cognac to think of being courteous.

With an oath—to simulate chagrin over the accident—I bent down, pretended that I had difficulty in finding what I was looking for, and improved the time by quietly and comfortably tucking the bill inside of my boot. I was very careful to stick it well down into the boot and to pull my trousers well down over the boot.

The whole thing consumed only a few seconds. Then I straightened myself with a tired sigh, leaned back in my chair, and puffed away at my cigar with lazy enjoyment. I resumed my interested remarks on the conduct of the game, taking particular pleasure in directing some well-turned malicious sentences toward the intoxicated baron.

The exciting moment came when the game was at an end. The baron had lost ten or twelve dollars and took out his pocket-book to settle up. He emptied his bills on the table and began to turn them over. "The devil, what a millionaire," I said; "we ought to have plucked him better." As I said so I lifted my glass to drink with the doctor and asked him to convey my compliments to his wife. The glass was still at my lips when I heard the baron say: "The devil, I have lost fifty dollars." I emptied my glass quietly and said: "You have made yourself out worse than you are, baron. Probably it was only fifty dollars you did the minister out of. Or perhaps the magistrate's cognac has the opposite of the usual effect on you. We have arrived at the stage when we see double; I—for example—seem to see you twice as drunk as you probably are, while you seem to see only half."

This not particularly select witticism raised a laugh even from the baron. But a few minutes later, when he had fingered his bills once more, he said: "No, on my soul and salvation, I am fifty dollars short. Listen," he turned to our host, "will you be kind enough, judge, to count? When I left the hotel I had eight fifty-dollar bills and one hundred and fifty dollars in fives. I can't make it out to be more than seven fifty-dollar bills."

The judge took the roll of bills and counted them amid the noisy laughter of the players. My friend the doctor will be able, if he survives me, to testify to the feeling of depression that settled over the party when the judge declared: "No, there are only seven fifty-dollar bills," and the baron, in reply to his grave question, "But are you certain there were more?" said: "Drunk as I am, I know there were eight big bills when I left the hotel, so help me God. I counted them just before I left."

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then the judge said: "I am sorry, baron, but if the money was there it can of course be found."

For a moment I remember I had a feeling of pity, not for the baron, but for the amiable and courteous host, who evidently felt very much pained that such a thing should have happened in his irreproachable household. I was on the point of taking out the vanished bill and declaring that it was all a joke, but I did not. Partly because I wanted the money and partly because I felt again the sensuous thrill of pleasure in committing a crime. The lure was all the stronger from the consciousness that as I sat there I was combining in one person the criminal and the executor of the law.

Then began a feverish search for the lost money, coupled with questions and conjectures. "Are you sure, baron, that the bill is not left in some corner of your pocket?" "Didn't you stop at some store on your way up?" "Couldn't it be possible that you counted wrong when you dressed? Perhaps the bill is in the pocket of your other coat."

The baron, who by this time was quite sober, repeated in rather an unpleasant tone of voice that no misunderstanding was possible.

At last I remarked, throwing a tinge of offended irony into my voice, but speaking in quite a cold and business-like manner: "As the baron is so certain of his point, of course we who have been sitting at the card-table with him have nothing to do but to submit to be searched. As the chief executive of this city, I await the orders of the baron in the matter."

My words had the desired effect. The baron had sense enough to see that it was not possible in a respected household like that of the judge to go to such lengths. He declared grandiloquently that after all it was a mere trifle and that the whole thing would no doubt be cleared up in the morning. The money would, of course, be found either at the house or at the hotel. Anyway, he didn't care about the paltry fifty dollars.

We said good-bye still under the cloud of depression. The judge whispered to me in the hall that he would like to see me the following day.

I walked with the doctor. We both regretted the bad behavior of the baron. If he had not been so drunk, if, in other words, he had known what he said and did, he ought to have been severely reprimanded. He had practically accused the judge's guests of theft. I talked myself into quite a heat of passion over the matter. At last my good friend the doctor tried to laugh it all off.

"Well, suppose it were true," he said. "Suppose you or I had taken the fifty dollars. Would it not have been justifiable from an ethical point of view to rob the baron of his dishonest gains? Should we not have been merely the instruments of avenging justice? Would not the preacher whom he cheated have given us absolution in the name of the Lord?"

"Don't mix the name of God in this matter," I said. "As for me, I think theft is the ugliest of all crimes. I can understand how when frenzied it is possible to commit murder. There may sometimes be fine and high feelings at the root of the impulse to kill. And I can find excuses for those who steal under the pressure of want and hunger, but theft with no motive but that of gain is the lowest of all crimes."

As I spoke I plumed myself on the ring of genuineness with which I voiced my indignation. At the same time I hoped that the bill would not work its way out of the boot while I walked.

At the market-place I parted from the doctor. As soon as I was alone I bent down to assure myself that the money was still there and moved it to a safer hiding-place. I went home gayly whistling and reflecting that I would not change the fifty-dollar bill before the first of the month, when my salary was due. I always changed one or more large bills at the local bank on the day when I drew my salary.

When I came home I lit all the lamps in my room, making it look quite festive, took out a bottle of fine old Madeira, and lit a good cigar. I thought to myself that the baron was probably lighting one of the cigars he had filched from the judge's supply. Was he, after all, better than I?

I have seldom enjoyed a feeling of more perfect well-being. Before me on the table by the side of my glass lay the stolen bill. I felt very rich, all the more because my wealth had come so suddenly and without trouble—like an inheritance or like winning in a lottery.

Before going to bed I hid the bill in a packet of letters that lay in an unlocked box in my store-room. This would be the last place where any one would look for it, where it lay, so to speak, in the highway. I put it inside of the only yellow envelope in the packet so that I could easily find it.

The first thing I did in the morning was to go to the tailor and be measured for a new winter coat. I ordered a silk lining. This was like getting a present, so why not have it as fine as possible?

I went directly from the tailor to the judge, whom

I found in his office. He came to meet me with great cordiality, but with an anxious look on his face.

"My dear friend," he said, "was not that a most annoying affair last night? What do you advise me to do? Unfortunately, there seems no explanation possible except that one of the servants, either my own old Lars or Christian, who came in for the evening must have stolen the money. I know them both a thoroughly honest men, and I can't understand it at all but however it may be, appearances certainly are against them. But the fact is that I would not for anything in the world bring either of them into trouble; they both have families and they are both attached to me and my home. So I want the affair hushed up if possible and arranged without scandal. I had thought, therefore, that I might write the baron that I had found the bill after the guests had gone and that I inclosed it to him. Would not you do the same in my place? Is it not the only proper course to take? Could any one find the least cause for suspicion in that? This was the subject, dear friend, upon which I wished to consult you."

Now the late Judge Lilje was anything but a wealthy man. With very little private fortune, he made an earnest effort to fill in a dignified manner his important social position, and was considered an ornament to the district.

I was sorry that he should pay this sum to the rich baron, to whom fifty dollars meant absolutely nothing. To the judge it meant a loss that would at least be felt even though it did not impose any serious hardship.

Therefore I answered: "My dear Judge Lilje, it seems to me that you take this matter altogether too seriously. Speaking for myself, I am by no means sure that the baron really did lose the fifty dollars at your house. We all know that he was not in a very clear state of mind last night. Who knows if he really lost anything at all? At all events I advise you to wait a day or two."

I succeeded in quieting the judge's scruples, after which I went directly to the hotel. It was as expected, the baron had not yet left. In fact, he was not yet; I found him in bed.

"Now between you and me, baron—as we are both bachelors," I said, "could you really, if it came to an investigation, maintain in court that after your horse trade with the minister and before the dinner at Judge Lilje's you did not stop at any place where it might be possible that the fifty dollars could have vanished? In addition to being a bachelor, you know, I am also a magistrate. In my official capacity, therefore, I am perfectly familiar with the little asylum in Graven's Alley."

The baron and I understood each other. He maintained that he did not think the money could have disappeared in Graven's Alley, but to avoid the gossip of a small town and to spare our venerable host all further annoyance, the baron wrote a letter to the judge stating that he had found the missing bill at the hotel and that he regretted what had taken place.

So everything ended beautifully.

My new winter coat, purchased with the baron's fifty dollars, was excellent and gave good service for a number of years. When it was no longer presentable for street wear I used it in the court-room on cold days. It has saved many a poor thief from a harsh sentence.

In the days of its glory it played at least a secondary part in the courtship that secured me a sweet and lovely wife, with whom I lived happily for twenty years, until she was taken away by death. My wife brought me some money, and so it has always been easy for me to resist any impulse to repeat the theft, which, on my word of honor, is the only one I have ever committed.

I have no doubt it will be said after my death that I was an irreproachable magistrate. So I was—with this one exception.

But this exception—ought it not to be recorded after my death? Is it not more interesting, more instructive, than all the good things that can be said about me? Suppose fortune had not given me a wife with money—Suppose—

I leave my thoughtful readers to draw the conclusion.—Translated for the *Argonaut* by Hanna Larsen from the Danish of Peter Nansen.

The first commemorative tablet to be set up in the new main hall of the London Central Criminal Court has the following inscription: "Near this site William Penn and William Mead were tried in 1670 for preaching to an unlawful assembly in Gracechurch Street. This tablet commemorates the courage and endurance of the jury, Thomas Vere and Edward Bushell and ten others, who refused to give a verdict against them, although locked up without food for two nights, and were fined for final verdict of not guilty."

George Presbury Rowell of New York, prominent for many years in the newspaper advertising business, died a few days ago. He began the publication of the *American Newspaper Directory* in 1869. This publication made accessible for the first time to every one a complete list of newspapers. In 1888 he established *Printer's Ink*, a weekly publication.

A proposal is under consideration in Paris for the introduction of a government label which would guarantee the authenticity of champagne, and, while costing the producer only a penny for each bottle, would at the same time serve the useful purpose of adding from \$600,000 to \$800,000 annually to the revenue.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Ruskin somewhere draws attention to the debt that literature and the arts owe to war, and now we find Mr. Howells saying something of the same kind. He tells us that when he began to come forward the Civil War was just over, and as a result the literary tendency of the country was toward reconciliation, moral peace, and the wholesome and inspiring facts of life. He now finds a great change, a "literary demoralization," and a "sentimentalism that consists in a frank appeal to the bare emotions that are unadorned." Modern writing aims "rather at a glittering superficiality than at an analysis of human motive or at a tasteful portrayal of human life." "We have come," says Mr. Howells, "to a period in our writings of quick impressions . . . of character-drawing done for the sake of an outward novelty in appearance rather than to indicate the eternal inward motives and experiences of human nature."

Borderland Studies, by George M. Gould, M. D. Published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia; 2 volumes.

If the medical profession is to receive a not undeserved trouncing it ought to be at hands so well qualified as those of the author. Dr. Gould was editor of the *Medical News* and of the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*, as well as being the author of a series of medical and other works. He now takes his own profession in hand with a faithful sincerity that commands our admiration, although it may be doubted if even his strictures will serve to awaken the force of a popular superstition that has now chosen the doctor rather than the priest for its object. Dr. Gould seems to maintain that considerable sections of the medical profession have so far fallen from the original grace of their high calling as to deserve a classification at the points of vanity, hypocrisy, and ignorance with Christian Scientists, healers, astrologers, mediums, and the unclean hordes of quackery. And he seems to make good his contention.

His chapter on crank, megalomaniac, morphinomaniac, dotard criminal, and insane physicians is particularly interesting. He says that the class is a large one and is mainly composed of specialists and "leading consultants." These vultures prey upon popular ignorance, and the more abominable their practices, the more spectacular their operations, the more unblushing their criminality, the more sensational their treatments, the greater is their golden harvest. The author very truly says that the whole profession is smirched by its black sheep, since they are allowed to retain the diplomas given to them in the days of their innocence.

Other important chapters are "Disease and Sin," "Some Intellectual Weeds of American Growth," "Some Ethical Questions," and the "Seven Deadly Sins of Civilization." Indeed, the whole work is well worth reading. It is forceful, direct, and sincere.

White Rose of Weary Leaf, by Violet Hunt. Published by Brentano's, New York.

This is hardly a book for the schoolgirl, if, indeed, there is any class of literature from which that progressive young person is still debarred. It is the story of Amy Stevens, governess and "adventuress," who, being entirely friendless and penniless, is naturally supposed to be also entirely without morals, as of course such persons usually are. Acting on a sudden impulse, she saves Sir Mervyn Dymond from suicide and loses her situation as a result. Becoming secretary to that somewhat dissolute aristocrat, she finds herself once more stranded upon his death, and with a record more dubious than ever. She eventually becomes companion in the household of Mr. Dand, who is already a little tired of his young, beautiful, and silly wife and quite ready to fall victim to the unconscious wiles of Amy. To further summarize the story would be to brutalize it. The author herself keeps upon the right side of the safety line, although she sometimes steers very close to the wind. Amy reminds us strongly of Jane Eyre. Without beauty or any special charm except uncompromising efficiency, and without any desire to fascinate, she lays an irresistible spell upon every man with whom she comes in contact, and if she eventually falls, her fall is dignified and even splendid. We could wish her a better fate.

The Diary of a Looker-On, by C. Lewis Hind. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$2.

These charming essays have appeared from time to time in American and English newspapers and magazines, and their publication in volume form will be welcomed by a wide circle of admirers. They have been amended either by extension or curtailment and grouped according to the months when they were written and in the order of their origin.

The author will not take a high place among the essayists. His position of detachment, as a "looker-on" prevents him from touching the heart and he is too discursive and too brief to touch the head. Under the heading of February, for example, we find

seven essays on such diverse subjects as "A Maeterlinck Matinee," "A Mission Service," "A Vision on the Rhone," "Thomas Hardy," "Danes," "Modern Dutchmen," and "Old Dutchmen." The seven essays occupy twenty-three pages and there are very few of more than four pages throughout the volume.

But though their proper place is in the newspaper or magazine rather than in this volume, these little papers are wonderfully clever with a whimsical sagacity and a humorous insight all their own. They cover nearly the whole field of impressionism—art, music, literature, religion, philosophy, natural history, travel, education, and there is always a dainty touch and a quaint conceit.

The Statue, by Eden Philpotts and Arnold Bennett. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

This is one of the stories that remain uninteresting in spite of continuous sensation. The first chapter introduces us to an air of unreality when we are asked to suppose that Carl Courlander, intriguer and financier, has laid out his vast grounds and built a statue two hundred feet high without the knowledge of his friends or intimates. Then follows Courlander's murder on the eve of his loan to Germany, which would have precipitated an European war. We have the trial and conviction of his business rival, Crampiron, the continuing mystery of the statue, Crampiron's escape from prison, and a tangle of politics, cabinet meetings, love affairs, mysteries, and romances. The story fails to impress because the authors are carelessly undeterred by improbabilities, however glaring.

My Life and My Lectures, by Lamar Fontaine, C. E., Ph. D. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$3.

The author certainly has a story worth telling, and that he knows how to tell it is proved by his book. When he was ten years old he was captured by Comanche Indians. For sixteen years he has wandered through the strange nooks and corners of the world. He crossed the Sahara on a camel, explored the Chinese Wall, the Amazon, and the Great Andean Plateau. He was wounded sixty-seven times in the Civil War and was one of the Six Hundred Morris Islands prisoners, and we have General Robert E. Lee's word for it that sixty men fell from his single rifle at Waterloo Bridge in 1862. If, therefore, he can not tell a good story it is not for lack of material, but that he can indeed tell the best kind of a story in the best kind of a way is sufficiently shown by his fascinating book.

Fairy Tales from Folk Lore, by Herschel Williams. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.

The author has succeeded in finding something new in folk lore. He tells us that each of his tales is a piece of genuine folk lore, never before published, from the early days of a different nation and possessing, therefore, the characteristics of the people from whom it sprang. The tales are certainly remarkable and worthy of publication and of a wide perusal.

The Standard Concert Guide, by George P. Upton. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.75.

Music lovers of all grades will welcome a volume of such practical utility and scope. Mr. Upton's earlier works are well known, covering the standard oratorios, cantatas, and symphonies. These are incorporated in the present volume, which has been thoroughly revised and edited and contains additional matter in regard to the leading poems and

works by Brückner, Cowen, Dvorak, Elgar, Franck, Mackenzie, Parker, Parry, Sinding, Strauss, and Tschalkowsky. The text is without technicalities and is particularly suited to those whose appreciation of music is unscientific, while nearly sixty well executed illustrations add largely to the interest of the volume.

New Publications.

If the Socialists are going to adopt the propaganda by short story we may as well give up the fight. Charles H. Kerr & Co. have published a volume entitled "Stories of the Struggle," by Morris Winchevsky. There are fifteen of them.

Those who wish to know something of the English campaign against Socialism should become acquainted with the publications of the British Constitution Association. P. S. King & Son, Westminster, London, have just issued a handy little volume entitled "Political Socialism. A Remonstrance," edited by Mark H. Judge and containing a collection of papers by members of the Association, with

presidential addresses by Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Hugh Cecil. These papers are of a high order, thoughtful, sincere, and direct, and having a world-wide application. The price is given as one shilling, but the publishers would do well to arrange for American representation.

James P. Haverson has hit upon a new vein in his "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead and Other Songs of the Street." His verse is direct and rich in humorous argot, while the illustrations are vigorous and clever. Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston and New York.

"The Blotting Book," by E. F. Benson, is a good detective story in which the murderer is detected by the impression in a blotting book of an incriminating letter. This particular feature is, of course, sadly hackneyed. The modern criminal, knowing what is expected of him, always attends to the blotter with scrupulous care. The story is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

There is a lesson for wisecracks of the theatrical world in the success of David Warfield, but it is useless to point it out. Those who can not see it could not be made to appreciate it.

The fourth and positively the last week of David Warfield in "The Music Master" at the New Alcazar Theatre begins next Monday.

The Valencia Theatre is drawing well this week with Paul Potter's play, "The Conquerors," produced with a beauty and amplitude of stage settings that may well be regarded as establishing a record in the city.

"Girl" plays have had a vogue for more than one season, and there is probably the best of reasons for their success. At the Van Ness Theatre for the past two weeks "The Girl Question" has been doing well.

Next week, "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" comes to the Van Ness, and in spite of the similarity of name the offering is new and different. It is another musical comedy by an entirely distinct company, though of course there is fun and melody and rhythmic movement by a big organization of principals and chorus.

"The Toreador" at the Princess Theatre this week is to be ranked with the most pleasing of its productions in the year of comic opera which is nearly completed. Christina Nielsen and Sybil Page sing with charm. Zoe Barnett has a Spanish siren stiletto part eminently to her taste.

Monday evening next "The Highwayman," a Smith and De Koven success, will be put on at the Princess. Ferris Hartman will have the rôle of Foxy Quiller, a detective-policeman, and will duplicate his former amusing characterization. Arthur Cunningham will have one of the most congenial of parts in Dick Fitzgerald, an Irish soldier of fortune.

Belasco and Mayer, owners and managers of the New Alcazar Theatre, have leased the Novelty Theatre for a limited season and will produce next week, beginning Sunday afternoon, "The Devil," the present reigning dramatic sensation in New York.

Sunday afternoon the Orpheum will present some specially attractive features for the new bill of the week. Jane Courthope, supported by Charles Forrester and Master Ross, will appear in a sketch of mining life entitled "Lucky Jim."

Claude and Fannie Usher in their slang classic, "Fagan's Decision," the Reiff Brothers, and of Jesse Lasky's "Pianophiends."

"The Grand Army Man" will be presented at the New Alcazar Theatre before the close of David Warfield's engagement. There is as insistent a demand for his appearance as Wes. Bigelow as there was for his opening at Von Barwig.

Dustin Farnum will open at the Van Ness Theatre in "The Squaw Man" on October 11.

Oscar Apfel, long a favorite with the Princess Theatre comic opera company and an actor of intelligence and capacity, is now in Minneapolis, engaged as stage director at the new Lyric Theatre.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Rev. John Bannister Tahb of St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Maryland, is nearly blind, but he remains at the college for the present, not as a guest, as the faculty would gladly have him, but as a boarder, the arrangement being permitted because he would seek some other asylum were he not allowed to have his own way.

Andrew Lang tells the "story of the life and death of Jeanne d'Arc" in a book soon to be published in London. Mr. Lang hopes that he has been able to throw new light on certain obscure parts of the Maid's history.

Plans have been formed at Richmond, Virginia, for a revival of the famous Southern Literary Messenger, once conducted by Edgar Allan Poe. The magazine in its reestablishment will be edited from Richmond, its original home, by Southern men.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has often shown us in her novels and stories that she has a wide knowledge of modern life in India. In her latest work, "India Through the Ages," she shows that she knows the country's past as well.

The Lloyd Scott Travel Talks.

Next Monday morning the sale of course tickets for the two courses of illustrated Travel Talks by Lloyd Scott will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Van Ness Avenue store. The courses are so arranged that subscribers can go three times in the first week and twice the second and hear all the interesting subjects.

Interesting and fascinating as these entertainments are, few realize the fact until at least one of them has been heard. The constant changing of views, motion pictures, and panoramas keeps spectators continually absorbed, and, as an Eastern critic wrote, "it is taking a foreign journey in an easy chair."

Saturday matinees will be given for school children at half-rates, and the announcement of these will appear next week. The subjects will be "Ireland," "Egypt," "India," "Japan," and "Russia."

Special rates will be made schools, colleges, seminaries, and study clubs on application to Will L. Greenbaum at Lyric Hall.

As a dramatic author, Denman Thompson has done with New England (in his way, to be sure) just what Boucicault did with his native environment, what De Musset and Augier did with French life and morals and what the younger Dumas did with the Parisian Bohemia of his day.

Henry Miller is soon to produce another play by the author of "The Servant in the House." Its title is "The Winter Feast," and the scenes are laid in Iceland at the time of the heroic age, when Druidism still lingered there.

Mrs. Casey's Politics, Fruit, and Geography.

'Tis bad for'm for to boast, as my Michael said to the cop from the Oak-Street station who t'reatened to break his head, and Michael tukt the nightstick away from him and thim tukt it all over him wid his bare fists.

"They do better in polytics. The wonderer is they ever lose. 'Tis so like fighting. But Bryan's an Irish name, too. If he would shrut less and thrade more 'twud be a gr-rand thing for the party. To shrut and to pose; thim is Mr. Bryan's worst faults. As the dear dead poet says, 'Why, man, he doth hesthride the narrow wurruld,' he says, 'like a Colossus'—a sort of a giant, d'ye mind?—'like a Colossus; and we petty men,' says he, 'walk undher his huge legs and peep about,' he says, 'to find ourselves dishonorable graves,' says he.

"Casey and I—'twas whin me ould man wus living—wanst heard a actor wid Eddie Booth say thim lively lines and I niver forgot thim. They fit Mr. Bryan and there's a man I love too. My Michael wud fight for him. He does. He's captain of our precinct and anny man, be he Dago, Greek, or Scandi-hoovian, who won't promise to vote for Mr. Bryan gets a walop from my Michael. He has most of thim pledged.

"Thim apples is two for five or three for tin cints. Thank ye. They come from Oregon. And that's a fa'ar country too. 'Tis further than Albany, and that's curious, for the boats only run as far as Albany. Ye transfer there to the ca'ars, Michael says, and stop in 'em till you come to the ind. That's Oregon. I shud love to see some of those forn pa'arts of the United States. But Teddy has been pinching them so fast it bothers me for to kape thrack of all the forn counthries we own.

"He's a great pincher, Teddy is. But he's a man I love, at that. He has taking ways. If a thing looks good to him 'It's mine,' says he. And it is so, no matter how much of a holler the man who owned it first lets out. The people never saw it till Teddy got it, so they think it's his. That makes it his, d'ye see?"—New York Sun.

The La Vigne Concert.

The concert to be given by M. Noe Joseph La Vigne, dramatic baritone, at Lyric Hall next Thursday evening, October 1, at 8:15, is arousing no little interest. M. La Vigne will be assisted by Miss Betty Scholtz, a talented young violinist, and Miss Alma Rudolph and Mr. F. B. Kirwan will act as accompanists. M. La Vigne will sing the prologue to "I Pagliacci," "La Donna e Mobile," from "Rigoletto," Schubert's "Erl-King," Mattei's "Tis Not Time," Roedel's "Coming of the King," Tosti's "Good-Bye," and several other selections. A feature of his work will be that he will give all of his numbers in their original languages. Miss Scholtz, who is a graduate of the Berlin Conservatory of Music, will play De Beriot's Seventh Concerto, op. 76, Schumann's Traumeri, Eichorn's First Hungarian Dance, Vieuxtemps's Fantasia from Lombardi, and the Legende of Wieniawski. Reserved seats will range from 75 cents to \$1.50, and will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Van Ness Avenue store Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, is dead. His name in full was Pablo Martin Meliton Sarasate y Navasquez, and he was born in Pamplona, Spain, in 1844. He was a student at the Paris Conservatoire when he was twelve years old, and began while yet a youth his career as a player, appearing in concerts in all parts of Europe and in North and South America. As a composer his work was essentially Spanish, and brilliant, but it was confined to fantasias and dances.

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MELODRAMA—BALLAD OPERA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The Mission is great. Start not, gentle North-of-Market. Anyway, it's great on the map of the city, and in the figures of the census. But it is a mighty good place to keep away from, if you're looking for a seat in the cars.

The Mission now contains 60 per cent of the city's population. At least so they have claimed in a local journal devoted to the material betterment of that delightful section. I believe it, too, most firmly, for the whole 50 per cent are very much in evidence, particularly in the evenings, when they pour frantically into the street-cars, and proceed to get themselves as far as possible removed from the quietness of the fireside hearth.

As a result of this special frenzy for amusement the Mission is liberally sprinkled with cheap vaudeville theatres. There are any quantity of San Francisco people that never set foot in the Mission, and, indeed, with that calm, egotistic indifference of the city animal to all that fails to specially concern him, are blandly oblivious of all facts concerning the Mission except that one incontrovertible fact of its existence.

For the instruction of these people, I will inform them that, since the fire, Mission Street is promoted to a grade akin to that formerly enjoyed by upper Market Street. Mission Street is lined with candy stores, ice-cream saloons, freak sideshows, Midway Pleasures, vaudeville theatres, restaurants, department stores, gaping crowds, and electric lights. In a word, Mission Street, in the language of south of Market, is it.

But all the same, it has been reserved for Valencia Street, that soberer and more decorous parallel to the showier thoroughfare, to be the location of the most high-class theatre of the Mission. This is the Valencia Theatre, a handsome and commodious play-house, with a stage lofty and ample enough to warrant the putting on of the showiest and most scenic of Adelphi dramas. They have been, therefore, running "The Great Ruby," which makes the yokels stare.

Common sight though it is, it is not wholly uninteresting to see an automobile whiz by, leaving a cloud of dust and odoriferousness in its wake. But in "The Great Ruby," all necks are craned when a car comes zig-zagging on and off, while, anon, a later and loftier tally-ho quite casts its less ample predecessor into the shade. These vehicles disport themselves on a tremendous stage set for a street scene in front of a jewelry store, in which all kinds of exciting events are transpiring, and before the windows of which passes and repasses a multitude of mimic urbans.

For life in "The Great Ruby" is screwed up to concert pitch, and goes to the tune of a persistent orchestra, which, by the by, is too subdued for the rather poor acoustics of the building.

There are a lot of vague people in "The Great Ruby" who talk too much. That is one mistake of this otherwise effective melodrama. In this style of drama people should be concise, even reticent. Movement, breathless movement, is the thing, for melodrama is action, not acting. I did not quite know what all these talky-talky people were up to, and didn't particularly care, but when the prince and the count-hurglar had a fight in mid-air, in a very realistic looking balloon, with dim masses of painted vapor all about them, my, but it was some pumpkins! Then it was melodrama, and I really almost persuaded my well-regulated pulse to accelerate its beat in time with those all about me.

The management of the Valencia Theatre has engaged a large company of satisfactory talent, and it looks as if the enterprising Alcazar was going to have a rival, as the new theatre is near enough to Market Street to draw patrons from sections of the city other than the Mission.

Robert Warwick is the big card. He is the leading man. We shall see him do some real acting in "The Conquerors," an opportunity which is scarcely afforded in "The Great Ruby," although he makes a fine appearance as the Indian prince. Mr. Warwick has duly cultivated the voice and manner appropriate to the hero of melodrama, although it seems scarcely necessary that he should pitch his already deep voice away down into his diaphragm. He will probably experience a decided sense of relief when he fishes it up again in "The Conquerors."

Miss Willette Kershaw is pretty and has an engaging personality. She is the leading

woman, but has a decided bent for the line of work of the more sprightly ingenue. Miss Kershaw dresses to kill, which pleases the women mightily.

Blanche Douglas made an effective heavy villainess in "The Great Ruby." Miss Douglas, by the way, entered in one scene gowned in a creation which sent a consolidated thrill down the spine of the assembled femininity in front.

A whisper woke the air, A soft, light tone, and low.

It was "Directoire." But the fair wearer had not nailed her colors to the mast. She had had a misgiving at the last moment, and had pinned together the folds of the coquettish division with a disappointingly decorous brooch.

It seems to me that there are too many characters and scenes in "The Great Ruby," there being fourteen of the latter, which gives the public more for its money than it had bargained for.

Quite the most artless character in the play is the story-book detective, who hables state secrets in the hearing of the most casual of listeners, and who seems to be in the right place when he is being babied by Lady Garnet, after being tricked by a delightfully melodramatic quartet of thieves. The author has been rather neglectful of his opportunities. A detective should either thrill us or amuse us in melodrama, and Cecil Raleigh causes his to do neither. But it is rather a comfort to see a detective around any way. One of the unwritten laws of melodrama is that there should always be a suggestion of spectacular crime in the background, so, on the whole, we derived a modicum of satisfaction from the presence of the kindergarten detective.

* * *

Once more we have heard "Maritana," that shallow yet limpid fount of sweet and simple melodies from which we have all quaffed in the long ago. The last time I saw the opera Emma Abbott appeared as Maritana, wearing in the gipsy girl's guise of court lady, a huge, shallow diamond in the middle of her forehead, which gave her a hateful look, suggesting wicked Little Three Eyes in the fairy tale.

Edith Mason was a much prettier, but tamer Maritana, indulging in no such tutterings, gaspings, and heart-clutchings as honest Emma, who always conscientiously delivered the goods to the last and least consignment. Miss Mason is sweet and placid, utterly un-suggestive in her Saxon fairness, of the traditional gipsy whose darkling yet vivid beauty captured the sated regards of the Spanish king.

As the Italian beauty in "The Loves of Hoffman," Miss Mason's face had looked so pretty beneath its setting of chon hair that it was a pity she did not, in "Maritana," similarly conform to stage conventions. But her sweet, trilling voice was charmingly at ease in the execution of Maritana's pretty melodies, and, indeed, the entire company was so disposed that the evening was one of uncarping enjoyment.

I do not think that Thomas Persse has the temperament for Don Cesar, but goodness gracious, what man out of a book ever had? Don Cesar de Bazan is about as unreal as they make them. The dash and swagger of the part is very much in line with the purely mechanical adjustment of situation and plot. The fact that the chorus is on the stage seeming to be suggestive of the need for change of theme, the Angelus is, as it were, announced, and all hands around plump down on their knees and sing their little hymn.

Don Cesar de Bazan takes a refreshing little nap, preceding the hour of his hanging, and innocent Lazarillo seizes the opportunity to sing over his unconscious figure, in the rich contralto voice of Bernice Holmes, that singularly inappropriate ballad about the "mansions of the blest," whither the reckless roysterer is presumably wending his way.

The "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall" was not so palpably dragged in, and was the most enjoyable number sung by Thomas Persse, who gave it with fine spirit, and with full employment of that unshunnable ring in his voice, which, in passages of tender sentiment, is sometimes too forth-putting.

Even the slight rôle of the king was sung agreeably by Robert Lett, although in the smallest of voices.

"And which song did you enjoy most of all?" I asked different ones who had heard and enjoyed the ballad opera. One said, "Scenes That Are Brightest." Another, "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall." One even voted for the chorus, "Pretty Gitana, Tell Us, Tell Us," I think because the voter had pleasant memories of a group gathering around the home piano and singing it in gleeful chorus.

That is the charm of "Maritana." It is a sort of home opera. Everybody knows it, or a good part of it. Everybody has sung something from it, one time or another. So we forgive the loud creaking of the machinery that is so plainly audible, for the sake of the delightful old tunes that we love:

The tunes that the voice of girlhood sung, The chords that we loved full well, When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young, When fairy-bells in the flower-cups rung, And ever there fell from a maiden's tongue, The words of a witching spell.

A scrap of rather commonplace, if pretty, newspaper rhyme, but it expresses the charm

of "Maritana." "In Happy Moments" is a special instance, and, as rendered by Mr. Swickard, is to my taste the song of the whole tuneful group that has been sung with the most appealing sentiment. I can not say that the singer prepared us for the pleasure he gave us. We knew in advance that he had a most agreeable voice. He had already demonstrated that fact in "The Love Tales of Hoffman," but even as that nefarious schemer, Don Jose, he needn't have made himself so pointedly villainous. To be sure, there is very little consistency about these pastebord villains, but even so, it was rather funnily incongruous when the self-seeking schemer suddenly dropped his character and burst into that charming old ballad of tender retrospect. It was a treat, but I do wish Mr. Swickard wouldn't so often crook his knees and give them such a very villainous expression. Please, Mr. Swickard, sir, won't you stop that trick of crooking your knees, and when we go to see you in "Fra Diavolo," as we all most assuredly shall, we'll give you an extra round of applause in recognition of this slight reformation, as well as in memory of "In Happy Moments."

Concerts at the Greek Theatre.

Another series of concerts will be given in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, on Saturday nights, beginning on the evening of September 26, and they will differ from those of the summer in that they will be orchestral where the programmes of the others were rendered by a big military band. The programmes Paul Steindorff, the director, is about to give will entail only music of the popular order, and will be given at popular prices. General admission is to be 25 cents, with an additional quarter for seats in the reserved section. There will be greater accommodations for the handling of the crowds and the sale of tickets each week will open earlier.

Mr. Steindorff will open the series on the night of September 26 and will play the second concert on the night of October 3. On the Saturday night following the Pasmore Sisters will entertain, assisted by an orchestra of thirty-five pieces. The closing concert will be given by Steindorff on Saturday night, October 17.

The programme for the first concert has been submitted by Mr. Steindorff and approved by the university authorities. He will introduce it with the more light and airy compositions from Holst and Victor Herbert, and close with selections from Beethoven and Wagner.

At Bayreuth all the seats for twenty performances of Wagner's operas were sold several months in advance. Twenty times 1600 seats means 32,000, which, at \$5 a seat, means \$160,000. The expenses can not exceed \$60,000, which leaves \$100,000 profit in the hands of Wagner's heirs, according to the statistician of the New York Evening Post.

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VANITY FAIR.

What times they do have in New York, to be sure. We have been reading the description of the annual fall fashion exhibition lately held in the Masonic Temple, and we naturally wonder why such enterprise and such initiative should be confined to the national metropolis. Why, if such a show as this could be transferred to the unsophisticated West there would be no hall large enough to hold the crowds, while the entrance fees of men alone would pay for the whole thing and then leave a handsome margin of profit.

The presiding genius of the show is Mrs. Elizabeth A. C. White, and what this gifted lady does not know of women's apparel is simply not knowledge. And what a sprightly way she has of conveying her teachings and with what a wealth of expedient she demonstrates them. The presence of more or less unprotected males does not daunt Mrs. White for a moment. If they are so careless of honor and reputation as to be present at such an exhibit, upon their own heads be the result. Many a man has lost his character for less than that.

Now, take the subject of corsets. It is a topic that we would fain avoid, but the choice is not ours. We do but blushing follow in Mrs. White's footsteps somewhat hoping that the ground will open and swallow us. Really we did not know that Mrs. White would talk about corsets, but wait a while. Mrs. White will do more than talk.

"Women of sense," began Mrs. White—and the severity of her glance dared women of any other variety to do as much as breathe—"understand that a good figure is a mighty fine asset." Pausing for a moment to challenge an impossible contradiction, this Boadicea among modistes plunged recklessly into her subject. "Corsets," she said, "are useful in concealing defects and in giving a woman the appearance of having a better figure than she really possesses." Open confession is good for the soul. Mrs. White seemed to be more at ease, while the women who heard her looked discreetly upon the ground as though deliberating a proposition now advanced for the first time. Such a thing had never occurred to any of them.

But what the reporter would call a "sensation" was now evident among the few brazen males who proved by their presence that they were dead to all sense of shame. Mrs. White with her concluding words had stamped upon the stage, and as though in obedience to a magician's call three young women were "discovered" in the centre of the stage and these three young women were clothed in corsets. They had, of course, other things on as well—under the corsets, but nothing over them. One young woman might without offense be called fat, very fat. The second was thin, very thin, while as for the third girl, the one with blue eyes and a dimple, who stood to the extreme left, even the most critical male eye could find no point for stricture. In fact, one of the more unabashed males present was understood to believe that she was a "peach."

Now note the commanding genius of Mrs. White. With a wave of her wand she dismissed her trio, only to cause their reappearance a few moments later. And what a change! What a transformation. In that so brief space of time they had unriveted their boiler plates and donned other coats of mail cunningly contrived to do the very things that Mrs. White had been talking about. It was a triumph of mind over matter. The fat girl was no longer fat, just "comfortable like," so to speak. The thin girl was no longer thin, but of a more reasonable and pleasant dimension, while as for the blue-eyed damsel with the dimple she was just as cute as ever. Art could do nothing for her where artistic nature had already done so much.

Then it was that Mrs. White soared to her finest flights of eloquence. She knew she had scored and that she only had to point her moral and adorn her tale. With a pathetic fervor she pleaded for the corset. The corset represented a duty that women owed to themselves and to the world, instead of which they allowed themselves to be deluded by the idea that these gifts of God could be handed out to any unreflecting woman who was willing to pay the price. But inspiration can not be bought. Aesthetic insight can not be bought. We must have patience and knowledge, labor and devotion. With these things "a woman can get the right kind of corset for \$1." What do you think of that? No wonder there was applause in court, or that the enthusiasm of the men became unmanageable.

Now, corsets are had enough, but there was worse to follow. What are we to say to an exhibition of lingerie of all kinds and of all colors and upon a whole crowd of pretty girls? But there! After all there are limits, and we will accept Mrs. White's assurance that the demonstration "covered every detail."

We should like to leave this subject, but justice compels us to say that Mrs. White is not only a great demonstrator, but a great inventor. She has devised a contrivance for the abolition of the obtrusive hip and she displayed its potencies at the Masonic Temple. The victim was a fat girl named Julia, and it was a sight for men and angels—especially for those to see the application and the amazing efficacy of this great invention upon Julia.

When the new corset was in position and the proper pressure reached, the unfortunate girl simply wilted away, and the objectionable hip that could not be absolutely abolished and that simply had to find other quarters was forced up between her shoulders. Still another contrivance chased the offending hip in the opposite direction and brought it into collision with the ankle. It is, after all, a very simple matter of readjustment. Mrs. White made it abundantly clear that the female form divine, when rightly handled, is but as clay in the hands of the potter.

The London *Globe* reminds us that some of the observances of fashionable society had their origin in physical defects. The elevated handshake, it seems, is one of these observances. It appears that a prince, a leader of society in the French capital, had a carbuncle or some such inconvenient and painful growth on his shoulder. Whenever a friend gave him a handshake the operation, so far as the prince was concerned, was most painful. To prevent this he raised his hand horizontally to his shoulder, and, if we may use the expression, had "the whip hand."

This new method of handshake was the astonishment and admiration of certain persons always on the lookout for the latest in society, who thought that the prince had inaugurated a new fashion which one sees daily in operation in the Strand.

The dainty lace handkerchief which ladies use owes its origin also to the defects of nature. The unhappy Empress Josephine introduced the fashion. She suffered from bad teeth, and living in the time when American dentistry was unknown, she cast about her for some means to hide the defect. The cambric handkerchief with rich lace was the outcome. If the empress wished to laugh or had to open her mouth widely the handkerchief was requisitioned.

Again, yellow lace has its origin in sadness, according to tradition. A lady of distinction had lost her husband by shipwreck or some other cause. She was impressed with the idea that he would return, and vowed to continue wearing until he was restored to her the lace which adorned her dress when she said farewell. Like Josephine's handkerchief, her intimates thought her soiled lace was an innovation in fashion and adopted means to copy it.

We are allowed to imagine all sorts of unprintable things from the announcement that a "Salomé" dinner has lately been given in London. It is said that one of the great hostesses of the English metropolis issued dinner invitations to twenty or thirty women whose names figure in court and other fashionable lists. The guests were bidden to appear in Salomé costumes, if Salomé as represented by Maud Allan can be said to wear a costume at all. The competition in realism is said to have been keen, but as the reporters, by some unaccountable oversight, were not invited, we are left to draw upon our imagination for the actual results.

Dinner was served to an accompaniment of Salomé music tinkled by an orchestra hidden discreetly behind the fortification of palms and flowers, and when the coffee and cigarette stage had been reached some of the most graceful members of the party demonstrated that they had not only succeeded in matching Miss Allan's costume, but had learned some of her most captivating steps.

It was the intention of the British delegates to tell this story in horror-stricken accents, as convincing proof that the classical dances make for public immorality.

What are we coming to? If this sort of thing is not nipped in the bud it will be impossible for the honest journalist to get a living, and even the liberty of the press may be endangered. A certain lady, named in full by the New York press, has been interviewed by a reporter and requested to make public the real inside history of her dispute with her husband and the likelihood of divorce proceedings. It was a natural request, a simple request, and it ought to have been granted. It was a matter of general interest, and the public had a right to know precisely how the domestic trouble began, and the daily and nightly record of its progress. But the lady declined to give the desired particulars. Scornfully flouting the public curiosity, she refused to discuss the matter with the reporter, and as a result what might have been a spicy revelation was withheld from a waiting world. Has the press no rights then?

But there is worse to come. The enterprising reporter, thus baffled at the fountain head of knowledge, was still undaunted. The lady had a father and she had also a French maid. The battle for the public was not yet lost, and even when the father was obdurate in his refusal to chatter and gossip the reporter still remained hopeful. Indeed, in his magnanimous generosity, he made excuses for the father. Evil communications do corrupt good manners and association with a daughter thus lacking in public spirit and good feeling had doubtless infected him. But will it be believed that the maid also refused to say a word? She may have overheard things upon the back stairs and echoes of domestic turmoil may have been wafted through the doorway. Confidential letters may have been at her mercy, and even midnight visitors may have been within her cognizance. Alas, we shall

never know, and we must accept the reticence of the French maid—hussy that she is—as evidence of a degenerate age or perhaps only of the concentrated effeteness of Europe. Anyway this alien invasion ought to be stopped. As a result of all this contumacy we have something almost like an apology from one of the great New York newspapers. Mindful of its sacred trust to the public and being unable to fulfill that trust to its own satisfaction, it explains to us with something suspiciously like a sob in its voice that it really did its best. It tried the lady and it tried her father and it tried her maid, but it was of no avail. The boudoir door remained shut and even the back stairs was unresponsive.

Town and Country gives us an interesting glimpse of the daily life of Queen Alexandra. Few people, we are told, can realize the comparative simplicity of the everyday life of the queen, especially when in Scotland or at Sandringham. While in Norfolk she spends much of her time in the open air, walking, driving, and doing short expeditions in her motor car. After breakfast she and one or more of the several ladies who may be staying in the house make an expedition to kennels, stables, and poultry yard to feed and interview the favorite dogs, horses, and poultry of the establishment. In the afternoon a drive is arranged, and the evenings pass cheerily with music, cards, and conversation. Dinner at Sandringham is always at 8:45. It may be mentioned that the royal servants' liveries have a quaint, old world appearance and are different in cut to those seen elsewhere. The coats are scarlet, made in the swallowtail style, with dark blue waistcoats edged by narrow gold braid. The men wear no collars, but have gold stocks; and white satin breeches and white silk stockings complete their stately costume. All the royal men servants are over six feet in height. The queen is an indefatigable letter writer. She has been known to write as many as forty letters in one day with her own hand; and Miss Knollys, her lady in waiting, often would get through a hundred, all written under the queen's personal supervision. Queen Alexandra's note paper is cream colored and rather

rough, with the royal crown and address dark blue and of the simplest design.

During the shooting season the queen sends a great deal of game to her own particular friends, and the hampers are labeled "With the queen's compliments." At Christmas time she often presents her intimates with a sign photograph of herself in a silver frame. Queen Alexandra is a keen photographer and has transferred some of her photographs on china.

Grace Margaret Gould tells in the September *Woman's Home Companion* some of the ways the Parisian dressmaking establishment sell their goods to American women. Here one sure that she saw worked in one of the biggest establishments in Paris:

There was a sudden and evident commotion among the employes. "The princess! The princess! She has arrived!" they cried.

American eyes began to bulge. Out from a magnificent equipage stepped a regally gowned grand lady, attested by footman and maid, and received by the whole household establishment, to the neglect of all other customers. She was in a gracious mood this day and easy to be pleased, praising their past effort and selecting several of their new creations without regard to cost. After she had made her departure amid like ceremonies, there was no need of the saleswoman bothering her head over suggestions. Every American woman present wanted a gown copied from the one the princess had bought and she got it after much pleading and at a price far beyond the limit she had set.

And the point of this fable is this: The princess was no princess, but an employe of the house.

Every French gown has two prices—an American price and a French price. It is needless to say which is the greater price.

Along about April the cry goes up, "The Americans are coming!" and then the prices go up, too.

Along about November, when the Americans have left, you might almost say they are giving away gowns, only the Frenchman never does give away anything. Then it is that the Frenchwoman in general and the French actress in particular selects her wardrobe.

"Are you waiting for me, dear?" she said coming downstairs at last, fixing her hair. "Waiting?" exclaimed the impatient man. "No; not waiting—sojourning."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Grand Canyon

and back

No one was ever prepared for it.
No one was ever disappointed.

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1 mile deep; 13 miles wide; 217 miles long; painted like a flower

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STORYETTES.
 Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.
 An Atchison merchant tried to sell a vacuum bottle to a Missourian. "It will keep anything hot or cold seventy-two hours," he explained. "Don't want it, I don't want it at all," replied the Missourian. "If I have anything worth drinking, I don't want to keep it seventy-two hours."

An instance of exclusiveness maintained under difficulties is reported from the ladies' cabin of a liner. All were sick except one lady and a cat, which wandered uneasily about. The lady ventured to stroke the cat, remarking, "Poor pussy." The cat was inclined to respond, and elevated its tail, in token of good will, when from a neighboring berth came in choking tones the words: "Excuse me, that is a private cat!"

An Irish maid in the service of a Washington family recently sought permission of her mistress to take an afternoon off for the purpose of consulting a dentist. Upon her return, the mistress said: "Well, Rosalie, did you have the tooth filled?" "I did, mum." "And what did the dentist fill it with—gold or amalgam?" "I don't know just what it was, mum; but from the way I feel, I should think it was with thunder and lightning, mum."

An old plasterer is called upon to give evidence for the plaintiff. Counsel for the defendant tries to bully him. "Have you ever been in prison?" "Yes, twice." "Ah! how long the first time?" "One whole afternoon." "What! And the second time?" "Only one hour." "And pray what offense had you committed to deserve so small a punishment?" "I was sent to prison to whitewash a cell to accommodate a lawyer who had cheated one of his clients."

One of the workers in a Chinese mission became much interested in two Chinamen who, she found, owned a flourishing laundry business in her own home neighborhood. She looked in once in a while to see how things were going with them, and one morning found Sam smiling and cheerful, as usual, but John was missing. "Where is John this morning?" she asked. "Oh," answered Sam amiably, "Christian gentleman hit him in the head with a brick, and he all same in hospital."

Theodore P. Roberts had a fluent command of language, both in speaking and writing, and was well liked by everybody. He could secure the attention of a negligent publisher if need be. To one such, who was remiss about sending vouchers, he once closed up a long letter with the sentence: "And, finally, my dear sir, permit me to say that it would be easier for a camel to ride into the kingdom of heaven on a velocipede than for any one to find a late copy of your paper in the city of New York."

Isaac O'Barns, once pension commissioner in Boston, appointed by President Franklin Pierce, was known for his terse and cutting sayings. It was told of him that he promised to subscribe for the erection of a Baptist church on condition that they should "baptize 'em in hot water." It is of Mr. O'Barns the story is told that when on his deathbed, or when he thought he was dying, and the doctor had pronounced his feet warm and said that no one had ever died with warm feet, the old gentleman inquired in a whisper whether the doctor had forgotten the case of John Rogers.

Mrs. Blank had been paying a charitable visit to poor old Victorie Dupreux, whom she found crippled with rheumatism. But if Victorie's limbs were disabled, her always entertaining tongue was not, and the time passed swiftly. "Mercy!" at last cried the lady, glancing at the clock that ticked wheezily above the French woman's stove. "Here it is five o'clock and I should have gone home half an hour ago!" "Geeve yourself no distress, madame," reassured Victorie. "Mon-sieur dose clock, she eses to lie hon herself for more zan seex year. She eses now to a preciseness one hour fast an' fifteen minutes slow."

A man slightly the worse off for that which inebriates, but does not always cheer, was on his way home when he collided with a box picket fence which had been placed around a tree to protect it. Being somewhat unsteady on his limbs, the man grasped hold of what he supposed was a picket fence and started to feel his way along it. After rotating around the tree for half an hour he appeared somewhat puzzled at the extraordinary length of the fence, but he kept bravely on for some time. Finally, however, his courage failed him, and he sank down at the foot of the box fence with a groan of despair. "Fenced in!" he moaned.

The American in the corner of the non-smoking first-class carriage insisted on lighting his cigar. The indignant Britisher in the other corner protested, but in vain. At the next station he hailed the guard with hostile

intent, but the placid American was too quick for him. "Guard," he drawled, "I think you'll find that this gentleman is traveling with a third-class ticket on him!" Investigation proved him to be right, and the indignant Britisher was ejected. A spectator of the little scene asked the triumphant American how he knew about that ticket. "Well," explained the imperturbable stranger, "it was sticking out of his pocket and I saw it was the same color as mine."

It was at the funeral of a man who had left his young and attractive helpmeet a widow for the third time. At the time of his death their clergyman was away on a European trip, and in this emergency the Rev. Dr. Blank was called upon. When, however, he came to mention the widow in his prayer, it was evident that his data in regard to her had become a trifle confused. He said: "And now we commend to Thy care this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again." Then hesitating an instant, he added, "And perhaps again."

Colonel James Fisk was once called to meet a woman who recalled his father's days as a peddler and defamed him. He had lied to her about a yard of nine-penny calico, so she asserted, but Fisk did not think the old man would tell a lie for twelve and a half cents, although possibly "he might tell eight for a dollar." It is said that the elder Fisk refused to subscribe for the erection of a fence about the cemetery at Brattleboro, the home of the Fisks, on the ground that none was needed, because no man that was out of it wanted to get in and none of those who were in could get out.

THE MERRY MUSE.
 No Show.
 We do not always get the girl
 For whom we clamor,
 Which goes to show that life is no
 True melodrammer.
 —Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Sublime, or Near It.
 In Darkest Africa he stands
 Upon a mountain peak—
 A wondrous view his eye commands,
 As fine as man could seek.
 A mighty forest stretches far
 As his keen sight can reach.
 Would you know now what his thoughts are?
 Hark! Pregnant is his speech:
 "Bully!" —New York Sun.

The Rifleman.
 As a shot, there's none can beat him
 On either side the pond;
 But he says he'd really rather than not
 Miss-fire in the world beyond.
 —Boston Transcript.

A Lost Ideal.
 Time was when I fancied that she
 Could never be lacking in grace;
 Her figure was pleasing to me,
 She had an adorable face;
 Her voice was both gentle and sweet,
 Her fingers were pointed and small;
 I wish I had ne'er seen her eat
 Sweet corn from a nubbin at all.

Time was when it gladdened my heart
 If she happened to smile when we met;
 Ah, why must our pleasures depart
 While we long to be claiming them yet?
 I have lost an ideal I had,
 My heart has a commonplace throb;
 My thoughts of her always are sad
 Since I've seen her eat corn from the cob.
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

Tragedy.
 She'll be married tonight! And I'll be there to see
 The fun and the tears and the joy.
 She'd be hurt, to be sure, were I absent—for she
 Was my playmate when I was a boy.
 My playmate! Ah, yes, and the chum of my youth,
 And my ideal, as years took their flight—
 The one girl of all that I cared for, in truth—
 And she's going to be married tonight.

Does she dream how it's hurting my heart to be there?
 Can she guess all the anguish I feel?
 She will look in my eyes—will she know, will she care
 For the pain that my face may reveal?
 Will she note if I shudder in sudden fright
 At the solemn words sealing my doom?
 Will she pity? Who knows, who can tell? For, tonight
 She'll be married. And I am the groom!
 —Cleveland Leader.

One of the Ohio congressmen vouches for a statement which is indicative of the pessimistic view of the average politician when in the throes of defeat. The day after the routing of Parker in 1904 one of the Democratic newspapers in the Buckeye State sent out a circular telegram soliciting expressions of opinion from various politicians throughout the State. It is claimed that the quaintest of the lot was the reply of one county chairman, expressed in these terms: "County has gone for Roosevelt by 150. The people are in minority. Heaven preserve us!"

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THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE, 920 Merchants Exchange, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureau, located at No. 10 City Hall Ave., San Francisco, and No. 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free.
 "The Citizens' Magazine" for September is now ready. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Orders solicited.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Prospects of weddings galore for the next few weeks are filling the minds of society folk at the present time, and all the pleasant appurtenances of events matrimonial are being discussed and planned with the greatest avidity.

The introduction of the debutantes is not a neglected matter either, and there is some new delightful rumor each day of a reception here, an elaborate tea there, perhaps a hall, and so on with fascinating uncertainty. One or two engagements are on the threshold of announcement, some of which are so thoroughly recognized already that the formal announcement will occasion but little surprise, while others will cause genuine amazement.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. Aronson, formerly of San Francisco, now of New York, announce the engagement of their daughter, Gladys Estelle, to Mr. Herman N. Lieberman of New York.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Norwood, daughter of Mrs. William E. Norwood, to Mr. William Breeze, will take place on Monday evening, September 28, at the home of the bride's mother on Green Street. Miss Norwood will have no attendants and the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Thomas Breeze, will be best man. Only relatives and intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Maude Payne, daughter of Mrs. Eugene Freeman, to Mr. Samuel Russell Bogue, will take place on Wednesday, October 7, at the home of the bride on Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Sara Drum to Mr. John William Gill of Redlands will take place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, at San Mateo, on Wednesday, September 30. There will be no attendants. Mr. Gill and his bride will live in Redlands.

The wedding of Miss Nannie Crittenden Van Wyck, daughter of Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Sr., to the Rev. Austin Brockenborough Chinn will take place on October 5 at Trinity Church in this city. A small reception will follow at the home of the bride on Webster Street. Mr. Chinn and his bride will make their home at Menlo Park, where he has accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church.

The wedding of Miss Mary Eldred Hamlin, niece of Mrs. Parker Syms, to Lieutenant Lindsay H. Lacy, U. S. N., will take place at Coronado on October 29.

The wedding of Miss Roberta Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Frank Thompson, to Mr. George La Farge of Victoria, B. C., will take place on Saturday (today) at the home of the bride's mother in Palo Alto. It will be a quiet affair to which only relatives and a few intimate friends will be invited.

The wedding of Miss Florence Beall Hush, daughter of Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush, to Mr. Charles Harvey Bentley will take place on Wednesday evening, September 30, at the home of the bride in Fruitvale.

The wedding of Miss Constance Dixon, daughter of Mrs. Harry St. John Dixon, to Mr. Charles Walker Duncan took place on Friday evening of last week at the home of the bride in Sausalito. There were no attendants of either bride or groom and only relatives were present. After their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan will live in Seattle.

The Friday Evening Dances will take place at Century Hall on the evenings of November 13, December 11, January 15, and February 12. The patronesses are Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. George Allen Moore, and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague.

Miss Amy Tabot was the hostess at an informal dance on Friday evening of last week at her home on California Street.

Miss Edna Davis was the hostess on Tuesday of a tea in honor of Miss Maude Payne. Miss Helen Jones entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday last in honor of Miss Amy Bowles. Those present besides Miss Bowles were Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Marian Miller.

Miss Newell Drown was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Miss Elizabeth Livermore.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Ethel Mary Crocker left on Monday last for New York. Miss Ethel Mary will return to school in Maryland and Mrs. Crocker will spend the winter in New York.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott will leave shortly for the East to remain until nearly Christmas.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla has been spending a fortnight in town, having come up from her Santa Barbara home. Miss Stella McCalla sailed last week from New York for

Europe and will go directly to Greece, where she will spend some time studying archaeology.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer and their family and Mrs. Tewksbury left on Thursday of last week for the East, and will spend the winter in New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mendell, Jr., have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue after a stay at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore left this week for Europe, where they will travel for a year.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett went recently to the Napa Valley, where she is the guest of Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Miss Jennie and Miss Louise Easton left on Saturday last for New York, where Mrs. Easton and the Misses Easton will remain until next summer.

Mrs. William L. Elkins and Mr. Felton Elkins left last week for the East.

Mrs. Richard Girvin has returned to her home in Menlo, after a brief stay in San Rafael as the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Pinckard.

Miss Laura McKinstry has been visiting Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Miss Ida Bourn returned on Sunday last to the Bourn country place at St. Helena, after a stay in town of a week's duration.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall went East last week for a brief stay.

Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick has been visiting in Belvedere as the guest of Miss Maud Wilson.

Miss Edith Chesebrough has returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Miss Mary Keeney has been in San Rafael recently as the guest of Miss Louise Boyd.

Mrs. E. F. Preston and Mrs. Worthington Ames, who have been in Europe all summer, will sail for home on October 17.

Miss Hazel King left this week for Europe with Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore, with whom she will travel for a year.

Miss Emily Carolan has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Edwin Newhall, Miss Virginia and Miss Frances Newhall have returned from a European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard and Miss Sophie Beylard have returned to their San Mateo home from Lake Tahoe, where they have spent two months.

Mrs. S. G. Wheeler and Miss Helen Wheeler have returned to their home in Sausalito, after spending the summer in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood have been visiting at Del Monte.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury left on Saturday last for Boston, where she will spend two months as the guest of her parents.

Mrs. William P. Fuller and Miss Lucie King will leave next month for New York to spend several weeks.

Miss Genevieve Harvey, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, for several weeks, has rejoined her mother, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, at Del Monte.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore has been the guest of Miss Newell Drown in this city.

Miss Carrie Gwin has returned from a stay of several months at the Hotel Rafael and is at the Hillcrest.

Mrs. J. J. Brice, who has been in town for the past fortnight, has returned to her country place in Napa for a stay.

Mrs. T. Wain Morgan Draper and Miss Elsa Draper have returned to San Rafael, after a stay at the Potter, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Helen Baker, Mr. Herbert Baker, and Mr. Leavitt Baker, who have been in Sausalito during the summer months, have returned to town and are at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Herbert Moffit, at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan are spending a fortnight in Mendocino County.

Miss Gertrude Ballard is in town for the winter, after having spent the summer season in Sonoma County.

Miss Alberta Touchard and Miss Natalia Hunt left last week for New York.

Miss Helen Woolworth, who has made her home abroad for several years, will return shortly from Switzerland to Paris, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son left last Saturday for their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. Isaias W. Hellman closed his chalet on Lake Tahoe on Thursday last and returned home yesterday, accompanied by his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Heller.

Mrs. Duane L. Bliss and Miss Bliss left here for the East on Sunday last to be away seven or eight months.

Lieutenant T. S. Graham, U. S. N. (retired, but on active service at Mare Island), and Mrs. Graham, are sojourning a few days at Tahoe Tavern.

Among the representatives of the United States army and navy at the Fairmont during the past few days were E. W. McIntyre, U. S. N., commander; M. C. Gorgas and Mrs. Gorgas, of Mare Island; B. B. Binner, U. S. N.; C. Anrum, A. G. Howe, J. O. Fisher, U. S. N.; Lieutenant William C. Christie, U. S. A.

Mrs. Richard S. Shainwald is leaving the city Sunday, September 27, accompanied by her daughter Seville. Miss Shainwald is about to enter school for her final year,

continuing her musical education, in which she is now far advanced.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hassan of Ottawa, Canada, accompanied by their two daughters, are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Whitney, who have spent the summer abroad, have returned to the Fairmont, where they have taken apartments for the winter.

Judge Carl von Nevinski of Germany, who has been studying American methods of jurisprudence, is again at the St. Francis, after a tour of the Pacific Coast.

Herr Carl de Gruyter, who is touring the world with his family, has taken apartments at the St. Francis.

The Harlan Updegraffs of Washington, D. C., were at the St. Francis a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Swindell of Baltimore and their daughters, Jane and Margaret, are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Mills Easton, who were at the St. Francis last week making farewell calls on their city friends, have left for New York with their two daughters.

At the Hotels.

Among recent registrations at the Hotel Jefferson are Mr. Webb C. Ball, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wight, Honolulu; Major and Mrs. F. S. Rice and Miss Rice, Bakersfield; Mr. H. A. Wilder, Honolulu; Judge and Mrs. N. P. Chipman, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Black, Manila, P. I.; Major and Mrs. W. R. Riley, Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cherry have taken apartments for the winter.

Among the visitors from Los Angeles and the south at the Fairmont during the past week were the following: Mr. E. R. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Carr and two children, Mr. George E. Pillsbury, Mrs. A. C. Rogers, Mr. Z. T. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Sherley Ward, Mrs. Raymond Stephens and children, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dohhs and children, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Liddle, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Hildor Hoberg, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Thomas, and Miss Thomas.

Granada Hotel.

The new Granada Hotel will be a substantial addition to the hospitable capacities of the city. The hotel, which will be under the management of E. S. De Wolfe, former proprietor of the Hotel Pleasanton, is of steel frame, reinforced concrete; absolutely fire-proof throughout, and with 232 rooms. Just one-half of these are equipped with bath—and every room in the house is an outside room. Nothing has been omitted that can conduce either to comfort or luxury.

Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine and Miss Anna Miller Wood will give a joint concert in this city prior to their departure for their Eastern homes. Both artists are well known and popular, and both have met with splendid success since leaving their native California. The affair will be under the management of Will Greenbaum, and will be given Thursday evening, October 22, at Christian Science Hall. An exceptionally interesting programme of solos and duets is promised.

Eleanor Rohson will be seen soon in a new play, by Richard Harding Davis, based upon his novel, "Vera, the Medium."

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Marion Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., commanding the Department of California, Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, Quartermaster Department, U. S. A., left this week for Atascadero, where they will remain for about six weeks during the military manoeuvres held at that camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is announced as chief of staff, Camp of Instruction, Atascadero.

Major George W. Van Deusen, Second Field Artillery, having arrived in this city, is assigned to duty at Army Headquarters, Department of California, with station in this city, pending the departure of the transport on which he may secure accommodations, when he will stand relieved and proceed to Manila, reporting upon his arrival there to the commanding general, Philippines Division.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is announced as adjutant-general, Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, and has reported to the commander of the camp for duty.

Lieutenant-Commander W. R. Gherardi, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., and ordered to the Bureau of Equipment, Navy Department.

Captain D. C. McDougall, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the major-general, commandant, upon the completion of the shooting at Sea Girt, New Jersey.

Captain Pierce A. Murphy, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to assume charge of the office of judge advocate of the Department of the Visayas, Philippine Islands, relieving Major Ira A. Haynes, adjutant-general, U. S. A., of that duty.

Captain M. F. Steele, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been delivering a course of lectures on military campaigns at the General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for the past year, has reported for duty at department headquarters in this city. He will act as umpire at the manoeuvres at the camp at Atascadero.

Captain Edwin G. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, is ordered to report to Colonel Marion Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, at such time as may be designated for examination by the board.

Captain William H. Tohin, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed as quartermaster and commissary of the transport *Buford*, with station at San Francisco, and will report to the general superintendent, Army Transport Service, for duty.

Captain Charles Crawford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, arrived here last week and reported to the adjutant-general, Department of California, for duty in connection with the manoeuvres. On completion of this duty he returned to Atascadero.

Captain Ernest E. Haskell, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave for one month and fifteen days, dating from September 15.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, left last week for Atascadero for duty in connection with establishing the depot commissary at the Camp of Instruction.

Lieutenant E. E. Spafford, U. S. N., has had his orders to the *Supply* revoked and has been ordered to duty in connection with the fitting-out of the *Wyoming* at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and to duty on board that vessel when commissioned.

Lieutenant Edmund L. Zane, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Fort Riley, Kansas, and report in person to the commandant of the Mounted Service School to take a course of instruction at that school.

Lieutenant T. C. Turner, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to report to the commandant, Navy Yard, Mare Island, for temporary duty at Marine Barracks when discharged from the hospital.

Lieutenant Arthur R. Ehrnbeck, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., now on leave of absence at Los Angeles, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and to report in person to the commanding officer, General Hospital, for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant Henry H. Scott, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Lieutenant Henry A. Schwabe, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed as recorder of the Army Retiring Board appointed to meet at San Francisco, vice Lieutenant Edwin E. Pritchett, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., relieved.

Lieutenant William S. Browning, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Atascadero to join his battery.

Lieutenant James R. Mount, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, was ordered to proceed with the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and five companies of the

Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., from that station to the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, and to report upon arrival to the camp commander for assignment to temporary duty.

Midshipman W. H. Walsh, U. S. N., has been ordered to continue treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

The *Charleston*, commanded by Commander Harry Knapp, U. S. N., now at Bremerton, Washington, will leave about November 1 for the Asiatic Station for duty as flagship of the Third Squadron, Pacific Fleet.

Battery C, Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to embark at once, on arrival in San Francisco, on the transport scheduled to sail from this port for Manila on October 5. Upon arrival in Manila the organization will be reported to the commanding general, Philippines Division.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Marion Baker, Mr. Charles Fax, Mr. S. M. Spaulding, Mr. A. J. Buckley, Mr. J. W. Hine, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Mathewson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. P. Varney, Mrs. M. C. May, Mrs. Alice May-Sexton.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs are the following: Mr. William Curlett, Mr. R. D. McElroy, Mr. J. J. Mahoney, Mr. J. M. Patrick, Mr. Arthur B. Watson, Mr. P. L. Lowe, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. A. A. Brown, Mrs. H. Kohle, Miss M. Ehluck, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Littlepage, Mr. S. S. Naphthal.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. Aug. J. Lang, Mrs. J. A. Stephens, Mr. E. Loessel, Miss Frieda Sieke, Miss Helen Lassel, Mr. Philip Bush, Mr. George A. Cohen, Mr. F. F. Thomasson; from Oakland—Mrs. Helen Kidd, Mrs. C. A. Oakland, Miss Edna O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Day, Miss Jennie Vanna, Mrs. E. M. Miller.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte from San Francisco include Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Schoenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. D. Samuel, Miss Beryl Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. George McLaughlin, Miss Nellie McLaughlin, Miss Elizabeth Gardiner, Mr. J. W. McKenzie, Mr. S. L. Jones, Miss Marion Thompson, Judge James M. Troutt, Judge John Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Webster, Judge William Lawlor, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Chambers, Mr. F. H. Kline, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. John Carrol Philip.

Napoleon III.

Professor Edward Larcher's forthcoming lectures in the French language at the Gymnasium Hall of the Hamlin School, 2230 Pacific Avenue, are anticipated with much pleasure. The lectures will be on Napoleon III, the first being on October 2 at 11 a. m. and on ensuing Friday mornings at the same hour. Tickets for the course, \$3. These lectures will be followed or accompanied by a series of Tuesday afternoon lectures by Professor Charles M. Gayley of the University of California on "European Days."

Byron's "Sardanapalus," rewritten in accord with the discoveries made during the extensive excavations conducted by German, English, and French scientists on the sites of the great Assyrian cities, was produced a few days ago in Berlin at the Royal Opera before a brilliant assemblage of specially invited guests of the emperor. The audience, however, received the elaborate scenic studies rather coldly, although it appreciated the immense and scholarly labors bestowed upon them. The leading dramatic critics think that the spectacle of antique life is not likely to be popular. Professor Delitzsch, Germany's greatest Orientalist, had given eight months of almost continuous labor to this production. It was the object of the emperor to make the hillical past live in the mind of people who could not or would not read the Cuneiform inscriptions. Emperor William, who makes up the yearly deficit of the royal theatres and operas of about \$750,000, said laughingly when the final curtain went down: "I think I have had my money's worth."

Foremost among those interested in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be held at Seattle next year are capitalists of the metropolis. New Yorkers to a large degree have chosen Alaska as a summer resort and thousands of them go there every year. They return East with glowing stories of its wonderful summer climate and scenic grandeur; many of them are interested in the construction of huge summer hotels at various points along the Alaskan coast and naturally wish to attract the largest number of New Yorkers possible to the exposition. For this reason former New Yorkers resident in Seattle are determined that their building shall overshadow all others at the exposition.

The copyrights on the Wagner operas, including "Parsifal," are to expire in three years. As an indication of what may be expected in Germany the announcement from the Komische Opera in Berlin is interesting. The impresario says that from that time he will devote his theatre exclusively to model performances of the Wagner operas.

For the Orphanage.

There will be a Garden Fete and Street Fair at "The Uplands," San Mateo, October 3. It will be given for the benefit of the Bishop Armitage Orphanage, whose board of directors are Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. J. L. Flood, Mrs. G. W. Gibbs, Mrs. F. J. Carolan, Mrs. Le Worne, Mrs. E. D. Baylard, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. G. A. Pope, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. W. S. Tevis, and Miss Maynard, and for the San Mateo Red Cross Guild Hospital, whose board of directors are Mr. W. B. Galloway, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Ernest Coxhead, Mrs. W. S. Martin, Mrs. C. E. Green, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mrs. F. J. Carolan, Mrs. L. I. Scott, and Miss Jennie Crocker.

There will be special electric cars running, and conveyances to escort the visitors to the grounds. There will be all kinds of amusements for children, as well as grown people, and many attractive things for sale. Refreshments will be served, etc. The military band will furnish music both afternoon and evening, and the entertainment will finish with a dance.

The Late Mrs. Patton.

Mrs. Patton of Berkeley passed away suddenly in Kemptville, Canada, on September 17, while visiting friends there. The news came as a great shock to her relatives and friends here. She was the widow of Alfred M. Patton of Toronto, Canada, and mother of H. S. Patton of Berkeley, Mrs. C. Edward Holmes of Belvedere, Mrs. E. Clarence Holmes of Berkeley, and Miss Helen Patton of Toronto.

Mustard manufacturers grow rich not by the quantity of mustard consumed, but by that which is wasted and left on the diners' plates. The saying is recalled by an interesting statement made by the postmaster-general as to the number of pens supplied for use by the public in the postoffices of England. It seems that last year the total was 1,250,000.

Stella Hammerstein, only daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, the grand opera and vaudeville impresario, is a principal in "The American Idea," the latest musical comedy by George Cohan, produced successfully in Boston.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"That's the parson that married me." "Shall I soak him one for you?"—*Simplicissimus*.

Cook—My dog took first prize at the cat show. *Hook*—How was that? *Cook*—He took the cat.—*Journal of Zoophily*.

"Do you give your wife an allowance, or does she ask you for money when she wants it?" "Both."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Stella—He threatened to do something rash when I refused him. *Bella*—Goodness, he may propose to you again.—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Gramercy—What do we need for dinner? *Bridget*—Shure, mum, Oi tripped over the rug an' we need a new set of dishes.—*Puck*.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place? *Hostess*—Yes, hut I don't know if she'll stay; poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—*Boston Traveler*.

Miss Antique—Just think of the nerve of that impetuous fellow to propose to me. *Miss Caustique*—Nerve? Why, it was absolute recklessness.—*Milwaukee News*.

"It takes a baby mos' two years to learn to talk," said Uncle Ehen. "an' den it takes de res' of its lifetime to learn to keep f'um talkin' too much."—*Washington Star*.

Juvenile—Mama, when the fire goes out where does it go? *Mother*—I don't know, dear. You might just as well ask where your father goes when he goes out.—*Town Topics*.

"Every hit of food on this table," said the serving lady to Lamson, as he sat down to eat at the church supper, "was cooked by your wife." "Oh, I don't mind," rejoined Lamson faintly; "I'm not a hit hungry, anyway!"—*New York Times*.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it." "Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, it will find him. So what's the difference?"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"He has everything to make a woman happy." "On the contrary, he has nothing but wealth." "Dear me! What more can a woman ask of her husband than that he have

wealth?" "That he have brains, beauty, bravery!" "But—" "Or, failing these, heart disease!"—*Life*.

She—Frankly, now, if you had to choose between me and a million, what would you do? *He*—I'd take the million. Then you would be easy.—*Life*.

Weary Walker—I see five hundred more men has been t'rown out of work. *Tired Traveler*—Gee! Dere's gettin' to be too much competition in our business!—*Puck*.

Porpoise—What is the whale blowing about? *Dagfish*—Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing Jonah he's been blowing ever since.—*Boston Transcript*.

Tom—I ate some of the cake she made just to make myself solid. *Dick*—Did you succeed? *Tom*—I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten concrete or huilding stone.—*Utica Herald*.

Piper—The varra pest music I never heard whatever was down at Jamie MacLauchlan's. There was futeen o' us pipers in the wee hack parlor, all playin' different chuncs. I thoct I was floatin' in heaven!—*Punch*.

"You say this man stole your coat?" said the magistrate. "Do I understand that you prefer charges against him?" "Well, no, your honor," replied the plaintiff. "I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you, sir."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Politeness costs nothing," said the man of ready-made wisdom. "I guess," answered Mr. Cumrox, "that you never had any experiences with these café waiters who regulate their politeness by the size of the tip."—*Washington Star*.

Caller (trying to be complimentary)—I notice one interesting peculiarity about your little hoy. He is ambidextrous. *Mrs. Struckoyle* (with a frosty gleam in her eye)—Not at all, Mrs. Highsome. His legs are just as straight as anybody's.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"When we are married," said the girl, "of course you will shave every morning. That's one of the rules of our club. We all agreed not to marry any man who wouldn't shave every morning." "Well, what about the mornings I don't get home in time?" responded the young man. "I belong to a club, too."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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.....Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1908
S. S. Hongkong Maru..Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1908

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Test Case.

Los Angeles has a city ordinance which requires that a retail license shall be obtained in due form wherever liquor is dispensed within the city limits. City Attorney Woolwine holds that liquor is "dispensed" whenever it is sold, wherever it is sold, to whomsoever it may be sold, and under whatever circumstances it may be sold. In the judgment of those who make up social clubs like the California, Jonathan, Union League, and University Clubs, the law does not apply to these organizations. Their contention is that the bona fide social club is in character and effect the home of its members; that it does not sell liquors for profit, but rather serves them to its members precisely as liquors may be served in an ordinary household. Attorney Woolwine makes no distinction between the bona fide club and the bogus club organized merely to evade the law. Thus there has been raised an issue of profound interest not only in Los Angeles, but elsewhere. Pending the determination of this issue, the Jonathan, Union League, and University Clubs of Los Angeles have "gone dry," awaiting the judgment of court in the case of the California Club, which

is contesting the question. Attorney Woolwine's view of the matter was first considered adversely by a local justice of the peace and later upheld by Judge Ewing of the superior court on appeal. The case will now go for final determination to a higher court.

Roosevelt and Bryan.

From every point of view it is to be regretted that President Roosevelt has entered—perhaps we had better say jumped into—the campaign arena. And it is further to be regretted that, having entered into current discussions, the President has passed by the fundamental and vital principles of government to involve himself—and, what is worse, to involve the high office which he holds—in a personal and vituperative conflict of words. There was nothing in the situation to justify the innovation; and nothing worthy is likely to come of it.

The President of the United States is not a private citizen, therefore he is not his own master. He may, of course, shut his eyes to propriety and run amuck like a bull in a china shop; there is no law to prevent the President, more than any other citizen, from making a fool of himself. Nevertheless men of judgment and taste know where lies the line of legitimate restraint, and such men grieve to see it overlooked by the one who, above all others, ought to respect and safeguard it. Moreover, when the President permits himself to fall into personal controversy he does not live by his own rule of the square deal; he uses unfairly the immense advantage of a delegated authority and prestige. In his controversy with Mr. Bryan, Mr. Roosevelt is not merely lending the weight of his own personality to the cause which he advocates, but he is attempting to put behind it all the powers which attach to the presidency of the republic. A man of fine feeling, of a keen and sure sense of delicacy and propriety, would not have intruded as Mr. Roosevelt has intruded.

It is doubtful if a politician of shrewd perceptions and ordinary foresight would have dared to jeopardize the interests of his party as Mr. Roosevelt has done. Mr. Bryan, against whom the President's assault is directed, balances the latter's double weight of man and office by a rhetorical skill and poise in controversy which even his adversaries are forced to admire. Mr. Bryan is amazingly adept in the arts of the demagogue. To deal with the passions and prejudices of men is an art—a special trade—in which he is practical and expert. No man knows better how to turn the errors of his opponents to their confusion and to his own advantage, how to make plausible that which is illogical and inexpedient, how to guard and thrust and parry in the "tongue-fence" of a rhetorical duel. Mr. Bryan has learned to pluck the flower safely from the nettle danger, and all his art has been brought into play against the President. Having challenged him at his own game, Mr. Roosevelt hardly deserves sympathy for the emphasis which Mr. Bryan has been able to put upon those aspects of his own character and conduct which even his admirers and friends have too often found it necessary to deplore.

Against an artful, supple, shifty, and poised antagonist Mr. Roosevelt opposes an impulsive, intolerant, and turbulent disposition, a choleric temperament, an egregious self-conceit, and a reckless habit. It is as if a man of immense weight and powerful physical force, but unused to the practice of arms, were to try conclusions with a skilled swordsman—a falchion or a battle-mace against a rapier. Mr. Roosevelt is no match for Mr. Bryan, and there is reason for it in the constant success of all his undertakings and in the mental habit which that success has engendered. The mental attitude of Mr. Roosevelt is arrogant; the policy of Mr. Bryan is that of servile diplomacy. Mr. Roosevelt seeks to override and trample down all opposition; Mr. Bryan lures his enemy and ambushes him. Mr. Roosevelt is a warrior thirsting

for the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth; Mr. Bryan is a guerrilla shooting the warrior from cover. Mr. Bryan's vocation is deadlier than that of Mr. Roosevelt.

A man wiser in the tricks of Mr. Bryan's trade would not have yielded to the temptation so artfully presented by his adversary. The controversy which Mr. Roosevelt provoked and which Mr. Bryan so adroitly uses to his own advantage would have been avoided by a statesman of broader views and higher caution. Mr. Bryan knew what the result would be if he could draw the President of the United States into a personal controversy. He foresaw the advantages that would accrue from a hand-to-hand conflict with the chief executive of the nation. It was unquestionably his purpose to make of Mr. Roosevelt a stalking-horse for a closer attack upon the Republican administration, seeking to shift upon the party whatever sins of commission or omission he could prove against a President elected by that party. Mr. Bryan had little to lose by these tactics, and he believed that there was much to gain. He has subjected the President to criticism that he would never have dared to utter if the President had persisted in maintaining the high dignity of the office he occupies. The candidate of the Democratic party is now at liberty not only to attack from any quarter the man Roosevelt, but he is justified in any assault upon the President himself. Not only are Mr. Roosevelt's policies at the mercy of Mr. Bryan, not only are the personal acts of Mr. Roosevelt under fire from Mr. Bryan's artillery; but the Republican party is held responsible for these policies and these acts irrespective of every possibility that some of them may have been condemned or disapproved by the wiser elements of the party. Many things done by Mr. Roosevelt, many of his opinions and policies, are regretted even by Mr. Roosevelt's best friends and most ardent admirers. It is not likely that a man as skilled as is Mr. Bryan in the warfare of politics will permit any of these palpably impolitic actions and utterances of Mr. Roosevelt to escape the attention of the people, and it is equally certain that he will strive by every means that lies in his power to place the responsibility for these actions and utterances upon the Republican party. It is not the President that Mr. Bryan attacks; it is the party that placed Mr. Roosevelt in the presidency.

Mr. Bryan handles his weaponry better than does Mr. Roosevelt; his letters are better reading than are those of Mr. Roosevelt; his argument is more concise; his language is in better taste as a literary product; his statements may not be accurate, but they seem to be because they are stated with clearness and with the force that a writer long practiced in this branch of his trade can give to anything he writes, even though it may reek with fallacy and derive its most convincing conclusions from a premise of the rankest sophistry.

It is true that there are a large number of citizens who believe in Mr. Roosevelt so blindly and so implicitly that they can not see any impropriety in his present attitude. There are others, however, more capable, perhaps, of discriminating the obligations that have been laid upon Mr. Roosevelt, who not only deplore his conduct in this juncture, but are fearful that it may react upon the Republican presidential candidate. The personal and political intimacy of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft virtually precludes the latter from public expression of disapproval of Mr. Roosevelt's effort on his behalf, however impolitic or dangerous it may be. He could not dictate a course of conduct to Mr. Roosevelt; no man could do that. He can not advise even in his own interest; Mr. Roosevelt would not listen. Mr. Taft, therefore, must bear not only the brunt of Mr. Bryan's assault upon the President, but he must endure whatever harm the President can inflict. It is an extremely unfortunate condition, and while Mr. Bryan is largely responsible for the exist-

ing plight of his adversaries, Mr. Roosevelt can not escape whatever blight may attach hereafter to consequences of his ill-advised and impetuous action.

Mr. Roosevelt has clearly mistaken the real issue in this campaign or he has deliberately misconstrued it. He has imagined in his egotism or he has forced himself to believe that his policies are the issues in dispute among the people. It is upon this hypothesis that he is quarreling with Mr. Bryan. As a matter of fact, the only dominant issue before the voters of the nation is the history and accomplishment of the two great parties. Subordinate to this overshadowing issue is the character and availability of the two leading candidates for the presidency. The Republican party stands for authority and efficiency in government; the Democratic party stands for disorganization and inefficiency. The Republican party is constructive in its basic policies; the Democratic party is destructive in its essential political elements. The policies of Mr. Roosevelt are in their best form the natural outgrowth of Republican conditions and may not be claimed by the President as his invention. Furthermore, any policy formulated by the President would of necessity have to be indorsed and legalized by the representatives of the Republican party; so that in the ultimate analysis Mr. Roosevelt is merely an adjunct to the party and wholly dependent upon that party for all he is politically. And he has not divine right to arrogate to himself privileges not inherent in the authority delegated to him by the party that elected him to the presidency. Above all, he has no right to jeopardize the success of the party by injecting himself into the campaign as the main issue in the controversy.

As to the candidates, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Taft represents all that the Republican party stands for, and that if elected he will faithfully adhere to the best traditions of the party while earnestly, honestly, and capably fulfilling every duty that may be put upon him in the execution of such policies as may be deemed good for the country under a strictly Republican party administration. On the other hand, the developments of the campaign are alone sufficient to indicate what would happen in the event of the election of Mr. Bryan. If he could not choose a man better fitted for a position of trust and responsibility than Governor Haskell, it is fair to presume that he would not make better selections in the organization of his cabinet or in the appointment of such officials as may come within his jurisdiction. As for the policies that he would seek to inaugurate, most of them have been discredited by the people in previous campaigns, many of them have been repudiated by the voters as Utopian and impracticable, and all of them are of dubious quality either as political expedients or remedial agents. The only danger that has arisen to threaten the success of the Republican party in this campaign is that which Mr. Roosevelt has thrust forward by attempting to subordinate the issues of parties and candidates to his own personality. There is a bare possibility that Mr. Bryan may be able to convince the unthinking mass of voters that Mr. Roosevelt is what he claims for himself; namely, that he is greater than the party and that the perpetuation of his personality in his policies is the only subject of debate in the campaign.

Casey at the Bat.

Those who are making assault upon the official "integrity" of Mr. Michael Casey, president of the Board of Public Works by the grace of our reform administration, are in danger of getting off on the wrong foot. Before pursuing this matter much further they should inform themselves as to the nature and character of Mr. Casey's real obligations. They should know that the performance of his official labors, sometimes styled official duties, is a mere incidental and casual matter. The purpose for which Mr. Casey was made president of the Board of Public Works was not so much to look after the public work as to round up the labor element as a contingent aid to the Phelan-Spreckels political machine. Casey was nominally named by the mayor, who, by the way, is an elegant old gentleman with a marvelous head of hair, but in truth he was the nominee of that particular section of the Democratic party which belongs to James D. Phelan. Casey's obligations, therefore, are to Phelan, and he is not a man to slight his duty as he sees it. In the year and a half or more during which he has been president of the Board of Public Works he has devoted himself to the business of creating a union-bait to be attached at the right time to the Phelan-Spreckels kite. The scheme was a broad one. Phelan

was to round up his old followers and such new ones as his peculiar system of politics might be able to develop; Spreckels was to organize the Roosevelt Leaguers; Mike Casey was to bring in the unionites and the tarriers. It was a pretty plan, but it was founded only on conceit and hot air, and thus far it has not precisely worked out. Casey, however, who, as we have already remarked, is a man entirely faithful to his obligations as he conceives them, is still busy with his part of the job. In many respects, it remains to be added, Mr. Casey's activities have tended signally to illustrate the beauties of reform when it falls into the hands of self-seekers and incompetents and when it addresses itself to selfish ends.

The Germ Folly.

The *Argonaut* does not often talk about medical matters, firstly because it does not know much about them, and secondly because it is so far more pleasant to talk of health than disease, whether physical, political, mental, or any other kind. But now comes a temptation to refer to the case of Dr. Fred. T. Rustin, the former Yale baseball captain whose death is still a mystery to the Omaha authorities. The incident itself is not of public importance, but a lesson that may be drawn from some of the details has a distinct popular value. It seems that Dr. Rustin had determined to commit suicide by a novel and fantastic road. He deliberately inoculated himself with the germs of cancer, then with those of typhoid, and lastly with those of lockjaw.

He failed absolutely. The typhoid germs did indeed make him ill, but those of cancer and lockjaw were quite inoperative in a healthy body. His object, of course, was to leave no trace of suicidal intent. He may have eventually succeeded in some other and still more weird way, but the fact seems to remain that the germs of these frightful maladies, deliberately and scientifically introduced, were comparatively harmless.

Now is it not about time, *pro bono publico*, that we heard a little less of the germ theory of disease, or rather that the discoveries of science were made a little less available for popular misunderstanding? Reputable physicians, of course, know the facts and they are therefore perfectly aware that a disease germ is usually harmless unless it find a human soil favorable to its reproduction; and that the real trouble is therefore not so much with the germ itself as with the hospitality that we give to it by errors of diet, of ventilation, and of a hundred other kinds. Reputable physicians, to their credit, say as much whenever they can get an audience, but they know well that the average man does not want to be told how to live a regulated life, but he does wish very much to be told how to avoid the natural and proper results of an unregulated life. As a result the aforesaid average man is gradually falling into the belief that the citadels of his health are besieged day and night by myriads of malefic germs like the sands of the seashore for multitude and that his only hope of salvation lies in destroying them; whereas he can not effectively destroy them, while he can easily render them harmless by a systematic obedience to the laws of nature which would deprive them of their needed foothold.

As a result we have a sort of germ mania, and hardly a day is allowed to pass without adding some new horror to the dangers that surround us. With automobiles on the one hand and a germ on the other, our attitude of apprehension is becoming chronic. Hardly have we registered a resolution never again to lick a postage stamp, not even a cent stamp, because it contains enough microbes to poison a regiment, than we are called upon to eschew paper money, and indeed all money, for the same reason. It is of course a good thing to make a virtue of necessity, but we are hoping for better times. The "tainted money" superstition at least has had its quietus from Professor Hilditch of Yale University, who admits that the average bill contains about half a million bacteria, but adds the comfortable assurance that they are harmless and that as a matter of fact the new bills have more bacteria than the old ones. But the mischief has done its work and can not be overtaken. Paper money, we are satisfied, is a disease breeder, as are about a hundred other aids and conveniences to daily life. Have we not all of us read the learned words of a learned doctor to that effect? Have we not been told within the last few weeks that laziness is due to a microbe that malignly enters the sole of the naked foot and that the "poor white" of the South is therefore an object for tender commiseration rather than for censure? One by one all our moral failings are being traced to the ubiquitous

microbe, and pretty soon the Ten Commandments will be replaced by a list of bacterial life.

This thing seems really to have gone too far, so difficult is it to draw the line between common-sense precaution upon the one hand and a mere senseless superstition upon the other. The doctors themselves are largely to blame if only for their failure to discountenance the medical charlatan who knows that a sensational "discovery" is the surest way to popular attention. It can not be questioned that public confidence in the doctor is not quite what it was once, simply because the public can not discriminate and is not helped to do so by the profession between the quack and the scientist, and there are just as many quacks with diplomas as without them. Let the reputable doctor tell us, as he knows to be the case, that disease germs are usually powerless in the body of the man who does not eat or drink too much, who exercises himself, who keeps his window open at night, and whose conscience is in good working order week days and Sundays alike, at the dinner table as well as in church. And let the physician devote himself less to laboratory research and more to patient and kindly and humble study at the sick bed. Then we shall hear a great deal less about bacteria which are positively beneficent in comparison with the nervous thrills, the frets, and the worries which our medical friends give us in such abundant quantities.

Sins of Political Omission.

Complaint is made by the local organ of Mr. Hearst's Independence party that none of the other party platforms contains planks condemnatory of the "blacklist." Wherefore those other parties aforesaid are suspected of secret antipathy for "labor" while offering a hypocritical pretense of friendship for the downtrodden and oppressed workingman; it is even hinted that these parties are the wolves of predatory capital clothed in the skin of the shorn sheep of the "laboring classes." It is not enough that the other parties did not denounce the boycott; it is no defense that the platform committees of these parties were not given an opportunity to discuss the advisability of putting in a plank demanding that the union label shall be printed on the ballots; it is immaterial that everything asked for by labor was inserted in the platforms; the "blacklist" was not subjected to political anathema, and therefore the only true friend of labor is the Independence party—all the others are "bogus."

A "blacklist," as we understand the term, is a list of persons who, for any reason, may be deemed undesirable by any employer of labor. The unions have banned the "blacklist" in its variety; they object to a "blacklist" singular and they object to the "blacklist" plural—a "blacklist" personal to the employer and the employed in his own shop and the "blacklist" that circulates from employer to employer in the shops of a particular trade. The unions also object to the basic necessity of a "blacklist," which is the discharge of an undesirable workman by his employer. Under stress of an insistent demand by the employers, however, the unions have finally condescended to permit the discharge of a workman provided he is discharged in accordance with the rules of the union in such cases made and provided. Otherwise the unions insist upon the right of declaring a boycott on the offending employer until he is forced to reemploy the undesirable workman.

It would seem that the boycott is an effective antidote for the "blacklist." It goes to the same purpose as the "blacklist," namely, the starvation of the person or persons against whom it is directed. If the "blacklist" is worthy of being included among the "live issues" of a national campaign, the boycott should have the same right of precedence; with this difference, however, that the platforms of the national parties should indorse the boycott and condemn the "blacklist." It is an unwritten axiom of the labor unions that every union laborer is worthy to be hired and that no employer shall question his worth. Upon this esoteric principle of the labor organizations the unions assume to dictate the policies of political parties under penalty of a solid "labor vote" against the party that dares to question the justice, validity, or even the constitutionality of the demands that labor makes upon them.

The platform committees of the dominant parties certainly committed a grave sin of omission when they neglected to insert a plank condemning the "blacklist," but if we consider the relative importance of the two "issues" we must give the boycott preferential eminence. That the platform committees forgot or deliberately refused to include a plank denunciatory of the

"blacklist" is reason sufficient to alienate every "labor vote" in the United States from all the parties except the Independence party, in whose platform a plank to this effect is conspicuous; but the circumstance that none of the parties, the Independence party included, lifted the boycott into a national issue by indorsing it in unequivocal language, is evidence that American statesmanship is in a decline that verges perilously upon its dotage.

An Oriental Partnership.

A deputation of representative merchants of the Pacific Coast sailed last week for Japan on invitation of the chambers of commerce and boards of trade of that country to visit them and discuss matters of common interest and mutual profit. It is an excursion well worth while. It will result in an understanding of conditions that could not be procured in any other way. The visitors will be received with true Oriental hospitality; they will be fêted, wined, dined, and "shown around" with all the courtesy of the Japanese manner; nothing will be omitted by these genial and generous hosts that could contribute in the slightest degree to the comfort or pleasure of the guests. This is the method of the Japanese when there is something to be gained, and in this instance there is much to be gained. This invitation is in direct accord with the purpose of a settled policy looking to the strengthening of Japanese trade in the Pacific with an ultimate idea of controlling that trade. The commercial interests of Japan are almost wholly dependent upon this trade; for it is the intention of the Japanese to use it as the basis of their own monopoly of trade on the Asiatic continent. Already the Japanese steamship lines are displacing all others on the Pacific Ocean and in the China coastwise trade, extending even as far as Singapore and Bombay. Our merchants have been invited to Japan to counsel upon the advisability of making the Japanese the commercial brokers for American trade in China and the islands of the sub-tropical archipelagoes.

In this conference the political aspect of affairs will be sedulously subordinated to the commercial interests of those participating. As an earnest of the good feeling that exists between Japan and this country, and as a guarantee of the faith that the Japanese have in American policies hereafter to be formulated involving the diplomatic relations of the two countries, some of the most illustrious statesmen of Japan will be called upon to express their views on the necessity of a continued amicable understanding in all circumstances between the two nations. The Japanese are adept Orientals in this sort of thing. It is the axiom of Japanese policy in every phase of their contact with the outlander to avoid the disagreeable as long as possible. They would rather lie to a stranger than hurt his feelings by telling him the plain, unvarnished truth.

Notwithstanding all this, however, our merchants are not wasting their time in Japan. They will learn much that they did not know before they accepted this hospitable invitation. They will probably learn why the products of Canada are preferred to those of the Pacific Coast; they will learn why it is so difficult to sell goods in Japan and in China through English and German agents; they will learn that when an Oriental desires to receive certain merchandise in certain specified forms he can not be induced to take any other; they will learn that advertising circulars printed in English and sent to United States consuls to be distributed among the Japanese and Chinese are as valueless for trade purposes as if they had been printed in Choctaw or the dialect of the Aztecs. These are a few of the little things that our visiting merchants will learn. But the real point of their observations will be the knowledge that Japan is determined to dictate the commercial destiny of the Far East.

This national purpose of Japan can be accomplished only in two ways: By a successful war with the only country that can eventually enter into competition for the supremacy of the trade of the Pacific; or by a tacit agreement between the producers and exporters of this country and the merchants of Japan that all merchandise from this country to Asia shall pass through the hands of the Japanese. If the latter understanding can be arranged, the danger of a future war between Japan and the United States to determine the ownership of the commercial spoil of the Orient will be very remote. If we will share the profit of our trade with Asia, the Japanese will make no serious effort to take that trade by force and arms.

When our merchants are comfortably in conference with the commercial magnates of the island empire they

will be assured that an Oriental is the best comrade among Orientals, and that the Japanese are the only Orientals capable of dealing directly with other Orientals in their business relations with the Western nations. It will be shown that vast expense is necessary in building up a trade directly between a Western people and an Asiatic race, and added to this expense will be the loss of time and futile energy. That will bring the Japanese merchant to the core of his argument: Why not save this expense, and economize this time and energy, by giving the business of the American trade in Asia to competent Japanese firms, taking all the profit and allowing the Japanese to make what profit he can upon the sale and re-exportation of the goods? It will be a plausible argument and one that will probably appeal to the Americans; for it is a fact that our commerce with Asia has, for many years, been conducted upon this basis. Our merchandise has been carried in foreign bottoms and distributed through foreign commission houses, or by agents of foreign countries who sold our goods if they had none of their own country to sell.

No doubt our merchants will return from Japan well pleased with their visit and loud in their encomiums of the Japanese; trust the Japanese for inciting that sort of feeling in the breasts of their guests. Let us hope, however, that some of these merchants will strive to go below the surface of the event in the effort to discover the real purpose of their Japanese hosts, and in that analysis of motives discern the staple profit of the transaction that will be proposed to them.

Rice in California.

One Richard R. Smith of Stockton has determined to his own satisfaction that rice may be grown successfully on the river bottom lands of California and he proposes next year to go extensively into the rice business. We hope Mr. Smith is right, and yet we can but recall that many another good man has been badly fooled and has come out a heavy loser in trying to do things that can't be done. Tobacco culture was once going to revolutionize the productive industry of California, and we remember once in the spirit of patriotism to have smoked a home-made cigar, the like of which before never existed, and we trust never will again. Then cotton was going to provide us with another tremendous resource, and somebody once did raise enough cotton to work up into a bale which was carried from one fair to another until it was literally worn out. Then there was the ramie fiber, out of which the everlasting fortune of California was to be made; and ramie production did go so far as to yield one suit of clothes of a curious and wonderful fit worn conspicuously by the ramie commissioner, who, as we recall it, was the only man who ever got a bean out of the whole business. We might vastly extend this list of productive lights that have failed in California; but perhaps it is enough to recall the old saw that one swallow does not make a summer. The fact that a San Joaquin farmer has produced a hatfull of rice by no means implies that it is safe to abandon the regular order of our demonstrated productive industry to go chasing after a novelty which may or may not prove to be worth while.

An Undesired Visitor.

With so large a supply of home-made labor leaders it seems hardly necessary to borrow those of other countries. But perhaps Mr. Keir Hardie came to us from England uninvited. It may be that having exhausted the possibilities of mischief in India and having the *wanderlust* still in his blood he has merely crossed the Atlantic to compare notes with his American *confères* and incidentally to await the cooling of English indignation at his escapade among the Hindus. It may be remembered that Mr. Keir Hardie is a Socialist member of the House of Commons who recently visited India and harangued the natives upon the rights of man until they nearly reached the mutiny and massacre point. Terrified by the frightful result of his own misdeeds, he returned to England in a hurry, passively accepted the public rebukes that awaited him, and now turns up in America to express his surprise that labor union men here while uniting on Labor Day should act upon their individual opinions at election time. He wants to tell us how much better they do these things in England, where Socialism has captured the labor organizations in their entirety and manipulates them without the slightest regard to the welfare of the country.

Socialism has not yet captured the labor unions in

America, although the labor demands here have a startling resemblance to the class of legislation recently passed in England under direct Socialist pressure. The British courts recently decided that labor unions could be sued for acts done by their representatives and a very vulnerable point was thus disclosed in the unionist armor. But a special and exemptive act of Parliament soon rectified this little matter, and labor unions have been freed from the financial responsibility that rests upon all other combinations. No wonder Mr. Keir Hardie should applaud Mr. Gompers for his attempt to free American unionism from the restraints that are imposed upon all other sections of the community. It is the true Socialist propaganda—to victimize the few for the benefit of the many. No doubt Mr. Keir Hardie has great expectations of Socialist progress among American labor unions when he sees how closely Mr. Gompers follows the plan. Fortunately there are many signs that the individual labor unionist is quite able to see the end of the road upon which Mr. Gompers would have him set his foot. There is only one end to a movement which asks of the individual to put national considerations out of his mind and to vote solely in the interest of his own caste. That end is Socialism, and we may congratulate ourselves that so many workmen are refusing to be led to the brink of that abyss by Mr. Gompers.

Editorial Notes.

We are sorry to see that Mr. Hearst conducts his political campaign in the spirit of a Hearst newspaper, and if there is anything more expressive of moral degeneracy than this we should like to know what it is. His oratorical epithets stand out lurid, like the scare headlines with which we are so painfully familiar, and vituperation and bad names jostle each other the whole line of his oratory. Mr. Taft is "an overgrown messenger boy." Mr. Chanler of New York is "a little, counterfeit, brazen, near-gilt charm upon the watch-chain of Boss Murphy," while Mr. Bryan is the "rag-picker of politics," a "political shoplifter," and a "loose-skin man." We had supposed that the depravity of the Hearst newspaper was a matter of bargain and purchase, a calculated exploitation of popular vulgarity, but now at last we recognize the personal inspiration of the master mind.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie "can not escape the conclusion" that the abolition of war could be easily arranged by a declaration from the German emperor and an invitation to America, England, and France to cooperate in the good work. Mr. Carnegie is doubtful if the German emperor can rise to a height so sublime, but he is not without hope that "the angel of the Lord will appeal to him" before it is too late. Personally we have no great expectation of the celestial visitant or of his prospective influence upon the emperor. We have no means of knowing if "the angel of the Lord" suggested the first peace conference to the Czar of Russia, but we do know that one of the most notable wars in history began immediately afterwards. Perhaps the result would have been different had Mr. Carnegie been invited to place at the service of the conference some of that peculiar omniscience that has so bountifully descended upon him and that makes it so delightfully easy for him to regulate the affairs of the solar system. But in the meantime we may diffidently express our doubt if "the angel of the Lord" will select Mr. Carnegie for his mouthpiece, or the German emperor either, for that matter. International peace does not depend upon one man, even though he may possess all the concentrated wisdom of Mr. Carnegie himself.

Not even the chill of years serves to protect a long-suffering public against the scandals, domestic and other, which that histrionic hoodlum Nat Goodwin contrives always to set going. We can scarcely remember a time when Goodwin has not been trapesing somewhere about the world under conditions calculated to interest the morbid, kicking a wife out of doors, or getting a new wife under circumstances tending to scandalize the conventions. Time, no doubt, will cure this inveterate tendency to social irregularity and gross sensationalism, but time works slow and patience in this particular case has almost ceased to be a virtue.

A report from Washington is to the effect that President Roosevelt is on the point of starting for San Francisco on a campaigning tour and that "it is possible that Mr. Taft may accompany him." The *Argonaut* hopes profoundly that this purpose, if it really be a purpose, will be reconsidered. Mr. Roosevelt

"swinging round the circle" of the United States with "Mr. Taft accompanying him." would be a spectacle that would fairly shock the country, and in the judgment of the *Argonaut*, it would give the election to Bryan. If Mr. Roosevelt wants to help Taft, his best course is to go to Oyster Bay, shut and bar the gate, and disconnect the telephone. What is needed from Mr. Roosevelt during the rest of this campaign is profound silence.

It is noted in a dispatch from Albuquerque that the Sacramento delegates are busy in season and out of season preaching the gospel of reclamation of the submerged lands of the Sacramento Valley. It ought not to be left for the Sacramento delegates to work alone in the interest of the great valley project. All of California is or ought to be interested in this project, which will do more than any other one thing possible to conceive to increase the production and wealth of the State.

The Earl of Rosse died at his seat, Birr Castle, King's County, last month in his sixty-eighth year. He had been in feeble health for a couple of years owing partly to a cycling accident. The late earl came of a family of scientists, and was himself devoted to scientific research. His father was the famous astronomer who built the great telescope at Birr Castle, which is still, after the lapse of more than half a century, one of the largest in the world. His brother is Charles Parsons, the inventor of the marine turbine engine. The late earl was a representative peer for Ireland, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and Chancellor of the University of Dublin. He married in 1870 the daughter of the fourth Baron Hawke, and is succeeded by his elder son, Lord Oxmanstown, of the Irish Guards, who served in the South African war.

Cricket dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had its origin in rounders and stool-ball. Lord Chesterfield was the first man of weight to take it up seriously and Eton the first public school. In those days scores were notched upon tally-sticks, the ball had heavy cross seams, the bats were curved, and the fielders stood almost in Indian file. The early laws of the game had their inception at the Star and Garter Inn, Pall Mall, and one of the few of these original laws which obtains today is that of the toss-up. The wickets were twenty-two inches high and the bail six inches in length. The first county match was when Kent played England, in 1711, and on this occasion vast sums of money changed hands.

It has been discovered that a happy miller's family living in the vicinity of the battlefield of Waterloo have derived a regular income since 1815 from the sale of a rusty iron nail. It was not many years after the battle that an eccentric Englishman on the strength of an eyewitness's evidence discovered that Napoleon's hat had been hanging on that nail, the emperor having rested a while at the mill during the battle. An offer for the old nail was immediately accepted by the previously guileless miller, who after the deal replaced it by another old nail and painted an inscription round it on the wall pointing out its historical value. One nail after another has gone to enrich collections as priceless Napoleonic relics.

Professor Dolbear of Tuft's College has found that at sixty degrees Fahrenheit the rate of the chirp of crickets is eighty per minute; at seventy degrees Fahrenheit the rate is 120 per minute, a change of four chirps per minute for each change of one degree. Professor Dolbear also notes that the individual crickets chirping by themselves observe no great regularity, but in chorus they keep in time as if led by the wand of a conductor. Again, the professor asserts that crickets in adjoining fields, preserving the same rate per minute, will follow different beats as of their respective conductors, "as one may easily perceive by listening."

In New Zealand the native Polynesian race, crowded by Europeans, is becoming extinct. Many of the imported animals run wild and multiply rapidly at the expense of the native species, even the streams being filled with European and American trout, which grow to great size. Introduced plants thrive quite as remarkably. New forests are being created designedly because the native trees, though yielding excellent timber, grow very slowly, and already many millions of larches, oaks, spruces, Douglas firs, and eucalyptus have been planted, while seedlings from them are being continually added.

Even blindness is not allowed to prevent the children of Paris from learning natural history and knowing what birds and beasts are like. A class at the Parisian school for the blind is taught by the use of a fine collection of stuffed animals, which the pupils learn to recognize by the touch.

Rome may at last be made a seaport. The idea of building a canal from Rome to the sea like that at Manchester, England, has been abandoned and instead it is probable that the channel of the Tiber will be dredged so that ships can come up to Rome from Fiumicino on the sea.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The apparently impossible has happened and the Cleveland letter denouncing Mr. Bryan and advocating the election of Mr. Taft has been pronounced a forgery. Indeed, the author of this serious misdeed has confessed that Mr. Cleveland neither wrote the letter himself nor dictated it as it appeared in print. In justice to the *New York Times*, in which the letter found its first publication, and in justice to the almost unanimous press of the country which accepted it as authentic, it may be said that the document was submitted to Mr. Cleveland's executor, Mr. F. S. Hastings, who pronounced the signature to be genuine and the sentiments to be those of Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Hastings has now reversed his judgment and he declares both the signature and the article itself to be spurious.

The topic of the day is naturally the disclosures of the venality of Senator Foraker and of Governor Haskell. It is hard to account for the sensation these things have made except upon the theory that while every one knew that the Ten Commandments were being broken, no one had the least expectation that the culprits would or could be brought to justice. But how times have changed! Probably Senator Foraker is completely mystified at a sentence of excommunication for deeds that a few years ago would have been among the commonplaces of "practical politics."

Mr. Hearst would, of course, like to pose as a national benefactor on the ground of being the purveyor of letters presumably stolen. Providence moves, as we know, in a mysterious way, and if it uses vile instruments for beneficent purposes we can only profit and marvel. Judas Iscariot was one of the means in the redemption of the world, but Judas Iscariot is not in the pantheon of history. Nor is Mr. Hearst.

The *New York World* is one of the very few newspapers to handle Senator Foraker's downfall in terms of dignity. It has no sympathy for wrongdoing, but neither will it exult in the extinction of a popular star:

It is no mere personal or party matter when one of the ablest senators in the Congress of the United States is found to have been secretly employed by the Standard Oil Company, to have been a paid lobbyist of the Standard Oil Company, even to have borrowed money from the Standard Oil Company for the purchase of a newspaper which was to have been used to mislead public opinion. It is no mere personal or party matter when the exposure of this senator's secret relations with Standard Oil helps to discredit everything which he advocated in public affairs, the good as well as the bad.

The *World* is perhaps unduly pessimistic in its review of the consequences of this ill-smelling scandal:

For years to come demagogues on the platform will cite the Foraker betrayal of trust as an argument in favor of every sort of wildcat legislation that attacks property. Socialist orators will refer to it as proof that capitalists control the government and that Congress is only the tool of the money power. Anarchists will rejoice in it as evidence that the republic is rotten.

Senator Foraker's punishment has been swift, thanks to an enlightened and irresistible public conscience. Mr. Taft has severed relations with him. The Republican organization has abandoned him. His State will repudiate him if he is a candidate for reelection. His political career is ended. But the evil will survive.

There is, of course, another view and one that is more wholesome. The enemies of the American system will naturally make the best use of their chances, but a sound public opinion will see in the whole incident but one further proof that a new order of political conscience is on deck and that wrongdoing in high places will not be tolerated.

Mr. Taft comes out of the cloud with added distinction, and in this respect he stands well nigh alone. Recognizing that Senator Foraker could take no further part in his campaign, he yet refuses to say one word that could add to the smart of exposure. And this in opposition to the well-known view of the President that Mr. Taft should take advantage of the senator's dilemma. The President is said to regard the Foraker affair as a vindication of himself and Mr. Taft. He argues that Foraker fought the Roosevelt policies because they were aimed at the connection between corrupt policies and business and that the Foraker opposition was transferred to Taft because Taft represented the Roosevelt ideas. The President may be right enough on the plane of practical politics, but Mr. Taft is equally right on the ethical plane when he says "if it would win me every vote in the United States I can not hit a man when he is down."

There is no need to go into the case of Governor Haskell. Mr. Bryan has practically disowned him, and we need not question his sincerity or the fact that the whole affair came upon him as a revelation? But why was not Mr. Bryan in earlier possession of knowledge that was public property long ago? After all, there are none so blind as those who will not see, and Mr. Bryan is said to have ostentatiously destroyed a document that was handed to him and that contained a precise statement of Haskell's servile relations with Standard Oil. Mr. Bryan would have better served his own cause by opening his mind a little wider to unpalatable information that he has now been compelled to accept at the eleventh hour. He is not only compelled to accept it, but he accepts it so grudgingly that he loses whatever advantage might have accrued to him from a prompt act of repudiation.

The nomination of Governor Hughes of New York would receive its full valuation if it had come at some time when there were fewer big things in the air. As a matter of fact, it is about the biggest thing of them all. It is not an incident, but a portent. Politicians of the narrow-gauge variety—and there are very few others—seem wholly unable to recognize this triumph as due to anything else than the action of some individual. That the people should actually indicate their choice before the convention and should do it in such unmistakable terms as to convey a threat never enters the heads of those who have come to regard the voter as a mere

dumb beast who may bleat a little or even hellow, but who can neither kick nor bite. The politicians have not been far wrong in their estimate of the voter, but they have forgotten that the world does move and that the "as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be" may be a frail reed to rely upon with any confidence. The *New York Sun* expresses the situation very pithily when it says:

History may as well be put straight now as later. Governor Hughes was not renominated by the convention by the intervention of President Roosevelt or by Mr. Roosevelt's influence, personal or official. He was not renominated by the submission of Herbert Parsons and some of the other bosslets to the President's wishes. He was not renominated by anything the Secretary of State of the United States said or did at Saratoga. He was not even renominated by the auspicious hostility and accelerating resistance of Tim Woodruff and William Barnes, Jr. All of these things were results and incidents, not causes. They were results and incidents of Governor Hughes's strength with the people, recently manifested in ways unmistakable to the perceptions of the shrewder of the machine politicians, but ignored or misinterpreted by the more obtuse and far witted.

So, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's scarcely disguised dislike and jealousy of Governor Hughes, in spite of the bitter opposition of an overwhelming majority of the second-rate bosses and leaders, in spite—most wonderful of all—of his own entirely passive if not absolutely interested attitude concerning the affair, the unorganized voters behind the organization have had their will.

This triumph of unorganized public sentiment over all the elements and factors usually decisive in a political convention is marvelous. The nomination is dictated by a boss, but for once the boss dictating the nomination is the boss intended and indicated by the spirit of our political institutions—the people. There never was anything quite like it before. May there be much that resembles it hereafter!

The newspaper chorus is almost unanimous. The *New York Times* says that the so-called leaders showed "deplorably bad judgment in trying to lead the people where the people would not go." The *New York World*, after the usual and deserved gibe at the bosses, says that Mr. Hughes's nomination "is a tremendous triumph for political independence and for the moral idea in government." The *New York Tribune* goes so far as to say that the opposition of the bosses will give to the governor just that kind of advertisement that will tell most in his favor with the people:

There was no organized effort to win delegates for him, and, indeed, powerful forces of various kinds were arrayed against him; but the demand for him was so overwhelming that all opposition was swept aside. The unconcealed reluctance with which many of the party leaders accepted him will give to his candidacy a wider appeal than could be exercised by one too completely satisfactory to a machine, and Democrats and Independents will be attracted to a candidate of whose consistent placing of the public over and above the party certain leaders have given indirect but convincing evidence. Indeed, it is doubtful if any candidate was ever offered for the governorship in this State who had such power as he to break down party lines and to impress the average voter as the candidate of the people, irrespective of party.

For these reasons the nomination of Mr. Hughes is not merely the strongest and best nomination which it could have made without doing itself grave discredit in the eyes of those who are accustomed to look to it to keep at least abreast of the best tendencies in American public life. By renominating him it ranges itself on the side of his ideals of public service, of efficient administration and unselfish loyalty to the people.

Speaker Cannon may be politically dead, as some of his enemies are husily asserting, but at least he refuses to act as a dead man should. Speaking to 5000 people at Topeka, Kansas, he said that there are three vital issues in the campaign. The revision of the tariff comes first. That the tariff must be revised is settled, but by whom and upon what lines remains to be determined. The second great question is the powers and relations of the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary departments. The third issue is class legislation:

"Mr. Bryan's stand on this question is such that it is hard to see where a man of sense and justice can sincerely support him for the highest office in the land. He would enact trust legislation that would affect only labor organizations and their members and let the rest of the country shift for itself. In his tariff stand he deals a blow at union labor for the benefit of the farmer and the consumer, and now by class legislation he would especially protect labor at the expense of the rest of the country.

"This is demagoguery, sir, and so long as I am Speaker of the House I shall oppose any legislation that does not protect or affect every class of people of this country exactly alike. If I had my way these three issues would alone form the basis of the battle of 1908 for control of the government of this nation between the two parties."

The Speaker is upon sure ground here and his manful stand on the subject of labor organizations ought almost to reconcile his Methodist enemies to his occasional use of language that may be politely called "iron clad."

Mr. Bryan's prediction that he will carry Maryland is disputed by J. L. Meyers, lately candidate for Congress from one of the Baltimore districts. Mr. Meyers declared recently that the Democratic leaders of Maryland not only fear that Bryan will meet his Waterloo there, but that the Democrats will lose two, and perhaps three, of their Congressmen. Mr. Meyers says that the Baltimore *Sun's* defection from the Democratic ranks and its open avowal for Taft has wrought havoc with Bryan's chances in Maryland, and the Republicans boast that they will carry the State by the highest majority in its history. Bryan is without the support of a single newspaper in Baltimore.

The report of the inland revenue commissioners of Great Britain for the year ending March 31 last—in which the lower tax on earned incomes below £2000 per annum came into force—shows that the income tax yielded £31,860,380. There were 241 incomes reported in the class from £10,000 to £50,000, and 517 in the class from £5000 to £10,000.

Mme. Louise Briand and Mme. Jeannes Menard, both graduate doctors of medicine, act as ship's physicians on two of the largest Mediterranean steamers.

THE LABOR UNION AND THE SINGER.

"St. Martin" Describes the Lawsuits that Followed the Electrical Workers' Strike.

There is interest everywhere in industrial circles in France because of the recent strike of the Electrical Workers' Union. Although the strike was a miserable failure, it is apparent that the labor unions are determined at least to try to control the situation and that a fierce struggle between government authority and organized labor is imminent—that it can not be avoided a great while longer. But for jealous rivalry between the leaders of the labor movement Paris, if not all the industrial centres of France, would now be in the throes of a mighty industrial upheaval. Quite recently organized labor declared its readiness to prove that it was master of the industrial situation by stopping, or at least retarding, the wheels of trade and commerce, but it could not agree as a whole with individual unions upon definite lines of procedure. Consequently in the confusion that was born of rivalry for the post of leader, anything like concert of action could not be secured. Meanwhile, however, the Electrical Workers' Union protested vigorously against any action by the federation of unions looking to a disturbance of the industrial situation. But, as subsequent events proved, it was a trick on the part of the electrical workers to create confusion in the federated unions, then inaugurate a strike in the name of their own union and thus drag the federated unions into the muss as sympathetic strikers, leaving the Electrical Workers' Union as the natural director of the whole movement.

The "strike" was ordered and the supposed machinery of wreck and ruin was started, but it was the most dismal and ridiculous failure in the history of labor strikes. It lasted just two hours, but meanwhile all Paris was in darkness, and that, too, without so much as a hint of what was going to happen. Then, as if to belittle the pretensions of the Electrical Workers' Union, and to prove not only that that labor union, but organized labor generally, is subject to a higher law than resolutions adopted by groups of workmen, the secretary of the Electrical Workers' Union was ordered before the proper court to answer to three suits against his union for damages sustained by three music-hall singers by reason of the electric lights being arbitrarily turned off for the space of two hours, thus depriving them of opportunity to employ their musical talents for that length of time—the demand being eight francs for each of the three singers. The secretary conducted his own case, and with characteristic pomposity he informed the court that the right of his union to strike and quit work, without reference to who might or might not be made to suffer thereby, was unlimited; moreover, his union was under no contract to supply light to the public. But the court took issue with the secretary and not only charged that his union grossly abused its right to strike when it ceased to serve the lighting company, but condemned him as an officer of the Electrical Workers' Union to pay the claims of the three plaintiffs for being deprived of their right to sing during the two hours that the music hall was in darkness by reason of the union's strike. But the court did not stop at that. It said there was no corporate or other need for calling the strike; that it was for the purpose of mobilizing the several labor unions at the call of an absurd rumor of military aggression which had alarmed the proletariat forces, and that the underlying intention of the Electrical Workers' Union was malicious; moreover, that such industrial disturbance was well calculated to overthrow the republic's economic life and deprive those who wanted to work of the sacred right to do so and earn their own living. The court then kindly informed the Electrical Workers' Union directly and all other labor organizations indirectly that there was no appeal from its decision.

The unrest which is seen and felt in labor circles does not come so much from the action of the electrical workers in precipitating a strike for a selfish purpose as from the ruling of the court on the question of the right of a labor organization to declare for a strike. The judgment of the court implies that conditions might be such as fully to justify a strike, but it seems to reserve the right to say when a strike is malicious in intention and when a strike would be justified by circumstances, thus leaving labor with no voice in the premises. But in one respect the court is certainly clear enough. To deprive by force or intimidation those who want to work of the sacred right to do so and earn their living will not be tolerated in France, and that those who do or undertake to deprive those who want to work of their right to work are guilty of malicious conduct and have malicious intention toward the economic life of the industrial situation. Hitherto labor-unionism in France has assumed the position that its right to strike is unlimited, and that although a given union, or its members, rather, may be serving a public utility or a public necessity they are not bound to serve their employers longer than they like, however much the public may be inconvenienced by giving up the employment, which they may give up without notice. It is this belief or understanding of their rights that made organized labor in France say "We are masters of the industrial situation," and until now their position has not been seriously questioned. In fact, labor strikes hitherto have resulted from disputes between employers and employees over wages or hours for a work day, but

for a little time there has been an effort to federate all the labor unions so that if one class of labor or the employees of one establishment should strike, labor generally would go into voluntary idleness out of "sympathy" with the directly involved parties. The electrical workers' strike was an attempt to involve organized labor generally, but they made the mistake of inaugurating the strike for no purpose other than proving to the public that organized labor is the supreme master of the industrial situation and a very much more potent influence in the channels of manufacture and commerce than capital. The result of the effort of the electrical workers to show all this forth has been to set organization against organization and create a feeling of hostility that will materially hinder the scheme to merge the several unions into a federation of them all. It would not be taking a narrow view of the court's meaning in the Electrical Workers' Union case to say that the plan to federate all the unions is a "malicious intention and a conspiracy to overthrow the economic life of the nation."

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, September 15, 1908.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Poet.

Throwing his pen aside:
"If I knew life," he cried,
"Then could I write."
But when with knowledge wide,
Stained by life's purple fruit,
Taking his pen one night—
Lo, he was mute!
—Armin Trebor, in *Appleton's Magazine*.

Put Up the Sword.

I have sung of the soldier's glory,
As I never shall sing again;
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
I have smelled of the slaughter pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
There are stains on the laurel leaf,
And the pages of fame are blotted
With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion,
And the heast is killed for sport;
And never the word compassion
Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water
Is slain, and her child must die,
That some sister or wife or daughter
Her beauty may beautify.

And the merciful thought we smother—
For such is the way of man—
As we murder the useless mother
For the "unhorn astrakhan."

But a season of rest comes never
For the rarest sport of all;
Will His patience endure forever,
Who noteth the sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping
The sea and the hattle plain,
Do you think our God is sleeping
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever
Are slaying the wasted frame,
Shall we worship the red deceiver,
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censor to cover
The odor of blood—in vain;
God asks us over and over,
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"
—James Jeffrey Roche, in *Century Magazine*.

In Autumn Colors.

And memory paints a late September sun
Fast sinking in a far, low-lying west,
Where, over many a farm deep in the weald,
Trail level lines of faintly golden smoke,
Like broken rivers with their rising mists;
And in the forefront of my picture stands
A farm lad, who, with sideways tilted form,
Holds on his fork a heap of new-lit weeds,
Lifting the pile to let the air leap through;
A plain, brown figure backed by twenty miles
Of mellow meads, smoke trails, and sunset sky.
—Habberton Lulham, in "Songs from the Downs and Dunes."

The Wind Beguileth All.

The wind beguileth all;
Elusive lisper,
Hear him whisper, whisper, whisper,
Mellow in rise and eloquent in fall
He plays the lover,
With birdlike poise and dart and hover,
Lipping forevermore a madrigal.
White Janivere or sapphire June,
Autumnal days or hours Apirlan,
A golden tune
He heathes as from the ancient pipes of Pan.
Oh, wandering trouhadour,
Ever evasive,
Still penetrant, persistent and persuasive,
I love to lie and listen to your lure!
For now I know the lotused margs
Of the mysterious Nile,
Where, in the time long dead, the deep oared barges
Moored 'neath the shadow of some kingly pile;
And now I am aware of some fair garden
(Ah, radiant span!)
That hath for warden
The rose of Ispahan:
And now I am transported
By fluctuant melodies
To where the drowsing coral isles are courted
By the warm arms of Australasian seas.

Dawn flush, noon languor, eve's purple
Fallor behind the hill crests, if it fall
Upon attuned ears—the earth old call—
The wind, the minstrel wind, beguileth all!
—Clinton Scollard, in *New York Sun*.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Charlotte Schaefer, one of the graduates of the University of Texas, is professor of histology, biology, and embryology in the college.

Miss Marteina Kramers of Rotterdam, Holland, can read and speak thirteen different languages. She is the editor of *Jus Suffragii*, the official organ of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance.

Robert Alphonse Taft, oldest son of William H. Taft, is beginning his junior year at Yale with the assurance by the university faculty that he leads in scholarship the class of 1910. He will not go in for athletics.

Lord Milner, formerly governor of Transvaal and Orange River Colony and later High Commissioner for South Africa, is now visiting Canada and will give a series of addresses in the principal cities of the Dominion.

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, recently declared that \$5000 will build an agricultural school and that the cost of a battleship will maintain a thousand of such schools. He is enthusiastic in his advocacy of all aids to productive agriculture.

Edward P. Allis, aged sixteen, the golf champion of Wisconsin, universally known as "Ned," recently scored a victory over Frank W. Jacobs of Madison, the State champion of 1907. The victor played good golf when only five years old, and at the age of eleven had the distinction of a biographical notice in a golf magazine.

George L. Glunt, superintendent of the 119-inch mill of the Carnegie Steel Company, at Homestead, has resigned his \$10,000-a-year position to enter the ministry, and has been admitted to the Western Theological Seminary. Mr. Glunt has been a steel worker twenty-three years, and is a lifelong friend of W. Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation.

Tresa ni Ailpin, a small thirteen-year-old girl from Limerick, was one of the honored musicians of the recent national Gaelic festival in Dublin. From her bow flowed jigs, hornpipes, and reels in such a liquid stream that not a toe in the audience but tapped in time, and when a company of small "rinche" dancers tripped out behind her one was minded of that famous piper of Hamelin town.

Miss Evelyn Beatrice Langman is said to lead in present distinction among American women sculptors. She was born in Ohio, studied in Chicago under Lorado Taft, and chose New York for her home. Two years ago in a notable competition representing many of the country's best sculptors she was awarded the commission for the great bronze doors of the memorial chapel for the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Eugene Delano of New York and Clarke Washburn of Chicago recently returned from a visit to little-known northern wilds. They penetrated Labrador from the seacoast to the famous Grand Falls, one of the greatest cascades in the world. The falls are 300 miles from the sea and were reached only after an arduous journey of ten weeks. The only party of Americans who ever made the trip previously was one headed by Henry Bryant of Philadelphia, in 1892.

Edward Cecil Guinness, of the famous Irish firm of brewers, was made a baronet in recognition of his gift of \$1,250,000 for the rebuilding of the slums of Dublin. The work occupied six years and when successfully accomplished, King Edward raised the baronet to the peerage with the title of Baron Iveagh. After the king visited Ireland last year, Lord Iveagh presented \$250,000 to the Irish hospitals in commemoration of the sovereign's visit, and in return he was made a viscount.

Prince Eitel Frederick, the Kaiser's second son, has been growing stout in the last two years, and in order to reduce he has undertaken a novel cure, of which he has just finished the first stage. For several weeks he has been living the life of a common farm hand at his summer residence, Ingenheim Castle, near Charlottenburg, where from morning to night he is engaged in the hardest physical work. His daily programme is made up of seven hours' gardening, tree felling, hedge cutting, wood sawing, and carpentering.

Sir Max Waechter is a wealthy merchant of London who seeks to create the United States of Europe by a scheme of federation with a common tariff as its basic principle. He is now on a tour of the courts of Europe in the interests of his cause. After visiting Russia, Austria, and Hungary, and securing the support of leading ministers, Sir Max was received by several northern monarchs. Among the guests received on his yacht during his cruise was Prince Cassano of Italy, who is organizing a congress in Rome on the proposal.

Alexander Stewart Grav was until recently one of the most prominent and successful lawyers in Edinburgh, Scotland. In order to identify himself with the new movement which is organized for the purpose of calling public attention to the unemployed problem, especially in its bearing on the land question, he abandoned a fortune of nearly \$250,000 and is now leader of the "Hunger Marchers" in England. Not long ago this band of unemployed men, led by him, walked from Manchester to London, a distance of 187 miles, and sent a petition to King Edward.

THE FEDERAL POWER DEFIED.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXIII.

When the community came to know that a Supreme Court justice was imprisoned at Fort Vigilant, Governor Jackson realized that the critical moment was at hand. If the State was to retain any semblance of authority, it could not permit a judge of its highest court to remain in illegal confinement. After taking counsel, therefore, the governor sent out some of his most trusted lieutenants on confidential missions. These messengers sought out certain men, prominent officially, professionally, or commercially, and asked them to meet the governor privately, in order to discuss various matters gravely affecting the common weal. The first to be asked were Carleton, president of the Vigilantes; Bascom, their secretary; Truax, their counsellor, and Carwell, their treasurer. These four officials made a quartet which was supposed to dominate the executive committee of the Vigilantes. Representing the United States navy were Admiral Farquhar, commandant of the Navy Yard, and Captain Shotwell, of the warship *Monroe*. The United States army was represented by General Ruhl, in command at the arsenal. General Herman was the head of the militia forces of the State, while Judge Fox represented the Federal judiciary.

With military punctuality, the soldiers and sailors were on hand promptly at the appointed hour; the civilians, as usual, a little late. The members of the conference showed by their demeanor that they realized the gravity of the task before them. After brief salutations, the governor, without waste of words, began:

"I have invited you here, gentlemen, to lay before you the present alarming crisis in this city, and to request your cooperation in ending a condition which disturbs the peace and good order of both city and State. For the time being, let us consider our conference as strictly private, and let us waive all questions of rank or status. Judge Fox, who is a member of the Federal judiciary, could scarcely take part publicly in a conference with gentleman representing an organization formally banded to resist the law. But he is not judicially cognizant of such a condition of things, and is here in his private capacity. Correspondingly, the gentlemen who here represent the Federal army and navy are also officially ignorant of the fact that the law is being opposed in this State. We will therefore assume that you now hear for the first time of these conditions. You may be certain that such conditions exist when I inform you that I am about to issue a proclamation declaring martial law."

"As its form is important, governor," here interposed Truax, "may we ask you to read the portion of your proclamation which supersedes the statutory law?"

"Certainly—I was about to do so. The passage covering the matter you refer to reads as follows:

"Combinations to resist by force the execution of legal process exist in this county. An illegal organization styling itself the Vigilance Committee is resisting the execution of criminal process. Therefore, I, John Jackson, governor of the State, do declare this City and County in a state of insurrection. I hereby order all militia companies of once to report for duty to Major-General Hermon. I furthermore order all combinations or organizations whatsoever, in opposition to or in violation of the laws, more particularly the association known as the Vigilance Committee, to disband forthwith, and to yield obedience to the laws."

"Has your proclamation been issued yet, governor?" inquired Judge Fox.

"It has just been completed by the printer, and is ready to distribute. That I have decided to issue such a proclamation shows how grave I consider the situation to be."

"Are the militia forces of the State in condition to restore order?" asked Admiral Farquhar.

The governor hesitated a moment before replying. "I have directed General Herman," he said at last, "to call on all the enrolled militia to report for duty; also to recruit such other troops as he may deem necessary, and to place his military forces at the disposal of the executive for the purpose of enforcing the laws."

"And I," added General Herman, "in pursuance of the governor's proclamation and orders, have directed all the enrolled members of the militia to report for duty at once. I have furthermore ordered all citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, not already enrolled, to form themselves into companies, to elect officers, and to report for duty. These new recruits will be armed and mustered into the service."

"Without desiring to be offensive," said the Vigilante president, Carleton, "I would like to ask General Herman where he is going to get the arms to give his recruits. I do not say this with any desire to irritate the general, but I am convinced that every militia armory in the city is bare of arms, and that there are no muskets or rifles to be obtained for the State militia."

"I have the assurance, sir," replied Herman coldly, "of securing arms from General Ruhl, now in command of the United States arsenal here."

"I beg your pardon, general," here interposed Ruhl, "I am not aware that I had made any promise to furnish you with arms."

Herman gazed at him with surprise and discomposure. "General, you amaze me!" he cried. "Do you not remember promising Governor Jackson and myself, when we visited you at the arsenal, that you would

furnish us with arms when requisition was duly made?"

"I remember the occurrence distinctly, sir," replied Ruhl calmly. "But at no time since has requisition been duly made upon me. Were I to furnish you with arms, under present conditions, I would grossly violate the United States laws. For in your general orders you declare the county to be in a state of insurrection, and it is exactly at such a time that every army officer is prohibited by Congress from issuing arms or munitions of war. You have been an officer of the United States army, general, and you surely should know that the authority to issue arms under these conditions belongs exclusively to the President."

"Nevertheless, my recollection agrees with that of General Herman," said the governor to Ruhl. "We both of us understood that you promised to issue arms when requisition should be made."

"I am sorry, governor," replied Ruhl blandly, "very sorry. But it seems to me it is not a question of your recollection, or General Herman's recollection, or mine. It is a question of law. When you shall have complied with the Federal laws, and when I shall receive orders to that effect from my superiors, I shall issue arms to you, but not before."

Jackson and Herman conferred together in whispers for a few moments, and it was evident that they were both suffering from extreme surprise and chagrin. When they had finished their whispered conference, the governor turned to Farquhar:

"Admiral," he said, "it seems that we can not hope for assistance from the representatives of the United States army. I trust we shall be more fortunate with the navy. You are aware that the authorities in this city have been over-awed by an illegal organization, and that one of the high officers of justice is now unlawfully imprisoned by a so-called Vigilance Committee. I therefore formally ask you to assist me, as governor of this State, to take the said prisoner, John Tower, justice of the Supreme Court, from the hands of this illegal organization, and to extend to him the protection of the laws of the United States."

Farquhar paused before replying, but it was deliberation, not hesitation. "If I could conscientiously comply," he began, measuredly, warily, "if the Constitution and the laws justified me in assisting you, believe me, governor, I would do so. But the Navy Department has always warned its officers not to interfere where the troubles within a State are strictly domestic, and where there is no collision with the United States laws. It has not yet been made clear to me that any law of the United States has been violated."

The governor stared at him. "Do you not think, admiral," said he, "that for an illegal organization to deprive a citizen of his liberty is against the laws of the United States?"

"The United States have no original jurisdiction over criminal matters, governor," replied the admiral. "While crimes committed on the high seas under the American flag might be considered as falling under the jurisdiction of the United States, there can be no question that crimes committed in this county, or anywhere else in your State, must fall under the original jurisdiction of the courts of this city, or county, or State."

"But this prisoner of the Vigilantes is a citizen of the United States," persisted the governor. "Is not their act a violation of his rights as such a citizen?"

"Again I must reply that his remedy for the criminal act lies in the State courts," responded Farquhar. "Even the Federal courts would have no jurisdiction in such a matter; therefore Federal officials of the army or navy can not interfere. No collision has yet arisen between the Federal and State authorities in this unhappy crisis, and until the Federal power is attacked or I am ordered by the Federal government to intervene, I am debarred from acting."

"Then Captain Shotwell does not agree with you," said Governor Jackson, coldly. "In reply to a petition from Judge Tower he has addressed a communication to the so-called Vigilance Committee, requesting them to deliver the person of Tower to him aboard of his ship."

"If he did so, I was not aware of it," briefly replied Farquhar, looking interrogatively at Shotwell.

"I merely did what common humanity impelled me to do, admiral," explained Shotwell. "I received a letter from this prisoner informing me that his life was in danger at the hands of an illegally constituted tribunal. I therefore addressed the Vigilantes a letter urging them to pause before breaking the laws of both State and nation, and requesting them to turn over to me the person of their captive."

"Had you consulted me, sir," rejoined Farquhar severely, "I should have advised you to refrain from mixing in this unhappy domestic trouble."

Shotwell gazed defiantly at Farquhar. "I did not regard it as at all necessary to consult you in the matter, sir," he replied, stiffly.

"If you had done so, captain, I would have ordered you not to interfere."

Shotwell's voice rose. "When we are at our respective stations, sir," he exclaimed, "I do not look upon myself as under your orders. You are commandant of the navy yard, fifty miles away, and not of the Pacific Station. My ship when in this harbor is not in waters under your command."

Farquhar regarded him fixedly. "Captain Shotwell," said he, "at the close of this conference you will repair to your ship and await orders from me. If you interfere in this local matter I will put you under arrest,

remove you from command of your ship, and confine you at the navy yard, where you will be under my observation."

Shotwell grew pale, then red. He said no more. There was a deep silence in the room for some minutes. It was broken by Vigilante Carwell.

During all of the conference the Vigilantes had preserved a diplomatic silence, save for one or two brief questions. But the unhappy turn the negotiations were taking so pleased them that they could not conceal their gratification. The army was at odds with the governor; so was the navy. Herman was offended at Ruhl; so was the governor. And now, to crown it all, the two navy officers had fallen out. There seemed no hope of assistance from the Federal government, and the faces of the Vigilante leaders and their whispered confabs showed that the governor's failure would not make them mourn. It was their exultation which led Vigilante Carwell, for the first time, to speak, but before he ended his comrades wished he had been dumb.

"Admiral," said Carwell, "probably you do not know how far your subordinate, Captain Shotwell, went in his letter to the Vigilante Committee. He actually threatened to turn his guns on our headquarters; he boasted that he would batter down the walls of our fort if we did not yield up to him the murderer now imprisoned there."

"Of your—er—fort, did you say, sir?" asked Farquhar, raising his eyebrows slightly. "This also is a fact which had not been brought to my attention. Can it be possible, Captain Shotwell, that you have indulged in threats to open fire on a domestic seaport?"

"Not that he scared us at all," went on the excitable Carwell. "For as soon as he wrote us this threat we made our plans. We got everything fixed to secure an old hulk, which we would man with a crew and two hundred sharpshooters, all picked riflemen. Then if Shotwell dared to open fire on us we were going to lay the hulk alongside with a couple of tug-boats, while our riflemen cleared his decks. Then in a few minutes we would have floats abeam of him prepared with fires so that we could make them fast to the *Monroe*, and have her afire in fifteen seconds."

Again a sudden silence fell upon the gathering. Even his Vigilante colleagues looked in dismay at the indiscreet Carwell. Farquhar rose.

"What do you mean, sir!" he thundered. "Do you dare to talk thus to an officer of the United States navy? Perhaps you men of this Vigilance Committee misinterpret my reluctance to interfere in domestic broils. But you must not be weak enough to think that it is sympathy for you in your lawlessness. If you venture on any intrigue against the authority of the United States, I shall take summary action."

As if unconsciously, Shotwell, so lately hostile, moved across the room, and stood by his admiral.

"In the eyes of the law," Farquhar vociferated, "you Vigilantes are a mob. Mobs may over-awe the authorities of this city. With that I, as an officer of the United States, have nothing to do. But if I hear of the slightest resistance to Federal officials, civil or military, when carrying out the Federal laws, I shall take action. I shall send ashore an armed guard over the Mint and the United States Treasury. Such seditious and treasonable talk as that man just uttered in my presence I shall punish by imprisonment. As for Captain Shotwell's guns, they will be turned on Fort Vigilant if traitors lurk there, and every man and every gun at the navy yard or aboard the United States ships in these waters will be abused to destroy organizations which hatch treason."

The conference came abruptly to an end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The most venerable rose tree in existence is said to bloom against the ancient church of Hildesheim, in Germany. Hildesheim has had a most eventful history. Notwithstanding the many parties which at different times have been in the ascendancy, they all seem to have respected and tended the rose tree, which, it is said, was planted by Charlemagne. The trunk is now almost as big as a man's body. There are five principal limbs trained against the church, the tree being protected by iron railings inclosing an area of about twenty-six square feet. The rude German soldiers in early ages tended the tree, Catholics and Protestants, in turn masters of the town, drained the ground, the soldiers of Turenne fastened up the branches with clamps, and those of Napoleon a century and a half later erected the railings.

The Vatican is wholly the palace of the Pope and he naturally has access to all its parts should he so wish. The palace covers about thirteen and a half acres, of which six acres are occupied by the twenty courts. There are about a thousand halls, chapels, and apartments. Since the Italian occupation of Rome the Vatican, the Lateran, and the villa of Castel Gandolfo enjoy extra territorial rights as the surviving remnant of the States of the Church. The Vatican has been the permanent seat of the Papacy since the healing of the schism of Avignon.

Count von Zeppelin's new balloon is being made by the firm of Spencer & Sons of Highbury, in North London, England. There are dozens of men and girls employed in the evolution of the balloon, which is composed of new cells of six-fold goldbeaters' skin. The work is being pushed forward with all possible speed.

IN THE DAYS OF JEFFERSON.

Mary Johnston Writes a Fine Historical Novel of Sentiment and Plot.

In "Lewis Rand" we have a novel of high order and one that brilliantly illuminates a strenuous episode in American history. Perhaps in few stories of its kind shall we find so striking a presentation of historical events in combination with a character portrayal of such sombre intensity. Certainly we shall nowhere find a more careful picture of the political life in the South that was the immediate background to the escape of Aaron Burr.

The author introduces us to her hero in the first chapter. Lewis Rand is the son of Gideon Rand, Virginia tobacco-roller, and in the conversation between the boy and the famous hunter, Adam Gaudylock, we see the first sparks of the ambition that indicated knowledge as the road to power. Lewis will never be a tobacco-roller like his father, nor will he be a hunter like Gaudylock. He would rather be "King of the Mississippi."

And so we find him in the bookshop at Richmond intent upon spending his two dollars in law-books and to the best advantage. And here, by one of those coincidences that we are still so foolish as to call accidental, the boy meets Mr. Jefferson, who is attracted by his eagerness and willing enough to help him or any one else along the difficult road to learning:

The shop near the bridge to which they resorted was dark and low, but learning was spread upon his counter, and a benevolent dragon of knowledge in horn spectacles ran over the wares for Lewis Rand. "De Jurc Maritimo, six shillings eightpence, my lad. Burnett's History and Demosthenes' Orations, two crowns. Mr. Gibbons' 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' a great book and dear! 'Common Sense'—and that's Tom Paine's, and you may have it for two pistareens."

The boy shook his head. "I want a law-book."

The genie put forth "The Principles of Equity," and named the price.

"I is too dear."

A gentleman lounging against the counter closed the book into which he had been dipping, and drew nearer to the would-be purchaser.

"Equity is an expensive commodity, my lad," he said kindly. "How much law have you read?"

"I have read 'The Law of Virginia,'" answered the boy. "I borrowed it. I worked for a week for Mr. Douglas, and read 'The Law of Nations' rest-hours. Mrs. Selden, on the Three-Notched Road, gave me 'The Federalist.' Are you a lawyer, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and the genie behind the counter laughed. Young Mocket plucked Lewis Rand by the sleeve, but the latter was intent upon the personage before him and did not heed.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I am a lawyer. Are you going to be one?"

"I am," said the boy. "Will you tell me what books I ought to buy? I have two dollars."

Mr. Jefferson buys for the boy "Locke on Government" and Coke, and so lays young Lewis under a debt of gratitude that is to grow stronger with the years until nefarious ambition shall blot out the memory of obligation.

A few years later Lewis Rand is Republican candidate for the House of Delegates at Richmond. Opposed to him is Ludwell Cary, Federalist, and member of the great Cary family of Virginia. The election is at the court-house and the voting is public with both candidates present. Custom demands that the man voted for shall thank the voter, "and that aloud and aptly, with no slurring acknowledgment of service":

Lewis Rand, a born speaker and familiar with his audience, was at no loss. "I thank you, Mr. Fagg. May your shadow never grow less. The old county—Mr. Jefferson's county, gentlemen—may be trusted to hold its own, in Richmond or in Washington, in heaven or in hell. Mr. Fagg, I will drink your health in a punch of the Eagle's brewing. Your very obliged friend and servant."

The long day draws to an end and Mr. Rand is elected, to the rage of the Carys, although their kinswoman, Jacqueline Churchill of Fontenay, as good a Federalist as any of them, finds mitigation for a political disappointment in the gallant bearing of the young victor. And when Lewis Rand, thrown from his horse, is carried to Fontenoy, to the very citadel of his political enemies, he does but complete a conquest of the beautiful Jacqueline that was begun long before.

Jacqueline, as the wife of Lewis Rand, becomes, in a sense, a bond of union between Rand and the Churchills and Carys. Not that they ever forgive Rand, nor indeed Jacqueline herself, but her presence in the house of their enemy produces a certain solicitude upon their part for his welfare. At least they would not have him disgrace himself, and when there are rumors that Rand has fallen a victim to the wiles of Burr they bestir themselves mightily to prevent an impending ruin. Jacqueline herself is deceived as to her husband's relations with the plotter, and when the extent of his pledge becomes known to her it is a staggering blow to her ideal, although not to her love and loyalty. Here is a glance at Colonel Burr himself:

The knocker sounded. "That is he," exclaimed Rand, and went into the hall to welcome his guest. Jacqueline returned to the drawing-room, and waited there before the fire. She was dressed in white, with bare neck and arms and her mother's amethysts around her throat. In a moment the two men entered. "This is my wife, Colonel Burr," said Rand.

Jacqueline curtsied. A small, slight, black-eyed, and smiling gentleman bowed low, and with much grace of manner took and kissed her hand. "Mr. Rand, now I understand the pride in your voice! Madam, I wish my daughter Theodosia were with me. She is my pride, and when I say that you two would be friends, I pay you both a compliment!"

"I have heard much of her," answered Jacqueline, "and nothing but good. My husband tells me that you have been in the South—and in Virginia we are welcoming you with a snowstorm!"

"The cold is all outside," said Colonel Burr. "Permit me."

He banded his hostess to the green-striped sofa, and seated

himself beside her with a sigh of appreciation for the warmth and soft light of the pleasant room, and the presence of woman. "Your harp!" he exclaimed. "I should have brought a sheaf of Spanish songs such as the ladies sing to the guitar in New Orleans! My dear sir, your fair wife and my Theodosia must one day sing together, walk hand in hand together, in that richer, sweeter land! They shall use the mantilla and wield the fan. Crowns are too heavy—they shall wear black lace!"

He spoke with not unpleasant brusqueness, a military manner tempered with gallantry, and he looked at Rand with quick black eyes. "Yes, they must meet," said Rand simply. He spoke composedly, but he had nevertheless a moment's vision of Jacqueline, away from the snow and storm, walking in beauty through the gardens of a far country. He saw her with a circlet of gold upon her head, a circlet of Mexican gold. Crowns were heavy, but men—ay, and women, too!—fought for them. Hers should be light and fanciful upon her head. She should wear black lace if she chose—though he always liked her best in white—in her kingdom, in the kingdom he was going to help Aaron Burr establish. No! in the kingdom Aaron Burr should help Lewis Rand establish! His dream broke. He was not sure that he meant to come to an understanding with Burr. It depended—it depended. But still he saw Jacqueline in trailing robes, with the gold circlet on her head.

Rand never realized that the plot was known to Jefferson and was more than suspected even in the local politics of Richmond. The Carys and the Churchills knew it, and to save Jacqueline they were willing to make peace with her husband and so snatch him from the brink of the abyss. His break with Jefferson, who knows so much more than Rand ever suspects, is well told:

Rand also had risen. "In this room, what can I say? Your kindness to me has been very great. My God, sir, I should be stock or stone not to feel abashed! And yet—and yet—Will you have it at last? You ask discipleship—you must have about you tame and obedient spirits—a Saint James the Greater and a Saint James the Less to hearken to your words and spread them far and wide, and all the attentive band to wait upon your wisdom! Free! We are tremendously free, but you must still be Lord and Master! Well, say that I rebel!"

"I see that you have done so," said Jefferson, with irony. "I am not your Lord and Master."

"I would not, if I could, have shunned this interview tonight. For long we have felt this strain, and now the sharp break is over. I shall sleep the better for it."

"I am glad, sir, that you view it so."

"For years I have worn your livery and trudged your road—that fair, wide country road with bleating sheep and farmer folk, all going to markets dull as death! I've swinked and sweated for you on that road. Now I'll tread my own, though I come at last to the gates of Tartarus! My service is done, sir; I'm out of livery."

"Your road!" exclaimed the other. "Where does it lie, and who are your fellow-travelers? John Randolph of Roanoke and the new Republicans? or monarchism and the Federalists? Or have I the honor, tonight, to entertain a Virginian Caesar?—perhaps even a Buonaparte?" His voice changed. "Have you reflected, sir, that there is some danger in so free an expression of your mind?"

"I have reflected," answered Rand, "that there is no danger so intolerable as the chafing of a half-acknowledged bond. The clock is striking again. I owe you much, sir. I thank you for it. While I served you, I served faithfully. It is over now. I look you in the face and tell you this, and so I give you warning that I am free. Henceforth I act as my free will directs."

What Jefferson could not do, private and family persuasion were impotent to accomplish. The friendly plotting of Cary, the remonstrances of Major Churchill, are wasted and Rand plunges forward impetuously to his ruin. The offer of reconciliation with Jacqueline's family, the glittering bait of the governorship of Virginia, are alike powerless to tempt the young plotter from the imperial goal before him, and when at last Major Churchill speaks his mind our sympathies are with him:

Major Edward Churchill rose, stark and gray, with narrowed eyes and deliberating, pointing hand. "You are a villain, sir; yes, sir, a damned, skilled, heart-breaking villain! Bold! yes, you are bold—bold as others of your tribe of whom the mythologies tell! Arrogant as Lucifer, you are more wretched than the slave in your fields! You might have been upon the side of light; you have chosen darkness. It will swallow you up, and I, for one, shall say: 'The night hath its own.' You have chosen wrongly where you might have chosen rightly, and you have not done so in blind passion but in cold blood, fully and freely, under whatever monstrous light it is by which you think you walk! I have warned you of the gulf, and I have warned in vain. So be it! But do not think, sir, do not think that you will be allowed to drag with you, down into the darkness, the woman whom you have married! I wish that my niece had died before she saw your face! Do you know what she thinks of you, sir? She thinks you a lover so devoted that at her pleading you put forever from you a gilded lure; a gentleman so absolutely of your word that for her to doubt it would be the blackest treason; a statesman; and a patriot who will yet nobly serve Virginia and the country! God knows what she doesn't think you, the misguided child! She's happy, tonight, at Fontenoy, because she's coming home to you tomorrow. That I should have lived to say such a thing of Henry Churchill's daughter! When I rode away tonight, she was singing." He burst into spasmodic and grating laughter. "It was that song of Lovelace's! By God, sir, she must have had you in mind!"

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."

Yes, by God, she was thinking of you! Ha ha, ha ha!"

For what remains the reader must consult the story itself, and it will repay him. It may be doubted if there is anything finer of its kind in fiction than the character sketch of Lewis Rand. Ambitious, impetuous, eloquent, and intellectual, we see him drawn slowly downward to the pit by an unquenchable thirst for power. Slowly and painfully our admiration turns to pity and then to contempt, with a genuine heartache for the lovely Jacqueline, the very type of a divine womanhood. The author has made a great success. She has added something to the literature of her country that we would not willingly miss.

"Lewis Rand," by Mary Johnston. Published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

Britain, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand had to pay a deficiency of £62,362 on last year's working of the Pacific cable, according to the accounts published a few days ago.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WEDDING.

A Popular Ovation Attends the Marriage of Two Interesting People.

There is every reason why the wedding of Winston Churchill to Miss Hozier should excite an interest to which royalty is sometimes a stranger. To begin with, Mr. Churchill is the son of his father, and Lord Randolph is still something more than a memory in English politics. Secondly, Mr. Churchill is the son of his American mother, and Lady Randolph, now Mrs. Cornwallis West, is still one of the brilliant and picturesque figures of society life. Then again, Mr. Churchill himself has laid a firm hold on the imagination of the people. His experiences during the Boer War and as a prisoner in Pretoria are a proof that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and although his political views would have been anathema to his father, he has played the game with an unflinching humor, a matchless command of his temper, and a magnanimity that have won plaudits as well as an occasional brickbat. Miss Hozier, while not one of the prominent figures of society, is nevertheless well and favorably known. She is the daughter of the late Sir Henry Montague Hozier, who for thirty years was secretary for Lloyds. The ceremony was performed at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of St. Asaph, and Bishop Weldon, who was Mr. Churchill's headmaster at Harrow, delivered a congratulatory address.

The bride's dress is, of course, of paramount importance, but it was of a simplicity so severe as to preclude an extended description. It was of soft white satin, cut in beautiful lines and trimmed with priceless Venetian lace. Her long, white tulle veil fell to the hem of her skirt over a coronet of orange blossoms, and in her hand she held a white leather prayer-book. Miss Hozier did not follow the custom of providing a retinue of twelve bridesmaids. There were but five, and they wore picture dresses of cream satin, embroidered with a design of leaves in floss silk and silver beads. Their large picture hats were in stretched black satin encircled with wreaths of shell-pink and white camellias, with the chains and jeweled pendants presented to them by the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were led by Miss Nellie Hozier, sister of the bride, and she was followed by Miss Madeline Whyte, the bride's cousin; the Hon. Venetia Stanley, daughter of Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, Miss Horatia Seymour, and Miss Claire Frewen. The best man was Lord Hugh Cecil, son of the late Lord Salisbury, and it is therefore evident that political differences have not disturbed private friendships.

There were sixteen hundred wedding guests, and they seem all to have sent more or less substantial marks of their affection. The list of wedding presents occupies a column and a half of small type in the morning newspaper. There is, of course, the usual dreadful lack of imagination, and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill have been overwhelmed with presents for which they can have no possible use. There they all are in full force, the butter dishes, the clocks, the cigarette cases, the books, the tables, and the ash trays. If Mr. Churchill intended to open an hotel he could equip it with these useful articles and still have some to spare.

The gift of the king was a beautiful malacca cane with a massive gold knob, richly chased and engraved "W. L. S. C." The accompanying card reads: "To Mr. Winston Churchill, on the occasion of his marriage, with best wishes. Edward, R. and I." The bridegroom gave the bride a ruby and diamond cluster necklace, with ruby and diamond drop, and a pair of diamond cluster earrings. Lord Rosebery sent a silver inkstand, the Marchioness of Blandford, a table and fire screen; Viscount and Viscountess Castlereagh, a luncheon case; Lord Robert Cecil, a reading lamp; Earl Clarewilliam, an inkstand; Lord Curzon, a gold cup; the Earl of Jersey, a paper knife; Duchess of Marlborough, two Louis XVI wardrobes; Lord Ravleigh, two Japanese vases; the Duke of Westminster, a grog table; Mrs. George Cornwallis West, a gold dressing case; Mr. George Cornwallis West, a gold and tortoise-shell umbrella. The public bodies with which Mr. Churchill has been identified were well to the fore with all kinds of silverware too numerous to mention, while the number of books that were presented is quite unusual. Among these we notice nine volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's works from Mr. R. Donald, and the "Memoirs of the Countess de Boigne," from Lady Desborough. Lady Maud Warrender presented the "Vicar of Wakefield," while Mr. Churchill will now be able to read the "Arabian Nights," thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Paul Phipps.

After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Churchill went to Blenheim and thence to Berlin, where the bridegroom is *persona grata* with the emperor. Mr. Churchill was the emperor's guests during the army manoeuvres in Silesia in the autumn of 1906, and the favorable impression that he then made has since been confirmed by his references to Germany in various public speeches. Speaking to a foreign diplomatist some time ago, the kaiser lamented the fact that British cabinet ministers so seldom came to Berlin, because he regarded such visits as highly conducive to Anglo-German friendship. Certainly no better representative could be found than Mr. Churchill under his present guardianship, and it may be said that no one understands the art of a fine hospitality better than the German emperor when he is in a mind to exercise it.

LOXDON, September 14, 1908.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

By Douglass H. Morse.

He knew that he was drowsing in his chair and that the light was burning low. He thought that he would arouse himself, presently, before he had quite—ah! what was that—did some one knock just then, at the door? He could not be sure; it sounded so far away. He struggled to drag himself back to full consciousness and to listen. He fancied that he had very nearly succeeded; he felt that he was almost poised and then, in a twinkling he had lost his balance and he was slipping—slipping. He had a vague sense of trying to catch himself, of clutching at threads that snapped before him. Then before he was quite over the border he heard, or rather sensed, once more a rapping—very faint but very real, and the realness of it caught and held him there irresistibly. His nerves tingled in response, but it seemed an age before he could speak. Then, naturally enough, he cried, "Come in!" But his voice sounded foreign and distant like some one else's voice, and he found himself wondering dimly whether he really had spoken—whether—he—really—

Presently it occurred to him that the door had opened. His voice then—of course. The cloud lifted immediately; it was astonishing how clear everything became. Some one was coming in. He was aware of a strange, battered figure that stepped forward, uncertainly, screening a lighted miner's candle with one hand. Somehow or other even before the figure spoke, he knew that it was Dickie.

"Dad, I—I'm sorry to bother you once more—" the figure laughed nervously.

Yes, it was Dickie—of that much he was certain. But it was perfectly impossible for Dickie to be there, and he was equally certain of that; for his son had gone away, very far away, and he would never come back—at any rate never like that, in those outlandish clothes. Spruce, fastidious Dickie! It was so inconsistent—so utterly absurd that he perceived at once that he was dreaming, and began to admire the logical soundness of his own inference. To know that he was dreaming and yet to dream on! He could scarcely restrain a self-satisfied smile as he leaned back easily in his chair.

"I have come back, once more, against your orders," Dick was saying, "and against my own resolve. I have no right, I know, after—" he paused and clapped his hand to the back of his head in that old, awkward way.

"After my folly, and your injustice. I swore, then, it should be the last time—but I was mad when I swore. And so I went off to the mines—"

His voice broke buskily, and his face was so very white. The hand which he dropped from his head was gloved with blood, and his brown hair also was matted with black grime. For the first time he noticed that there was an ugly gasp behind Dickie's ear. This frightened him until he remembered that it was all a dream. He resolved that he would not forget that and become confused again. But why should Dickie look so terribly serious? Perhaps he did not know it was a dream. Or the whole, the situation was rather amusing, and he was half minded to laugh, but then—he might awaken, and he wanted to see the end.

Dickie, who had started again, stopped short and winced just a little at that flicker of a smile. Then he frowned at his candle and continued:

"Tonight I was working in an old shaft. The timbers must have been rotten. All I remember is the crash."

The other was listening now. The notion to laugh had suddenly left him.

"When I came to, everything was dark. I lit this candle. It is all I have—when it goes out I will be alone—off there in the darkness."

Oh—he wished Dickie would not look so solemn.

"Tomorrow is Sunday. They will not miss me till the next morning. The rocks are all about me—I am hemmed in—walled in—and the air—is growing—so—close."

There was a fearfulness about Dickie's voice that made him tremble. He moistened his lips and tried to speak, but the words rattled like parchment in his throat.

"Now," said Dickie, very softly. "I have come to say good-bye, and"—with his face a little whiter—"to tell you that I am—sorry." He paused and waited wearily.

"My head aches"—the form was growing indistinct—"I am very tired," he sighed, "I have come to tell you—I am—sorry—daddy." The murmur of his voice dwindled to a whisper. The candle still sputtered softly, but the form that held it was fading away. Only the eyes shone sorrowfully—as through a mist.

Then, at last, fear wrenched his naked soul, and the deep-tearing agony wrested loose his tongue.

"Dickie," he whimpered, "Dickie," and sprang towards those eyes with quivering arms—but they were gone in a mist.

"Stay!" he panted, snatching at the wraith behind the light, while anguish ran wet upon his brow—"Stay!"

The flame leaped up from the guttered candle and touched him lightly for one burning instant upon the wrist, and then candle

and flame vanished alike, and there was only he standing with outstretched arms, all forlorn in the tense silent shadows. He moaned and sank back, fighting for breath.

And with that he awoke. He was seated in his chair and the light was burning low. So— he had forgotten, after all. Now, of course, he remembered; yet, as he stared woefully about the vacant room, a sudden terror seized him. He fancied that his wrist tingled—the wrist that he had burned in his dream—and precisely in that small spot where the dream candle had nipped him. He tried to laugh it off, but the silence seemed to get into his throat and strangle him. In a panic, he turned up the light, and thrust his hand full into the glare.

And there on his wrist he saw, quite clearly, the livid mark.

OLD FAVORITES.

Love Triumphant.

Helen's lips are drifting dust,
Ilium is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barhary, and Spain—
Only one thing undefaced.
Lasts, though all the world lies waste
And the heavens are overturned;
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that reukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea—
—Dear, how long ago we knew!
Ye who love have learned it true.
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water;
But she refused to be my bride,
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sail'd away,
Her letters oft remind me
That I promis'd never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says "My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'd roam,
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered "No"
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love have
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But were I free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

—Anon.

Ballad of Dead Actors.

Where are the passions they essayed,
And where the tears they made to flow?
Where the wild humors they portrayed
For laughing worlds to see and know?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
And Millamont and Romeo?
Into the night go one and all.

Where are the braveries, fresh or frayed?
The plumes, the armors—friend and foe?
The cloth of gold, the rare brocade,
The mantles glittering to and fro?
The pomp, the pride, the royal show?
The cries of war and festival?
The youth, the grace, the charms, the glow?
Into the night go one and all.

The curtain falls, the play is played;
The beggar packs beside the heau;
The monarch troops, and troops the maid,
The thunder huddles with the snow.
Where are the revelers, high and low?
The clashing swords? The lover's call?
The dancers gleaming, row on row?
Into the night go one and all.

ENVOY.

Prince, in one common overthrow,
The hero tumbles with the thrall;
As dust that drives, as straws that blow,
Into the night go one and all.
—W. E. Henley.

The bronze tablet in memory of General Count de Robambeau, who commanded the French allies in the war of the revolution, and made his headquarters while in Newport in 1780-1781 at the Vernon House on Clarke and Mary Streets, and which had been placed on the house, now owned by Harwood E. Read, was unveiled and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies a few days ago. The unveiling was by the venerable Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and a brief address was made by Count de Chambrun, counselor of the French embassy and a lineal descendant of the Marquis de Lafayette.

Another California Tradition Shattered.

That the Indians of Tiburon Island are neither cannibals nor ferocious is the information brought by Captain F. E. Thompson, who returned a few days ago after a nine months' sojourn on that "island of mystery." Captain Thompson made five landings on the island, and met and was entertained by Chief Francisco of the Seri Indians, and his son, Ponchita, and fifteen members of the tribe at Pearl Point, set down on Dewey's chart as "The Inferno." Instead of meeting cannibals and desperate characters, Captain Thompson was welcomed to the island under a flag of truce, spent some time in the company of Chief Francisco, and was invited by the chief to visit him at his home back in the country from the coast.

"I believe I am the first white man to bring back a friendly report from the island," said Captain Thompson. "I found the dreaded Seris, written about as head-hunters by explorers who have ventured into the Gulf of California, most hospitable, well-meaning, and kind-hearted. He took us on a tour of the island. We were gone several days, mounted on burros, of which he has a large herd. The long sand bar at Pearl Point is literally paved with pearl oysters, and I have no doubt that there is a fortune for any one who can get the chief's permission to exploit the place. When I left at the end of my first visit with him he presented me with a beautiful bow and arrow, artistically dyed with berry juices. In return I asked him what I could give him, and the only thing that struck his fancy was my shirt. I gave it to him and offered him another, but he refused, saying, 'I can wear but one shirt at a time.'"

Lovers of "Ivanhoe" will regret to learn that the moat which once defended Torquilstone Castle has been drained. So far as situation and location are concerned, the site of Front de Bœuf's stronghold, the siege of which is so thrillingly described by Scott, is identical with that of Todwick Manor House, a very ancient mansion not far from Todwick Church, and situated about half a mile distant from where, till a few years ago, stood the decayed trunk of the famous trysting tree in Hartbill Walk. A young oak, grown from a "Queen Oak" acorn in Sherwood Forest, was planted by the Duke of Leeds on the spot where the old trysting tree stood, and a walk straight across country brings one to the manor house. The moat was fairly wide and deep, and in digging up part of the ground traces of the foundation of a previous building were found. Not far removed from the

manor house there is still to be seen the remains of the small religious house, now converted into a cottage, to which Ivanhoe was removed upon his rescue from the burning castle by the Black Knight.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

In announcing a complete edition of the works of Amrose Bierce for \$100, the Neale Company informs us that the author is "a satirist, a man whose pen delights to cut and slash—to draw blood, if need be, and revel in the crimson stain." With these sanguinary attractions concentrated into ten volumes and for only \$100, the edition should have a substantial sale. And the encomium—for it is so intended—is well deserved. Mr. Bierce has probably caused more pain than any writer of his day and generation, more resentment and more helpless indignation. With abilities that might have raised him to a high rank of constructive workmanship he has found his chief delight in a clever and destructive vituperation that was so applauded because it was so dreaded. He might have taken his place among the great writers of the day, but he has preferred to court a speedy oblivion by identifying himself with the things among us that are of least repute.

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare, by Meredith Nicholson. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

This may not be the best of Mr. Nicholson's stories, but it is none the less full of charming situations centring around a plot of whimsical ingenuity. The characters are two friends, Ardmore and Griswold, the governors of North and South Carolina, and the bewitching daughters of the governors. At the time the story opens a notorious desperado named Appleweight is the hone of contention between the two States. Appleweight's misdeeds are confined to the frontier line, and as he has political friends and a decided "pull" the public duty of his arrest becomes awkward and onerous. As an easy way out of the difficulty the two governors conveniently disappear, and their enterprising daughters, jealous for the official and paternal reputation, ensconce themselves in the gubernatorial offices and administer affairs, including that of Appleweight, with the aid of rubber stamps and official seals, not to speak of a delicious diplomacy. But they have other aid. Ardmore and Griswold, bosom friends, have parted at Atlanta station on their respective avocations. By a curious coincidence, not confined entirely to novels, Griswold happens to fall in with Miss Barbara Osborne, who is the daughter of the South Carolina governor, while Ardmore is similarly fortunate with Miss Geraldine Dangerfield, who is the daughter of the North Carolina governor. These fortunate young men so ingratiate themselves that they are invited, or rather graciously permitted, to help anonymously with their aid and advice in the grave dispute between the two States as to the much vexed Appleweight question, and so we have the spectacle of a difficult piece of diplomacy engineered at either end by a fascinating but mettlesome young woman, advised by her cavalier, and with the aid of the aforesaid official seals. Not until the end of the book do Ardmore and Griswold know that they have been pitted against each other, and by that time it really doesn't very much matter, as they have other things to think about.

Those who know Mr. Nicholson—that is to say every novel reader—can imagine how delightfully such a plot is handled. The story is told with a whole-hearted sense of fun and a spontaneity that are irresistible. If suffragettes would only pledge themselves to provide such situations as these their cause would be won.

The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century, by Martha Pike Conant, Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

The author has performed a difficult task with commendable brevity and conciseness. By confining herself to the eighteenth century she very properly excludes the flood of Oriental literature witnessed by the last few years, and which of course comprises such writers as Kipling. She thus devotes herself rather to the beginnings of a popular interest destined to become phenomenal. Her period therefore begins with the appearance of "The Arabian Nights" and ends approximately with the efforts of Sir William Jones about 1784. To the word Oriental she attaches the same meaning as Galland, who first translated "The Arabian Nights" into French, when he says: "Je ne comprends pas seulement les Arabes et les Persans, mais encore les Turcs et les Tartares et presque tous les peuples de l'Asie jusqu'à la Chine, Mahométans ou païens et idolâtres."

The author divides her subjects into four groups, "The Imaginative," "The Moralistic," "The Philosophic," and "The Satiric." She adds a "Literary Estimate" of much acumen, while copious appendices and an index complete a work that will be valued by those who are interested in the successive invasions of our literature.

The Cobbler, by Elma A. Travis, M. D. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a story that begins with a wedding, and we have our doubts about the "ever after" when we understand that the bride-

groom is the village cobbler, while the bride is the daughter of Judge Farrington. But Peter Caverley is no ordinary cobbler. Indeed, he is a quite delightful boy, a true Bohemian and a horn writer. We only wonder why he should be attracted by such a beautiful icicle as Elizabeth, who looks upon marriage as an interesting diversion from her astronomical studies, and who speaks of her eventual baby as "the infant." No wonder the doctor asks her "Haven't you any *bovvels*, Elizabeth?" And, although Elizabeth makes no reply, we can answer for her in the negative.

Of course, there is trouble, and although everything ends happily with tears and reconciliation, we are afraid that a sequel would show further rifts within the lute. Frankly, we do not like Elizabeth, but we do like the cobbler, and we heartily recognize a strong and humorous story.

The Life and Public Services of George Luther Stearns. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$2.

It is strange that this work has not been done before, because it is so eminently worth doing and is now so well done. A man whom Whittier and Emerson believed to surpass all others they had known in magnanimity and disinterested endeavor ought not for so long to lack a competent biographer nor readers of his life story.

Although the author gives us a book of some four hundred pages, he never strays into prolixity or the superfluous, and this is more than can be said of a great many biographies by surviving relatives. He regards his subject from the public view-point, and therefore succeeds in writing a valuable chapter of history and doing it with energy and a skillful use of dialogue. Especially good are his chapters on "John Brown," "Harper's Ferry," "The Great Election," "Civil War," and "Reconstruction," while personal knowledge of his subject and a retentive memory conduce largely to a fascinating book and an important addition to the literature of the war.

The Technique of the Novel, by Charles F. Horne. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Dr. Horne has written a useful book and one that helps us to understand the vogue of the novel and the elements that must be cultivated if that vogue is to be maintained. The historical part of his work is carefully done, and from ample knowledge, while his analysis of the novel itself is almost indispensable to those who aspire toward good and permanent work. His chapters on "Plot," "Motive," "Character," "Emotion," "Background," and "Style" are models of careful dissection, while his conclusion that "truth and unity, truth to life underlying superficial lack of fact, and unity of purpose underlying superficial variety of expression, in these two are found the cardinal principles of the novel," might well be committed to memory by those who are ambitious to make their mark in fiction.

A Teacher of Dante, by Nathan Haskell Dole. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.75.

The author has done a useful piece of literary exploration. Brunetto Latini is introduced to us by Dante himself, who meets Brunetto in hell and walks by his side with bended head "like a man who walks reverently." Brunetto predicts that if Dante will follow his star he can not miss the port of glory. The author tries to show us to what extent Brunetto was Dante's teacher and the influence of the master upon the pupil. Students of Dante will profit much from this learned contribution to a disputed problem. Other parts of an interesting and brightly written volume are devoted to "Dante and the Picturesque," "Lyric Poetry and the Novella," "The Rise of the Italian Drama," "Goldoni and Italian Comedy," and "Alfieri and Tragedy."

The Brotherhood of Wisdom, by Frances J. Armour. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

Wholly without prejudice against the "occult" or mystic story, we yet demand certain elements that are wholly lacking in "The Brotherhood of Wisdom." Even the rigid materialist can read Lytton's "Zanoni" or Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" with ungrudging admiration simply because they have the semblance of sincerity and because they are saturated with an appropriate atmosphere. The present story contains no atmosphere, and we imagine that the theories would be repudiated even by the strange people who profess to study such things. It is simply an unmeaning riot of "astral bodies" and love-making.

History of California, by Helen Elliott Bandini. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This book claims to be an attempt to "present the history of California in so simple and interesting a way that children may read it with pleasure." It is certainly well done and perhaps is the best of its kind. The story is told simply and graphically, while the large number of full-page and thumb-nail illustra-

tions by Roy J. Warner are exceptionally good.

Aunt Maud, by Ernest Oldmeadow. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

The plot is not quite new, but then what plot is? Aunt Maud, anxious that her niece Irene shall have a happier love experience than her own, invites her to her house in order to meet Richard Camber, but foolishly

confesses the scheme to Irene and also the fact that Camber is *particeps criminis*. Intense embarrassment is naturally the result, with frank explanations between the young people, who agree to play the rôle of lovers for the gratification of the aunt. The comedy nearly becomes tragedy, but we are saved by an ingenious expedient that is really delightful. "Aunt Maud" is well worth reading as a light, wholesome, and skillfully told story.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

David Warfield will be seen next week in "A Grand Army Man" at the New Alcazar Theatre, beginning Monday evening.

"A Grand Army Man," written by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, aided by David Belasco, is said to be a better play even than "The Music Master."

At the Van Ness Theatre that bright musical play, "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," has found popular favor and it will continue through the coming week.

"The Devil," with Howard Hickman in the title-role, will be continued all next week at the Novelty Theatre, under Belasco and Mayer's management.

The Valencia Theatre will continue its presentation of "The Devil," with Robert Warwick in the name-part, for another week.

"The Highwayman" at the Princess Theatre this week has been a triumph for Arthur Cunningham, who is especially happy in the role of Captain Scarlet.

Next week at the Princess Theatre that old-time favorite, "Ship Ahoy," will be revived, with Ferris Hartman in his original role of Colonel Mapleson Mulberry.

A French quartet of singers in their native costumes of Normandy will be the leading feature of the new bill at the Orpheum, beginning at the Sunday matinee.

Miss Evelyn Vaughan, who comes from the East heralded as a beautiful woman and an able actress, will play leading parts opposite Bertram Lytell during the coming season at the Alcazar.

At the Greek Theatre.

Paul Steindorff's popularity accompanies him everywhere. When he went to Idora Park in Oakland he attracted the music lovers from both sides of the bay and his recent return to the city of his greatest conquests brought goodly houses to the American Theatre. And on last Saturday night, when he

gave the first concert of the Indian summer series of evening musical treats there were about five thousand people gathered in the big open-air theatre to hear his programme.

Miss Lydia Sturtevant was the soloist of the evening. She sang the first aria from the opera "Trovatore" and gave as her first encore "Annie Laurie."

The next concert will be given on the evening of October 3. It will begin at eight and end at ten o'clock.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are issuing at once Angelo Neumann's "Reminiscences of Richard Wagner," translated by Miss Edith Livermore.

Swinburne's latest work, an essay on the "Age of Shakespeare," was published a few days ago.

Burglars visited Mark Twain's new home at Redding, Connecticut, a few days after the humorist with his family had moved in.

Notice—To the Next Burglar: There is nothing but plated ware in this house now and henceforth. You will find it in that brass thing in the dining-room over the corner by the basket of kittens.

Memoirs of Professor Hinzpeter, the Kaiser's late tutor, which have found their way into print in Berlin, show that one of his duties after the emperor's accession was to keep his majesty informed of all unfavorable comments made concerning him in Germany and abroad.

Mrs. Humphry Ward met Taine at the beginning of her career and is noticed in his letters, a recently translated edition of which has been published. Dining at Oxford, he sat next Miss Arnold, as she then was, and found her "about twenty, very nice looking, and dressed with taste, rather a rare thing here."

New Publications.

"Tamar Curze," a wildly grotesque story of natural magic, by Berthe St. Luz, has been published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published an "Algebra for Secondary Schools," by Professor E. R. Hedrick.

Silver, Burdett & Co., San Francisco, have published "The New Century Spelling Book," by A. N. McCallum and P. W. Horn.

Those who wish to know something of wireless telegraphy without the annoyance of technicalities should read a valuable little book by Walter W. Massie and Charles R. Underhill, with a special article by Nikola Tesla.

That "The Open Window," by "Barbara," is from the same pen as "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" and "People of the Whirlpool" is sufficient introduction to a volume of twelve short stories arranged according to, and tempered by, the months of the year.

Cecile Chaminade, one of the best known composers in France and one of the foremost living composers of her sex, is to give a concert in New York, October 24, her first appearance in America.

Jessie Kaufman's Novel.

To overlook Jessie Kaufman's complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for October would be to slight the gifts of the literary gods.

"A Jewel of the Seas" is a romance of Hawaii, and while there are already some few writers who have shown us the fictional possibilities of the Pacific islands, there is so far no one within our recollection who handles such a wealth of modern material with a touch so deft or with such humor and abandon.

Miss Kaufman should certainly continue to write. She has few effective competitors in a field that is so conspicuously her own.

Uganda, the vast native protectorate in the heart of what was almost until yesterday Darkest Africa, is the latest region of the earth to be brought within the sphere of "Cook's Conducted Tours."

A forgotten picture by Frans Hals, the famous Dutch master, has been discovered in a country house near Dublin and sold to the British National Gallery for twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

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A SATANIC DRAMA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The humorous invitation to "Go to the devil" which appears in brilliant electric letters over the door of the Valencia Theatre while Molnar's play of "The Devil" is running is likely to be only too well heeded. Never before have I witnessed a play of such ferocious, such uncontrolled cynicism; never one that made so palpable an appeal to the emotions that his satanic majesty is most assiduous in fanning.

I am convinced that this play, which on account of the lack of copyright is going to burst out like a series of dangerous fires all over the country, will leave a long trail of evil in its wake. The young it encourages to evil, by force of hateful suggestion, and not one person of maturer years who sits in front and by his or her presence tolerates this play out is the worse for it.

What makes it a more dangerous element of soul destruction is the art with which it has been put together and the wit and sardonic humor which, like unholy fires, lights up the polished discourse of Molnar's masterly fiend.

I call him masterly because, from the dramatic point of view, the author has conceived him in the right spirit. A sombrous devil would miss fire with the masses, who love to laugh. But this courteous, smiling, sneering fiend has, outward seeming, such stores of good fellowship to draw on, and so fascinates with his good-humored toleration of human frailties, his brilliant hursts of amusing satire, of apparently good-natured cynicism, that he insidiously wins to a general participation of his treacherous and easy attitude.

He is a very industrious devil, and is kept so unintermittently busy overturning barriers that interpose between the hearts of the lovers he has doomed to destruction, coaxing away objections, laughing down scruples, intensifying lures, magnifying signs of surrender, and manufacturing opportunities, that he compels admiration for his fertility of resource and it is difficult to imagine the poor, weak human heart of the observer, who, from temperament, sympathizes deeply with the lovers, ranging itself sternly on the side of the invisible angels of purity.

For the author helps by not one single word or suggestion the cause of morality. Only a degenerate talent, of which this century is so unfortunately prolific, could thus set forth with all the bravery of wit, the sting of satire, the lure of license, the *douche* of ridicule, and with an absolutely unashamed lack of reticence, the reasons for and against human beings yielding themselves up utterly to a glowing materialism.

The play is the old story of two lovers, of whom the woman is married, who are in the throes of all the good resolutions that precede her final swift downward descent. Satan through his infernal arts brings himself upon the scene at "the proper moment" in the person of Dr. Nicholas, a handsome, polished worldling, who is impatient that the lovers still dally with conscience, and defer the moment of surrender. This young man—for old Nick has become young Nick—excels in the art with which he can work upon a tropical imagination, and the ingenuity with which he bends circumstance to his aid. To hear his insidious suggestions of evil, to look upon an audience of young people, many of them, in this city of Latins, of volcanic temperament, listening absorbedly, to hear, occasionally, the semi-hysterical laughter of license, to realize that the author's tacit claim that the devil is too strong for human nature is almost true, and that this particular friend of the Hungarian dramatist will bring about nany a fall from grace.

At the end of the second act the evil suggestion is so rampant and powerful one feels that if angels visibly descended from heaven they could not purify the sullied passion of the lovers.

The only thing to be said of the play in the cause of morality is that the style of stage colloquy followed by Continental dramatists is often found, by an American audience, to be too long and metaphysical for their taste. To them these long passages of self-analysis are prolixity, for they are uninterpreted by the finer and more subtle art of the Continental actor.

So, toward the last hour of the play, the audience grew restless, and, absorbed though they had hitherto been by the bad eminence of his satanism, I could not but feel that those signs of horedom would lose Molnar's devil a few of the souls he might otherwise

have won. And, besides, there was something of an anti-climax in the final act.

Robert Warwick, they say, draws a salary of a thousand dollars a month, and his performance of Dr. Nicholas justified the management in their recognition of the necessity of having a big drawing card in their company.

Mr. Warwick gave to his devil the presence, the polish, the suavity, the easy, satirical manner, and the suggestion of the fascination of evil which most surely kills the soul. Villain though he was, "Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain," his sway over the yielding lovers was made to seem irresistible.

Willette Kershaw was a pretty and appropriately tempting Jolan, but only half able to enter dramatically into the changing moods of this most feminine treader along the primrose path of dalliance.

Harry Von Meter may be credited with having done some good, as his hunging lover so tripped up the imagination as negatively to advance the cause of morality.

It may be added, for the information of the curious, that there is no red fire or visible supernatural effect employed. The play goes like a Parisian society drama, and, except for the suggestion of some exercise of hypnotic power on the part of the devil, and the free exhibition he makes of a nature of startling depravity, he is as human as the rest of them.

The jolly little troupe at the jolly little Princess are giving jolly performances that make for joy and pleasure. "The Toreador" was an instance. I saw it played after four rehearsals, and marked with pleasure the youthful zest of the performers and the completeness with which they communicated their enjoyment to the audience.

True, there was nothing superlative in the way of delicate artistic finish. Christine Nielsen had in this particular piece little opportunity to exhibit the finer resources of her fresh young voice. The musical honors all fell to Cunningham's share, although it was a pity that the haritone, in his gorgeous toreador costume, was not more of a professional beauty.

But then there was Zoe Barnett, vivid and piquant in her Spanish scarlet, a picture to the eyes, a pleasure to the ears, and a joy to the understanding.

The pretty Zoe is not horn to blush unseen—or what the haughty East conceives as unseen in this far-off Pacific State—and I wager we will hear of her yet as charming Broadway.

How hewitchingly the little Spanish siren wove her elusive charm around the honest British footman, who, in the person of Ferris Hartman, looked longingly, but in vain, for those gauzy, suggested, ever hovering, but never descending caresses to materialize. It was the prettiest hit in the evening, and enough in itself to give a musical comedy helle an impetus in her career.

As a contrast to this sophisticated little *intriguante*, Christine Nielsen, with her prettily girlish, unfinished manner, was like the veriest schoolgirl. The comparison of the two types of such fresh, charming girls is very interesting, and, indeed, the Princess may be congratulated upon counting in its company the daintiest, prettiest, and most engaging pair of singers rememberable in a local house of this class for many years back.

"Fagan's Decision" is the decision of the Orpheum audience. "Patsy" has everybody's vote and reigns the queen of the evening, to the judicial assembly in front who have learned, through long experience, to sift the wheat from the chaff. The two Ushers who play in "Fagan's Decision" are fortunate enough to have a thoroughly clever and entertaining playlet—written, it seems, by Fannie Usher herself—for a vehicle, with plenty of humor and the "heart interest" in the proper proportion. Fagan is an ex-featherweight pugilist who has been knocked out of commission by the opponent in his last fight dealing him a foul blow. Fagan is hored by living a life of peace, and cherishes an un-forgiving animosity against the man who "fouled" him. But being hored, and lonesome, and soft-hearted, he proposes to adopt a child. Hence Patsy, who is rescued by some philanthropist from the slums and plumped into Fagan's quarters for his inspection. Patsy is a very alarming looking em-cum-france for a law-hiding and conventionally disposed bachelor to saddle himself with. She has a truly feminine taste for finery, and her tenement-house toilet, which hovers uncertainly between masculine bifurcation and feminine petticoats, is crowned by a daring structure of straw and chicken feathers, which stamps her as the eternal feminine, in her love for flamboyant millinery.

Patsy is only a "kid," but it is plain to see that a few brief weeks with soft-hearted Fagan would transform her into a correctly shod, pompadoured, helted, shirt-waisted, high-heeled imitation in miniature of the very latest thing out in the line of pretty shop girls, and a loving despot over Fagan to boot.

For Patsy is a thoroughly genuine article and one can theorize with some interest over her future.

It is a strange, almost eerie, sensation to

discover anything genuine in a vaudeville playlet, but we can have that experience this week at the Orpheum. The two Ushers have realistic methods of acting, and Sparkeris, the dog, snatching meek and fragmentary naps during intermissions between the tumultuous embraces of his young owner, adds to the realities by consistently remaining himself, and refraining from acting. The girl of this entertaining trio proves herself a most clever and understanding little actress, filling out her sketch of the wail from the slums with many clever hits of detail which show that Patsy has been studied from life.

Her quality of tone, assumed in imitation of the tenement-district voice, her "chippy" enunciation, her apparently unstudied, thoroughly natural gestures, her abrupt, childlike, unselfish gushes of gratitude and affection, are all instances of this study and will tend to preserve her queenship over the vaudeville audiences' susceptibilities throughout the Ushers' engagement.

The Lloyd Scott Travel Talks.

Next Monday night at Christian Science Hall Will Greenbaum will introduce Mr. Lloyd Scott's Travel-Talks, a series of interesting tales of travel illustrated by hundreds of hand-colored lantern views, moving panoramas, and motion pictures. Mr. Scott is said to be a man of brilliant attainments and a fine speaker, and the lanterns, picture machines, and views are all of the highest grade. The beauties of India will be discussed on Monday and Tuesday nights; Japan on Thursday and Friday nights; and Russia on Saturday night. A special school children's matinee will be given Saturday with Japan as the subject and half prices for the young folks.

The second week will be devoted to one night on Russia, and two each on Egypt and Ireland. Box offices are open at both of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores.

A course will be given in Oakland at Maple Hall, commencing Monday, October 19.

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INDIA—Next Monday eve, Oct. 3; next Tuesday eve, Oct. 6. **JAPAN**—Next Thursday eve, Oct. 8; next Friday eve, Oct. 9. **RUSSIA**—Saturday eve, Oct. 10; Monday eve, Oct. 12. **EGYPT**—Tuesday eve, Oct. 13; Thursday eve, Oct. 15. **IRELAND**—Friday eve, Oct. 16; Saturday eve, Oct. 17.

Course tickets (5 subjects), \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.00. Single tickets, \$1.00, 75c, 50c. Box office Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Special school children's mat. Saturday, Oct. 10—**JAPAN**. Children 25c and 50c.

Oakland Course—Maple Hall, commencing Monday, Oct. 19. Thursday, Oct. 22, Beatrice Fine-Anna Miller Wood Concert.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone, WEST 6000.

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Sunday Eve., Oct. 11—Return of the Alcazar Stock Company. First presentation in San Francisco of "The Hypocrites."

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IT HAS CAUGHT THE TOWN

Commencing Sunday afternoon, October 4 Second Week of BELASCO & MAYER'S unequalled production of

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. William Astor chooses the columns of the *Delineator* for an expression of her views on modern society. Perhaps her views are worth learning, at least by those very numerous persons who devour the "society novel" as though it were inspired, and give to it a credence in exact proportion to the abundance of its salacious details.

Now, Mrs. Astor appears to be without prejudice. She writes with marked dignity and she apportions her praise and blame with every evidence of impartiality. She would have us believe that noisy people—that people who are talked about in the driving Sunday supplement, and who like to see their names in print—are not in society at all. Just as we know that the lady who says that she is a lady is not a lady, so we may know that those who wish to be known as being "in society" are not in society at all.

Mrs. Astor refers to "certain New York women," and we can imagine an accompanying tone of voice that would obviate the need for any further indication. It is upon these women that the lash falls. In their effort to attract a following "they have given entertainments that belonged under a circus tent rather than in a gentlewoman's bome":

Their sole object is notoriety, a thing that no lady ever seeks, but rather shrinks from. Women of the stamp are few in New York, but alas! they are so appallingly active! They have done untold harm to the good name of American society in the minds of foreigners.

Mrs. Astor does not seem to think that the distinguished foreigner is fair game for the society dame merely because he happens to be distinguished. Distinction does not necessarily break down the social rules or arrogate the observances that have been ordained by polite society. Mrs. Astor says that "certain New York women" seize upon the stranger relentlessly and plunge him into a mad whirl of extraordinary festivities. This is what they call entertaining him, and no doubt he is entertained as we should be "as spectators of an Indian war dance," and thus he forms his opinion of us. Mrs. Astor has "never entertained a foreigner in my life unless he came to me with a letter of introduction":

The best women in New York society, those of the greatest influence and those who give it its true tone, are almost unknown outside of their own circle. Society newspaper notoriety is interesting to them, as it is to me, as a study, a very amusing one, too, sometimes, as one gains so much information about certain women supposed to belong to us, but whom we never see and do not know even by sight.

Mrs. Astor has had ambitions toward the salon as it is still to be found in Europe, but she fears that it could not be done in America:

The political hostesses have a much better chance of realizing such an ideal today than we women of New York. Over there you find at the big balls and musicales a brilliant array of cabinet ministers, journalists, ambassadors, men and women of the stage, painters and poets and the powers of the money world such as no leader in New York could bring together or would attempt to bring together.

I have thought of doing it all my life, but have never seen the possibility of success. In the first place, we have too many politicians in America, where in England they have statesmen. Many of our senators and congressmen seem to base their title to public favor upon their uncouth manners and lack of refinement, upon the fact that they have discarded socks or once wore blue jeans.

With all due respect to Mrs. Astor's opinion, it is not easy to understand why she can not found any sort of salon she wishes. Surely she can invite any one she pleases to her house, and there is nothing to prevent her from discriminating in favor of the best elements—intellectual and moral. The old French salon was nothing more than a natural gravitation of wit and mind toward certain houses where wit and mind were made welcome. The modern hostess does not welcome these things. She often prefers inanity and wealth. It is simply a matter of taste. She invites her guests because they belong to a particular social circle and without reference to mental affiliations. All these yearnings after the literary and intellectual salon are empty and insincere. Any woman of position who is accustomed to entertain can start a salon tomorrow if she wishes to. All she has to do is to confine her invitations for particular occasions to those who have shown that they have intellectual weight and who are likely to be congenial. There ought to be plenty of material in New York if Mrs. Astor wants to try. If she can not do it, it is because she is herself hound by conventions. Certainly the French salons, the best of them, made no discriminations whatever in favor of wealth. Mental stature was the only test, good manners being taken for granted. If it is really true that a salon can not succeed in America, it is because the wealth test can not be ignored.

As to the young people of society, Mrs. Astor has a word of comfort to say:

I can speak with authority about our young people. I have always kept in close touch with them. They are of a new age and often have ideas different from my own old, conservative ones. And they are full of health and abundant spirits, embodiments of the new age of athletic development and out-of-door sports.

It is perhaps true that they frequently go into excess in amusement, but they are not degenerate

and they are not vicious. Our young men enter seriously upon the business of taking care of their large financial interests, and they often take up an individual business or profession in addition, going in for healthy sports only as a well-earned diversion.

This, of course, is very nice and gives us a distinct feeling of reassurance. We are willing to believe that society is not at all corrupt, whatever "society" may be, and that the old type of gentleman and gentlewoman is still unobtrusively in our midst. For which *Te Deum Laudamus*.

By the way, Speaker Cannon seems to think that Mrs. Astor referred to him when she spoke of senators and congressmen who "seem to have their title to public favor upon their uncouth manners and lack of refinement." Now, if Mr. Cannon thinks that the cap fits him he had better wear it, and as he seems anxious to parade the fact it must be admitted that the cap fits him very well indeed. But it is not likely that Mrs. Astor referred to Mr. Cannon. It is not likely that she would allow her mind to revert to Mr. Cannon for a single unnecessary moment, gratifying as such suggestions may be to Mr. Cannon. He need not therefore follow his line of least resistance and become rude, and he is very rude when he remarks:

Jerry Simpson is dead, but he always wore socks in Congress. Out in Kansas, they say, he did not wear socks. Anyhow, he does not need them now. All I can say about Mrs. Astor is that if the good Lord does not think any more about that woman and her views than I do, she is lost. Socks and manners haven't much to do with brains, anyway. Alexander and Caesar had no socks, and I guess the original Astor when he was trapping fur animals wasn't troubled with many socks.

But then what can one expect?

King Edward does not like being cinematographed, if such a word be permissible. A report from Marienbad describes his annoyance at finding that an operator had stolen a march upon him in the street, and had recorded his movements for the benefit of generations unborn. Prompt measures seemed to be called for, and the visit of a detective to the offending photographer proving unavailing, the chief of police tried his hand, but with no better luck. Then a government official intervened and explained to the camera criminal that the king was on a holiday and desired to preserve his privacy, but the ohdurate wretch refused to part with the films, which had been obtained legally and were his own property. There seemed to be nothing left but to summon the lord high executioner with his tub of boiling oil, or whatever other persuasive and coaxing methods may now be in vogue, but at the last moment Sir Stanley Clarke, the king's equerry, tried his hand. What actually passed is not known, but when Sir Stanley Clarke left the place he had all the films in his pocket and an international crisis had been avoided. Perhaps he merely bought the offending pictures, and this seems such a common-sense proceeding that it is hardly surprising that no one thought of it.

Young men who can not dance, and dance well, are to be excluded from London ball-rooms of any importance. It seems that certain royal guests have commented unfavorably upon the number of young men who accept invitations to halls and then show themselves neither usefully nor ornamentally. In future these languid ones must either dance or stay away. If they can not dance, then they must learn, and teachers of the art are rejoicing accordingly and gathering in the shekels.

If the Directoire gown is to be effective, that is to say, if the lower slit is made, so to speak, in good faith and is not to be a mere suggestion of things unseen, it is evident that the underlying revelations must be made the subject of anxious thought. The stocking, in other words, must be worthy of the occasion and there must be something to arrest the eye other than the mere contour, fascinating and delightful as mere contour sometimes is. A report from Paris says that the ornamentation of this mysterious garment has now reached an extreme of extravagance. The lifted skirt, or the open skirt, will now display alarming scarlet beetles and red lohsters with long claws lodged upon her ankle, or an ambitious flight of many-bued butterflies. White silk dragon flies are embroidered on pale blues, pinks, and heliotropes. For the fashionables who affect the morbid, there are even serpents worked in flaming passementerie on a dark stocking, so that with every movement the beaded length of the snake catches and sheds the light like shining scales.

A pleasant incident is reported from London in connection with the Eucharistic Congress. At the great meeting in Alhert Hall a strange woman accosted Cardinal Gibbons in the corridor and asked him for his blessing. The cardinal smiled and asked her who she was. The woman replied "Mary Anderson." The cardinal immediately invited the old-time actress to visit him at Norfolk House. Behind this incident there is the history of Miss Anderson's (Mrs. Navarro) devout career. She is a devoted Catholic and went to mass every morning when acting on the stage. Cardinal Gibbons has always

known this. He recognized the difficulties which beset an actress and wished to express his satisfaction at her consistent piety. Therefore he received Miss Anderson at Norfolk House, gave her his blessing, and commended her for her edifying life.

Mary Anderson, by the way, was born in Sacramento, California. This is not necessarily to the credit of Sacramento, which seems to have forgotten the fact, but the people of the State capital would "do themselves proud" by looking up the house, if it still stands, and affixing a tablet thereto.

The poor little Queen of Holland is once more in trouble. The expectations of her people were aroused by the successive bulletins referring in language delicately veiled to

the queen's health and the necessity for rest and quiet. Now comes the depressing announcement that the queen is very weak, and is "bearing her disappointment with composure."

It is to be feared that some ugly domestic tragedy has ruined the life of a young woman whose whole-hearted vivacity was once the talk of Europe. Rumors of an unhappy marriage and of actual ill-treatment have been persistent for several years. Of course, there have been contradicted, as such rumors always are and without much regard for truth. Perhaps the truth would be dangerous as the Dutch love their young queen with sort of sentimental devotion, and it would be idle any one—even a royal husband—was known to have caused her grief.

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Special attention is directed to our large assortment of this season's designs in sizes 8:3x10:6, 9x12, 9x14:3, 10:6x12, 10:6x13:6, 11:3x15, 12x12, 12x15, and 12x18.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business September 23, 1908

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts.....	\$13,671,926.38
United States Bonds.....	6,539,232.82
Other Bonds.....	2,907,892.73
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit.....	1,205,380.99
Bank Premises.....	1,041,048.97
Money on Hand.....	\$6,427,377.08
Due from Banks.....	6,195,557.30
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer.....	290,000.00
	\$38,278,416.27

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 6,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,746,885.82
Sterling Credits, etc.....	1,205,380.99
National Bank Notes.....	5,586,597.50
Reserved for Taxes.....	23,812.05
Deposits.....	20,715,739.91
	\$38,278,416.27

State of California, }
City and County of San Francisco } ss.
I, FRANK B. KING, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of September, 1908.
FRANK B. KING, Cashier.
(Seal) O. A. EGGERS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Correct—Attest:
PERCY T. MORGAN.
LEON SLOSS.
WM. HAAS.

Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Blanche Bates, in the course of a luncheon that she gave at Sherry's in New York to her sister artist, Miss Geraldine Farrar, said this about marriage: "In heaven, we are told," she remarked, "there is no marriage nor giving in marriage." Then she smiled and added: "No wonder, when there are not men enough even here to go around."

In a country village recently a couple took their baby to be christened, and on the clergyman asking what name they had chosen, the happy father replied, "Octopus, sir!" "What!" ejaculated the astonished divine, "but you can not call a child by so extraordinary a name." "Yes, sir, if you please," was the reply, "you see it's our eighth child and we want it called 'Octopus.'"

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel a Western man had left his family, which had accompanied him to the city, in their rooms so long that they had become uneasy about him. At last he returned to the rooms, and to the anxious inquiry of his wife, "Where in the world have you been so long?" he responded, calmly: "I've just been in the cuspadore, walking pro and con."

Bill Nye in his earlier days once approached the manager of a lecture bureau with an application for employment, and was asked if he had ever done anything in that line. "Oh, yes," said Bill. "What have you done?" "Well," replied Bill, "my last job was in a dime museum, sitting in a barrel with the top of my head sticking out—posing as the largest ostrich-egg in captivity."

A hearty laugh had gone almost around over the story of the fisherman who, to locate the place on the lake where he had had good luck, cut a nick in the side of his boat. "Almost around," for the Englishman sat solemn and silent. About five minutes later, however, he awoke with a roar of laughter, and when asked the trouble, replied: "Well, wouldn't it be a corking good joke if that fisherman got a different boat the next time he went out!"

When trouble was more general and more destructive in Ireland than at present, an Irish priest, a very good man, was disturbed by the inroads which strong drink was making on his flock. He preached a strong sermon against it. "What is it," he cried, "that keeps you poor? It's the drink. What is it keeps your children half-starved? Why, the drink. What is it keeps many of your children half-clothed? The drink. What is it causes you to shoot at your landlords—and miss them? The drink."

Quite trivial was the difficulty, but the two Frenchmen developed it into a quarrel and challenged each other to fight. On the morning of the duel they and their seconds tramped through the woods to the fatal spot, when one of the duelists, the challenging party, tripped and fell. His second helped him to his feet. "I hope you are not much hurt," said the other duelist. "I'm not much hurt; I only bumped my nose on the ground." "Does it bleed?" "Yes, a little." "Heaven be praised! Blood flows, and my honor is vindicated. Give me your hand, old boy!"

Vague but attractive news of dramatic doings in the metropolis reaches the most retired up-State districts. A farmer visiting New York wandered with his wife into a theatre where one of the gloomiest of Ibsen plays was in progress. For half an hour the good couple listened in puzzled silence to the mournful remarks thrown out by the group of Norwegians infesting the stage. Then at last, after a particularly harrowing prediction of sudden death to everybody in the last act, the farmer turned to his wife with these words: "Say, Mandy, I'm darned if this is 'The Merry Widow.' Let's go."

To the artist the occasion: "These chefs!" said one multimillionaire to another. "Mine, you know, draws a thousand a month. He used to be at the Café Royal. Escoffier recommended him. But his independence! One night I gave, just to show off, a dinner of two hundred covers. The afternoon of the dinner I found him motoring in the park in a taxicab with two French dancing girls. Of course, I hailed him and took him to task. 'Oh,' said he, 'a dinner of that sort I always leave to my assistants. With such masses of food it is impossible to introduce delicate, subtle, or original cooking. Now, little girls, shall we drive on?'"

After more than an hour of badgering by the lawyer for the prosecution the witness was moved to declare that he had already told everything of any consequence. "You have told me what you said to him: 'Gibson, this case will get into the courts some day.' Now I want to know what he said in reply," declared the lawyer, sternly. "Well, he said: 'Chumley, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin', little hee-hawkin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen

pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

This is a Sargent story: A millionaire of coarse extraction went to Mr. Sargent's studio and had his portrait done. When the portrait was finished, the millionaire looked at it closely, and then said with a frown, "Not bad, Mr. Sargent; not at all bad, but you've left out one most essential feature." Mr. Sargent bit his lips to hide a smile. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I thought you wouldn't care to have the—er—er—warts produced." The millionaire, purple with rage, shouted: "Confound it, sir, I'm talking about the diamond rings and pin—not the warts!"

Generous in thought and deed are the seamen of the navy. One of these, fresh from the long battleship cruise, entered a bank in San Diego, hailing the teller boisterously as follows: "Hello, matey! How's business?" "Business isn't any too brisk," replied the teller, indulgently, "but maybe it'll pick up. What can I do for you?" The jacky produced a check for \$30, payable to bearer: "How will you have it?" asked the teller. The general seaman hesitated a moment, and then replied: "Matey, seein' that business ain't so good, I won't be hard on you. Gimme ten dollars now, an' I'll take the rest at ten a month."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Through Space.

Behold! The airship sets the pace, And with a majesty serene Proceeds to take long flights through space— The space in each month's magazine. —Washington Star.

Precedent.

A hat the size of Saturn's rings She wore, quite lost to view. But when I asked, "Why hide your head?" She looked surprised and only said: "The other girls all do."

In dress she wore cormorants, The dreaded sheath gown, too. A modest, shrinking maid is she, But fatefully she says to me: "The other girls all do."

So from her hook a leaf I took, And one I'll never rue. Now when I heg her for a kiss And then some more—I say just this: "The other girls all do!" —Puck.

To Father Time.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight! Give us an autoless day and a night. Give us a "yellow" sans headlines to scan, A rustless skirt, and a hustless man, A babe teddy-bearless, a microbeless kiss, A fistful fight fageless, a straight-frontless miss, A giggleschoolgirl, and—better than that!—A summer-clad college man wearing a hat! I know, Father Time, that I'm asking too much, But turn to a day ere a dinner was lunch. Swing back to an age peroxideless for hair—An æon ere "rats" made their rendezvous there—An old-fashioned breakfast without Shredded Hay, A season when farmers went whineless a day, A hurg moving-picturless—ah, what a treat! A gumless-girl town and a trolleyless street; I'm asking too much, but I pray, Daddy Time, For days when a song had both substance and rhyme! —The Bohemian.

The Senate Sent It Back.

(Dedicated to nearly any State legislature.) The members of the house one day were working on a hill; They filled it chock with poppycock just wild enough to thrill, And when it was completed, and nothing seemed to lack— They sent it to the senate, but the senate sent it back— Said the thing was out o' whack. So the house piled more amendments to the hurly-hurly stack; Viewed their work with calm conviction, and with nerve more strong than knack They sent it to the senate, but the senate sent it back. The senate sent a message that was tintured with a slur— "In these absurd amendments the senate can't concur." But the house grew wild with fury, and said: "We'll have no slack." So they sent it to the senate, but the senate sent it back— Said the house was out o' whack; They hoped that some Samaritan would put them on the track. But the house, as mad as fiddlesticks, just wouldn't stand the crack— They sent it to the senate, and the senate sent it back. —Life.

Two clergymen in a Southern State were once discussing the process of sermon writing, when one of them remarked that the only really hard propositions for him were the introduction and the conclusion. "You remember," he said, "the sermon I preached at the installation of Brother Morley not long ago? Well, I flattered myself that the exordium and the peroration of that sermon were pretty well done." "Yes," responded the other divine, with a faint smile, "but, as I remember, they were awfully far apart."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

With the opening of October the winter season has fairly begun, and every day are there clearer indications that this will be one of the most brilliantly gay seasons for years. Cards are beginning to come for teas, teas, and yet again teas, at which the charming debutantes—and all of them may fairly come under that characterization this year—will be formally introduced. Much dancing is promised for the winter, with five or six exclusive organizations and several private balls in prospect.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Buchanan, daughter of Mr. E. Y. Buchanan, to Dr. Daniel Crosby, will take place at the home of the bride in Fruitvale on Thursday evening, October 15.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Norwood, daughter of Mrs. William E. Norwood, to Mr. William Breeze, took place on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride on Green Street. The ceremony was performed at half-past 8 o'clock by the Rev. William Guthrie of the First Presbyterian Church. The bride was unattended. Mr. Thomas Breeze, the bridegroom's brother, was the best man. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Breeze have gone on their wedding journey, and on their return will live in this city.

The Colonial dances, which will be given under the direction of Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, will take place on January 15 and February 23 at the St. Francis Hotel. The patronesses are: Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. George A. Newhall, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Mrs. Robert J. Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will entertain at a ball on the evening of December 4, in the new ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will entertain at a tea on Saturday afternoon, October 10, at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of her debutante niece, Miss Harriett Alexander.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. James M. Allen will entertain at a tea on November 5 at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of their debutante daughters, Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick and Miss Clara Allen.

Mrs. Charles Keeney will entertain at a tea on October 31, in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Ines Keeney.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., was the hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Thornwell Mullyall was the host at a dinner at the Fairmont on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. John C. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at the St. Francis in honor of Mr. Clayton of San Diego.

Miss Laura McKinstry was the hostess at a tea on Wednesday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Elizabeth Parran Simpson. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Gerald Ratbone, Mrs. Harry N. Stetson, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Harriett Alexander, and Miss Clara Allen.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Bowen of Philadelphia.

Miss Dolly MacGavin was the hostess at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on California Street.

Miss Dorothy Wood was the hostess at an informal tea on Monday afternoon last in honor of Miss Irene Hornby of Redlands.

Miss Stella Kane was the hostess at a bridge party last week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. George Gibbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spreckels entertained informally at dinner in the Hotel St. Francis last week in honor of Mr. William Clayton of San Diego, who left for Yokohama on the *Tenyo Maru*.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Mrs. Emory Winship entertained at a bridge party at their home on Pacific Avenue on Friday afternoon of last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilcox of Philadelphia (the latter of whom was formerly Miss Jennie Griffith of this city) are here as the guests of Miss Caroline Griffith and Miss Alice Griffith at their home on Webster Street.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., has gone to Washington, D. C., for a visit and will return here later.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker,

and Mr. Templeton Crocker have returned from a week's sojourn at the McCloud Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Miss Marian Miller, who have been in Ross Valley during the summer, have returned to their Pacific Avenue home in this city.

Miss Leslie Page, who has spent the summer in the East as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, will not return to California until December.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, who have been at their San Rafael home for the past two years, will spend the winter at the Hotel Granada in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd will leave in the near future for an Eastern trip to remain for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock will return in a few days from Lake Tahoe, where they have spent the summer.

Judge and Mrs. James A. Cooper have been spending a week at the McCloud River Country Club.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick came up last week from Santa Barbara and were the guests of Miss Houghton at her home on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley will close their San Rafael home in the near future and will spend the winter at the Hotel Granada on Sutter Street.

Mrs. Edwin Dimond leaves this week for a visit of several weeks' duration in New York.

Mrs. Simeon Wenban and her granddaughters, Mrs. Flora Dean Magee and Miss Ethel Dean, will occupy the Huntington house on Jackson and Broderick Streets for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their family and Mrs. William H. Taylor, who have been spending the summer in Europe, will sail for home on October 24.

Mrs. R. C. Foute and Miss Augusta Foute have taken an apartment at Hillcrest for the winter.

Mrs. Theodore Payne has returned from Europe and has taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss Elizabeth Newhall has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch in San Mateo.

Miss Margaret Newhall has returned from a visit to Miss Marjorie Josselyn at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman have returned from the country and are at their Vallejo-Street home for the winter.

Miss Eleanor Morgan has returned from a stay of several weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, who have spent the summer at their country place in Ross Valley, have returned to their home on Steiner Street.

Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick has been staying in town as the guest of her cousin, Miss Clara Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from a brief visit to Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. Albion Walter Hewlett will leave in a week or ten days for Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Dr. Hewlett has been appointed to the chair of medicine.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden came up last week from Del Monte to spend several days in town.

Miss Ruth Boericke and Miss Dorothy Boericke have recently been the guests of Miss Maud Wilson in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bayne have returned from a month's stay at Foute's Springs.

Miss Doris Wilshire has returned from a visit of several weeks' duration in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. August Heilbronner will return to the city about October 15, having taken apartments at the Granada for the winter.

Miss Irene Sabin has been in town recently as the guest of Miss Alysse Warner.

Mrs. John M. Ellicott, wife of Commander Ellicott, U. S. N., and Miss Josephine Ellicott, who is to be one of the debutantes of the winter, are at present at 1809 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, but expect to take an apartment in this city for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacKeigan, who have been at the St. Francis since their marriage about a week ago, have returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. Will Chapin of Sacramento is a guest at the St. Francis.

Dr. Howard S. Taylor and Mr. John Temple Graves, Independence League candidate for the vice-presidency, are at the St. Francis.

Among the railroad men who have been at the St. Francis during the past week are Mr. J. A. Clock, general Western agent of the Wisconsin Central; Mr. F. E. Singer, general freight agent of the same road, and Mr. R. F. Watkins, assistant treasurer of the Denver and Rio Grande.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander will spend the winter at the Hotel St. Francis with her son and daughter.

Lieutenant Marcel Clamival of the First Reserve Regiment in Algeria, who has been staying at the St. Francis, leaves with the steamer *Le Suprem*.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kaufman have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland (formerly Miss Helen Wagner) are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel William T. Wood, Inspector-General Department, U. S. A., who arrived recently from Washington, D. C., to inspect the quartermaster depot in this city and the military prison at Alcatraz, left on Friday of last week for Southern California to inspect the Soldiers' Home near Santa Monica.

Colonel David L. Brainard, U. S. A., chief commissary of the Department of California, went last week to Atascadero, where he will act as chief commissary of the manœuvre camp.

Colonel John B. Bellinger, U. S. A., depot quartermaster at San Francisco, left last week for Atascadero, where he will act as chief quartermaster of the manœuvre camp.

Colonel J. Walker Benet, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., Benecia Arsenal, has proceeded to Atascadero, where he will act as chief ordnance officer of the manœuvre camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Slaker, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Baker, and ordered to proceed to Fort Wright, New York, for duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Mahoney, U. S. M. C., is detached from the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, and ordered to Washington, D. C., and to report to the major-general, commandant.

Major George E. Pickett, paymaster, U. S. A., San Francisco, has proceeded to Atascadero, where he is acting as chief paymaster of the manœuvre camp.

Captain Lucien Young, U. S. N., was assigned to duty as captain of the Mare Island Navy Yard on September 24.

Captain D. C. McDougal, U. S. M. C., is ordered when his temporary duty at headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, is completed to return to the U. S. S. *Colorado* and resume his duties, reporting on October 15.

Captain M. F. Steele, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was ordered to Atascadero for duty during the manœuvres and who arrived there last week, has had his orders revoked and will proceed to Washington, D. C., to report to the chief of staff, U. S. A.

Captain C. D. Rhodes, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., Jolo, P. I., who arrived last week from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, has gone to the camp at Atascadero for temporary duty during the manœuvres there.

Captain Clark D. Dudley, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., being now convalescent and able to travel, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco to join his troop.

Captain Rogers F. Gardner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Washington Barracks, D. C., and report in person to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that post for observation and treatment.

Commander H. Phelps, U. S. N., is ordered home and granted three months' leave of absence when relieved from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Chaplain L. P. Reynolds, U. S. N., is detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered to the Pacific Fleet, sailing from San Francisco for Cavite, P. I., about October 5.

Lieutenant R. C. Davis, U. S. N., is ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty in the steam engineering department of the yard.

Lieutenant H. L. Hodges, First Cavalry, U. S. A., who has recently been at the manœuvres in Pennsylvania, has arrived at Atascadero for temporary duty during the manœuvres.

Lieutenant William H. Winters, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Kamehaha schools, Honolulu, H. I., and will sail from San Francisco on or about October 5.

Lieutenant George E. Turner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had Paso Robles designated as his station, instead of Gilroy, while on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States.

Lieutenant Leighton Powell, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Presidio of Monterey and will join his regiment.

Ensign O. C. F. Dodge, U. S. N., is granted three months' leave of absence when relieved from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Surgeon E. S. Bogert, U. S. N., is relieved from duty at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., and ordered to the Naval Recruiting Station, New York.

Assistant Surgeon E. U. Reed, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to the Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Greer (formerly Miss Charlotte Ellinwood) are rejoicing in the arrival of a little daughter.

It is proposed to remove the newspaper kiosks on the Paris boulevards to give more space for pedestrian traffic.

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Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. Fillmore White, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Smyth, Miss Valerie Smyth, Mrs. James Shea, Mr. John Baker, Jr., Mr. D. C. Dinan, Mr. John R. Sheehan.

The following are among the registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado: Mr. M. Monahan, Mr. P. J. Ryan, Miss Grace Lafferty, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hohson, Miss Blanche Wood, Mr. August C. Muento, Mr. H. B. Rodgers.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte include Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. E. W. Hedges, Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Houston, Miss Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. John Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Bernays, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. English, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Parnell, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. S. Woods, Mr. M. S. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Miller, Mrs. A. W. Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth.

At the Hotels.

Among the guests at the Hotel Argonaut are Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hollingum, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Richardson of Portland, Mr. H. E. Robinson and Mr. Charles Lister of Gilroy, Mr. Edward Hyatt, State superintendent of public instruction, and Miss Hyatt, Dr. and Mrs. M. W. files of Los Angeles, Mr. J. W. Schroeder, Seattle, and Mr. Charles Schiller, Los Angeles.

Among recent guests at the Fairmont Hotel are Colonel and Mrs. A. D. Davidson, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Darling and Mrs. A. D. McRae, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tilden and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Swift, Chicago; Rear Admiral W. T. Burrell and Mrs. Burrell; Lieutenant Haynes Ellis and Mrs. Ellis, Dr. Reginald B. Henry, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Treat and Mr. and Mrs. Lowman of Seattle, Colonel and Mrs. Lucas of London, the Hon. Ho Kwan Puy of Peking, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Penhallow of Hawaii, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Tessier of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wright of New Orleans.

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He—Has your fortune ever been told? She—No; but I dare say papa will tell you if you really have serious intentions.—Sketch.

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"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?" "I will," cried a voice from the audience.—Success.

"Ah, I see you are married," exclaimed the merchant. "No, sir," replied the applicant for a position. "I got this scar in a railroad accident."—The Bohemian.

Tommy—Pop, what is retribution? Tommy's Pop—Retribution, my son, is something that we are sure will eventually overtake other people.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Benham—Why does a man hate his mother-in-law? Benham—He doesn't bate her; he simply hates to think of the way she got into his family.—Harper's Weekly.

"De real resourceful man," said Uncle Eben, "when some one hands bim a lemon is ready wif de sugar and other fixin's to make it tof-able pleasant to take."—Washington Star.

Scott—What makes you think that the trust originated in Rhode Island? Mott—Dad used to speak of the trust in Providence as far back as when I was a boy.—Boston Traveler.

"Officer, I appeal for protection. A man is following me and attempting to make love to me." "Begorry, Ol've been lookin' for an escaped lunatic. Where is he?"—Kansas City Times.

"Do you think that Miss Kidder was having fun with me?" asked Chawlie. "Well, old chap, give me the details," was Awthur's response. "You see, I had my bull terrier

with me. And I said to her, 'That dog knows as muc has I do.' And she said, 'Don't you think \$4.50 was too much to pay for him?'"—Cleveland Leader.

"My poor man, how did you acquire such a thirst?" "It was dis-a-way, mister; when de doctor operated on me for appendercitis he forgot an' left a sponge inside o' me."—Boston Traveler.

Old Gent—Here, you boy, what are you doing out here, fishing? Don't you know you ought to be at school? Small Boy—There, now! I knew I'd forgot something.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"You know Miss Strong, don't you?" "Oh, yes; mannish sort of girl." "Is she, really?" "Yes; she used the telephone today for the first time in her life, and she didn't giggle once."—Philadelphia Press.

"I have written a book that everybody ought to read," said the author. "I am afraid it won't do," answered the publisher. "What the public seems to want now is a book that nobody ought to read."—Washington Star.

"How often does the trolley run past your house?" asked a tourist of a farmer. "Waal, they run by so frequent and so often that I can't keep no track of 'em, but I jedge the last one passed here two hours ago."—Harper's Bazar.

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the saloons were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?" And the answer came, "Lots of people would get drowned."—Stray Stories.

"That oldest girl of mine is finally engaged. The young man called as a notification committee last night." "And how did you receive the news?" "Got the family together and cheered for eighty-three minutes by a reliable clock."—Washington Herald.

Jenks—The boss told me this morning that I looked as if I had gone to bed with my clothes on. I told bim pretty sharply that he was mistaken. Clark—Oh, come now; you know you did it. Jenks—I did not! These are my brother's clothes.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the zoo, if only to see the wonderful supply of rhododendrons." "Is it?" replied her friend, languidly; "I like to look at the great, big, clumsy beasts, too, but it always smells so unpleasantly round the cages."—London News.

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9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
.....	*8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	9:45 A.	2:45 P.	SATUR- DAY	1:40 P.
Tamal- pais only	11:15 A.	4:40 P.	ONLY	3:10 P.
.....	12:45 A.	5:45 P.	4:40 P.
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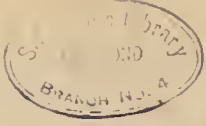


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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXIII. No. 1646.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 10, 1908.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Real Issue.

In the storm of personalities and in the fog of suspicion raised by those who are exposing, incriminating, and lampooning each other in connection with the presidential campaign, let the real issues not be overwhelmed and lost sight of.

The question before the American people is not whether Senator Foraker of Ohio was or was not in the service of the Standard Oil Company, nor whether Governor Haskell of Oklahoma is or is not a "friend" of the same corporation, nor whether Mr. Kern has or has not been employed as a corporation agent, nor whether Mr. Hearst is a faker or a public benefactor, nor whether the facile and adroit Bryan is more or less clever at intellectual fence and parry than the hot-headed Roosevelt. The question is whether the destinies of the country will be better served by the Republican or Democratic parties under the administrative direction of Judge Taft or Mr. Bryan. Here are all the issues summed up into one. Here is where the mind and the conscience of the country should concentrate itself, leaving personality, incrimination, recrimination, jealousy, malevolence, and vituperative rhetoric all to one side.

The Republican party stands for authority and

efficiency in government. Its policies, which connect historically with those of the Federalist party of the day of our great grandfathers, are founded in conceptions of authority in government, and have been nourished and developed in the motives and habits of effective administration. The Democratic party stands for a loose theory of the national tie and for local and domestic as distinct from centralized tendencies in administration. Its fundamental notion is a relatively weak nationality and a relatively strong State system. It would refer to State authority many things which, like internal improvements, quarantine, and maintenance of social order, are now under Republican practice in the hands of national agencies. The Republican party would maintain the system of tariffs under which we have long operated and, enlarging upon the same idea, would subsidize the agencies of international traffic. The Democratic party would destroy the protective system and weaken the hands of the general government at ten thousand points. Here in a nutshell is the issue as between the parties.

The issue between candidates is in precise harmony with that between the parties. Mr. Taft is for the law as it stands defined in the Constitution and statutes. He stands for thorough-going methods in administration, for a severe equality before the law, for persistent assertion of the theories of a strong central government. Mr. Bryan stands for loose and shifting philosophies founded in slight respect for the law. He would regulate the course of government not by the fixed lights of established law and upon historic theories of its interpretation, but by the moods and whimsies of changing public opinion.

The issue, we repeat, is not between wrangling disputants who are filling the air with an unseemly clamor, but between the two great parties and the character, theories, and dispositions of the men whom they have made their champions.

The Down-Town Movement.

The return of San Francisco's great popular store, the Emporium, to its restored home on Market Street is a distinct event in the rehabilitation of the city. In the flamboyant phrase of the daily papers, it "marks an era" in the history of San Francisco. It comes, too, at a time and under circumstances to give encouragement to many whose enterprise has done much toward the physical restoration of our old business district. There has, let us frankly say, been some disappointment, not to say discouragement, on the part of those who went promptly to work to replace their destroyed holdings, and who under multiplied difficulties put up buildings which are now going begging for tenants. Many have felt the failure to lease new buildings within the burned district promptly upon their completion, due to a positive and possibly a permanent decline in the business vitality of the city; and this feeling is perhaps not unnatural when "To Let" signs may be seen in many store windows within the restored district. The return of the Emporium, therefore, regarded merely as a circumstance illustrating the tendencies of business, is a thing of cheering portent.

Those who look at the situation broadly, have never cherished the first doubt about the future. It has been plain as noonday from the very first that new San Francisco would sit in the lap of old San Francisco—that business would surely return from the temporary abiding places to which it was driven to its old habitat. But the building and occupancy of a business district is not the work of a day. Under the conditions of the past two years building has been difficult, costly, and slow. Prodigies and marvels have been achieved, truly, but not even yet is the old business district, regarded as a whole, ready to receive those who will ultimately come to it. For example, the fine building planned for the White House is only half done. The O'Connor & Moffat building is likewise in process, and the Sloane building is only just now fairly under way. And the

situation as related to these leading establishments is duplicated in the case of a hundred others less conspicuous. The Shreve building, it is true, is practically ready for occupancy; and the Nathan-Dohrmann Company might come down town in a week if they were so minded. But there are a good many objections to moving into a district only half rebuilt. The streets everywhere are blocked with masses of building material, dust flies in insufferable clouds, pedestrians find it difficult and even dangerous to get about. Establishments like those of Shreve and the Nathan-Dohrmann Company are not disposed to isolate themselves and to make it difficult for customers to find them, even though their new quarters be ready and waiting.

The Christmas season, a season when business is most active in retail lines, is not far ahead, and the general plan on the part of retail dealers is to remain in the quarters occupied since the disaster until after the holiday time is over. Furthermore, a great number of small establishments which cluster like satellites about every retail centre, will follow rather than lead the down-town movement. On the whole, it is not surprising that the retail district remains for the present in temporary quarters, and it is inevitable that so long as it does so remain, many new buildings within the devastated district shall remain unoccupied. In the judgment of the *Argonaut*, the general movement down town will be delayed until the late spring or early summer of 1909. It will not be possible for leading dry goods establishments, like the White House, the City of Paris, and Newman, Levinson & Co., to get into their new quarters before midsummer; and so long as they remain in Van Ness Avenue there will be the centre of the active shopping district. When, with the return of these establishments to their restored quarters, the retail centre shall be transferred to its old home, it will be found that all the buildings now constructed and under way will fall short of meeting the demand for business house room.

The managers of the Emporium have shown courage in returning to Market Street a full half year in advance of the general down-town movement. And yet there is a wise discretion behind this courage. Market Street is more nearly restored than the region of which the Shreve building is the centre, and it has practically a direct connection with that populous part of the city known as the Mission. Of all the changes wrought by the disaster none other, perhaps, is so important as that made in the Mission. The population of this district has been doubled and possibly trebled since the fire. The Mission district, proper, has been built up much more closely than before, and its boundaries have been extended by the construction of new dwellings a full mile or more toward the south and west. It is said by those who assume to be wise in such matters that in the region south of Market Street—in the Mission chiefly—there lives 60 per cent of the population of the city. All this population, old and new, is directly and conveniently tributary to Market Street. Shoppers boarding the cars at a thousand points on the south side may without change land at the door of the Emporium. All this, of course, must have been calculated by the Emporium people when last week they moved their vast establishment from Van Ness Avenue to the old Market-Street location.

So far as may be judged from present indications, the new retail district will be identical with the old with this exception, namely, that the centre of the finer shopping quarter will be in Grant Avenue rather than in Kearny Street—one block to the west. If the owners of the old White House site at the corner of Post and Kearny Streets could have seen their way to make arrangements with the White House people, there would have been practically no change at all. But with the White House at the corner of Grant Avenue and Sutter Street, with Sloane & Co. in the same region, and with Shreve & Co. at the corner of Post Street and Grant Avenue, the last-named street

bound to be the active centre, with Sutter Street as its northern boundary. The reopening of the Palaeo Hotel on its old site will, we think, carry an element of fine retail business as far down Market as Montgomery Street and hold it there, but that will no doubt be its eastern limit.

Those who see San Francisco day by day in its marvelous changes need not be told that the new city is to be finer and better than the old. Prior to the disaster there remained even in the best streets and in immediate neighborhood with new and modern structures many out-dated and out-classed buildings. All these, of course, were destroyed, and their places have largely been taken with structures of a far better type. Down-town San Francisco, although now only half completed, is today the most modern metropolitan district in the world. All the buildings are new and every one has been constructed upon principles unknown to the architecture of an earlier time.

No authoritative or adequate census of San Francisco has been taken since the smash-up. Estimates of population, therefore, must rest upon incidental indications—registration of voters, school attendance, postal revenues, street-car and ferry traffic, etc. By these several measures it is indicated that the metropolitan district of San Francisco, say the region within ten miles of a circle drawn around Kearny and Market Streets as a centre, is considerably more populous than three years ago. There has, of course, been a marked loss of population within the devastated district, but we believe that it has been compensated fully in the growth of the Mission district, the Richmond district, and other regions within the city limits. It is the opinion of experts who have no motive for exaggeration that the city of San Francisco proper has today as many people as it had on the 17th of April, 1906. This estimate is borne out by the records of street-car traffic, by postal receipts, and by other positive indications, not to mention the ceaseless crowds which throng every thoroughfare.

The Spirit and the Voice of the West.

It would be easy to make too much on the one hand and too little on the other of the Trans-Mississippi Congress which as we write is in session at San Francisco. It is true that the congress is an unofficial association and that it is powerless by direct processes to enforce its judgments and conclusions. Therefore, to those who can see no merit in an agency lacking tangible force, the congress may seem an ineffective and trivial thing.

But there is another and truer view of the Trans-Mississippi Congress. It is made up of men actively engaged in the work of building the great West. It gives to these men not only an opportunity to compare ideas and to contrast methods, but a chance to put their ideas and methods to the test of an intelligent, non-political, and unbiased criticism. It gives the man who has an idea, and who by his character and achievements is worthy of a hearing, the opportunity to make appeal to others who like himself are earnest in the work of developing or conserving great public interests. The Trans-Mississippi Congress gives to the men of the West a platform, a forum, from which they may address the whole people of the United States.

The value of such a forum is none the less important because it must be measured in intellectual and moral terms, for in the up-building of a country and in the conserving of its resources, intellectual and moral forces are more potent and therefore more important than mere physical forces. There are those who would deny this, and there are others who may not understand it, but it is the truth none the less.

Every country is controlled less by law and police than by the spirit of its people; and it is the especial function of organizations like that of the Trans-Mississippi Congress to create and direct this spirit. Within the half dozen or more years covered by the history of the trans-Mississippi association, its influence has been felt widely and so powerfully as almost to have transformed the internal policies of the government. It has practically created and put on its feet that great movement which is watering the deserts of the West, turning its most arid places into seats of population and production. It has stimulated the activities of government in the conservation of our native forests and in the protection of those vast areas loosely characterized as the public domain, and for more than half a century abandoned to the unrestrained uses or abuses of peripatetic and reckless stock rangers. It has revived the energies of government in relation to navigable streams and to our ocean harbors. It has

emphasized, and by emphasizing it has practically corrected, the gross abuses under which the government was being robbed of its mineral and timber lands.

In a broader sphere it has stimulated in the people of the West a sense of their value and power in the ordering of public affairs and policies. It has reminded the people of the East, and the powers which centre in the East, that there are at the West interests not only material, but moral, which merit attention. And in a still broader sense it has emphasized the unity of interest between East and West. These are no slight services. They justify all the effort that the successive congresses have occasioned; they far more than cancel all accounts which may be charged up against an agency which, by asserting its own dignities and speaking with the voice of authority, has yet no actual power to enforce its own behests.

It is interesting and instructive to note that successive sessions of the Trans-Mississippi Congress attract the attention of large and larger men. In the congress now in session may be seen and heard the most potent figures of the West, men who find in the congress an opportunity not afforded elsewhere for addressing the country at large and inviting its cooperation. Perhaps it is in its character as a forum—as a means of addressing the American people—that the largest value of the congress is to be found; for high as is the level of American intelligence, and highly developed as are our agencies of intercommunication, there are few ways in which unofficial leadership may appeal for that support which is the breath of its life. If, indeed, the Trans-Mississippi Congress had no other function than to utter the voice of the West, it would still serve a great and useful purpose.

The Balkan Imbroglio.

In its issue of August 19 the *Argonaut* suggested that congratulations upon the declaration of constitutional government in Turkey might be a little premature and that the various powers that have taken portions of the empire under their "protection" might be reluctant to surrender their charges or to give an account of their stewardship. The new authorities at Constantinople, notably the young Turks, had foreseen the difficulties and dangers of a demand for restitution and were early in the field with an assurance that no such demand would be made and that the existing order of things would be respected. Bosnia and Herzegovina would continue under the direction of Austria, the status of Bulgaria under the suzerainty of Turkey would remain unchanged, and the rule of England in Egypt would be unchallenged. The young Turks were anxious that the advent of good government in Turkey should be without friction and that the powers should remain undisturbed in the exercise of their profitable benevolence.

But now it seems that Austria has hardened her heart against these assurances. Her position as "protector" of Bosnia and Herzegovina is obviously untenable, inasmuch as there is now no one from whom they need to be protected. They must either be ceded to a reformed Turkey or they must remain permanently under the control of Austria not as protected provinces, but as integral parts of the Austrian empire. Therefore, Austria has decreed their annexation and her intention to retain as her own property an immense area belonging to Turkey and temporarily entrusted to her care. The proposition is a simple one, and in the case of an individual we should know exactly what to call it.

The matter of Bulgaria is different. Bulgaria has been practically independent for many years and the suzerainty of Turkey has been no more than a figment. In throwing off the last shadow of Turkish sovereignty she has done no more than she has a right to do, and she has done it in good time to prevent a constitutional Turkey from strengthening the link or reasserting an ancient claim. She can hardly be expected to have a very tender consideration for the nerves of Europe or for the phantom "integrity" of Turkey, and as she has an army of about a quarter of a million splendid fighters she naturally seizes the opportunity to step into a new position that she feels herself able to defend.

So far as Europe is concerned, there is no question of right or wrong, of justice or injustice. Nothing can be considered except a balance of power that for these many years has rested upon a knife-edge. Bosnia and Herzegovina were not handed over to Austria from any feeling of benevolence, but only because their struggles under Turkish iniquity might hasten a break-up of the empire and a resulting scramble for the pieces. Bulgaria was given her practical independence for the same reason and to prevent a revolution that

would disrupt the country. Europe would have been much better pleased to see these nationalities suffer in silence and she would not have lifted a finger for them if they had been butchered by Albanians and Bashi-Bazouks to the last man. But as they persisted in struggling under the knife and threatened to drag the whole edifice down with them, it was necessary to find some way to pacify them while preserving the nominal "integrity" of the Turkish empire. This is the arrangement that has now been shattered by Austria and by Bulgaria.

The possibilities of the situation are numerous, and none of them is cheerful. If Turkey acquiesces in Bulgarian independence she may as well wipe herself off the map at once, because other provinces will do the same thing and Bulgaria will aid and abet them. But can Europe allow Turkey to move her armies against Bulgaria and so start a fire of terrible danger? And will Bulgaria await to be attacked when she knows that she can seize Constantinople if she is only quick enough? Can the powers allow Austria to enrich herself by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina without demanding similar compensation for themselves by the partition of the Turkish empire, and is such a partition possible without a quarrel over the spoils? Is there an agreement between Austria and Germany, because if so we may expect to see England, France, and Russia automatically forming a counter agreement.

The first step will probably be a strong effort, by overwhelming force if necessary, to restrain Bulgaria and Turkey from flying at each other's throats until a European conference can be summoned to take a cool-headed view of the situation. In any event, it is hard to see how Austria can be allowed to keep the provinces and it is equally hard to believe that she will give them up. If she keeps them, there must be compensation all round, and this is the very thing that has been dreaded for a quarter of a century as leading to almost certain war. It is a situation of extraordinary danger and one from which almost anything may be expected.

The Case of Judge Dunne.

The reasons why Judge Dunne ought not to be re-elected are plain to see. Primarily they are the same reasons why he should not have been elected in the first place, for now as then he is a man of low breeding, mediocre mentality, and defective professional equipment. He was brought to the bench originally not because he had any real preparation or fitness for judicial duties, but because he wanted a job and was able to bring the Native Sons' society and the saloon influence to bear upon a candidacy which was generally regarded as so ridiculous as to border upon scandal. Judge Dunne has now been on the bench for something like ten or twelve years, but he has used that period to so little purpose as to stand now where he stood at the beginning, a byword and a joke among lawyers. Wherever two or three members of the bar are gathered together there you are pretty certain to hear amid gurgles and guffaws the "latest" that has happened in Judge Dunne's court.

Judge Dunne's unfitness for judicial responsibility is an old story; there is no need to dwell upon it because it is known to everybody who has any acquaintance with our judicial conditions. But there are special and immediate reasons why he should not be re-elected at this time. They rest upon the history of the past year and a half. From the beginning of the Phelan-Spreckels-Heney movement, Judge Dunne has been openly a partisan of the prosecution. No ward-heeler ever "stayed with his friends" with a more implicit subserviency than has this man on the bench. It was the rulings of Judge Dunne in both the Schmitz and the Ruff cases that so crowded the records with error as to make it imperative for the higher courts to nullify the procedures. It was Judge Dunne who, according to the sworn testimony of Reverends Kaplan and Nieto, shared in the conspiracy to give Abe Ruff immunity and later, as judge on the bench, prevented the fact of the immunity grant from being disclosed in the evidence. It was Judge Dunne by whose subserviency and cooperation Abraham Ruff was held for the better part of a year as a private prisoner, sumptuously housed and luxuriously attended, during the period when an agent of Spreckels and Heney was trying to bribe, cajole, and frighten him into giving such "evidence" as they desired. It was Judge Dunne who again and again and still again and many times again passed over the sentence of the convicted Ruff as a means of maintaining a whip in the hand of the prosecution for the intimidation and enforcement of this same wretch, Abraham Ruff. It was Judge Dunne who,

when the judgment of court was set aside on account of his own ignorances and irregularities by the Court of Appeals and later by the Supreme Court of the State, burst out in vulgar explosions of rage and resentment.

Is there a man in San Francisco, having any knowledge of our recent and current history, who does not know that Judge Dunne is an intense and passionate partisan of one party as against the other party in an important social and legal conflict now pending in our courts? This question needs no answer; everybody knows that in relation to the so-called graft prosecutions long ago Judge Dunne abandoned even a pretense of the judicial character, that he is body, soul, and breeches with the prosecution. Is there a man among us who, if he were charged with a crime related in any way to the great pending controversy, would be content to have Judge Dunne sit in judgment upon his case? Is a man whom all men know to be a blind and passionate partisan fit to preside in matters bound to come before Judge Dunne's court during the next year and a half? Questions like these need no answer.

When the special circumstances are considered and when on top of all there is scrutiny into the personal and professional qualities of the man, the impropriety of Judge Dunne's candidacy for reelection becomes open, manifest, and shameless. The man is unfit under any circumstances, because he is no lawyer, because he lacks the judicial temper and the poise of moral self-control. The man is unfit under the special circumstances because he is personally, immediately, and rancorously related to men and things bound to come before the court over which he seeks to preside. The most positive demonstration of Judge Dunne's unfitness lies in the fact of his wish to sit as a judge in matters wherein his partisanship is a public scandal.

The "Earthquake Clause" Decision.

Lawyers and courts never so command intellectual and moral respect, never so serve the public which sustains them, as when they disregard quibbles and trivialities and deal in broad spirit with the reason and the moralities of the things under their hand. The decision of the United States Court of Appeals, confirming a previous decision of the United States District Court in the matter of the "earthquake clause" in fire insurance policies, is a case in point. The court has dealt with this subject in the broadest spirit. It declares that words used in a policy of insurance must be given their common and ordinary meaning as distinguished from their technical meaning. It insists that the main intention of a policy of insurance shall have weight as against a subtle and therefore semi-fraudulent phraseology calculated and planned to mislead the insurer. This is common sense, and we are glad to be informed that it is sound law; it is in perfect moral accord with that principle of equity which insists that the prerequisite to standing in court is a clean score.

This decision practically wipes out the last defense of those dishonest insurance companies which sought by the aid of trickery in phrases to invade responsibilities in connection with the San Francisco fire of 1906. Probably the advantage to insurers will not be great in an immediate and specific sense, since the defaulting companies are mostly bankrupt as well as dishonest. The ultimate and larger value of the decision lies in the guaranty which this decision affords of the value of insurance policies in general under the direct and straightforward interpretation given them by the average insurer.

Civil Service in Practice.

We note by the daily papers that four inspectors of immigration, working on the California-Mexican border under the Chinese exclusion law, have been summarily dismissed from the service. Their names are E. Engelcke, John Canfield, B. Manning, and Embert Lee. We note further that all of these persons are listed as permanent employees of the government under the civil service law and that Engelcke, Canfield, and Manning have been under the civil service rules for a period longer than five years.

If men working under the civil service rules and with the guaranties which these rules imply may be dismissed arbitrarily, without any sort of investigation or adjudication, where is the protection, what is the good of the whole civil service business? The inspectors above named clearly have the right to be regarded innocent of misdoing until they are adjudged guilty; and as civil service employees they

have the right to full investigation before dismissal. But by the action of the department they are thrown out by a mere turn of the wrist, so to speak, and are put into the position of men adjudged guilty or unfit before investigation. All this would be the worst kind of injustice under any system, and it becomes something worse in the face of the pretensions and guaranties of the civil service law.

The *Argonaut* knows nothing and therefore has no opinion with respect to the controversy pending in connection with the immigration service. But it does know that if the civil service rules may at any moment or in any case be suspended by an executive officer in the Department of Commerce and Labor, if men may be dismissed without inquiry and upon manifestly fraudulent pretense, then the whole civil service system is practically a nullity if not indeed a fraud.

Beginning at the Beginning.

Many persons the country over will follow with interest the effort of young Theodore Roosevelt, twenty years old, graduate of Harvard, son of a prosperous and distinguished father, to get himself going in the world. The lad has gone to work in a Connecticut factory picking wool at a wage of five dollars per week on a ten-hour working scale. The circumstance speaks well for his own hardihood and for the common sense of his father. And, let us add, it speaks well for his mother, for it is not every wife of a prosperous and distinguished husband who has the sense to consent that her boy shall begin life at the beginning.

Young Theodore's first day at the factory was an interesting one. Arriving early, he was escorted over the works by the superintendent, introduced to a bevy of stenographers who exhibited a truly feminine interest in the new apprentice, and later he was installed in a workingman's house, where he is to live as a sort of parlor boarder. He lunched with the superintendent, then, getting into working clothes, picked wool until the whistle blew. In the evening he dined with the general manager. These introductions having been gotten through with, he was presumed to be duly installed as a working apprentice.

Now the anomalies and difficulties of young Theodore's position are suggested by the experiences of his first day as we have related them. The ordinary young man who goes into a mill to pick wool at five dollars per week is not received by the superintendent, is not treated as a special guest, does not encounter the smiles of headquarters femininity, does not dine with the general manager. He takes up his work not under circumstances suggesting that he has stooped to it, but rather under the exhilaration of having found something for his hands to do. If at some future time, say after six months of faithful effort, he gets a friendly nod from the superintendent, it is a red-letter event, a circumstance suggestive of approval, of getting on in his work. It comes to him as a reward and as a stimulant. And if later he contrives to get a smile from one of the young ladies in the front office, it comes as another stimulating and inspiring circumstance, suggesting to him possibilities of which hitherto he has hardly dared to dream and supplying him with new motives to industry, self-denial and self-control. To dine with the general manager—this is a thing which comes, if it comes at all, further on in life, carrying with it a significance more profound than can easily be put into words.

Now by contrasting the case of the young man who, entering a factory, seeks to make his own way under regular and normal circumstances with that of young Theodore Roosevelt, we easily see the handicap which conditions put upon the son of the prosperous and distinguished man. Young Roosevelt has begun his work at the beginning in manly spirit, but he himself is removed by a thousand circumstances from the status of the average beginner. More will be expected from him—by his parents, by his friends, by his employers, by the public—than from the normal beginner; and at the same time he will inevitably be subject to unnumbered distractions and he will have to go forward without the aids and encouragements which come to the ordinary youth. The attentions which come to him by virtue of his parentage and connections mean nothing to him in relation to his individual career as a factory worker. He gets no inspiration, no succession of mental and moral uplifts as he goes on his way upward, because the recognitions which would have meant inspiration and uplift have come to him in advance. Another handicap, equally serious as tending to discouragement is this, namely, that young Roosevelt has at the beginning, as a free gift of the god of circumstance, all and more than the ordinary and normal

youth is consciously working for or may ever reasonably hope to gain. He has fortune, social consideration, and culture, and, if he please, he may have leisure. True, there is more than these to come as the reward of work and discipline, but it is hardly within the scope of youthful wisdom to know this other than by precept. Young Roosevelt, therefore, and other sons of prosperity and social distinction, when they take up the work of life at its foundation—when they begin at the beginning—must carry a tremendous handicap as compared with the ordinary youth. Life may easily hold more for them ultimately, but in its immediate aspects they are at a disadvantage. In the early stages which lie near the beginning of industrial or business life they are bound to miss the unnumbered encouragements and aids to effort and content which come to the ambitious youth whose fortunes are all to make.

Some months ago there came into the *Argonaut* office a well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-spoken youth, the son of one of our well-known men of large fortune, seeking the opportunity to "become a journalist." His ideas as to how to go to work were vague, but he knew pretty definitely what he wanted ultimately. "How long do you think," he asked the editor, "will it take me to so qualify myself as to be able to command ten thousand dollars a year?" The editor found this question difficult to answer: he tried to explain that journalistic posts at ten thousand dollars per year are not so numerous as to crowd the market. He told the young man frankly that it would be easy to count on one's fingers all the ten-thousand-per-year editorial positions the country over, adding that the average successful working journalist at forty years of age regards himself as extremely well off if he is able to earn the one-fourth part of ten thousand per year. The ambitious visitor stood fairly aghast at the slenderness of the prospect. "Why," he said, "I have a fixed allowance of ten thousand dollars a year, and if I can't by professional industry earn an equal amount, the venture would seem to me not only useless, but ridiculous." And so it did appear; there didn't seem to be any logical reason why this youth, trained to measure values in money alone, encumbered with an allowance of ten thousand dollars per year—more than paid in advance for all he might hope to achieve in the way of mere money—should take upon himself toils and pains, with ceaseless self-denial, for the sake of earning presently a pittance, and ultimately scarcely more than a fourth of that generous sum which the god of fortune had already bestowed upon him. And yet there is today, working somewhere in San Francisco for a pittance and hoping for the future, a youth who twenty years from now will sit in a chair of editorial dignity and power as far above the mere custodian and spender of accumulated wealth in all the elements of manly character and potentiality as the stars are higher than the earth. But by what process was the youth trained to estimate things by the money standard alone to be made to know this fact? By what means was he to be impressed with the profound truth that the blessing of work lies in the doing of it, that its money reward is only incidental, casual, and minor? The editor could see no way to do it, and he did not try; but at the same time there was borne in upon him with new emphasis the lesson that large inherited wealth is truly a grievous handicap.

It is an old saw that there is no hardship like that of being born rich. It has been dinned into the ear of protesting youth from the beginning of civilization until now. It takes long years of experience with much wearisome rub of life to know its truth. But it is true all the same. Not only are the ultimate prizes of life for those who earn them, but the exhilarations of life are for those climbers-upward who start at the bottom of the ladder.

Not as Other Men.

It is an intense pleasure to watch the faltering steps of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels along the unaccustomed path of civic reform. His earlier dream of a court of virtue with himself on the judicial chair with pontifical power to bless and to ban has faded somewhat with the realization of undeviating failure all along the line, but he still feels it incumbent upon him to stand at the street corner and audibly to thank God that he is not as other men. The latest outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace that Mr. Spreckels has given us is a determination to disperse his racing stables and to retire from the turf, and his reasons—given by himself at some length—are worthy of careful attention.

Mr. Spreckels established his racing stable some years ago, and only a short while before he found

vation. He supposed at the time that horse racing was a means of innocent rest and diversion besides being a useful encouragement to the breeding of good animals. That a noble sport should be tainted by commercialism and betting had never occurred to him, and he had won a great many races before it dawned upon him that certain evil persons were actually wagering money upon the results and that there were even those who made a living by the nefarious practices of the betting ring. It can be imagined with what a painful shock this information came to Mr. Spreckels. He, a leader in the cause of civic virtue, a bright and shining light in the ranks of reform, had inadvertently lent himself to a pernicious industry and to the possible corruption of youth. Those who should have cherished and preserved the purity of the race-track, a purity still unsullied and untarnished two short years ago, had actually allowed themselves to reap "material temporary gain" from the turf, in other words had become the victims of mammon if not the children of unrighteousness. The love of money, reflected Mr. Spreckels, is the root of all evil, and it should never be said that he, a leader in Israel, had encouraged so fatal a proclivity in others.

Therefore Mr. Spreckels's horses are on the market. He would like it to be understood that they are good horses, and the curious can easily ascertain the number of sinful races in which they have been respectively successful. Two of them, we are honestly warned, have not yet been fully tested and their money-earning capacities are therefore still uncertain. It would be well for their future owners to lay their bets with caution. But the rest of them have been fairly successful and their records will prove a reliable guide to the odds that should be laid on their future performances. Mr. Spreckels himself "can not conscientiously continue to participate in the sport," but if there are those whose moral development is still in the kindergarten stage—now is their chance to get on to a good thing.

Editorial Notes.

The Reverend W. Kingscote Greenland has interested, if not pleased, London by declaring that city to be the wickedest community in the world. This is chiefly interesting elsewhere because every other city on the face of the round earth is periodically told the same thing by some preacher eager to see his name in the papers and get himself more or less talked about. Of course London is no more wicked than it has always been—probably, indeed, like the rest of the world London gets better as time goes on. The cold truth is that the Reverend Greenland is seeking to make a stir in the world, and has fallen upon that outworn but none the less effective trick of decrying the morals of a city for the sake of arousing resentment and stirring up champions in rebuttal. Perhaps this device is newer in England than in America. It has been played so very often in every town, great and small, in this country that nobody takes serious notice of it. Those who really know anything about the world know that cities are pretty much alike, that good and bad is mingled in their make-up. They know that when a preacher rises in the pulpit to decry the morals of a whole community, he is merely striving for notoriety, that he is commonly a mountebank and invariably a chump.

Mr. Heney, man of delicate sensibilities and of punctilious habit that he is, thinks that the newspapers should be estopped from expressing opinions in matters pending before the court. This is both naive and charming; and the worth of it lies scarcely more in the precept enunciated by Mr. Heney than in the fine example embodied in his own manners. The suggestion comes with especial emphasis and value from one whose own habit of expression is unvaryingly controlled by the nicest feeling and the most scrupulous reserve.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is hurrying East to confer with the President and others. His precise purpose has not been given to the public, but probably it is to inaugurate a procedure under which an immunity bath after the San Francisco fashion shall be given to Senator Foraker, Governor Haskell, General du Pont, Senator Bailey, and others caught in the act, in order that the entire powers of moral correction may be centred upon that bold and bad "higher-up," Mr. Archbold.

Mr. Roosevelt has sent a representative all the way from Washington to San Francisco to inform the Trans-Mississippi Congress that "I believe in fair play." All of which would be important if it were

true. The President no doubt believes in fair play as an abstract proposition, but in practice he always believes in the infallible wisdom of some personal friend and then, without other knowledge of the matter in question, puts the powers of the presidential office behind the theories thus imbibed. This may be fair play from the rip-snort, slap-dash standpoint, but not uncommonly it is foul play from the standpoint of reason, equity, and law.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

If there is to be a continuation of the present process of elimination, the field of politics will be turned into a dreary and a silent desert. It is now becoming fairly understood that none but the pure in heart can be allowed to hasten the virtuous steps of the rival presidential candidates, and already there is a dreary monotony in the successive and ominous splashes which announce that still another political warrior has walked the plank and gone down to eternal oblivion. A perfect reign of terror has been declared in political circles and no one knows where the next blow will fall. There is every reason to believe that the casualty list is by no means complete, as Mr. Hearst's friends say that he has a safe deposit box still fairly full of "incriminating letters" calculated to keep the pot boiling until election day, and that he promises to eclipse all previous efforts in a final blaze of denunciation that will simply wither the Republican and the Democratic parties out of existence.

In the meantime Governor Haskell quits the Democratic stage, but not with that spirit of chastened resignation that we should like to see. Indeed, Governor Haskell is very angry, especially as his abusive letter to the President remains unanswered. Interviewed at Guthrie, Oklahoma, Mr. Haskell breathed threats and fury against Mr. Hearst, and finished up by saying that he would forthwith bring an action for libel against him. It is to be hoped that he will do so, as we all know that when thieves fall out honest men come by their own. Mr. Hearst and Mr. Haskell must have a lot of private information about each other, and under the impetus of a libel suit some of it may come to light. But Mr. Haskell will not be satisfied with one victim. He sees red and thirsts for blood, and so his lawyers have been instructed to go into the whole matter and bring suits against every one who is suitable. Now really Mr. Haskell should have been in a better temper on arrival at Guthrie, seeing that a company of militia were at the station to meet him. But "his face failed to brighten" even with such a stimulus as this and his "usual smile" had worn right off.

General T. Coleman du Pont is similarly dissatisfied at his deposition as the head of the Speakers' Bureau of the Republican National Committee. As organizer of the Powder Trust he feels that it belonged to the eternal fitness of things that to him should fall the duty of providing the necessary oratorical ammunition with which to blow up the Democratic fortifications. That he happened to belong to an organization "in restraint of trade" against which the Republican artillery had been arrayed was his misfortune rather than his fault, and his friends in Delaware feel that he has been hardly used. The gallant general is conscious of his own rectitude, like the rest of us, and he does not quite realize that political officials nowadays must be not only innocent, but, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. We are all sorry to see General du Pont of the Powder Trust thus forced to consume his own smoke, but immaculate purity demands that this particular gun be unloaded.

Then again there is Senator Bailey. As we clasp the senator's hand for the last time we feel the stirrings of an unmanly emotion. Better that we should sit forever among the impenitent than that we should endure such pangs as this. The senator has sold his stock farm in Texas as well as his "other interests" and will live henceforth in Washington or New York. He will quit politics for law and we rejoice to hear that already he has received several good offers. A report from Gainesville says:

While satisfied that he fully established his innocence of the false and calumnious accusations made against him, Senator Bailey is sensitive and feels that his own State did not treat him with the respect due one who had labored and fought so hard for Texas.

But even affliction has its uses. But for this heart-breaking separation we might never have known that Senator Bailey was sensitive. Texas has been ungrateful, and ingratitude is the hardest blow that noble minds can hear. But Senator Bailey may rest assured that the appreciation of the nation will follow him to his retirement and will take good care that he stays there.

But what about Senator Depew? With that innate worth that belongs to true greatness the senator denies the soft impeachment that be is the "greatest Standard Oil agent in the Senate." He would like to unveil his heart before us, but unfortunately his memory has become so treacherous that he simply can not rely upon it. He has vague recollections of a visit from constituents in relation to some oil company and of introductions to government officials, but really the senator's mind has been so occupied with higher things that the details of these sordid transactions have momentarily escaped him. Anyway, it's of no consequence.

The reputable press seems to be mildly amused by all this ugly business. The New York Evening Post asks who will be left to manage the campaign. "For our part we know of no one really good enough, since we do not live in the days of St. Francis or St. Elizabeth." The Springfield Republican speaks of "the degrading character of this form of party warfare upon its victims, the participants, and the people who watch the thrust and the stabbing." The Springfield Republican is one of the few newspapers that look upon this whole ugly business from the standpoint of public morality, but it

finds some consolation in the fact that "Mr. Taft has left the muckraking to his exalted chief."

The New York Times thinks that there are those even outside of the madhouse who believe that the actors in this affair are making a singular spectacle of themselves. They wonder "how these controversies over treasurers and chairmen of speaking committees help the people to a clear understanding of the respective rights of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan."

The story comes from the Democratic national headquarters that if elected Mr. Bryan will appoint Judge George Gray of the Federal Circuit Court to the Supreme Bench in place of Chief Justice Fuller. No doubt Mr. Bryan will approve of this story, as it conveys the impression of moderation and conservatism, which are Mr. Bryan's best cards at the present moment.

But Judge Gray will not meet with approval from the radicals, who by no means like his recent opinion that the commodity clause of the Hepburn rate law was unconstitutional. Judge Gray said:

If the enactment in question be warranted by the commerce clause of the Constitution, it is hard to see what bounds may be set to the exercise of that power.

Mr. Bryan may be willing to allow the rumor that he will appoint Judge Gray to go uncontradicted for the sake of its effect upon conservatism, but he certainly can not approve of the decision in question.

The Boston Advertiser tells a story that may as well be taken *cum grano salis*. The Advertiser says:

One of the best posted Democratic politicians of this city a man who has no special interest in the presidential election, has brought back from New York a very strange story, after talking politics with his friends in Tammany Hall. It is to the effect that a "trade" has been made, by which Chanler is to be elected governor, and Taft is to carry the State. The "trade," of course, is a supposed secret between some prominent men in the Republican machine and Tammany Hall. It is inferred that the Republican machine is to allow a large number of votes to go to Chanler, while certain strong Democratic districts are to develop a striking hostility to Bryan on election day. How, when, and where the "deal" was made, nobody in Boston pretends to know; but the story has become general property in Democratic circles here and is implicitly believed. Members of the "inner circle" have been advised to let all the money they can raise on the two propositions—the election of Chanler as governor, and the election of Taft electors on the presidential ticket. There is no doubt that the men who tell the story believe it absolutely.

There is nothing actually impossible in this. Hughes is one of the best hated as well as the best liked men in New York. The administration would not be likely to make trouble in this event, as the President is more interested in the fate of Mr. Taft than in that of Mr. Hughes, whose genuflections to the White House have never been very pronounced. It is said that the story is implicitly believed by the medicine men of Tammany, who have told it in confidence to their Democratic friends from Massachusetts. The Advertiser continues:

If any such deal has been made or is contemplated, it may be taken for granted that Governor Hughes is well informed as to the plot. But his knowledge has not interfered with his own plans for helping on the national campaign. Even if the story were not strictly true, it is unquestionable that the governor is not likely to have an easy road to reelection. Therefore it required some spirit of self-sacrifice on the part of the New York governor to agree to absent himself from New York, to speak for the national ticket, when his own lieutenants were warning him that only by a spirited and constant campaign throughout the State could he hope to carry the election. Whether the State machine has or has not made a "deal" to elect Chanler, it is certain that many of the machine leaders will be delighted if Hughes fails of a reelection. The instinct of self-preservation would naturally lead a more selfish man to remain at home and to utilize every day until election day to make votes for himself. But Governor Hughes is a loyal Republican. He honestly considers it far more important to the country that Taft should be elected than that he himself should remain at Albany for another term. The loyal Republicans and the honest Democrats of New York State have their own duty at this juncture of affairs. No vote that can be had for Hughes should be lost.

But how about the people?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Prohibition in Maine.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., September 29, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Usually the Argonaut is fair and square in its editorials, but in your issue of the 5th instant you are hardly fair toward the State of Maine in your article on prohibition. The fact is the Maine law (so called) is as well enforced as any law in the State. There are people that steal everywhere. If a person needs liquor, it can be obtained legally. When the writer of the above was a boy there were few places of business (country stores, etc.), public houses, etc., that did not sell ardent spirits. I have seen a company of militia drawn in line and with one or two exceptions all took their "flip." In that village at that time there were seven or eight country stores and three taverns, and with the exception of one store all sold liquor. The law is so seldom broken there now that I have known people addicted to the drink habit to move there to get out of temptation. Then it was a place of 200 or 300 inhabitants, now 3000 or more.

The first Maine law (Neal Dow's) was passed in 1846. The people were unprepared for it, and after a short trial it was repealed. A short history of its passage may be interesting to you and your readers. Neal Dow was a Whig member (one of few in the State) from Portland. He presented the largest petition in favor of the law that had up to that time ever been presented to the legislature of the State. The legislature was strongly Democratic. The house playfully passed the act nearly unanimously and sent it to the senate. That body said, "Governor Hubbard likes his 'tod'; let us pass it. He will veto it." The governor said there had never been a measure come to him with such unanimity behind it, and approved it. It made a temperance man of him, and in 1851 he helped work for the Maine law, which is now part of the Constitution.

You are right as to the course of the dealers. There is a dealer of my acquaintance here that takes the same view. He says, "We should keep out of politics." Let them do it and they will fare better. HENRY HATCH.

The house shown to tourists as the ancient palace of the Capulets at Verona, which is associated with the story of Romeo and Juliet, has been completely destroyed by fire.

A NEW GAMBLING SYSTEM.

Lord Rosslyn and Sir Hiram Maxim Settle a Dispute with a Roulette Wheel.

I wonder if it would be possible to convince the "system" gambler of the folly of his course, even though one rose from the dead to do it. Presumably not, or long ere this the gambler would have thrown himself upon the bosom of pure chance and discarded the calculations and the methods that never yet led to anything but ruin.

This reflection, for which no claim of originality is made and which is therefore uncopyrighted, is elicited by the contest between Sir Hiram Maxim and the Earl of Rosslyn, a contest that already bids fair to culminate in the overthrow of the earl and the triumph of the knight. It need hardly be said that Sir Hiram was the advocate of a sober and mathematical common sense. He is no gambler, and indeed, holding the view that he does, he could hardly be so inconsistent as to woo the goddess of the green tables at Monte Carlo, a goddess who is so ungoddesslike as always to load the dice against her victims.

The dispute arose in this way. Lord Rosslyn maintained that it was possible to break the bank at Monte Carlo by means of a system elaborated with great care and in which he had the fullest confidence. Now, it would be unfair to call Lord Rosslyn a gambler, for that seems to imply a moral turpitude of which the noble earl is not guilty. Let us say, then, that Lord Rosslyn has "had experience," while expressing the hope that his contest with Sir Hiram Maxim may prevent the experiences yet to come from being disastrous. On the other hand, Sir Hiram maintained that the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo is so arranged that no matter where the money is placed the bank makes its percentage and that this percentage is a fixed quantity, "quite irrespective of what system is played or whether no system is played; it is always the same for the bank." When the contest was first started on a roulette wheel belonging to Sir Hiram and with imitation money and counters, Sir Hiram was quite emphatic in his certainty that Lord Rosslyn must lose. He admitted that his system was an ingenious one and that he would no doubt get lots of fun from it at Monte Carlo. But he would get nothing but fun, and his money would go inevitably to the bank, as of yore. Sir Hiram added: "I do not gamble personally. It is simply to me a matter of mathematics. Many people who talk about roulette do not know what it means. For instance, one man I know has what he thinks is an infallible 'system.' Why, the run that he counts on could only occur, by the law of probability, once in 2,147,483,648 times. He would have to wait more than twenty years for a chance! There are some possibilities which by geometrical progression only come once in 36,028,797,018,963,968 times. And then they talk of infallible systems! Lord Rosslyn and I, nevertheless, are going to do what has never been done before. The play will be carried out exactly as if real money were at stake, and I am arranging for a clear, infallible record to be taken of each spin. That will be done by a little system of my own, only it is a system on entirely a different subject from Lord Rosslyn's."

The contest took place in a private room in Piccadilly. No one was present except the gladiators and the clerks. The nominal capital of both was £10,000, and the maximum stake allowed £240, as at Monte Carlo. The play continued for six hours a day and the result of every spin was duly recorded. Sir Hiram worked the wheel and spun it until his arm ached, while Lord Rosslyn worked mysterious calculations in thousands of francs, smoked cigarettes continuously, and often asked for a few minutes' delay to complete his array of figures. Meanwhile the croupier for the bank and the stakeholder for Lord Rosslyn passed small fortunes of imitation money to each other with just as much gravity as though they were handling gold and bank notes.

The results day by day were just as might have been expected in any game of chance played without a system and where there is a percentage in favor of the bank. Sometimes Sir Hiram was the winner and sometimes Lord Rosslyn. On Wednesday, for instance, Lord Rosslyn started the day under a burden of 12,315 francs to the bad and during the morning he lost a further sum of 21,370 francs. Then there was a run on the red which came to his relief just as he was in danger of reaching the maximum stakes. This cleared off all his losses and left him 37,080 francs to the good since the start of the tournament. Sir Hiram Maxim, commenting on this sudden rally for the system, said: "Up to two o'clock today Lord Rosslyn appeared to be playing a system by which he had been a steady loser of about £1200. Then he suddenly changed. The stakes up to then amounted to £96. These he suddenly doubled to £192 each coup. By the greatest good luck, while playing on the red as against black, with the stakes still at £192, eighteen more reds than blacks turned up in the course of a few minutes, thus winning over £3200 in a very short period by 'flat' and not progressive coups, such as I have always understood the Rosslyn system to be."

The feature of the system is progressive stakes. Lord Rosslyn had a unit of five francs and he began his play with two units. The number of units staked varied with his success. He figured out each coup and announced each time the amount of the stake and the color he desired to back. He played only upon the even-money chances of black and red. Sir Hiram, on the

other hand, played upon the percentage of odds given to the bank by "zero" turning up, and by the fixing of the maximum stake.

There is no need to record the varying fortunes of this singular contest, but the net result is, of course, a foregone conclusion, and it will be upon the side of mathematics. At the end of the play the bank will be the winner, as it always is and always must be. This, of course, by no means implies that to win at Monte Carlo is impossible, inasmuch as a great many people do win who have the sense to stop in time. It will only prove that the percentage in favor of the bank is invincible and that it must prevail at the end of any sufficiently long period of time.

The number of system players will not, of course, be reduced by a single unit, because a certain element of superstition enters into nearly all of them, and superstition is proof against either calculation or demonstration. But the contest is none the less an interesting one, and it may be hoped that Lord Rosslyn will remember its results to his benefit.

LONDON, September 25, 1908.

FROM ELDER FRENCH POETS.

English Version of Eighteenth Century French Verse by General E. L. Huggins.

YOU HAD MY WHOLE HEART.

Vous aviez mon cœur, moi, j'avais le vôtre,
Un cœur pour un cœur, bonheur pour bonheur.

You had my whole heart,
I thought I had thine,
No beguiling or art,
A heart for a heart.

Your heart is returned,
But alas! where is mine?
Your heart is returned,
But mine you have spurned.

The leaf and the bloom
And the fruit of the same,
Leaf color and bloom,
Sweet flower and perfume.

O what hast thou done?
My sovereign supreme
O what hast thou done?
To shame the fair sun.

An orphan bereft
Of mother and home,
An orphan bereft
With my grief I am left.

Deserted, alone,
Through the wide world to roam,
Deserted, alone,
But heaven hears my moan.

One day you will muse
Broken-hearted and old,
One day you will muse
On the love you refuse.

You will seek me one day,
But will not behold,
You will call me one day,
I shall not obey.

You will come to my door
With penitent head,
A friend, as of yore,
You will knock at my door.

It will coldly be said,
She is gone, she is dead,
Her spirit has fled
Will coldly be said.

—Desbordes-Valmore.

'TWIXT SLEEP AND WAKING.

Lying alone last night 'twixt sleep and waking,
My cruel mistress passed with queenly tread,
With smile of cold disdain and haughty head,
And scornful eyes, whereat my heart was breaking;
The vision was so true in all its seeming,
I scarcely could believe that I was dreaming.

But when she came and o'er me lowly bending
Upon me rained the kisses of her mouth,
Laden with all the perfume of the South,
Murmuring the while of blisses never ending
And in her eyes I saw the love-light gleaming,
Ah! then I knew that I was only dreaming.

—After Prosper Blanchemain.

THE ROSES OF SAADI.

As I passed through the Valley of Roses today,
I gathered the fairest and freshest for thee,
But my robes were so full that the knots burst away
And all my sweet roses fell into the sea.

A wave slowly bore them away from my sight,
Flaming forth like a cloud-billow rosy and red,
But on me you may breathe all their fragrance tonight,
For my robes are still sweet with the perfume they shed.

—Desbordes-Valmore.

THE ROSE.

Lorsque Venus, sortant du sein des mers,
Sourit aux dieux charmés de sa présence,
Un nouveau jour claire l'univers;
Dans ce moment la rose prit naissance.

The blushing wave bloomed into wondrous flower,
And rosy light burst forth, unknown till then,
When Aphrodite dawned on gods and men;
Thy birth, O Rose, was in that mystic hour,
Transcendent Rose, pride of the Paphian bower,
And sweet consoler of the thorny glen,
What virgin charms thy lily illumines, when
Upon the virgin heart Love seals his power.

Fair as the lily was the rose's breast:
But when the generous vine upon it bled,
Swift blushes o'er its swelling beauties spread,
Till every leaf the tender flame confessed;
While from thy wakened heart, O queenly Rose,
Amrosial incense on the air arose.

—De Parny.

Passengers by the transiberian express now reach Pekin from London in sixteen days, the North Chinese Railway having been induced to run the trains by night as well as by day.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Argyll has hurt the feelings of the Highlanders by saying that no man over sixty should appear in the kilts.

Bliss Perry, professor of literature at Harvard and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, might have been president of Smith College, but was not favorably impressed by the prospect.

John M. Ward was a star baseball player with the New York club twenty years ago. Now he plays golf and is one of sixteen players who will compete for the amateur championship, with a good chance of capturing the national title.

Robert W. Golet of New York has purchased of the Marquis de Goev for \$300,000 the famous Sandri-court estate near Paris. The chateau is surrounded by a thousand acres of land and that extent will be doubled by Mr. Golet, purchasing from an adjoining property.

Mr. and Mrs. Vere Goldthwaite of Boston have just returned from Europe to permit Mrs. Goldthwaite, formerly Ellen Beach Yaw, to sing at the annual Maine festival. The diva has been offered by Mr. Conried, it is said, a three years' engagement at the Imperial Opera in Vienna.

Frank S. Hastings, executor of the estate of the late President Cleveland, has become a national figure with remarkable celerity. His prominence is due chiefly to his lack of knowledge concerning the letter ascribed to Mr. Cleveland and recently sold to a syndicate of Eastern newspapers by a magazine writer.

The Reverend Gertrude von Petzold, pastor of the Free Christian Church of Leicester, England, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Streator, Illinois. She is the first woman preacher appointed to any church in Great Britain, and was the first woman minister to officiate at a marriage in the country.

Miss Giulia Strakosch, who has recently been seen in musical comedy in New York, is the daughter of Max Strakosch, who first introduced grand opera in this country, and a niece of Patti. She was born in Austria and for the last three years has been doing concert work in England. She will begin an engagement in Brussels next January.

Jean Jaurès, one of the most conspicuous figures in French public life, has been a member of the Chamber of Deputies since 1885. He was born at Castres in 1859, and for some time taught philosophy at Albi and Toulouse. He edits a paper entitled *La Petite République*. He is the leader of the Socialist party in France and the author of a number of works on Socialism.

President Schurman has sounded the death knell of rushing at Cornell. Fearful lest the under class men might break out before college opened, he cut short his vacation. Consultations with leading upper class men were held, and as a result the president announced that rushing is at an end. He calls it a "brutish exhibition" and refers to the number of accidents at other colleges this year.

Chester S. Lord has been managing editor of the *New York Sun* for twenty-eight years. He joined the paper in 1872 as a reporter and for seventeen years was under Charles A. Dana and enjoyed his confidence to the end. Mr. Lord has served seven years, as a member of the board of regents of the University of the State of New York. He has two sons, both of whom are connected with the *Sun*.

Dr. Hall-Edwards of Birmingham, England, has devoted the past ten years to studies and experiments with the X rays, as a result of which his hands became affected and both have been amputated. In spite of the cost to him Dr. Hall-Edwards is still enthusiastic in his devotion to the science of radiography and will continue his work, though of course he will have to depend largely on his assistants.

The Emperor of Germany, to the indignation and dismay of tourists, has spread in large letters across the face of the North Cape, where thousands go to behold the Midnight Sun, the name of the royal yacht *Hohenzollern*. Steamship companies have followed his example, and certain manufacturing concerns, so that there is danger that the magnificent, monumentally impressive forehead of a continent may become simply the biggest billboard in the world, a colossal reproduction of the flamboyant and garish announcement of the side show of a country circus.

Lieutenant Graetz started from Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, more than a year ago to cross Africa in his automobile. He has not yet reached the Atlantic in German Southwest Africa, but he has made two-thirds of the journey, and at last accounts he hoped to accomplish his purpose before the end of this year. He has spent much of the time waiting for months at one place or another in the wilderness to receive from Europe duplicate parts of his machine that had broken down. Then he has been detained for weeks on the banks of rivers waiting for the water to fall so that he might cross, and his journey has been greatly lengthened by his efforts to circumvent obstructions in the way. He has often been compelled to tramp miles ahead to decide upon the best route. He has climbed mountains to spy out the lay of the land. He has bridged rivers and built corduroy roads across swamps.

THE VIGILANTES' GRAND INQUEST.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXIV.

In the executive committee's room at Fort Vigilant were gathered together some members of that body. On the platform were Chairman Carleton, Secretary Bascom, and Judge-Advocate Truax. Behind them rose a musket-rack, fitting background for so stern a tribunal. They were engaged in informal discussion, and Carleton was speaking of Lupkins.

"You will be gratified to hear," said he, "that Lupkins is at last out of danger. The wound from Tower's knife was supposed to be mortal, but, by the most sedulous care, our surgeons and physicians have succeeded in pulling him through."

"I hear that Lupkins and his people have not acted very well," remarked Carwell. "Is that true?"

"It is true. Lupkins sent his women folks to see Tower's friends with a money proposition; it would seem as if he had offered to give any testimony that would help Tower out in case of a trial."

"Do you mean a regular trial before the usual tribunals, or before the committee?" asked Carwell.

"Before the ordinary tribunals. However, I don't believe the offer will amount to much. If Lupkins stirs up any trouble when he gets well, we'll deport him."

"Is the excitement abating among Tower's friends?" inquired Judge Truax.

"No. If anything it has increased, I am sorry to say. Now that Lupkins is out of danger, they claim that there is no excuse for Tower's detention in Fort Vigilant. They are moving heaven and earth to get a writ of habeas corpus from a Federal judge, hoping to invade this building with the United States marshal's forces. They applied to Judge Fox, but he refused to grant the writ—I don't know on what ground."

"I heard that he refused because he didn't want to stir up trouble," chuckled Bascom.

A grim smile ran around the executive circle.

"That's good, but such a reason would scarcely be advanced by so keen-witted a man as Fox," remarked Truax. "As a matter of fact, I believe he alleged there was no Federal question involved in Tower's detention. Besides, it is the practice of Federal judges to refuse writs of habeas corpus for the relief of prisoners in the custody of the State until the petitioners shall have exhausted all means in the State courts."

"That is probably the correct explanation," observed Carleton. "But some other Federal judge, who does not split hairs so skillfully as Fox, might be induced to grant the writ. Then we would find ourselves in a direct clash with the Federal power."

"That would be bad!" exclaimed Bascom. "When Admiral Farquhar withdrew from the conference at the governor's rooms he was good and mad. Although at first he jumped on Captain Shotwell, when he left he seemed inclined to back him up."

"Very true," agreed Truax. "Even if Farquhar should not side with Shotwell, the captain declares that he is not under Farquhar's command, not being in waters circumjacent to the navy yard. He still threatens to open fire on this building if Tower's life is in danger."

"And Tower's friends are more active than ever," said Carwell. "During the last few days some mysterious tenants have leased the top floor of the building opposite. It is rumored that Tower's friends intend to post sharpshooters in that building, and to pick off our executioners if a scaffold is erected in the street."

"It would be easy to thwart that attempt by executing Tower inside of the building," replied Bascom.

"As to Shotwell's ship taking position where he can command this fort," remarked the chairman, "I look upon that as a bluff. I don't think he will begin any cannonade. But how about General Herman? He is threatening to seize the battery of guns now in front of the Federal Marine Hospital. He boasts that from the top of that hill he can 'plunk' Fort Vigilant without injury to the surrounding buildings."

"Herman won't do it," said Bascom briefly. "He is a good fighter, but he talks too much. He will threaten, but Governor Jackson will call him down."

"Well, if he only threatens this artillery practice, well and good," said Carleton, "but I don't want him to begin, for he is an old artillery officer."

"What I fear is not the State but the Federal power," interposed Truax. "The country at large is getting restless. Tower's old State, Texas, has taken action; the telegraphic dispatches say that the senator from Texas arose in the Senate yesterday and asked for information from the Departments of Justice, of War, and of the Navy concerning the 'rebellion' reported to exist in this State."

"Yes, and it was at the request of the Texas legislature that he put this question," added Carleton.

"Another disagreeable phase of our task is this—civil suits are to be feared," said Truax. "The Committee of Vigilance has now executed four murderers, and banished twelve other criminals. The dead men don't count for much, but the live ones may give us trouble. Daily they are arriving at distant cities, and they are threatening to bring civil suits for damages in the Federal courts against us as individuals."

A marked uneasiness at once became evident in the executive committee. They were all imperiling their lives, but apparently they had not thought of danger to

their property. So oddly are men constituted that this danger seemed to press upon them more than bodily peril.

After some moments of silence, Bascom expressed their feeling. "I don't mind threats against my life," said he, "I hear of them daily. I am told that the Burke fire company gang threaten to kill me some night on my way home past their engine-house, but I have paid no attention to their yelping. Still I confess I don't like these threats of civil suits. It is bad enough to be killed in the performance of a public duty, but it is worse to have your estate mulcted by judgments which would leave your family destitute."

The men in the executive circle seemed tacitly to agree that Bascom had expressed their views. There was an awkward pause, which was broken at last by Carleton, who made haste to change the subject.

"This Mulligan suicide is a bad business," said he. "It is causing much harsh criticism of the committee."

"I hear there are not wanting those who are bringing charges of secret assassination against us," added Carwell.

"It would be well to have the exact facts prepared and printed in the *Argus*, I think," said Carleton.

"I will attend to the matter," volunteered Bascom.

"Apropos of the *Argus*," said Truax, "it is reported that Burke is paying Newton of the *Clarion* three hundred dollars a week to keep up a crusade against this committee."

"If Burke doesn't look out," cried Carwell threateningly, "he'll find that this committee will put him where he won't be able to subsidize newspapers."

"Burke isn't the only man paying money to anti-Vigilante sheets," said Carleton, meaningly. "I suspect Wyley also of keeping up this newspaper howl against us. He and Burke are bitter enemies politically, but they are both enemies of this committee."

"All the same, I notice that they are both prudent enough to stay away from this town," sneered Bascom. "Wyley is down in the southern counties, and Burke keeps out of sight at Sacrosanto."

"Wyley may have Federal reasons for keeping away from here," commented Truax. "He is the President's trusted representative, and it may be that he wishes to dodge appeals urging intervention of the Federal power. But he need have no fear of the President intervening."

"Why not?" asked Carwell.

"We are too near the election of delegates to the national convention," replied Truax significantly. "The President wants to succeed himself."

The small group had been gradually increasing as the members of the executive committee arrived by ones and twos, and at last Carleton seized his gavel.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I see that the hour has arrived for our regular meeting. The committee will please come to order."

When the roll was called and the minutes read, the chairman asked: "Mr. Secretary, have you any communications?"

"Yes," said the secretary, "I hold here two communications from Vigilantes 387 and 403, about pistols lost in the scuffle over the arrest of Tower near the militia armory. Jesse Seeligsohn—that is No. 387—claims \$36 for a ten-inch Colt's revolver. William Grimm—No. 403—claims \$20 for a pepper-box revolver. Both claim that their pistols were wrested from their hands in the affair."

"Is there any objection?" asked the chairman. "I hear none, and the claims will therefore be allowed and paid."

"I have here a communication," said the secretary, "which accompanied the banner hanging on the wall back of the chairman."

The eyes of the committee turned toward the banner of blue silk bordered with oak, olive, and fig leaves.

"As you will observe," continued the secretary, "the decorative border is emblematic of strength, peace, and plenty. And the inscription reads: *To the Vigilance Committee of this city for protecting the lives and property of the citizens and residents. Presented to the Vigilance Committee by the ladies of All Saints' Parish as a testimonial of their approbation. Da right and fear not.*"

The secretary paused for a moment, and then went on:

"I'm not very strong on any kind of writing except business letters, so I asked Vigilante 109 to get up something for me in the society letter line."

"If No. 109 has prepared his letter of acknowledgment, probably the committee would like to hear it," said the chairman, smiling.

Vigilante Jennings arose in his place and read with much elocutionary effect:

"To the ladies of All Saints' Parish—This gift comes with particular appropriateness from the ladies. It is true that the strong man with loaded revolver in his hip pocket and bowie-knife concealed in his coat might defy the attacks of the thieves and thugs who infest our city. But it is different with weak and defenseless woman. She sits patiently at home awaiting her husband's return from his business. At every noise about the house she fears a burglar or a robber. If he is delayed, a thousand fears of murder and pillage come upon her heart and fill her with anguish and dismay. Such was the condition of our city. But now we live in peace. We sit beneath our vine and fig-tree safe and secure, and woman's heart feels greater security than is felt by strong men. The Committee of Vigilance accepts this gift, and will always heed and remember the motto it bears—Do right and fear not. And we trust that the ladies of All Saints' Parish and all the ladies of our city may rest convinced that the Committee of Vigilance will never cease to watch out sedulously for the protection of their lives and property.

Far the Committee of Vigilance.

By Sixty-Six, Secretary."

Amid the applause of the committee, Vigilante Jennings resumed his seat.

"Has the obnoxious paragraph in the report of the grand jury been submitted to the judge-advocate, Mr. Secretary?" asked the chairman.

"Yes," replied the secretary. "The judge-advocate has placed the revised report in my hands. I will omit the unobjectionable portion of the report, which is largely routine in its nature. The paragraph to which our committee objected was that speaking in terms of fulsome praise of the *'efficient and prompt action of the Honorable Court of Sessions in checking the progress of crime.'* Likewise a paragraph which said *'The courts are the only lawful and constitutional tribunals to which the people can look for support, and for the vindication of their rights.'* These and other objectionable phrases have been called to the attention of the grand jury by the judge-advocate, and as a result that body has agreed to strike them out. The judge-advocate has prepared the following paragraph which will take the place of the obnoxious sentences:

"History proves that Americans are a law-abiding people. But when they cease to have confidence in their courts they will have their rights and property protected by tribunals of their own establishing until such time as the locus can be executed in their spirit and their letter by the tribunals established by constitutional authority."

"As there is no objection," said the chairman, "the revised document will be sent to the grand jury, which will then be permitted to submit its report as revised by our judge-advocate."

"The grand jury report will probably be published tomorrow evening by the daily press," interrupted Carwell. "May I suggest that the judge-advocate prepare an editorial to pave the way for it, to appear in tomorrow morning's *Argus*."

"It has already been done," replied the chairman. "The secretary will please read."

The secretary arose and read:

"The enemies of the Committee of Vigilance have been using certain unscrupulous newspapers to give publicity to their slanders. The mere cowardly among them, who dare not use the local journals, have vented their malice in Atlantic sheets in order, like dastards, to disperse their poison without danger of publicly branding them with the infamous title of liar. Their scurrilous libels have been uttered loudly and confidently in bar-rooms and other public places. Even the sanctity of our courts has been violated by the scandalous ravings of alleged lawyers against the committee. But the Vigilance Committee has outlived this compaign of malicious invective. The citizens are delighted with the daily decrease of crime. Yet it is time that these volleys of vile missiles from a subsidized press should end. These miserable penny-a-liners must stop. Such assaults from the press by every pitiful dobsier who handles a pen, and who thinks he has a right to bespotter the committee with the slime of his evil imagination, will not be borne."

"This editorial," said the judge-advocate rising, "is to appear in tomorrow's *Argus*. I may add, however, that not only the Atlantic sheets, but even more distant journals are now being utilized to slander us. In the *London Times*, its correspondent here recently printed the following statement concerning us:

"The moral condition of the city is apparently declining from year to year. Its imperfect courts have now given way to a deliberate suppression of the law. This and the constant recurrence of incendiarism impels one to believe in the utter lawlessness of the population. The number of general conflagrations is extraordinary. There is no parallel in history to the combustibility of this city. Although it is only a few years old, it has been six times destroyed by fire. It has twice suffered grievously from inundations. Now a wild and impulsive process of execution by mob violence has been transformed into a regular tribunal outside the law. What if the jails were defective, the police remiss, and the ossizes remote? In a community pretending to any civilization the exertions of the citizens should have been turned to remedying these deficiencies rather than destroying them. No colony can be so formidable as the substitution of mob force for law."

The reading of this article from the *London Times* was received with a general murmur of indignation.

"Have you prepared any reply to this vicious attack?" asked the chairman.

"I have prepared a reply which I am about to forward, hoping that it will be printed," replied the judge-advocate. "I will read you a few lines. After some introductory remarks, I go on to say:

"The action of the Vigilance Committee was actuated by high moral ideas. The committee has not only arrested crime, but it has saved life and stimulated honest industry. As for the statement made by the Times, that this city has been twice inundated, it is radically in error. The city never has been inundated even once. Furthermore, we beg to point out to the London Times that our city would be impossible of inundation. It is not situated on any river, and although it is on a bay into which several rivers pour, yet such is the size of this harbor, and so great is the enormous gateway which leads from it to the ocean, that even during the greatest floods there is no appreciable elevation of the bay level. The city is situated on many hills, some of them several hundred feet high. Even the lowest part of the water front has never been inundated at any time within the memory of man. These slanders on our city must have been brought to the notice of the Times by evil-minded persons. Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus. And as this slander concerning inundations is utterly and unqualifiedly false, so are all the other statements in the paragraph referred to."

"Mr. Chairman," said Carwell rising, "in view of the numerous statements to our prejudice appearing in the Atlantic and European papers, as well as in the vile subsidized sheets here at home, I move that a vote of thanks be tendered to our judge-advocate for his able refutation of these slanders."

The resolution having been duly passed, the chairman asked:

"Mr. Secretary, is there any further business before the committee?"

"I have here a communication from one Roberts, a phrenologist, which reads as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Executive Committee—N.ct Wednes-

do evening I propose delivering a lecture on the anatomy of crime, illustrated with skulls. I have the skulls of several criminals executed by Vigilance Committees in other parts of the State. If you have any skulls of criminals executed by you, I should be glad to use them in my lecture. If, however, you have none, and there are any criminals in your custody whom you intend soon to execute, I shall be pleased to examine their skulls while the men are still living, and very happy to confirm my forecast after the event. Should you feel interested in the physiology and philosophy of the causes of mental action prompting these men to pursue evil courses in life, I shall be delighted to have you accept an invitation which I now tender you to form part of my audience. Seats will be reserved for you in the front rows."

This communication produced a tendency toward unseemly mirth on the part of the executive committee, which was added to when the chairman said:

"We will refer the communication to the chief surgeon. Any further communications, Mr. Secretary?"

"None, Mr. Chairman—that is to say, none except the usual lot of letters from wives denouncing their husbands for infidelity, and requesting us to give them a good scare, but to be sure not to hurt them. There is nothing else before the committee."

"Move we adjourn," said Carwell.

"Before that is seconded," said the chairman, "I trust that Vigilante Carwell will temporarily withdraw his motion to adjourn, as the judge-advocate has a grave matter to lay before you."

After the motion was withdrawn, the judge-advocate rose and said: "Gentlemen of the committee, I consider it my duty to urge upon you most earnestly an immediate disposition of the case of Judge Tower. Whether you try, convict, and hang him—try, convict, and release him—or try and acquit him—whatever you do is not so material as that you do it now. Grave dangers confront the committee. We are in imminent peril of a clash with the Federal power."

"I would like to point out to the judge-advocate," interrupted Carwell, "that there is also danger of a clash with the main body of this committee. There are now about six thousand Vigilantes under arms. We of the executive committee number only forty men. If we try Tower and acquit him, it is my firm belief that the body of the committee will try us, and they might not acquit us."

From the murmured remarks which ran around, it was evident that the rest of the committee agreed with Carwell.

"Suppose we try Tower, and then submit the matter to the grand council," said the chairman. "There are two hundred members of the council. Such a move would divide up the responsibility and lighten the heavy burden now resting on this executive committee."

"That would be all right if we knew what kind of a verdict we were going to render, and what the grand council would do with it," said Bascom. "If we sentence him to death, the council will approve. If we acquit him, they will disapprove. Even if we rendered a verdict of acquittal, and the grand council should approve our verdict, the general body of the committee would disapprove of their approval."

"This is a very awkward juncture! I scarcely know what we can do," remarked Truax. "To hang a judge of the Supreme Court of the State would excite the horror of the civilized world, more particularly as he has not committed a murder."

"But he committed an assault with intent to murder!" cried Carwell.

"Still, a murderous assault is not punishable by death," replied Truax. "At the worst, a court would only sentence Judge Tower to a long term of imprisonment. This committee will not remain in existence indefinitely, and hence we can not sentence Tower to a long term of imprisonment. It does not seem possible for us to execute him without exciting the condemnation not only of this city, but of the State and the nation. I would vote for banishment."

"I am inclined to agree with the judge-advocate," said the chairman. "I do not believe it is expedient to execute Tower. It is impossible for us to imprison him for a long term. Hence I would vote for banishment."

"Suppose," said the judge-advocate, "that a hurry call be sent out, convening the grand council. We can have them all here in about two hours. In the meantime we can at once proceed to the trial of Tower. Then when we have decided on his sentence we can submit the matter to the approval, revision, or disapproval of the grand council. In fact, gentlemen," said the judge-advocate humorously, "as we are all here together, all thoroughly conversant with the facts, and all quite familiar with the dangers that confront our committee, we might perhaps settle the sentence before the trial."

It was decided to follow the advice of the judge-advocate. The secretary issued a call for the convening of the grand council to take place two hours later. The members of the executive committee began taking their allotted posts as officers and jurors of a secret tribunal. Carleton, the chairman, became the judge, and his first order was to the sergeant-at-arms, now the bailiff of the Vigilante court:

"You will proceed to the marshal of the Committee of Vigilance, and order him forthwith to turn over to you the body of the prisoner, John Tower. The said Tower you shall at once bring before the bar of this tribunal for trial."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE PHILIPPINES IN WAR TIME.

An Englishman Writes a Strong Novel in Defense of the American Soldier.

The novel with a purpose is ordinarily one to be avoided because we suspect it of an intention to discuss things that we would rather not talk of. But Mr. Hyatt's story of "The Little Brown Brother" is an exception to the rule because its object is both welcome and gracious. Mr. Hyatt is an Englishman, but he has lived in the Philippines, and he was not only a spectator of the war, but his brother died fighting in the American ranks. For the sake of "the Boy I loved best of all God's creatures" Mr. Hyatt wants to say some things that the American soldier can not say for himself, and to say them with the impartiality of a foreigner. Recognizing that it is an invidious task for a man of one nation to write of the domestic affairs of another, he prefaces a word of "explanation, almost of apology, to the American nation." He would, he says, be bitterly sorry to write a word which could hurt the nation that his brother placed next to his own in affection and devotion.

There is no need to summarize this remarkable story. If the extracts that have been selected refer rather to the field and the pestilent swamp, to treachery and to courageous self-sacrifice, than to sentiment and romance, it is by no means because the latter elements are lacking. Indeed, the love story between Derek North and Clare Westley is of unusual and subtle charm from the time when we are introduced to them both at Calbayog until a natural delicacy suggests that they would rather be left alone and to their own devices. As a picture of Filipino life during the war the book has no equal. The author has an enviable power of tense description and he gives to his scenes almost the reality of a photograph.

A small American force reaches Calbayog at a time when the islands have been officially "pacified" and the need for military force declared to be at an end. In the outskirts of the town a shot has been fired from the neighboring hills and a soldier has been wounded, while rumors of an intended raid by the dreaded *pulajanes* are on every side:

"You wouldn't think that there innocent little citizen ever killed a man, would you?" remarked a private—an enlisted man is the correct term in the American service—indicating the Filipino to whom he referred by the simple device of throwing a pebble at him. "The women-folk would just slother over him at a New England missionary caucus, and the mayor would want to shake his hand and say he was proud; but I'll take my oath I saw him dancing round in red shoulder-straps and a big red sash the day we had that scrap on the side of the volcano. I had a crack at him then. I suppose I must have missed," he added regretfully.

The corporal to whom he spoke looked up from a tin of bacon and beans. "Better luck next time," he said sympathetically.

"There won't be no next time," remarked another private with a grin. "He's your blooming little brown brother now, bless his black little heart. You'll have to love him, or you'll have to get out of the islands mighty quick. The governor said so at Ilo-Ilo."

"Little brown—" growled the first speaker. "He aint no brother of mine. They took my hest pal prisoner in Luzon, and all we found of him was his head stuck on a post. I would teach 'em if I had my way. They would soon learn what it cost to torture good American citizens," and he got up and strode away wrathfully.

The corporal looked after him curiously. "Queer-tempered chap," he said. "Still, I guess most of us feel the same. Here, you long-haired little reptile, keep a bit further away, will you?" and he jumped up with a drawn revolver as a young native swaggered by, a naked holo in his hand.

"What is the trouble now, corporal?" It was the senior captain, a big raw-boned New Yorker, who asked the question.

The private answered. "Corporal Wilsher don't like my little brown brother there coming so close, captain," he drawled, in that easy tone of mingled independence and good comradeship which the American soldier assumes towards his officers when not actually on duty.

The captain hit his lips to stifle a laugh. "Oh, well, if that's a relative of yours, you can just keep him away, and any more of your family who happen around, see? You can go and tell the sergeant of the guard that I say no natives with holos are to come on the plaza."

Derek knows that the *pulajanes* are about to raid and he moves heaven and earth to persuade the local authorities to send troops. He fails utterly, not because he is disbelieved, but because the insurrection is officially at an end and the movement of soldiers would discredit the politicians at home:

An hour later, when Derek passed out of the huge, cool hall of the palace into the blazing sunlight of the plaza, he knew that he had failed, that he must write and tell Clare that, after all, the *pulajanes* would be allowed to do as they listed in Lamu, not because the governor disbelieved his story, but because in some way his hands were tied.

"I will look into the matter and do what I can," the old man had said. "I had been told nothing of it—in fact, I had barely heard of the *pulajanes*. I must thank you for the trouble you have taken; and if any action of mine can avert the danger, you may rest assured I shall spare no pains, only—" and he sighed, "I am not absolute, you know. I have colleagues."

And Derek had left him almost wishing he had never gone to the palace, for the weary face seemed to have grown perceptibly older, and he felt he had only added to a burden of sorrow and anxiety which was already too heavy for the brave old man to bear.

It was Captain Rawson who explained matters, as he and Derek sat in the court of the Service Club, smoking the first of many after-dinner cigars.

"Yes," he said. "The governor-general is a gentleman, not a politician, so he doesn't count. He was just sent out as a figurehead, because the last man went too far. But in the council he has only one vote against half a dozen, so he is always overruled. It's just breaking his heart, but he's a real tough fighter, and he won't give the grafters a rest. He's Uncle Sam's man, not merely a party's, and he don't care whether they get votes or no."

"And Furber?" asked Derek.

The captain expectorated at a small lizard before answering. "Commissioner Furber, sir? He belongs to my native city,

where his father owns the street railroads and a few other trifles. He's a great man is Harrison B. Furber, and this is his only son, who was shoved in here because he happened to be a particular friend of parties in power. We have theories and culture and the Higher Life in our city, and he is supposed to represent them all and to teach them to the Filipinos, who, I hope, feel better for them."

Derek laughed. "I am afraid you don't sympathize with your fellow-citizens."

Rawson shook his head. "I'm a United States soldier," he said simply. "We've no theories, and we have got some little accounts to settle with our brown relations."

"So you don't think they'll take any steps with regard to the *pulajanes*?" asked Derek, reverting to the original subject.

"I'm sure," answered the other. "The constabulary can't put the thing down, and if they call in the army they are acknowledging their own failure. Anugar has been cited as the ideal of their system, the type of a perfect native governor; and, from the President downwards, they're bound to keep up this fiction. No, Lamu may be devastated and half those tao may die of sheer wretchedness, but the American nation is still going to hold that all is beautiful and peaceful and joyous."

"And if it found out the truth?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "It won't; but if it did, it would fire this party clean out, and—" He paused.

"Yes, and what?" asked Derek.

"And elect a fresh lot of sweeps, I suppose," replied Rawson.

And so when the *pulajane* outbreak becomes an actuality the soldiers are kept well away, lest they shall interfere with home theories, and a miserably small body of native constabulary is sent to certain death and destruction. The constabulary are brave enough, but they are natives and pitifully few in number, and even their white officers can not obviate the certain catastrophe:

Cochrane pointed up-stream. "They are not going to drive me back; but we must land and see to these wounded, although I expect the hanks are swarming with bolomen. We'll see what's round this bend. Good heavens! it's practically the end of the river! It just splits up into those marshy creeks. What a trap!" He jumped to his feet, signaling to the other canoes to stop, and as he did so, twenty or thirty rifles rang out from the bank.

Derek, who was now bringing up the rear, took in the situation at a glance—the half-exposed mud-flats ahead, the impossibility of landing. Retreat was the only course, and, without an instant's hesitation, he had his boat swung round and headed down-stream, an example which the other canoes followed immediately, though, before they could get back to the bend, there were a dozen or more dead and wounded in them.

As they drew within range of the first ambush again, Derek gave a curt order, and all his men, with the exception of the steersman and two in the bow, took out their paddles, picked up their rifles, and began firing rapidly into the jungle, disconcerting the aim of the *pulajanes*, and allowing the canoe to drift down almost hidden in a cloud of smoke. The men in the other boats were quick to see the ruse, and, when the danger-point had been passed finally, there was only one man added to the list of wounded.

Coote was lying in the bottom of the canoe very white and still, but he smiled faintly as the captain bent over him. "I've got my pass-out check, old man," he whispered. "So they have driven us back. Are my men all right? Many of them hit? Those other canoes came on, didn't they?"

Cochrane gulped at something in his throat, and—he had noticed where the wound was—lied bravely. "Yes, they are all right. My men caught it worst. You will have them all on parade again in a week. Won't he?" to the Boy, who was looking on with suspiciously quivering lips.

The Boy nodded and tried to laugh. "Of course he will; and then Dale will send you all back to Maslog. I'll get into his canoe, Cochrane, and sit with him. You go and see to the others."

As Cochrane was going, Coote raised his hand. "This is all my fault, I know," he said. "If I hadn't delayed you, it wouldn't have happened; but—I've paid for it."

"Nonsense!" answered the captain, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "It would have been much worse if we had been earlier, because then they would have let us land, and we should have had both holomen and riflemen. It was a trap, and we were lucky to get out at all. It was no one's fault; and, with that mud ahead, we had no course but to retreat."

Coote sighed. "I am glad he says so," he whispered to the Boy. "I was afraid it was worse—that all my men hadn't come on. You say they did well and only one or two were hit? Sometimes, I thought that perhaps I was too easy—not enough discipline—but I was awfully fond of them—I'm so glad they—did—well," and he sank back, dead.

Derek escapes with the survivors only to find that the native governor, Anugar, has offered an insult to Clare:

She looked up with wet, flashing eyes. "And then he tried to touch me, and I lashed him across the face with my riding-whip, and the servants ran in. It was now, just now.—Oh, Mr. North, where are you going? what are you going to do? Stay with me here. I want you—oh, I want you! I can't be left alone."

"I shall be back soon," he answered in a low voice, which Clare hardly recognized, "I shall be back very soon," and he strode out of the door.

She took a step forward, as if to follow him. "Come back—oh, come back, Derek!"

But apparently he did not hear, for he went on, striding towards the gate with no sign of his former weakness.

Rayne came forward eagerly to meet him. "Well?" he asked, "well, what is it?"

"Come with me. I will show you," was the only answer he got, and he followed wonderingly, in silence, to the plaza, where Derek suddenly stopped.

"Where is the governor?" he demanded of a lounging native, who started up when he saw the look in Derek's eyes.

"In the court. He went in just now," stammered the man. Derek brushed the doorkeeper aside, and, as if he knew by intuition where to go, opened the door of the big council-room and went half-way up it, unnoticed by a group of native officials, who, with their backs towards him, were poring over a map spread out on a small table. Then he drew his revolver, the revolver Clare had hidden him carry.

"Antonio Anugar," he cried in a loud voice.

At the sound of his name the Governor of Lamu sprang to his feet, and there in his own council-chamber, Derek North shot him between the eyes.

That the author has no love for the colored races is clear enough upon every page. He also seems to think that brotherhood between the white and the colored races can not be enforced by a phrase. But he has given us a story of the highest merit and one that deserves to be read and remembered.

"The Little Brown Brother," by Stanley Portal Hyatt. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO ARTISTS ABROAD.

Some Good Work Done by California Artists in New York.

Summer in New York has an intolerable sound, but there are many who find comfort and refreshing air in apartments on Washington Heights, overhanging upper Riverside. The Hudson here suggests a lake framed by the trees and the wooded Palisades. In an apartment one hundred feet above the river there is a sense of isolation, a serenity and calm approaching that of a wilderness. To those with memories of the hill-locked harbor of San Francisco it takes time to realize the vastness of New York Harbor. The Hudson at this point proves to be not a river, but a great arm of the sea, brackish for miles, the tides rising and falling as far north as Albany. It is a very glorious meeting of sea and river, whereby commerce is carried on with most remote northern and western points. There is an unceasing procession on the river of freight boats, barges, and other craft, in masses assuming the proportions of a whole water-front, being towed up or down stream by way of the Erie Canal, Great Lakes, as far west at least as Duluth. Tramp steamers, the same so familiar to us in San Francisco harbor, with their batteries of derricks, go up stream under steam deeply laden, sometimes returning so high that their propellers churn the water in fine cascades in their wake. Our naval ships ride as proudly on this great river as at home and give one a splendid sense of the unity of our grand land. At night the river is a colossal Grand Canal with the brilliant lighting of the moving craft and river steamers.

During the hottest weather, with window awnings lowered, the breeze comes fresh from the river, bringing voices of the multitude of swimmers on the floats below and the rhythmic pulsing of the motor-boats. From the swift palatial craft of the millionaire to the noisiest motor launch of the poor man, every type is represented, and Newport might not be more diverting or comfortable, while the south winds are saline and bracing enough to create the delusion.

Washington Heights is not to be confused with Harlem. It's an old and aristocratic neighborhood. The Jumel mansion is here, once the headquarters of Washington, and for a brief time the residence of Aaron Burr, who married Mme. Jumel. The name of Hamilton is kept in mind through the titular use of Hamilton Grange by club, library, and school.

Washington Heights is historic ground, as bronze tablets attest on the walls of Columbia University and at the old fort, recording the victories and defeats of the first year of the Revolution. It brings forcibly to mind the fact that during all the weary years of that war the Tories were safely entrenched in New York City, only leaving when victory came to the patriots, who waited courteously until the Loyalists were provided transportation by England to Nova Scotia.

Here, too, is the great New York University with its splendid Gothic architecture, a veritable crown to the great city, and thus well sung by the poet Gilder and another. On the old Auduhon estate, sacred to American ornithologists, is the new Hispano American Museum, erected and filled by the collections of A. P. Huntington. The Spanish-American Library promises to be monumental. The collection of Spanish art is the best in the land. Think of five Goyas and a great Velasquez to be seen at will—free to the public. This cardinal's portrait by Velasquez is the original of the copy in the Brussels museum and is painted with wonderful tenderness. The reds are beautiful beyond parallel and the background may be described as Whistlerian; or, better, this painting might well have been the inspiration of Whistler. Spanish wood carving is well represented in all its delicacy of treatment and sumptuous coloring. These carved saints are as gracefully modeled as if by the hand of a Japanese, and their decoration in color, incising, and much rich gilding, rivals a Buddhist temple painting. The Hispano-Moresque pottery with its inimitable glazes is of great interest to ceramic students, for was it not by way of Spain that Persian influence reached the majolica makers in Italy in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries?

The California colony of working people have not much time for social life, but are responsive when met. There are several living on Washington Heights, among them Mrs. A. R. Wheelan and her sister, Miss Randall, and the Colvin Browns. The success attending Californians in New York is proverbial, and since 1906 many have sought this field. Mrs. Wheelan still illustrates and writes for *St. Nicholas*. Her fine book plates are given special exhibitions on Fifth Avenue at Dodd-Mead's, and also at Paul Elder's popular shop on East Nineteenth Street. In the newer field of dramatic design her success as Mr. Belasco's artist in the production of "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Grand Army Man" is well known.

Sahel Morrison Niles was early lured into the very remunerative field of commercial art. She is known as the swiftest and most capable artist in her line in New York. This statement is authoritative.

The exhibition of work by Art League

graduates, given in the spring at the National Arts Club, included work by older men like Turner, young men like Luis Mora, and the last year's students, including Miss E. Charlotte Fortune of San Francisco, who for two years has taken special honors and scholarships. The importance of her work attracted marked attention and she was one of the party of twenty-five artists invited by Mr. Spencer Trask to spend four weeks during May and June at his estate on Lake George. Here they sketched and rested and Miss Fortune sold five of her canvases. The Sketch Club of San Francisco has reason to be proud of its old treasurer.

Miss Alvira L. Judson, another Sketch Club girl, gave a private view in New York this summer of her miniature work, a large order executed for an English patron. Her work has great delicacy, life suggestion, pleasing color, and a breadth too rarely found in this medium.

The latest American sculptor is Chester Beach of San Francisco. There is marked enthusiasm on the part of the best critics. His work has been in demand at all the exhibitions on this side since his return from Paris last fall. He is already elected to associate membership in the National Academy of Design, a rare honor for so new a man. Let us as Californians give hearty greeting and an honor to this native son who has stepped so easily into his place in the art world of New York and Philadelphia. From the daintiest *objet d'art* to the portrait bust or monumental composition, his cunning hand follows the dictate of his active, poetic mind; both content and technic appeal. It will be a glad day for art lovers when his work is exhibited in San Francisco.

Miss Isadora Duncan, now giving her classic dances at the Criterion Theatre, under the management of Charles Frohman, is having good houses and appreciative audiences. The most conservative dramatic critics admit that her appeal is purely æsthetic. The enthusiasm of the first night's audience indicated a large proportion of artists and musicians. That she is one of the great world artists, that her influence is uplifting and far-reaching, is the consensus of opinion of those familiar with her art. E. C. B. F.

NEW YORK CITY, September 25, 1908.

It will be remembered that the undraped statuette of an American sculptor raised a storm of protest in London. Sir Martin Conway delivered the shot for the defense. "The hulk of Englishmen," he said, "are the descendants of two main constituent groups, an ancient group of Arctic peoples and an ancient group of Mediterranean peoples. It is the strong, big, law-and-order-loving Arctic lot that make all this hother. Those gaunt, red, cold folk have deep down inside them the memory of the glacial epoch, when they clothed themselves in skins and hunted the reindeer not far from the edge of enormous glaciers. The poor things, in this miserable English climate, have not in a mere ten or twenty thousand years had time to get warm through. Naturally when they see the representation of a nude figure it sets their teeth on edge. Sculptured nudes have an exactly contrary effect on the 'small dark man.' They stir in him the pleasant memory of ancestors who knew what it was to live in a decent climate. Let the happy English substratum of art lovers, instead of railing at their fellow-countrymen with the Pleistocene constitutions, pray earnestly for much hot weather."

The current number of the *Scene Illustrata*, of Rome, tells this story of the first Napoleon as a dramatic writer. The young man had seen a performance of "The Cid," which impressed him so forcibly that he decided to write a classic drama. Within a short time he had finished nearly four acts of a play, which he entitled "Hector." Then came his election as a brigadier-general and the manuscript was thrown into a desk, where he found it again by chance in 1805. Napoleon then sent for Luce de Lancival, gave him the manuscript and directed him to finish the play. This was done, but the players refused to accept it. When Napoleon returned to Paris from the coronation at Naples he learned of the contemptuous manner in which his work had been treated. He demanded the manuscript and wrote across it: "The players of the Comedie Française will produce the tragedy which in their stupidity they rejected. Napoleon." Two hours later the work was accepted, in three weeks it was produced before a brilliant audience, declared a success, and the alleged author was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

The influence of the fur-trader and the mission schools has had a marked effect upon the Ontario Indians. The women manage to keep step with their lords in this march toward civilized appearances. "I have seen moccasined feet peeping from beneath the folds of velvet gowns of royal purple," says a writer in the *Wide World Magazine*. "On the bank of the Rainy River I came upon a community of wigwags and tepees. About an open fire crouched three old hags, filthy and hideous. But in the door of a tepee not ten feet away stood a young squaw—perhaps a daughter of one of the hags—doing her hair with a curling-iron."

CURRENT VERSE.

Chanson Louis XIII.

Nay, I can not love you so—
Now you choose a dragging measure
Full of pauses, stepping slow
At the flying heels of pleasure.
Come from out your high-walled gloom,
Let us make a holiday
In the meadow's pleasant room
Where the sliding shadows play.
Here in golden splendor high
Butterfly loves butterfly:
Shall they live and love forever?
Never! never!

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
Stands so high above us.
Butterflies, when day is done
Who will think to love us?

While there's azure in the sky
Butterfly loves butterfly.
Fluttered pinions in the air
Catch the sunlight, hold it there.
Over the soft-lifting breeze
Now the drooping branches sigh—
Love me now! Beneath the trees
Spread the lightest couch of love,
But above
Let there be no canopy
To obscure the shining skies
Or the shadows, fitting by,
Of the dancing butterflies.

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
Stands so high above us.
Butterflies, when day is done
Who will think to love us?
—Charlotte Prentiss, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Yggdrasil.

I am the tree Yggdrasil,
Beyond all good things and ill,
Oldest of all the trees,
Waters of many seas
Are of my wine spent lees.
Drink me, and have their fill.

My leaves put forth in the sky:
Before man on the earth was I.
I am of all things old.
When man shall be blindly rolled
With his own lost silver and gold,
Shall burn in time's furnace and die—
I shall stand firm in my place,
Not for gods or men to efface,
After the withering earth
Is shrunk from my rootlets' girth.
When death is even as birth,
And man hath no age nor race.

I shall be Yggdrasil,
The tree beyond time to kill,

End and beginning of things,
No bird in my branches sings—
Great seas with their rushing wings
Drink me, and have their fill.
—Ethel Talbot, in *Westminster Gazette*.

In Autumn.

I want to go where the leaves are burning,
Burning in scarlet and gold;
The wind is up and my heart is turning
Again to the forest old.

I want to go where the leaves keep dropping,
Dropping in crimson and brown,
From dawn till dusk, not a moment stopping,
They are drifting, drifting down.

I want to go where the leaves are blowing,
Blowing in russet and red;
The brook, like a voice, through the silence
flowing,
Still whispers of summer dead.

Yet, why go back where the leaves are falling,
Falling again on the hill?
Though woods await and the winds are calling,
Thy voice is forever still.
—Alice E. Allen, in *Ainslie's Magazine*.

The Bond.

All things are bound together by a tie
Finer and subtler than a ray of light;
Color and sound and fleeting fragrances,
The maiden's smile, the star-beam sparkling
bright,
Are knit together by a secret bond
Finer and subtler than a ray of light.

Sometimes an urn of memories is unsealed
Just by a simple tune, or sad or gay;
Part of the past with every quivering note
From its dark sleep awakens to the day,
And we live o'er again a long-past life,
Just through a simple tune, or sad or gay.

Some flowers bring men and women back to mind;
A well-known face smiles on us in their hue;
Their bright cups, moved by the capricious wind,
Will make us dream of eyes, black eyes or blue;
We in their fragrance feel a breath beloved;
Flowers bring back men and women whom we
knew.
—Alice Stone Blackwell, from *the Armenian*.

It is telegraphed from Sydney that the American sailors were "much attracted by the novelty of pretty harmaids." The harmaids of Sydney and Melbourne are the prettiest in the world. They are mostly recruited from Tasmania, the insular State of the commonwealth, which has been christened the "Circassia of the Colonies," on account of the surpassing loveliness of its daughters, several of whom have found their way into the select pages of Dod and DeBrett.

"The Prima Donna" is the title of the new piece in which Charles Dillingham will present Fritzi Scheff this season. The new comic opera opens soon in Chicago.

LA MARQUISE

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

A report from Stockholm says that the Nobel prize for the best literary output this year will be awarded to Algernon Charles Swinburne. Such a distinction will certainly be received with applause by all English-speaking people. At a time when literature is singularly poor in great figures Mr. Swinburne's workmanship is of an order that would have placed him in the front rank at any previous age or among any group of poets that the world has ever known. If this distinction should indeed come to Mr. Swinburne, it will not be without an element of rebuke to the English government, which in the matter of the laureateship deliberately passed over the greatest living poet because of his former political views and gave the meaningless laurels to an inferior. Mr. Swinburne is seventy-one years of age and has been publishing poetry since 1861.

The Testing of Diana Mallory, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Mrs. Ward triumphs over her American public by sheer force of ability. She gives us a story that is almost the antithesis of modern canons, a story that represents society as a whole rather than some section invidiously chosen for castigation or *réclame*, a story that marches magnificently and voluminously onward to its culmination, complete, perfect, and polished in its every part. Mrs. Ward transports her readers to the scenes that she depicts, and we look at them from within and as parts of them. The house party at Lady Lucy's is a microcosm of English politics, with Diana herself representing the pole of imperialism and Markham, Lady Lucy's son, the extreme of a radical socialism. We listen to the clash of contending opinions and we are inclined perhaps to marvel a little at a social function where frivolity almost disappears under the weight of sober discussion upon great affairs.

Diana herself is magnificent. The sole companion of an intellectual father, she is left an orphan and wealthy at a time when her whole intense nature responds to the call of the graces of life and of a fervent imperialist patriotism. Gradually she becomes fascinated by the brilliance of Markham, and their betrothal receives the benediction of Lady Lucy, whose fortune is for the furtherance of her son's political career, and whose character is typical of an aristocratic exclusiveness that is almost hateful in its rigidity. Then comes the terrible disclosure that Diana's mother was among the vilest of the vile, and so Markham must decide between his betrothed and Lady Lucy's money, upon which depends his whole political career. Cad that he is, he chooses the money and the career, and Diana's agony is pictured in a fine consonance with her refined and clear-cut character.

Markham's career, purchased at such a price, goes down the broad road to destruction. Faithless to Diana, he is equally false to his party and to his political principles, and when he is struck down at a political meeting by a well-aimed brick we feel that even a Homeric justice has been satisfied. That Diana should come to him in the hour of his humiliation and almost at the gate of death, that she should marry him, is almost revolting in its self-abnegation, and we could almost wish that we had seen spared a sacrifice so utter. The incident is very close to the border line between servility and sublimity, but sublimity carries the day. Even though we close the book unfinished, we know that Diana would do just this thing and so keep her radiance undimmed. Nothing else was possible to the "eternal womanly," and although conventional congratulations are out of place, we feel that Mrs. Ward has bravely maintained a painful consistency. "Diana Mallory" is a monument of fiction in its most impressive and its most conscientious form. Its whole conception is marked by sincerity and by a power of massive and faithful presentation.

The Riverman, by Stewart Edward White. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

Those who have read "The Blazed Trail" will expect something exceptional in "The Riverman," and they will not be disappointed. Such stories are a welcome corrective to the ove-sick romance that still claims an unduly large number of victims.

"The Riverman" is one of those stories that will live if only as a record of an industry all too rapidly on its way to extinction. Its picture of life in the great lumber camps and in the log-hurdened river is one to be transferred to canvas as quickly as may be ere it fade alike from reality and from memory along with the rugged, rough, and valorous human life that belongs to it. That it find a chronicler so artistic as Mr. White is a matter for congratulation.

In this story we have two male characters, the hero and the villain, with quite a number of others who hover dubiously on the border line between villainy and mere ruffianism. The hero and the villain, Jack Orde and Joe Newmara, are partners in the lumber

work, the former attending to the practical duties of camp and river and the latter devoting himself to the business end of the venture. Then there is Heinzman, the German lumber king, a commanding figure of the tyrannical brute type, and Jimmy Bourke, or "Rough Red," whose ferocity is of the purely animal type and who does with his fists what Old Heinzman does with his cunning and overbearing mind. It is an admirable group and its figures play their parts with address and proportion.

The woman of the story is Carroll Bishop, who is wooed and won by Orde with unconventional vigor and carried back with him to the lumber camp. It is a daring experiment and that it was successful says as much for the wife as for the husband. But the chief delight of this story is not in its love-making, delightful as that is. Its strength lies rather in its complete and living picture of the lumberman, its convincing wealth of detail, and the skill with which the breath of an abounding life is breathed into its figures. The author's gamut is a wide one. He has an exhaustive knowledge of his subject from the physical point of view, while his felicity in depicting character is no less marked. He has given us an aspiring and a wholesome story, one to be read, and read again, and then preserved.

Beginnings in Industrial Education, by Paul H. Hanus. Published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston; \$1.

This important plea for the industrial school ought to receive the widest and most sympathetic attention at a time when American industries are called upon to hold their own no longer by volume, but by quality. Dr. Hanus reminds us that the Germans who visited the St. Louis Exposition went home comforted as to the dangers of American competition and marveling at a complacency that prevented us from seeing the fatal handicap imposed by inferior quality. He now urges us to remedy this defect, to take our young men seriously in hand and to give them all that they need in an opportunity to learn.

In addition to his general treatment of industrial education, Professor Hanus gives us an able summary of what is being done elsewhere and by our competitors. His chapters on "Professional Preparation of High School Teachers" bears every mark of experience and capacity, while under the heading of "School Instruction in Religion" we have a word of emphatic warning against the dangers that a misguided zeal would impose upon us.

It might be wished that the author had said a word as to the restrictions imposed by labor unionism upon apprenticeship. Of what value is the finest system of industrial education so long as a self-constituted tyranny can dictate the number of trained boys who shall be allowed to earn their living by that training? The fact that labor unionism exercises this destructive power may go a long way to account for an apathy that is deplorable, but that is hardly surprising, and it would be interesting to know the professor's views on a situation that bids fair to neutralize the very efforts that he indicates.

Introduction to the Study of Economics, by Charles Jesse Bullock, Ph. D. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston, and Chicago.

This substantial work is comprehensive, it is written with admirable clearness, and its author is obviously a master of his subject. But we are not sure that in his effort to be judicial he is not inconclusive. The older economic writers, such as Ricardo, Adam Smith, and Mill, lose little or none of their judicial strength in their effort to supply direct guidance upon disputed points, and while direct guidance may sometimes imply a political heterodoxy, that is one of the difficulties that must be faced by the economist.

But viewed as an attempt to present both sides of living controversies Professor Bullock has acquitted himself impartially and with distinction. The historical portions of his book are invaluable, while his treatment of general economic theories is sound and lucid. The chapters on "The Consumption of Wealth," "The Production of Wealth," and "The Theory of Exchange" are specially commendable. In the case of other topics, such as "Bimetallism," "Monopolies," "Transportation," "Land Nationalization," and "The Tariff," we have at least the advantage of knowing the position taken by the best opposing minds, and a presentation of conflicting theories that is impartial and comprehensive.

Angel Esquire, by Edgar Wallace. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The detective story seems to be on the up-grade, and "Angel Esquire" shows how rapid has been its progress. A venerable malefactor who has made a fortune by gambling devices bequeaths his money to his accomplices and the daughter of his chief victim, the whole amount to go to the one who solves the secret of his vault lock combination. The lady, thus thrown into contact with a band of criminals, effects the reformation of one of them, but through his heart rather than his conscience, and the two are ultimately successful with the aid of Angel

Esquire, a detective whose knowledge of the genus criminal we suspect to be of the sympathetic variety. We are a little tired of what may be called the circumstantial detective story, and this variation is a welcome one, depending, as it does, upon cryptic writings, sliding doors, and the modern devices of electricity and mechanics.

Training the Bird Dog, by C. B. Whitford. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.25.

There is something fascinating about the training of a dog when the work is undertaken with sympathy, as of course it must be to be successful. Mr. Whitford not only understands his subject, but he knows how to talk about it, and his book is delightful reading not only for the sportsman, but for dog lovers in general. The illustrations are particularly good.

Richard Strauss, by Ernest Newman. Published by John Lane, New York.

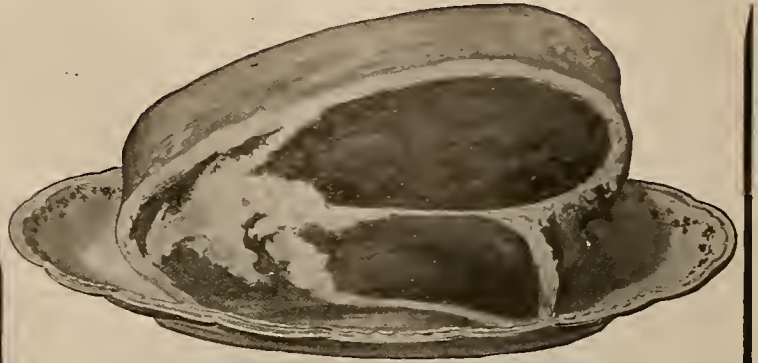
This volume appears in the Living Masters of Music series, edited by Rosa Newmarch, and is fully the equal of the volumes that have preceded it. The author explains

that he has not the honor of Dr. Strauss's acquaintance and that an independent critical attitude is therefore the better within his reach. We are not, however, without some interesting particulars of Strauss, thanks to the able introduction and personal note contributed by Mr. Alfred Kalisch.

The author has a keen and kindly perception of Strauss's faults, although "he remains by far the most commanding figure in contemporary music." He is too pictorial, "too crudely suggestive," and nothing that he now does is pure gold throughout.

The Peacock's Pleasance, by "E. V. B." Published by John Lane, New York.

The author reminds us that the peacock is the symbol of immortality and of mystical things 'not understood by the common people. Therefore the title is well chosen, because there is a strong suggestion of the superhuman through all these essays notwithstanding their rural nature. There are twelve in all, about birds, and gardens, and weeds and insects, all of them hinting at a vision of things below the surface and of an underlying and unifying life. In spite of an occasional deviation into fine writing, "E. V. B." has a very gentle and pleasing touch.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Rider Haggard returns to South Africa for the setting of his new story, "The Ghost Kings," now in press.

Henry C. White, who was paymaster under Lincoln and traveled with him on his circuit, has compiled a new volume about the great President. Mr. White knew Lincoln so intimately that he writes of him as a man rather than a heroic figure in history. Much of his book is made up from unpublished material as well as personal reminiscences hitherto unwritten.

John Townsend Trowbridge quietly observed the eighty-first anniversary of his birthday a few days ago at Riverton, New Jersey, where, with his wife, he is visiting at the home of his daughter. His well being and mental activity are happily evidenced in the fact that he has just completed another story for boys and girls, and is still planning to enjoy journeys to the far corners of the earth.

The Macmillan Company announces that "Helianthus," the novel by Ouida promised some years ago, is to be published at once. Nearly all of the story was in type before the author's death, and the proofs were corrected by her.

Otto H. Becher, whose "Whistler in Venice" is just published, is an American artist and etcher. His friendship with Whistler began in Venice and ended only with the artist's death. The two artists were constantly together during Whistler's sojourn in Venice and the book is made up of how he worked and how he played in the city of canals. Many etchings are reproduced from a collector's set never before published.

Booker T. Washington has followed his "Up from Slavery," one of the most remarkable books ever written, with "The Story of the Negro."

Noel Williams has made a two-volume work of "The Women Bonapartes." It traces the careers of the mother and three sisters of the great Napoleon. Although they differed widely in character, they were all four striking personalities. A great many of the chief figures of the consulate and the empire appear in Mr. Williams's pages.

New Publications.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published a translation of Paul de Musset's "Mr. Wind and Mme. Rain," a tale from old Breton folk-lore. This must perhaps be called a fairy tale, but it is so unconventional as to deserve a place to itself. The price is 60 cents.

An unusually comprehensive book is "Physics for Secondary Schools," by Charles F. Adams, A. M. The instruction is concise and clear and there are illustrations upon nearly every page. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, \$1.20.

All children should be acquainted with the Life Stories for Young People Series, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Among late issues is "Herman and Thunelda," translated from the German of Ferdinand Schmidt by George P. Upton. There are now about sixteen volumes in the series. Price, 60 cents each.

"A Cure for Care," by J. R. Miller, D. D., is written from the Christian standpoint and is intended to show the universality of divine law and man's power under that law to create his own fate. The ideas are good and the reasoning is persuasive and logical. The book is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 30 cents.

"The Galleon Treasure," by Percy Keese Fitzhugh, is a good story of the days when Cotton Mather held sway in Boston town and harried the witches to the content of his wicked heart. Witches on the land and pirates on the sea combine to make a stirring tale. The book is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, and the price is 75 cents.

Lovers of William Morris will delight in a little volume just published in the Everyman's Library by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. It is entitled "The Early Romances of William Morris in Prose and Verse," and contains thirty poetic and eight prose selections. The introduction by Alfred Noyes is a weighty and valuable appreciation of Morris. Everyman's Library is already of substantial size and admirably inclusive.

"Woven in the Tapestry," by Emily Post, is a dainty little volume of mystical tales of Ateria, a country of long ago, and of the Pagan King Thyaterion and his daughter, the Princess Alacia, and of the Hermit in the Forest and of the stranger who came as his disciple. Also other tales of the dwellers in the village, and in the city, in the forest, and in the gardens of the king. It is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"A Common-Sense View of the Mind Cure," by Laura M. Westall, has much to recommend. It contains no extravagance and no superstition and can hardly fail to be helpful and suggestive. But it is well to remember that

in abolishing pain by mental processes we may be stifling a useful indication of a malady, and that point might be usefully considered by those who are apt to overlook the beneficence of suffering. The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price, 75 cents.

The Life Stories for Young People series issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and already comprising twenty volumes, has been enriched by an edition of "Undine," translated by George P. Upton from the German of Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué. It is gratifying to find this further vitality given to a classic that ought to be imperishable. All the volumes of this series are exceptionally well chosen. The price is 60 cents each.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Wilson Barrett's great play, "The Sign of the Cross," will follow "The Devil" at the Valencia Theatre, beginning next Sunday afternoon. Robert Warwick will pass from his powerful presentation of Molnar's fiendish physician to the rôle of Marcus Superbus, prefect of Rome. Miss Kershaw will appear as Mercia, the Christian maiden. The entire strength of the company will be utilized in the cast, and the settings of the play will be especially notable. The big stage allows a satisfactory latitude in scenic effects, and no opportunity will be slighted. The play will run only one week, with the usual matinees on Saturday, Wednesday, and Sunday.

"Ship Aboy" at the Princess Theatre this week is a revel of song and fun. Ferris Hartman has made the rôle of Colonel Mapleson Mulherry, the embarrassed impresario, peculiarly his own, and he is worth seeing more than once in it. Sybil Page and Sarah Edwards were never more attractive, musically and dramatically, than in this old but cheerful offering. Arthur Cunningham has two songs, one irresistibly comic, and makes a good deal of a small part. Zoe Barnett is captivating in appearance as well as tenuous in her part as the prima donna soubrette. Fred Kavanagh and Walter de Leon are pleasing and useful. The chorus is handsomely costumed, and sings and dances attractively.

Next week, the last but one of Mr. Hartman's engagement, "The Amerer" will be put on. This will be remembered as one of Frank Daniels's popular pieces, constructed for him by Victor Herbert, Frederick Rankin, and Kirke La Shelle. Hartman will have the rôle of Ifte Kahn, Joseph Fogarty will make his first appearance as Heezabard, the lord chamberlain, and Arthur Cunningham and all the other favorites will have good parts.

At the Van Ness Theatre this week "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" is in its last nights. Next Monday night comes "The Squaw Man," Edwin Milton Royle's four-act drama, which made something more than an ordinary success here on its first visit. This time, Dustin Farnum, so well remembered as the hero of "The Virginian," will have the leading rôle, and will make the most of it. Mary B. Conwell is the leading lady, and the long list of supporting players includes the names of Mitchell Lewis, Katherine Fisher, George Deyo, Logan Paul, Ruth Lloyd, Edith Perchet, and Alma Sedley. The company is under the management of Liebler & Co., and the elaborate scenic investiture of the piece is such as is confidently to be expected at the hands of this veteran firm of theatrical managers.

The Orpheum will offer as first in the list of new features for the bill opening Sunday afternoon that Italian sensation, Gennaro's Venetian Band. In addition to the capable handsomen and their eminent conductor, Miss K. Carter will sing to the accompaniment of the band. Mme. Theresa Renz, the famous equestrienne, will introduce her splendid trained horses, all of whom are prize-winners. Mme. Renz makes her appearance costumed in white on a horse of the same color and successfully performs a serpentine dance on horseback. Gracie Emmett, who some years back was the successful star of the drama, "A Barrel of Money," will present a farce called "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband," supported by Elizabeth Rathburn, Ben Miles, and Lon W. Carter. The Jupiter Brothers, illusionists, who affect the make-up of cowboys, give a performance which mystifies the audience. Next week will be the last of "General" Edward La Vine, the Saytons, Belle Hathaway's monkeys, and of that admirable quartet, the Cadets de Gascogne. A new series of imported motion pictures will conclude the performance.

"The Time, the Place, and the Girl" will be seen for the last time at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night.

May Irwin will go on at the Garrick Theatre in New York, preceding "The Mollusc," in a curtain-raiser called "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," which her sister, Flo Irwin, played over the Orpheum circuit last summer.

The really highest salary ever paid a vaudeville performer in America will be given Harry Lauder, the unique and great Scotch player, who comes to this country this month.

It is announced he will receive \$4000 a week for twenty weeks, of which he must pay \$25,000 as release money to the managers under whom he was playing in London. He will open in New York next Monday night.

Walter's "Paid in Full" completely failed to please the London play-going public, and was withdrawn from the bill of the Aldwych Theatre after two empty weeks. It received excellent press notices; in fact, so kindly were a majority of the critics that it might be believed they came prepared to praise the piece on the strength of its American success.

Mater Dolorosa.

Because of little low-laid heads all crowned
With golden hair,
Forevermore all fair young brows to me
A halo wear;
I kiss them reverently—alas! I know
The stains I bear.

Because of dear but close-shut holy eyes
Of heaven's own blue,
All little eyes do fill my own with tears,
Whate'er their hue;
And motherly I gaze their innocent
Clear depths into.

Because of little pallid lips which once
My name did call,
No childish voice in vain appeal upon
My ear doth fall.
I count it all my joy their joys to share
And sorrows small.

Because of little dimpled, cherished hands
Which folded lie,
All little hands henceforth to me do have
A pleading cry;
I clasp them as they were small wandering birds
Lured home to fly.

Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's
Rough roads unmet,
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm
Such little feet;
And count the lowliest service done for them
So sacred—sweet!

—Mary K. Field.

Mr. Horace Platt's Speeches.

"John Marshall and Other Addresses," by Horace G. Platt, just issued by the Argonaut Publishing Company, San Francisco, will be welcomed not only by a wide circle of the author's personal friends and acquaintances, but by all those who find a pleasure in the polished diction that expresses a refined and cultured thought. There are thirty-four addresses in this volume, and while the number should have been greater, we can congratulate the author on his success in collecting so many, after the fire of 1906 had destroyed the whole of a collection representative in its character and of much greater volume than the present. We can also congratulate the reader that so much has been spared of an oratorical record extending over many years and that San Francisco would be loth to wholly lose.

The thirty-four addresses now published are wisely left unarranged either by subject or chronology. They cover well nigh the whole field ordinarily surveyed by an alert and eager mind. Politics, history, philosophy, literature, all find their place, nor do we ever miss the tone of gentle and wise reflection that we have learned to associate with the author. This book, so free from bitterness or any touch of unkindness, can hardly fail to recall pleasant memories to thousands.

The Lloyd Scott Travel Talks.

Lloyd Scott, the traveler, on Monday night gave the first of his series of Travel-Talks at Christian Science Hall. He is an easy speaker and with a beautiful collection of colored views, moving pictures, and panoramas he kept his audience interested. "India" was his subject and it was repeated Tuesday night.

For the end of the week "Japan" will be given Friday night and at a special school children's matinee Saturday, at which the young folks will be given half rates. "Russia" will be given Saturday night. Next week, "Russia" Monday night, "Egypt" Tuesday and Thursday, and "Ireland" Friday and Saturday, with "Egypt" Saturday afternoon for the school children. Box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Lloyd Scott Travel-Talks will be given at Maple Hall in Oakland, commencing Monday, October 19. Three subjects will be given the first week, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and the remaining two the following week, on Monday and Wednesday. The same prices as in San Francisco will prevail and the office will be at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Oakland store.

The French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken action against a cinematograph company for an act of unprecedented brutality to a horse. In a series of pictures called "The Lover's Revenge," a carriage drawn by a horse was seen to rush over the edge of a cliff and be dashed to pieces. The pictures were not "fake" pictures. An old blind horse harnessed to a carriage was really driven over the edge of the cliffs near Boulogne to obtain them.

"It used to be the height of my ambition to own a motor car," said the worried looking man. "And what is the height of your ambition now?" asked his friend. "To sell it."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

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ANOTHER VIEW OF WARFIELD.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"A Grand Army Man" recalls the James Herne plays. The characters are rustics—"There are twenty-four strangers in town," says the commander impressively, on the occasion of the opening of the new G. A. R. hall—and they are unthrillingly uninteresting. It is quite difficult to lose oneself in their affairs, and their squabbles are only mildly funny. In fact, looking over the shrunken audience, one questioned the wisdom of taking off "The Music Teacher," which one and all had on their conscience to see and which would probably still draw.

When one recalls the fine work of the company in "The Music Master," it follows as a matter of course that the various characters of "A Grand Army Man" were played in excellent style. But, just as we would be hored if we were thrown upon the society, excellent people though they be, of the simple-minded band that upheld the traditions of old army days, so we are in great danger of being bored in the play.

What prevents us is Warfield's natural, humorous, and feeling characterization of the G. A. R. commander, who is so terribly wounded in his family pride and family affections. And yet Warfield seems scarcely to have studied enough to mark out a sufficiently different characterization to that with which he familiarized the country in "The Music Master." There are so many points of resemblance as to induce a sense of monotony.

I noticed, by the way, that Warfield, whether consciously or unconsciously, employs, in expressing strong emotion, a favorite method of J. H. Stoddard's, with which the veteran actor used often to thrill his audiences. It is the use of the sudden, half hysterical shriek with which Von Barwig in "The Music Master" hurled his reproach and contempt when he was at last face to face with his old enemy. In "A Grand Army Man" he uses it in reproaching his adopted son, when the realization that the child of his heart is a thief comes in a great flood of anguish to his distracted brain. So, too, in his great agitation, he mechanically and measurely heats upon his knee, as Von Barwig did upon the piano lid.

It was fine. It was good art. But it was too much of the nature of repetition.

The details used in portraying the humorous side of the character were also similar, although the amusing representation of the family tiff and of the harmless tempers which Wes let off in sudden, startling shouts, gave opportunity for some variety.

An excellent piece of acting was done by William Elliott, who, as Robert, Wes's adopted son, gave us a most charmingly simple and sincere portrayal of the boyishness of a loved and spoiled son, of young, shy love, of bewilderment, when Robert's fault seemed to the stature of offense against the awe, and of sorrow and repentance at sight of the incredulous anguish of his adopted father.

The three dramatists, with Belasco no doubt to the fore, employed many admirable effects in exhibiting the manner in which Wes and his son stood their sorrow. There was pathos and humor in equal proportions throughout the play, and the dialogue is amusing and natural, but all the same the play did not hold one in a firm grip. I was perfectly willing to leave at the end of the second act, thereby, of course, losing the court scene, and I am not any more anxious to lose the closing act of a really interesting play than any one else. But in spite of Marie Bates's always amusing comedy, of Antoinette Perry's girlish simplicity, of the well-played characters that went to make up the G. A. R. post in the village coterie represented, the ending was not a wrench.

I came in for another or closing act at the performance of "The Devil" at the Novelty Theatre, and I must say that there was no evidence of anybody being even scorched. The performance was mild in the extreme and the characters seemed as virtuous as those in "The Grand Army Man."

This is good for morals, but had for art. It is just justice to the players to say that the last act of "The Devil" is the least interesting, but that was not their fault. The trouble was the intense mental respectability of the players, who were unable to exert enough imagination to shake it off. There was not the slightest suggestion of the abandon of headlong passion in the air, although

Mr. Glendinning, in the brief glimpse I had of his Sandor, seemed to give some indication of there being waged an inner struggle against those perilous forces of nature which the devil sought to awaken to sinister activity.

Mr. Hickman's devil was at a disadvantage beside Robert Warwick's, for the leading man at the Valencia has, added to his fine person, just enough of a deviation from the American type of feature to give to his Dr. Nicholas some Continental distinction of appearance.

As a further advantage to the Valencia performance both in appearance and type of beauty, Willette Kershaw does very well as a hit of tempting bait on the devil's hook. She seemed neither complex nor subtle, but she had the air of a woman deeply in love. A good deal of a feat of the imagination, too, when one thinks of her Sandor. That slight dryness of tone which Howard Hickman habitually employs in depicting the milder order of villain or a merely disagreeable character, deprived his devil of much of the atmosphere of wickedness which, like a sulphurous emanation, should surround his satanic majesty. Warwick's devil had it, and also the suggestion of lure, of a wicked fascination. In fact, the more I recall his Dr. Nicholas, the more it seems something of a dramatic feat which will win more recognition for the young player.

Recently I chanced upon a short story by Henry James which seemed to contain a germ, or, indeed, rather the whole theory of what constitutes the real romance of fiction.

The three characters of his story are discussing French novels, and, to the expressed distaste of one of them for the universality of the had woman in French fiction, another—the man in the trio—says, "My dear lady, their romance is their hadness. There isn't any other. It's a hard law, if you will, and a strange, but goodness has to go without that luxury. Isn't to be good just exactly, all round, to go without?" "One has heard it before—at least I have. One has heard your question put . . . "Why don't you, *cher monsieur*, give us the drama of virtue?" "Because, *chère madame*, the high privilege of virtue is precisely to avoid drama."

The expounder, in the story, following out his theory, puts it even more succinctly: "Behind these words we use—the adventure, the novel, the drama, the romance, the situation; in short, as we most comprehensively say, behind them all stands the same sharp fact that in their different ways they all represent the fact of a relation. The adventure is a relation; the relation is an adventure. The romance, the novel, the drama, are the picture of one. The subject the novelist treats is the rise, the formation, the development, the climax, and for the most part the decline, of one. And what is the honest lady doing on that side of the town?"

It so happens that in "The Story in It," the tale in question, a "relation" exists between the man and one of the women of the trio, while the other one cherishes for him a secret, pure love, which she regards as her romance, her adventure, her situation. And thus she passes out of the story, vindicating to herself her theory that a woman can figure in a romance and still be "an honest lady," while to the sinning, but happy, pair hers was "but a small, scared, starved, subjective satisfaction that would do her no harm, and nobody else any good." Who but a duffer—he (the man) stuck to his contention—would see the shadow of a story in it?

I found the whole argument intensely interesting, as offering an anglicized American's interpretation of the Continental attitude on the subject of fiction and the drama. I thought it most logically put, and realized, as I absorbed this new point of view, how curious to the Continental mind must seem our elaborate structure of fiction and drama which paints charming, graceful, shallow pictures of contemporary life, and, on account of the still existing Puritanism of purely American standards, consistently avoids following up those subterranean veins of ore across which are entangled the roots of great passions.

This is the situation, and practically the only situation available, which Molnar uses in his play of "The Devil." The moral of all this, it seems to me, is that there is no moral to the drama of passion, which devotes much more space to exploiting what Molnar's devil pleasantly calls "the technique of intrigue" than to painting the sure damnation of the sinner.

Queen Alexandra's favorite perfume, it is well known, is a certain scent which is a combination of rare essences, the secret of which is so carefully guarded that no money can purchase the recipe. The late Queen Victoria used this same perfume for more than fifty years. Nobody but the manufacturer knows the formula, but a Paris perfumer of long experience has pronounced it a blend of rose, violet, jasmine, lavender, and orange blossom.

A statue to Boswell was unveiled at Lichfield one day last month, and the evening before the event a Johnson supper was given, with sanded floor and candles for the only light, at the Three Crowns, where Johnson and Boswell used to stay.

At the Greek Theatre.

Saturday night's programme for the Greek Theatre in Berkeley is about the best thing that the musical and dramatic committee of the University of California has had to offer during the season. The Pasmore girls—Dorothy, Suzanne, and Mary—will play in concert, assisted by an orchestra of thirty-four pieces, led by the father of the clever sisters, H. B. Pasmore. The Pasmore Trio has established a reputation on the Coast that upholds the one made in Europe when the girls were still students and playing in company with recognized artists. After their appearance at the Greek Theatre on this occasion they will leave for Los Angeles. They are billed to play several concerts and give a few recitals in and around that city.

- Here is the programme for Saturday night:
1. Introduction and Hymn to California, for orchestra Pasmore (Poem by Charles Keeler)
 2. Concerto for violoncello and orchestra, op. 33 Saint-Saens Miss Dorothy Pasmore, soloist
 3. "Scene from a Western City," for orchestra C. A. Le Fortnia
 4. Concerto for piano and orchestra, op. 54 Schumann Miss Suzanne Pasmore, soloist
 5. Spanish symphony for violin and orchestra, op. 21 Lalo Miss Mary Pasmore, soloist

Miss Dorothy played the Saint-Saens concerto, with orchestra, in Beethoven Saal, Berlin; Miss Suzanne played the Schumann concerto, with Xaver Scharwenka at the second piano, in Bechstein Saal, Berlin; and Miss Mary played the Lalo concerto with Henri Marteau at Geneva.

Barrie's Dramatic Assistant.

In a recent issue was given a review of J. M. Barrie's new play by the London correspondent of the *Argonaut*. Additional comment on the piece and the author is at hand in the London papers. The *Morning Post* provides a curious pendant in a paragraph that crystallizes gossip, current for some years, about the assistance Mr. Barrie received in his earlier pieces, and then views the new comedy through that crystal. Says the *Post*: "In most, if not all, of his more recent plays Mr. Barrie is known to have had the assistance of the late Mr. Addison Bright, on whose death some feared that Mr. Barrie would write plays no more. It is not at all necessary to suppose that Mr. Bright's share in the business entitled him to be regarded as part author, but the combination was rich in result. Whatever Mr. Bright did or did not do, he did one thing of which your ordinary playwright is almost invariably incapable. He recognized Mr. Barrie's peculiar quality and was careful to preserve it. Mr. Barrie is, we take it, essentially a novelist, and not a dramatist. His plays, delightful as they are, have never shown the largeness of vision and simplicity of treatment of the true dramatist. His mind runs more on tactics than on strategy. He does not so much construct a bridge—and every great drama has the lines of a bridge—as lay down stepping-stones. When he has tackled a definite flesh-and-blood problem, and has attempted to work it out in accordance with established dramatic principles—as in 'The Wedding Guest'—he has been least successful and least himself. When he has gone his own way his work has been notable, as in 'The Admirable Crichton'—the last act of which is derivative of drama—and 'Peter Pan,' in which what drama there is pure 'spool.' Happily Mr. Barrie, after a long period of silence, has again put forth a play. It would be interesting to know, but perhaps impertinent to inquire, whether he has received assistance from another, or who that other is. Certainly it is difficult to detect in 'What Every Woman Knows' any alien hand."

Sentiment was said to have betrayed a workman who was committed for trial at the Thames Police Court a few days ago on a charge of larceny. It was alleged that he broke into the shop of his former employer, a tailor, stole two pairs of scissors, and damaged thirty-five women's costumes. Only one costume in the shop was not cut to pieces. It was made by Messau himself, and this fact first cast suspicion on him. "He had not the heart to destroy the coat he had made himself," declared the prosecuting solicitor.

Miss Evelyn Millard has begun her career as a manageress at the Garrick Theatre in London.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is a little late in the season to ask ourselves how we shall best observe the law of propriety when we go in swimming. We none of us particularly wish to be proper, but we do not wish to be markedly improper. In other words, we want to keep on the right side of the line, but just as close to the line as we can get.

These profoundly philosophical observations are induced by the swimming costume of Lady Constance Mackenzie as reported by feverish cable dispatches from England. Now Lady Constance is the very pink of propriety. The finger of rebuke has never been leveled at her. She is the daughter of an earl, the niece and the grandchild of duchesses, and, in fact, one of those women so few and far between who can make anything proper by simply doing it. And Lady Constance has been swimming and diving at a popular festival organized by her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, and clad in a sleeveless, tightly fitting combination garment ending several inches above the knee.

Propriety is, of course, a matter of convention, and it changes from day to day. Lady Constance wore a costume shocking to many Anglo-Saxon eyes, but identical with that of most of the watering places in Europe, where the women are just as irreproachable as elsewhere. A few years ago no bathing costume was considered even decent unless at the same time it was hideously shapeless and ugly. We have left these atrocities behind, but we still cling reverently to the stockings and the skirt, which serve no useful purpose and are a distressing impediment to the woman who really wants to swim and to dive.

We do well to be critical of those who are hyper-sensitive on the subject of propriety. It is no mere axiom that to the pure all things are pure, and the morals of those who see something immoral in bare legs and arms must be in a truly perilous plight. Henry Labouchere tells us that when he was in Mexico, very many years ago, he was accustomed to see the entire population bathe together at certain hours of the day and wholly innocent of clothing. We have his testimony that these people were decent and law abiding and their morality exceptionally high. It is to be feared that nowadays we are not quite so pure as this, but we surely might relax a little in the direction of common sense without any serious peril to such virtue as we have.

It is not impropriety that we dread, but unconventionality. We are horrified at the costumes, or lack of costumes, of Oriental peoples, while they in their turn are horrified at the spectacle of young girls in evening dress and clasped in the arms of men to whom they were introduced only half an hour before. We pride ourselves on our extreme propriety in hathing costumes, whereas those very costumes would excite not only the ridicule but the reprobation of our European cousins. The French *mère de famille* would say, and with much reason, that the stockinged, and especially the gartered, leg is infinitely more suggestive than the bare leg, as of course it is, and in her own daughters she would regard the stockings and the garters as serious indiscretions. The fellah woman of Egypt feels that she is obeying all the law and the prophets of propriety so long as she keeps her face decorously covered, no matter what exposure be made of the rest of her person, whereas the white woman feels that her face may be exposed upon any and every occasion. Therefore, let us be charitable, even though common sense be beyond our reach.

A writer in the *Daily Mail* gives us the comfortable assurance that, after all, we are not so very extravagant in the matter of dress, and that in fact we compare quite favorably with the excesses of earlier days. And we have this to our advantage, that whereas the men of a century or so ago used to spend quite as much upon their dress as the women, the extravagance now is mainly confined to one sex. A lady of fashion said recently that whereas a man could dress himself very satisfactorily on £400 a year, the well-dressed woman must spend that much every month. A hundred and fifty years ago some gentlemen would spend as much as £600 on a single suit, and would be satisfied with not less than three. An elegant man could "manage" with six summer and six winter suits at £100 each, and this without including the gold and silver buttons and the lace. The ladies, too, were by no means inexpensively dressed. When Mlle. de Tournon was married in Paris it was considered by no means a great affair, but her aunt offered her £700 for "fans, bags, and garters," and the bride herself bought several gowns at prices varying from £150 to £400. And these cheap gowns were only for common use, housework and the like we may suppose. For a single court gown she paid £800, and she would not be expected to wear it more than three or four times. When Mme. de Verre died she was found to have possessed 200 dozen cambric handkerchiefs, 450 skirts, and sixty pairs of stays, but history does not say what kind of stays they were.

Those were certainly costly days not only in the matter of dress, but of hospitality. M.

de Rohan kept one hundred and eighty horses always saddled for the convenience of his guests, and during the shooting season six hundred beaters were in daily employment. The household of Mme. de Cboiseul was supplied with thirty sheep a month for the consumption of guests. The receptions were of the most elaborate nature, and practically an open house was kept all the year round. Guests were at liberty to bring with them as many friends, horses, and dogs as they pleased, and they amused themselves in any way that seemed good to them.

Patrons of the Hotel Manhattan, New York, have noticed for some time that a certain unusual set of dining-room chairs has been missing from one of the smaller first floor dining-rooms. The chairs, which were specially designed for the hotel from an eighteenth century Austrian pattern, were greatly admired for the solidity of their comfort and beauty of their elaborately hand-carved backs. On the top of each back wooden leaves and wooden animals stuck out in all directions. The chairs were the pride of the management and the admiration of all the customers. But from the start that particular dining-room became the scene of constant mishaps and small social tragedies. Feminine guests were embarrassed at finding plates of bisque suddenly gushing down their décolleté gowns. Masculine diners were disconcerted to discover their shirt fronts unnecessarily studded with petit pois. The management at first said, "Clumsiness," and many waiters were discharged. But the waiters always gave the same excuse. The wooden leaves and animals which stuck up out of the backs of the beautiful chairs were found to be peculiarly adapted to catch in a waiter's coat sleeves. The cause of all the accidents was thus obvious. "We sold the chairs to an auctioneer for one-fifth of their original cost," says the assistant manager of the hotel. "They had already cost us twice their worth in angry patrons and needlessly discharged employees."

An English magazine says that Princess Henry of Battenberg is the only really literary member of the royal family. She has just written a history of the Isle of Wight which is to be published forthwith, but her most ambitious work is in German and is entitled "Trost im Teide." It was written within a year of the death of her husband, and although an English translation has been privately circulated in England, it has never been published there. It is said to show some marked ability and powers of expression.

Princess Henry's daughter, the present Queen of Spain, has also done some small things in the literary line. She wrote a small play in French for the members of the court at San Sebastian and she is said to have considerable knowledge of stage technic. But one always takes these royal productions with a grain of salt, because as a matter of fact they are often the work of some one who is not at all royal. No one supposes, for instance, that the German emperor actually paints the pictures politely credited to him, or writes the verses, or composes the plays and the sermons. There are always people who will do these things for royalty and hold their tongues about them, or who will at least give the royal work the final polish so that it can make a presentable bow to the public. There is, of course, no reason why royalty should not do creditable literary work, but the chances are against it. Good literary work demands originality, and royalty lives, moves, and has its being in an atmosphere of conventionality. To be original, to move one hair's breadth from the beaten path of custom is the one unpardonable sin for royalty, and under such conditions literature, to say the least of it, is handicapped.

There have been times in American history when an advocate of large families could not have cited the household of the White House as an example, says the *Boston Globe*, for small families have been the rule in the White House, and the census taker in more than one administration would have been obliged to report, "No family." Yet only two bachelors have been elected to the presidency, and one of these, Grover Cleveland, changed his condition by marrying before completing his first term. James Buchanan in his youth was a party to a romantic love affair, and after the death of the young lady he appears never to have thought of marrying. It has been said that few Presidents had what President Roosevelt would call large families. William Henry Harrison had the largest; he was the father of six sons and four daughters. He was the oldest man ever elected to the presidency. Hayes and Garfield had the next largest families; in the Hayes family were born eight children, and in the Garfield family seven, a large number in each case growing to maturity.

President Grant had four children, three sons and one daughter, and one of these sons, Frederick D. Grant, is a major-general in the army. Abraham Lincoln had four sons, Robert Todd Lincoln, who became Secretary of War under Presidents Garfield and Arthur, alone surviving to maturity. President Johnson had two daughters, Martha and Mary, Martha presiding over the White House

during the frequent illnesses of her invalid mother.

President Arthur was a widower, and his sister presided over the White House. He had two children living, but his first child, a son, died in infancy. President Van Buren also was a widower. He had five sons, two of whom were Abraham, whose wife presided over the White House, and John, who was known as "Prince John." President Taylor had a son and two daughters, of whom one married Jefferson Davis.

President Pierce had three sons, two of whom died in infancy, and the third, a boy of thirteen, was killed in the presence of his parents in a railroad accident two months before his father's inauguration as President. President John Adams had a daughter and three sons, President Monroe had two daughters, and John Quincy Adams had several children. President Jefferson had five children, two of whom died in infancy. President McKinley's two daughters died while very young.

The *London Chronicle* says that diamonds are getting on the public nerve with the cutting of the great Cullinan. They have split it, and are making two stones of it, and when all is done it seems that we must calculate the value in carats. It is a matter of so much a carat. And the Cullinan stone at its biggest will be worth less than four million pounds, while its little brother will be only half as valuable. And this is nothing to the "Braganza," which weighs 1680 carats in its present state, and is worth, according to the expert, more than £58,000,000. This is—we may say it bluntly—not true. You can not eat a diamond, or drink it, or sleep in it, or make any use of it but to win a woman's smile. As a solemn fact of economy, it may be asserted that there is no man on earth who would give fifty-eight million pounds for a diamond. Because there is no man on earth that will buy the thing at the price he can not sell it at. Now is there a man who will buy a diamond for fifty-eight millions on the chance of another man's wanting another woman's smile?

According to the newspapers, it is the women who have taken exception to some of the straightforward talk in Robert Herrick's "Together." Evidently there are two sides to the question, even from a woman's point of view, as is shown by the following extract from a letter written by a clever Western woman: "Of course cludbon went off at a tangent, and if the diatribes of the club women elsewhere showed the same familiarity

with the text as did those of our vicinity, it was a sad arraignment of the intelligence of the cult, for it was evident that not one had read the book. Some one had told them it concerned May and December bargains for mercenary consideration, and that was all they cared to know. But it is the people who have read the book who are doing the talking amongst themselves and to their friends. Some of our half-baked critics found it melodramatic and exaggerated, but women are prone to call it plain truth, and to recommend others to read it 'even if you have to buy it.' I know of one case where a woman is already regretting her divorce, in a way for since reading 'Together,' for the first time in her empty life she has begun to realize that there are two sides to a bargain, and that a man ought not to be a mere machine during the day, earning money for a woman's delectation, and an adoring satellite after working hours, worshipping miladi's social successes."

Forbes-Robertson, apropos of some recent sneers in London, has been saying a good word for American audiences and reviewers as compared with those of England: "I read the other day," he says, "an assertion by some one that American audiences were less cultivated than our own. It is such nonsense to talk like that. You will not find an audience more keen, more critical, more discriminating than a New York audience. Do you find such keenness about the drama in London? You must remember that there are critics in Boston, New York, or Chicago just as brilliant and as earnest as here. It is nonsense to write such things." And Mr. Robertson happens to know both sides of the sea.

During the repairing operations now being carried out at Exeter Cathedral workmen have extracted from the wall of the south tower a carved head which is said to be of Egyptian origin. In the opinion of antiquaries, the discovery of this head, which has been placed among the cathedral relics, points to the fact that a building existed on the site previous to the foundation of the Norman towers, commenced in the eleventh century and usually regarded as the most ancient portion of the edifice.

English Girl (with great distinctness, addressing the chef de gare)—Pardon, mon sieur! Voulez-vous chercher pour moi l'homme avec le mot, "cuisinier," autour de la couronne de son chapeau.—Punch.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Englishman, witnessing his first baseball game, was struck by a hot one off the bat. On coming to, he asked, faintly: "What was it?" "A foul," they told him, "only a foul!" "My word!" he exclaimed, "I thought it was a mule."

A recent Parisian caricature shows a bearded Turk in a turban upon the crenellated roof of his house, looking through a field glass. "Allah is just," he exclaims. "Now that my neighbors' wives go about with faces uncovered I see that they are quite as homely as my own."

Beggs, Oklahoma, is said to be the place where a minister, marrying a negro couple, asked the woman: "Do you take this man for better or for worse?" She interrupted by explaining: "No, judge, I want him just as he is. If he gits any better he'll die, and if he gits any wuss I'll kill him myself."

Early in the forenoon a German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him. "Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones. The peddler hacked off a few steps. "Vell, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish; thank you."

A certain minister was deeply impressed by an address on the evils of smoking given at a recent synod. He rose from his seat, went over to a fellow minister, and said: "Brother, this morning I received a present of 100 good cigars. I have smoked one of them, but now I'm going home and burn the remainder in the fire." The other minister arose, and said it was his intention to accompany his reverend brother. "I mean to rescue the ninety and nine," he added.

A medical journal says that a handsome young lady stepped into the office of the young hachelor secretary of a State medical examining board. She (*modestly*)—Are you the secretary of the—State Board of Examiners? He (*bashfully*)—Yes, ma'am. She—I want a license to practice medicine in this State. He—You will have to be examined first. She—By you alone? He—No, ma'am; before the full board of examiners. She—Before the whole board! Why, that is terrible; I can not consent.

A colored woman of Alexandria was on trial before a magistrate charged with inhuman treatment of her offspring. Evidence was clear that the woman had severely beaten the youngster, aged some nine years, who was in court to exhibit his hattered condition. Before imposing sentence, his honor asked the woman whether she had anything to say. "Kin I ask yo' honah a question?" inquired the prisoner. The judge nodded affirmatively. "Well, then, yo' honah, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent of a puctefly wuthless cullud chile."

The college president was entertaining a freshman at dinner, when the conversation turned upon football. To the student's surprise, the president displayed a thorough familiarity with the game, and proceeded to discuss it as earnestly as though it had been Greek or mathematics. Indeed, his treatment of the topic brought out so many points that the freshman had overlooked that the youth was moved to remark to his hostess: "Well, this talk with President Blank has showed me how true it is we never meet any one from whom we can't learn something!"

It was apparent that one of the conversationalists was an enthusiastic astronomer. He seemed sufficiently familiar with the smallest star to call it by its first name—that is, if stars have first names. Drawing his companion's attention to a particular star in close proximity to the handle of the dipper, he said: "Perhaps you may be able to appreciate the immensity of distance between that star and our earth when I say it would take more than 100 years for a forty-horse power automobile, running at full speed, to reach it." By the quality of awe in his friend's voice it was plain that he was unusually impressed, as he said: "No? A hundred years? Why, man, think of the gasoline bill."

An illustrious French prelate was at a great banquet, in company with many members of the French nobility and many other ecclesiastics. The conversation turned upon the life-long experience of priests, their insight into the depths of human nature, and the strange secrets of which, in virtue of their office, they must become the depositaries. To point his remarks, his eminence said: "For instance, gentlemen, the first confession I ever received was that of a murderer." At that moment, and while expressions of wonder, interest, and horror were still upon the lips of his auditors, the door opened and a nobleman of the highest rank, a man well known among them, entered the room. He

saluted the company, and then paid his respects to the prince of the church, adding gracefully, as he turned to the company: "You are perhaps not aware, gentlemen, that I had the honor to be his eminence's first penitent." The consternation of the company and his eminence's state of mind may be imagined.

On the journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg, Cumberland, the thought-reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of fifty roubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland acceded to his request and said: "You are going to the fair at Nishni-Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the extent of twenty thousand roubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt and compound with your creditors for three per cent." On hearing these words, the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his hoot a shabby purse, and handed him the fifty roubles. Whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired: "Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?" "No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Nifty-Thrifty Maiden.

I knew a maiden, thrifty some,
Who loved to save a nifty sum.
To clean her clothes their second season
A little gasoline she'd squeeze on.

Now this same maiden, thrifty some,
Upon her feet was thrifty some,
She'd dance till hot enough to smoke,
And she with gasoline asoak!

One day this maiden, thrifty some,
Danced dances up to fifty some;
Then burst aflame, runs the narration,
And saved the cost of her cremation.

—Puck.

Our Growing Vocabulary.

I purchased me a motor many, many years ago,
And used to mote me thisaway and that;
I slaughtered countless fauna and a dozen folk
Or so,
The world was sure my oyster, on a plat;
But now the outlook's different, and my motor
gathers rust—
I spurn it—let it stand around and loaf;
I long for sport much stranger which is fuller far
of danger—
Ah, how I'd rather aviate than chauf!
What fun is there in spinning through a city's
dinky dinning?
How much I'd rather aviate than cbauf.

I'm sick of honking swiftly over common, stupid
streets,
I'm sick of all the things the coppers do;
I'm ill of turning chickens into little fresh mince-
meats,

I'm bored of cutting ladies half in two.
I want to cleave the ether in a dizzy aeroplane
(Who doesn't is a dullard and an oaf)—
I long to skim the breezes like a bunch of well-
skinned cheeses,
For I had rather aviate than chauf—
(I never, never bammer all this long-haired, new-
born grammar,
So I had rather aviate than chauf).

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Preparing the Advertisement.

We are getting him ready for college; he goes in
a week,
Not, however, to learn a profession or Latin or
Greek,
Or to tackle the myst'ries of science or pry into
art;
No; our Jimmie goes there to assume a more dif-
ficult part.
He is end on the team, and he's known as an eat-
'em-up lad,
He's a piece of big art in the college's annual
"ad."

Through the summer he limped from a sprain that
he got in the fall,
Though they called it a tackle—another boy ran
with the ball,
And our Jimmie went, swish, through the air like
a shot from a gun,
And they pulled him, half dead, from the pile, but
the game had been won;
We have heard that "ad" drew one hundred and
fifty new boys;
Now, he has to go back and make other publicity
noise.

They have built a new building and boosted the
president's pay,
And they've got quite a wad stuffed away in the
bank, so they say;
Yes, our Jimmie helped some, but he'll carry that
scar on his check,
And they may ship him home all disfigured and
haggard and weak;
But they're fixing the "ad" that will bring them
the pupils next year,
And our Jimmie belongs in the thing, and his duty
is clear.

—New York Sun.

In a Western court a negro was convicted
of stealing a mule. Before the sentence was
pronounced, the judge gave him an opportunity
to speak for himself, and he said: "I
wouldn't tuck der mule nohow if I hadn't read
in de Testermint whar Jesus tuck a mule." The
judge remarked: "Yes, but he didn't ride
him to Kingston and try to sell him," and
thereupon he gave the negro three years in
the penitentiary.

A. Hirschman

For fine jewelry and silverware. 1641-1643
Van Ness Avenue.

BANKING

French Savings Bank

108 Sutter Street, near Montgomery
Paid-up Capital \$ 600,000
Total Assets 4,270,800
Strictly a Savings Bank. Open Saturday
Evening from 7 to 8:30

OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur
Legallet, 1st Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz,
2d Vice-President; A. Bousquet, Secretary; P.
A. Bergerot, Attorney.
DIRECTORS—N. C. Babin, J. A. Bergerot,
Charles Carpy, Arthur Legallet, G. Belancy,
H. de St. Seine, J. M. Dupas, Leon Boqueraz,
J. E. Artigues, J. S. Godau, John Ginty.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT
The French-American Bank is located in the
same building.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital \$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds. 1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908. 34,474,554.23
Total Assets 37,055,263.31
OFFICERS—President, N. Oblandt; First
Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-
President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R.
Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herr-
mann; Secretary, George Tourney; Assistant
Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells,
General Attorneys.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Oblandt,
Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinbart, I.
N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr.,
E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.
MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street,
between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and
payment of deposits only.

LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome

CAPITAL - - - \$250,000
SURPLUS - - - 620,000
Sig Greenebaum, H. Fleishhacker,
President, Vice-President and Mgr.
R. Altschul, Cashier

First National Bank

Berkeley, Cal.

Combined Resources over \$5,500,000.00
A. W. NAYLOR, FRANK M. WILSON,
President, Vice-President.
F. L. NAYLOR, FRANK C. MORTIMER,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.
W. S. WOOD, Trust Officer.
Depository of the
United States County of Alameda
State of California Town of Berkeley
BERKELEY BANK OF SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

THE BERKELEY NATIONAL BANK

United States Depository
Berkeley, Cal.

HOUSEHOLD AND COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS INVITED
Directors—George P. Baxter, Pres.; J. W.
Richards, Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Bangs, Vice-
Pres.; Louis Titus, Dr. Thomas Addison, A. G.
Freeman, Duncan McDuffie, Perry T. Tomp-
kins, F. L. Lipman, W. J. Hotchkiss, and Whit-
ney Palache. P. H. ATKINSON, Cashier.

MARKET ST. 1st CON. 5%
Due 1924. Coupons March and September
UNITED R. R. of S. F. 4%
Due 1927. Coupons April and October
NORTH PAC. COAST R. R. 5%
Due 1912. Coupons January and July

SUTRO & CO.

BROKERS

412 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.
We have a Direct Wire to New York

NATOMA BONDS 6%

Gold Dredging

COUPONS APRIL AND OCTOBER
Due 1917
10 per cent retired annually determined by lot
RENEBOME & CO., Brokers
508 CALIFORNIA STREET

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
Total Assets \$5,817,423
Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,118,394
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
ALASKA-COMMERCIAL BUILDING
San Francisco

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO

U. S. Assets \$2,493,154
" Surplus 483,989
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO
J. J. KENNY, W. L. W. MILLER,
Manager, Assistant Manager

THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE, 920 Merchants
Exchange, calls the attention of the public to their Free
Labor Bureau, located at No. 10 City Hall Ave., San
Francisco, and No. 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes
of male help furnished absolutely free.
"The Citizens' Magazine" for September is now
ready. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Orders solicited.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Débutantes and teas are the chief topic of the moment in the social world and announcements of events planned for these all-important young women are eagerly greeted.

Cards are out for practically all of the dancing clubs, save the Colonial Dances, and the Gayety Club has not as yet announced its plans for the winter, but is already a well assured fact that there is to be no dearth of dancing.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Reed, daughter of the late Reverend Frederick Reed and of Mrs. Henry C. Campbell of Sausalito, to Mr. Henry Milner Rideout of Boston. No date is announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, to Mr. Baldwin Wood will take place on November 2 at the home of the bride on Fillmore Street. Miss Dorothy Gittings of Baltimore and Miss Helen Dean will be the bridesmaids. Mr. Stuart Lowery of Portland will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Maude Payne, daughter of Mr. J. Eugene Freeman, to Mr. Samuel Russell Bogue took place on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride on Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was celebrated at nine o'clock by the Reverend Edward Morgan of St. Luke's Church. Miss Janet Coleman was the maid of honor and Mr. Knox Maddox acted as best man. About one hundred guests were present. After their return from their wedding journey Mr. Bogue and his bride will occupy an apartment on Washington Street, near Presidio Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Nannie Crittenden Van Wyck, daughter of Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, to the Reverend Austin Brockenborough Chinn took place on Monday morning at Trinity Church. The ceremony was celebrated by Bishop William Ford Nichols at eleven o'clock. Miss Elizabeth Putnam, the niece of the bride, was her only attendant, and the bride's brother, Mr. Sidney Van Wyck, was the best man. After the wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Chinn will make their home at Menlo Park.

The wedding of Miss Sara Drum to Mr. John William Gill of Redlands took place on Wednesday of last week at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, in San Mateo. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Riordan. There were no attendants of either bride or groom and only the members of the respective families were present at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Gill will make their home in Redlands.

Dr. and Mrs. George B. Somers entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Evelyn Norwood and Mr. William Breeze, whose wedding was solemnized on Monday evening, the 28th. Their guests were Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Edna Hamilton, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Miss Evelyn Norwood, Mr. Herbert Punnet, Mr. John Kalston Hamilton, Mr. Frank Peterson, and Mr. William Breeze.

Miss Jennie Crocker was hostess at an informal luncheon in the Hotel St. Francis Thursday afternoon. Her guests were Mr. Walter Martin, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, and Miss Mary Jolliffe.

Mrs. William B. Wilshire will entertain at a tea on October 14 in honor of her débutante daughter, Miss Doris Wilshire.

The Monday Night Skating Club has re-organized under the direction of Mrs. Ynez Shorb Buck and the dates of the meetings are: October 12, October 26, November 9, November 23, and December 7.

Mrs. William Cary Van Fleet was the hostess at a dance on Friday (yesterday) evening at California Club Hall in honor of her three sons, Allan, Clark, and Cary.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin entertained at a luncheon on Sunday at the Burlingame Club, at which her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Dr. Tracy Russell, and Mr. Duane Hopkins.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander was the hostess at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Club, at which her guests were Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Mary Keeney, Mr. Wilherforce Williams, Mr. Samuel Hamilton, and Mr. George Willcutt.

Mrs. Covington Pringle was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home on Laguna Street in honor of Miss Maude Payne.

Mr. Russell Bogue was the host at a dinner and theatre party on Friday evening of last week in honor of his fiancée, Miss Maude Payne. The other guests were Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Gertrude Ballard, Mr. Cyril Tolbin, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Mrs. Joseph L. King entertained at a tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Orville Pratt. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Martha Calhoun, and Miss Edith Simpson.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James B. Crockett and Mrs. Samuel Knight sailed on Tuesday for Japan, where they will travel for the next two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott left on Friday of last week for the East, where they will spend some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne have arrived in New York from Europe and are guests at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson and Miss Maude Wilson have closed their Belvedere home and are now occupying an attractive apartment on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan will leave in a few days for the East with their daughter, Mrs. Tinlow, who has spent the summer with them. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan will return after a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt (formerly Miss Emily Wilson) have arrived from Europe and are at the Pratt home on California Street.

Miss Emma Grimwood has returned to her home in Fruitvale, after a visit to Mrs. J. B. Crockett at Burlingame.

Mrs. William P. Fuller and Miss Lucie King left on Tuesday for a stay of several weeks in New York.

Miss Edith Pillsbury, who has been abroad for several years, is now in New York and will return shortly to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have gone East for a visit of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon at Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have been spending a week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Louis Parrott is in Paris, where she will spend most of the winter.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron, and Miss Evelyn Barron are at the Fairmont. The Misses Barron will leave very shortly for England to remain for a year and will be joined there later by Mrs. Barron.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has returned to town, after spending some time at Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith will sail during November for Honolulu, where she will spend some time as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick returned last week to their home in Santa Barbara, after a brief visit to Miss Houghton in this city.

Mr. George Cameron has returned from a stay of four months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret W. McEnerney are expected to return from Europe in about ten days.

Miss Claire Nichols has returned from a visit to Miss Frances Howard at San Mateo.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing and Miss Eleanor Cushing have been spending a few days in San Mateo as the guests of Mrs. Charles E. Green.

Mr. Boyd Van Benthuyzen left on Friday of last week for an Eastern visit of several weeks' duration.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and Miss Florence Hopkins will return from the East about October 15.

Mrs. A. H. Loughborough and Miss Elizabeth Zane have returned from a visit to friends in the Napa Valley.

Miss Augusta Foute has been visiting at Menlo Park as the guest of Miss Florence Breckinridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, who have made their home at San Mateo for the past few seasons, will occupy their Eddy-Street home this winter.

Miss Lillie O'Connor is the guest of Mrs. William H. McKittrick in Santa Barbara.

Miss Margaret Stow of Santa Barbara has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop in this city.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop and Mr. Drummond MacGavin have returned, after several months' travel in Mexico, the West Indies, and Europe.

Mrs. Marion P. Maus has gone to Paso Robles to remain during the time that Colonel Maus, U. S. A., is at Atascadero at the army manoeuvres.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters has returned to his home in Monterey, after a visit to friends in this city.

Miss Olga Atherton has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, at Menlo Park.

Miss Stella Kane, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, has returned to her home in the East.

Mr. Joseph Eastland, who has been traveling abroad for some time, has recently arrived in Paris.

Mrs. Burr M. Weeden has arrived from the East and will make her home with her brother, the Reverend William Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce have taken apartments at the St. Xavier for the winter.

Mr. Parker Whitney has returned from an Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Breeze, who are spending their honeymoon at Tahoe Tavern, will remain there until the 15th.

The Tevices closed up their chalet and houseboat on Lake Tahoe last week and returned on Tuesday. The Bahocks are the

only remaining cottagers at Lake Tahoe, and they will return to San Francisco on Friday next.

Mrs. Rufus Steele, wife of the Sunday editor of the *Call*, is visiting Del Monte.

At the Hotels.

Among recent registrations at the Hotel St. Francis were: Mr. W. R. Wheeler, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; Mr. Nat Goodwin, of Reno, Nevada; Colonel Cody; Dr. E. W. Reed, U. S. N.; Rev. Frank Robinson and family of Shanghai; Mr. D. C. Eccles, of Ogden; Mr. Henry Weaver, of St. Louis; ex-Governor J. H. McGraw, of Washington; Miss Cora Peahody.

Among recent registrations at Hotel Argonaut are: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pickard, of Portland, Maine; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kay, of Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. A. Balk, of Dunedin, N. Z.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sinclair and Mr. and Mrs. J. Lentzie, of New York City; Rev. Leight Layman and family; Miss J. McGraw, of San Jose, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Morgan, of Toronto, Canada.

Among recent registrations at the Fairmont Hotel are Judge and Mrs. Sepulveda, Mr. Grayson Lewis, Mr. W. H. Gerry, Mrs. C. Madison Wood, Miss Wood and Miss Florence Wood, Mr. P. D. Spaulding, Mrs. J. W. Senni and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morton, and Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Pease, all of Los Angeles; Mrs. Fred Cox and Miss Ted Cox, Mrs. J. H. Glide and Miss Eula Glide, of Sacramento; Mrs. M. J. White, Mr. M. J. White, Jr., and Miss Alice Wilson, of Georgia; Mrs. M. T. Campbell, of New York; Captain C. E. Clark and Mrs. Clark, U. S. N.; Mr. Thomas Hartigan, of Manila; Mr. A. L. De Loreza, of China; M. von Calumnski, of Austria; Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Wheeler, of Victoria, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes, of St. Louis; Mr. H. B. Penhallow, of Hawaii.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Rev. T. R. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. James Shea, Mr. V. W. Gaskill, Mr. and Mrs. W. Chisholm, Mrs. A. McLeod.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco were Mr. J. H. Huie, Mr. Edward Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ickelheimer, Mr. Sig. Niederberger, Mr. James H. Schwahacher, Mrs. L. Schwahacher and nurse.

Among registrations at Del Monte from San Francisco are the following: Miss G. Rosemond, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Warren E. Murray, Mrs. George H. Newman, Mrs. J. F. Liddell, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Crowley, Mr. Frank Mathews, Mr. Oscar Frank, Mr. R. E. Warfield, Miss Alice S. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Wetmore, Mrs. L. C. Pistolesi, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Baehr, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kern, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Nauman, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Phineas F. Ferguson, Miss Laura Ferguson, Miss Alice Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lathrop, Mr. Fred H. Kline, Mrs. L. F. Franks, Miss Lucy Baker Jerome, Mr. H. G. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Neal.

The famous Guinness family is no *nouveau riche* concern. The first Guinness, according to the records of the family, was alive and kicking in Ireland somewhere in the thirteenth century. Only the name then was Magennis. Along about 1300 a McGuineez, squire to some valiant knight, was himself knighted on the field of battle and thereafter was known as Sir Don Guinness. Another of the family was created Viscount Magennis of Iveagh, but the title became extinct in the seventeenth century. The fortunes of the Guinness family were laid in 1759, when Arthur Guinness, gentleman, of Duhlin, bought the St. James's Gate Brewery in the Irish capital from Mark Rainsford. A couple of years later he married an heiress. It was their son who married the greatest heiress of the day, the daughter of Benjamin Lee. In addition to harrels of money, she had the blue blood of Edward III in her veins and was of the proud families of Percy, Stafford, and Mortimer. They named their son and heir Benjamin Lee Guinness, and when he came into his own he spent a fabulous sum in restoring the ruined Duhlin Cathedral to its present magnificent state. For this Queen Victoria made him a haronnet. The present Lord Ardilaun is his son.

The Hotel Manx, which was opened to the public last week, makes a new and creditable addition to the Union Square district. In appointments and furnishings this hotel ranks with the best San Francisco has to offer. N. M. Kellar, its manager, was formerly manager of the St. Regis, New York. The chef, Emil Burgmeister, was the working chef of the St. Regis at the same time.

Miss Ydya Kyakst, who has been described by the St. Petersburg papers as "the salvation of the Russian ballet," has made her English debut at the Empire Theatre, in London.

THE LEADING NEW YORK HAT, "THE MILLER," Eugene Korn, Agent, 15 Kearny St.

Pears'

There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Pears' the soap for the whole family

FAIRMONT HOTEL

Subway Entrance from Powell Street

NOW OPEN

The only one of its kind in California

Guests may now leave cars at Powell and California and go direct to the elevators

Palace Hotel Company

Why Not Make Your Home At The Hotel Jefferson

Turk and Gough Streets
Facing Jefferson Square

A superior class hotel with every modern convenience and comfort. Operated on the American and European plans. Special rates to permanent guests. Special attention paid to the table—we invite comparisons. Management Noah W. Gray, formerly manager Alexander Young Hotel, Honolulu, and Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

You Can Live At The Hotel Jefferson Better And For Less Than At Home

DEL MONTE CAT SHOW

October 16 and 17

The first and best to be held since the fire. A full entry list.

Special railroad and hotel rates. Address:

Miss GERTRUDE BLAINE, Supt.

2428 Pine St., San Francisco

H. R. WARNER, Manager

Hotel Majestic

(Sutter and Gough)

A homelike hotel for refined people. Very best cuisine. Moderate prices. Rates on application.

Hotel Argonaut

Society of California Pioneers Building Fourth Street near Market, San Francisco Commercial, family; 400 rooms; rooms with detached bath, \$1 per day; rooms with private bath, \$1.50 and up per day; breakfast, 50c luncheon, 50c; dinner, including wine, \$1 Seating capacity, 500. The Hotel Argonaut's free bus meets all trains at ferries, steamship landings and all depots. EDWARD ROLKIN Manager.

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OPTICIANS
 PERFECT FITTING
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"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"
 Building, concrete, steel and marble.
 Located, most fashionable shopping district.
 210 rooms, 135 baths.
 Library and bound magazines in reading rooms for guests.
 Most refined hostelry in Seattle.
 Absolutely fireproof.
 English Grill.
Rates, \$1.00 up

FOR SALE—Finest residential lot in San Francisco, north side Pacific Avenue, between Devisadero and Broderick Streets, 63 ft. 9 in. by 132 ft. 7 in. Unsurpassed and unobstructible view of entire bay and city. Apply to owner, E. Clemens Horst, 215 Pine Street, San Francisco.

A woman with college education, experienced teacher, trained in editorial work, wants employment immediately in any way for which she is fitted. Address TEACHER, care Argonaut.

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 San Rafael, Cal.
 Open year around. Headquarters Automobile League. New and commodious garage. Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of climate. Tiburon or Sausalito Ferry. All modern conveniences.
 F. N. Orpin, Proprietor.

Sherman, Clay & Co., occupying this entire building at Kearny and Sutter Streets, S. F., are headquarters for every kind of musical instrument from Steinway pianos down. You have no need to go elsewhere for any article pertaining to the music business.

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VICTOR TALKING MACHINES
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 Most Delightful Climate on Earth
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 Golf, Tennis, Polo, and other outdoor sports every day in the year.
 New 700-foot ocean pier, for fishing. Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for booklet to
 MORGAN ROSS, Manager,
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 Or see H. F. NORCROSS, Agent,
 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.
 Tel. A 6789; Main 3917.
 22d Street and Broadway

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at points on the Pacific Coast:

Colonel John B. Bellinger, U. S. A., depot quartermaster, has returned to Atascadero for duty, after spending a few days in town in connection with his duties as superintendent of the army transport service in San Francisco.

Colonel P. S. Bonus, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed from Manila on September 21 for this port.

Major Elisha S. Benton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Miley, has been ordered to report on October 13 at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, to the board appointed for physical examination, and on October 14 will supervise the walking test to be undergone by himself and Major George W. Getchell, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Major C. de W. Wilcox, General Staff, U. S. A., sailed for Manila on the transport *Thomas* on Monday last.

Major William M. Wright, Eighth Infantry, has been ordered to proceed to Atascadero to report for duty.

Major George W. McIver, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., in charge of the School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey, has been authorized to ship the Benet-Mercie automatic machine gun, complete, just sent to that school for test and report as to its tactical value, to the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, for the purpose of making certain firing tests and exhibiting it to the officers assembled at that camp.

Captain Sydney A. Coleman, U. S. A., American military attaché at London, made a balloon ascension on September 20 with the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, captain of the London section of the British army motor reserve. They reached an altitude of 5500 feet.

Captain John P. Ryan, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., will arrive here on the next transport from his station in Manila.

Captain John T. Nance, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Captain Jesse McI. Carter, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Atascadero for duty and will report on or about October 15.

Captain Jacques de L. Lafitte, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., now in New York on leave of absence, has been ordered to report to the commanding officer, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Jay, Governor's Island, New York, for temporary duty in connection with the movement of troops to Philadelphia, and upon completion of this duty Captain Lafitte will revert to a status of leave.

Captain S. B. Bootes, commissary, U. S. A., sailed for the Orient on the transport leaving this city on Monday.

Commander J. A. Hoogewerff, U. S. N., sailed on the transport *Thomas* on Monday last for the Asiatic Station.

Commander G. R. Slocum, U. S. N., has been commissioned a commander from July 19.

Lieutenant-Commander James E. Walker, U. S. N., sailed for his new station in the Orient on Monday last.

First Lieutenant T. C. Turner, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to report to the president of the Marine Examining Board, Mare Island, for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Dennis P. Quinlan, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., Fort Huachuca, Arizona, has been granted two months' leave, to take effect on the return of his troop to their post from the manoeuvres at Atascadero, California.

Lieutenant James E. Fecht, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed on the *Thomas* this week for Manila and will join his regiment.

Lieutenant William S. Browning, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Atascadero to join his battery.

Lieutenant Reginald H. Kelly, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Nichols, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant William J. McCaughey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted twenty days' leave of absence, to take effect upon the expiration of the sick leave granted him.

Lieutenant Henry F. Lincoln, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., now at the Presidio of San Francisco awaiting orders, will report to the commanding officer of that post for duty.

The Metropolitan Opera House in New York will be made more cosmopolitan by the engagement of the Danish tenor, Cornelius now of the Royal Opera House of Copenhagen. It is understood that he is secured for the next three years at an annual salary of \$17,500. He has sung at Bayreuth, and Mrs. Wagner regards him as one of the finest living tenors in Wagnerian parts.

Frank Campeau, who did such excellent work as Trampas in "The Virginian," is to retire from the stage at the end of the season.

Love and the Aeronaut.

Won't you come and fly with me?
 I know sky paths all untraveled,
 Cloud banks, cool as cool can be,
 Ways through stars to be unraveled;
 Skirt with me the rainbows red,
 Flutter through the lazy hours
 Like the fleecy clouds and thread
 Vapory lanes and untraced showers.

Up and up and up—away!
 Leave the hills and clear the mountain,
 Dripping with the showery spray
 As a song bird in the fountain.
 Till the lights that twinkle far
 Where poor mortals fret and ponder
 Seem as distant as the star
 Twinkling in the heavens yonder.

Don't you feel the spread of wings?
 Don't you hear the anchor slipping?
 Bid farewell to earthly things—
 Heavens, Love! The gas bag's ripping!
 Quick, your hand, Love! Do not quake!
 Shades of Vergil, Homer, Sallust!
 We are just above a lake—
 I must throw you out as ballast!
 —J. W. Foley.

Mme. Blanche Arral's Concert.

Mme. Blanche Arral, who has appeared in Bucharest, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Brussels, will give a concert at the Van Ness Theatre next Sunday afternoon, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. A grand opera orchestra under the direction of Paul Steindorff will play the accompaniments for five great arias announced in the programme arranged by Mme. Arral. The grand opera selections are from the works of Adam, Mozart, Thomas, and Saint-Saens, and in addition to these there will be a group of songs with piano accompaniment. The orchestra will also give several numbers.

Manager Greenbaum believes that music lovers will find in Mme. Arral a great artiste, and that her singing will cause something of such surprise as greeted the first appearances here of Giannini and Tetrizzini. It will be the first time in twelve years that a vocal concert with orchestral accompaniment has been offered.

Seats may be secured in advance at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. General admission, \$1.

Nearly fifty of the members of the New England Society of California Pioneers of '49 participated in the twenty-first annual meeting held at the United States Hotel in Boston, last month. At the business meeting the "Forty-Niners" elected officers as follows: President, Henry W. Bowen of Roslindale; vice-presidents, Edward O. Carpenter of Yonkers, N. Y., Captain John Weston of Somerville; treasurer, Isaac S. Pear of Cambridge; secretary, Stephen W. Foster of Boston. It was voted that, when the society ceases to exist, all the property and relics shall be donated to the Essex Institute in Salem. The society has upon its membership roll 544 names. Of the 171 who are living, ninety-two are more than eighty years of age.

Since the opening of the Powell-Street Subway, as the new tunnel entrance of the Fairmont has come to be officially called, it has jumped into immediate popularity. It cuts down the elevation and the incline fully one-third and adds greatly to the accessibility of the Fairmont. For all its magnificent situation—overlooking and commanding the whole panorama of bay and city—the Fairmont is only five minutes' ride from the ferries on the Sacramento-Street car or the California-Street cable cars. It is but ten minutes from the Third and Townsend Station.

F. M. Howarth, creator of the humorous characters "of E. Z. Mark" and "Lulu and Leander," which were familiar to readers of the comic papers, died in September last at his home in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. He was about forty-five years old.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wigg—I have a noiseless typewriter. Wagg—Is she a deaf mute?—Philadelphia Record.

“What ails me, doc?” asked the genial cluh-man. “You need a job. You’re suffering from overrest.”—New York Sun.

Mrs. Benham—How much did you pay the minister when we were married? Benhom—He fined me five dollars.—Harper's Weekly.

The Lady—Little boy, don't you know smoking will shorten your life? The Kid—Shucks! Wot do I care? I've seen every-ting dere is.—Boston Traveler.

Focetious Friend (teasingly)—Well, which rules—you or your wife? Mr. Youngæed (with hauteur)—You forget we can afford to keep a cook.—Baltimore American.

Stella—So your father handled him without gloves? Bello—Yes, and it would have been better for poor dear George if he had done it without shoes.—New York Sun.

Prospective Best Man—Got the marriage license yet? Prospective Bridegroom—No; I'm not going to get that until the last thing. She may go back on me.—Chicago Tribune.

“Have you ever loved and lost,” sighed the swain. “Nope,” responded the maiden, promptly. “I've won every breach of promise suit I ever brought.”—Cleveland Leader.

“Life is largely a pretense.” “Say the rest of it.” “I used to have to pretend that I liked cigarettes when I was a kid, and now it's the same with grand opera.”—Kansas City Journal.

Guide—What do you think of that? Isn't it a magnificent view? Miss Blassay—I must confess my disappointment. But then (apologetically), I've seen postals of the place, you know.—Puck.

Boreleigh—Yes, Miss Doris, I suffah dweadfully from insomnia, y' know. Miss Doris (suppressing a yawn)—Did you ever try talking to yourself, Mr. Boreleigh?—Boston Transcript.

“Do you regard the stage as an educator?” “Not exactly,” answered Miss Cayenne. “It would be unfortunate if we were to get our ideas of society from the problem play and our ideas of costume from the musical comedy.”—Washington Star.

“See here,” said the tailor, as he headed the young man off, “do you cross the street every time you see me to keep from paying the bill you owe me?” “I should say not,” replied the young man. “Then why do you

do it?” asked the knight of the tape. “To keep you from asking for it,” answered the other.—Chicago Daily News.

Horace—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel and yet you just kissed her. Helty—I know; but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—The Tailor.

Marie—I think Chollie is a delightful dancer; he's so light on his feet! Lillian—When you're better acquainted with Chollie you'll discover that he's light at both ends!—Town and Country.

“There are some points about your writings that resemble Milton,” said the editor. “Do you think so?” cried the delighted author. “Yes,” the editor continued, “you employ almost the same punctuation marks.”—Stray Stories.

Miss Screecher—I wonder if Uncle Jim remembered me when he made his will? I used to sing for him. Lowyer—Yes, he evidently remembered you—at least your name isn't mentioned in the document.—Chicago Daily News.

Mulligan—The hys say ye licked poor Casey. Shure, he niver hurt iny man's feelin's. Harrigan—He's a snake in the grass. The blackguard referred to me as his contempirary, and I'll be the contempirary to no man livin'.—Puck.

“Why he so wrapped up in purely mercenary considerations?” said the persuasive campaigner. “Why not join us and fight for the cause?” “Young man,” answered Mr. Dustin Stax, “I'm not fighting for causes; I'm fighting for results.”—Washington Star.

English Clergyman—And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Fair American—You het; I'll rattle those off sure; but what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England!—Punch.

Six-Years-Old Harry—Pa, if I get married will I have a wife like ma? Pa—Very likely. Six-Years-Old Harry—And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old bachelor like Uncle Tom? Pa—Very likely. Six-Years-Old Harry—Well, pa, it's a mighty tough world for us men, ain't it?—Success.

“Oh, I say,” remarked the Bluffer to his brother drummers in an endeavor to reawaken interest, “did you chaps hear that old Goldman, the proprietor of the Slowtown station restaurant, has just died?” “Has he?” drawled Snaffle, unsympathetically. “To whom did he leave the sandwiches?”—New York Globe.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Governor Gillett.

Governor Gillett gives emphatic demonstration of his interest—and California's interest as well—in the pending presidential contest by taking the stump in behalf of Mr. Taft. This is a course entirely proper from every point of view. The people want to know, and they have a right to know, where and for what those who are commissioned to large public responsibilities stand.

This is a good time to say that Mr. Gillett, who is now in the closing months of his second year in office, is making an admirable governor. He goes about his work quietly; we do not hear much these days from the State house at Sacramento. Nevertheless, whoever looks into the administration of State affairs finds that things are going well. The business of the State is being carried forward efficiently and promptly; there are no abuses of power and we hear of no scandals. Now and again, to be sure, somebody who fails to get an appointment he wants takes a fling at the governor, but in every such instance thus far the motive has discredited the act.

Governor Gillett came into office under circumstances of some embarrassment, and early in his official term he encountered very serious problems, notably those

involved in the street-car strike in San Francisco. In these various troubles he has carried himself with courage and dignity, commanding respect from friends and foes alike. Governor Gillett is avowedly a party man. He believes in party responsibility and, therefore, in party authority. He is a supporter of legitimate organization in politics, and he believes with the *Argonaut* that the vices of weakness in politics, as in other things, are more grievous than the vices of strength. He was elected governor by Republican votes; in the governor's office he represents Republican sentiment and Republican purpose. As the executive officer of the State he has slighted no duty, but at the same time he does not forget the source of his political strength nor his obligations to those who have cooperated with him in the enforcement of Republican politics. There are, we know, those who criticize this attitude. They are mostly the soreheads and the weeping Jeremiahs of Governor Gillett's own party. In the opposing party we hear no complaining, no reflection of ill-feeling or ill-will toward an official who has given himself wholly to his duties and who has wasted no time in sentimentalism and made no effort to build up a private and personal following.

The way to measure a man in large public station is to put his achievements beside his responsibilities. By this measure Governor Gillett is entitled to the fair opinion of every citizen. Great responsibilities rest in his hands and nobody can say that he has either slighted his work or made serious mistakes. The judgments of such a man—his views of pending conditions and situations—are worth public consideration; therefore we are pleased that Governor Gillett is to speak during the pending campaign.

The Direct Primary in Oregon.

It would call for large powers of invention to conceive a situation more involved in anomalies and confusions, more publicly reprobated and more privately damned, than that which mocks the political peace of our neighboring State of Oregon. It is a situation worth examining, particularly in view of the fact that the self-same system which has wrought such mischief in Oregon is now being urged upon California.

Since the time of the Civil War Oregon has been counted a Republican State. Local contentions have now and again turned the scale to the side of Democracy, but the general fixed level of political sentiment in Oregon has been pretty dependably Republican. Only once, indeed (in the year 1868), has the vote of Oregon ever been given to a national Democratic ticket, and in recent years Republican majorities in national elections have been overwhelming. Out of the total vote of 90,154 cast in 1904 the Republican presidential candidate received 60,455 as against 17,521 for the Democratic candidate. And yet in the face of this tremendous preponderance of Republican strength a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat sits in the State executive chair, while another Democrat, not only dyed-in-the-wool but bred-in-the-bone (he is a grandson of the late General Joe Lane of Breckinridge and Lane memory), is mayor of the city of Portland, the very centre and headquarters of Republican sentiment and power. This is not all. There sits in the Senate of the United States accredited from Oregon a man who is only nominally a Republican, having been a silverite rebel against party authority so recently as ten years ago. More anomalous still, a State legislature elected and due to convene next January, seventy-four of whose ninety members are Republicans, stands pledged under the direct primary system to elect a Democrat as Oregon's second representative in the United States Senate.

To sum up, Oregon, a State overwhelmingly Republican, is governed in her domestic affairs by a Democrat, is already represented by one senator more nearly a Democrat than a Republican, and is in the way of selecting an avowed Democrat as its second senator. And the facts being as here stated, it is hardly surpris-

ing that a great organ of Republican sentiment like the *Portland Oregonian* should avow the Republican party to be dead in Oregon and that thoughtful citizens generally should speak disparagingly of conditions which give nobody the opportunity to cast his vote in support of his political principles. Chaos is the one word which adequately describes the situation.

The circumstances leading up to the election of United States Senator Jonathan Bourne in 1906, under the operation of the direct primary law, may serve to illustrate some of the anomalies of Oregon's political condition as we have just outlined them. Bourne was originally a Massachusetts man who came to Oregon some twenty years or more ago. It would not be easy to define his personal status, for he is a man distinctly apart from the general life of the State. Nominally a lawyer, he has never practiced his profession. A man of wealth, he has never been actively engaged in any business. In a social sense he has chosen to live a life of retirement. His only public activities have been mining speculation and politics, and in the latter sphere he has had a curious rather than a brilliant part. Twice within twenty years he was elected to the State legislature and once he organized the famous "hold-up" which prevented the members of a legislature duly elected from organizing as they were required to do under the law. The purposes of this extraordinary and revolutionary procedure were political and personal, the object being to prevent the election of a senator against whom Bourne and others had motives of enmity.

On the whole, Mr. Bourne's political career up to 1906 had been anything but regular and creditable. He was not a representative man in politics, hardly a political boss, because he has never come to a position of authority, but rather a Dugald Dalgetty in the political sphere—a man ambitious to figure in political affairs, but without serious convictions or purposes. His venture into silverism some ten or twelve years ago was accredited rather to his presumed interest as a mine owner and to an inveterate propensity for political intrigue than to any more serious motive.

When through the adoption of the direct primary law the doors were thrown wide open to soaring ambition, Mr. Bourne, although as far removed as possible from anything like representative character as a citizen, boldly, and in the view of most persons ridiculously, entered the arena as a candidate. Under the system any man who chooses to announce himself may be a candidate for any office. There is no party convention, no machinery of any kind, by which candidates may be considered and sifted, no means by which the unfit or the unworthy may be put aside. The least qualified man in the State may, under the Oregon system, present himself for any office, claim character as a member of a party, whether that party accepts him or not, and seriously contest the election. Mr. Bourne, although unrecommended and unsupported by the party of which he assumed to be a member, set to work with tremendous energy in promotion of his candidacy. He advertised extensively in the newspapers, thereby hushing up criticism; for your average newspaper, be it said to the discredit of journalism, is rarely censorious of the man who contributes to its advertising revenue. Then Mr. Bourne set up at Portland a large bureau of correspondence, by the means of circular letters typewritten and duly signed with his own industrious pen, getting himself into direct relations with every voter whose name appeared on the great register. There is no limit under the Oregon law to the amount a candidate may spend in promotion of his own plans and there has never been a fixed limit to any game which Mr. Bourne has cared to play.

The election contested by Mr. Bourne was not complicated by the candidacy of anybody having strong claims to public favor. The men commonly associated in the public mind with senatorial honors did not enter the fight. Your senatorial type of man is hardly one to join in such a scramble; and this phase of the e-

was duly illustrated in the contest of 1906. Mr. Bourne's four rivals before the people were respectable but commonplace men and in every instance men without much means. No one of them nor all of them together put into the campaign any such amount of money nor such organized effort as was expended by Mr. Bourne in promotion of his own candidacy. It is gossip at Portland that for postage stamps alone his bill of expense ran close up to five thousand dollars. In the primary election which followed Mr. Bourne won by virtue of being the leading man in the race. The total vote of Oregon is approximately 100,000, of which about seventy per cent participated in the election. Of this seventy per cent of the total vote, Bourne got approximately thirty per cent. Thus it was that under the direct primary system a man with a fraction of the popular vote, likewise with only a fraction of the vote of his own party, became the "regular Republican nominee," for whom Republicans elected to the legislature were required under their nominating pledges to vote.

It was the claim of those who promoted the direct primary system in Oregon that it would enable the "people to rule." We see in the case of Mr. Bourne's election how the performance matches the plan. It gave to a self-nominated candidate, who in the primary election had only a pitiful minority of the votes of all the electors and only a minority of the electors of the party which he claimed somewhat dubiously as his own, a "nomination" equivalent to an election. To summarize: It first eliminated all the names associated in the public mind with the senatorship. It then threw the election into a scramble where the advantage lay with the candidate who had money to spend in his own exploitation. It so divided the vote of the dominant party among a large group of candidates as to enable a man whom nobody really wanted to come out of the scuffle with more votes than any one of the other candidates. It practically gave the election not to the "people's choice," for there was no people's choice, but to a desperate political gambler who was willing to pour out money like water literally to buy an "election" which practically was on sale in the open market.

Whatever may be said for the direct primary in the form in which it has been adopted in Oregon, it has small claim to credit as a mechanism for determining and enforcing the "people's choice." This was sufficiently illustrated in the election of Senator Bourne and it has other and even more notable illustrations in more recent incidents—particularly in the pledge under which a Republican legislature now stands to elect a Democrat (Chamberlain) to the United States Senate next January. That, however, is another story and we will postpone its recital to another writing.

Dog and Dog.

The quarrel now raging between the *Examiner* and Francis J. Heney is in the nature of a family row. The *Examiner* is largely responsible for Heney. District Attorney Langdon was, two years ago, a part of the *Examiner's* political entourage and Heney is a special prosecutor by appointment of Mr. Langdon. If the *Examiner* had hinted the slightest objection to Mr. Heney at the time of his appointment, even Mr. Spreckels, bar'l and all, could not have influenced Mr. Langdon in Mr. Heney's behalf. On the contrary, it is common knowledge that the *Examiner* not only consented to the appointment of Mr. Heney, and advised that he be made Mr. Langdon's chief assistant in the graft prosecution, but actually urged him as the most efficient instrument for the purpose in view.

Hence it may be said that Mr. Heney was originally an *Examiner* protégé. Now, for some reason not fully explained, none is so poor within the *Examiner's* purview as to do him reverence. He is anathema beyond all others. The *Examiner* puts him to the question with a ferocity that would not discredit a familiar of the Spanish Inquisition. He is baited daily with a demand that he make confession concerning a certain sum of \$30,000 presumed to have been paid to him by the Contra Costa Water Company, and he is questioned every morning regarding a subsequent fee of \$10,000 which was paid to him by the same corporation. The *Examiner's* innuendo is plain to the dullest understanding, and it is a cruelly sinister insinuation. To use a phrase from the technical vocabulary of Detective Burns, the *Examiner* is trying—and not without success—to involve Mr. Heney "in the toils."

It is a quarrel that does not interest the general public beyond a natural curiosity. A dog fight on a street corner always gathers a crowd. Decent citizens would like to know, of course, why Mr. Heney was paid

\$30,000 in one lump sum and another fat fee of \$10,000 after the first money had been given in exchange for Mr. Heney's receipt. The general public would like to know also why the *Examiner* attacks Mr. Heney at this late day, long after the fact that Mr. Heney had received this money was known to every lawyer in San Francisco, and many months after the balance sheet of the Contra Costa's ledger account with its legal advisers as exposed in the Dockweiler report had been filed in the archives of every San Francisco newspaper. Aside from this trivial desire to know what the row may be about, and the instinctive impulse that urges the average man to take delight in a free fight, there is nothing in the *Examiner-Heney* rumpus to stir a mutiny in the hearts of the citizens. There is not even popular hope that in the falling-out of these rogues honest men will get their due. When dogs eat dogs none but dogs are invited to the cannibal feast.

Until Mr. Heney answers the *Examiner's* questions, however, he will be seriously handicapped in his prosecution of other men accused of evil manners and crooked actions.

The Logic of Equal Suffrage.

Another complication has interposed to plague the souls of the woman suffrage sisterhood. An appeal to the wage-earning contingent of emancipated and emancipating femininity, setting forth the advantages to accrue from united action in the effort to wrest the ballot from the grudging grasp of tyrant man, reveals an insuperable objection on the part of the working women. These women declare that there is no sympathy between them and the women who are dependent for support upon the earning capacity of men. It is urged that the women conspicuous in the movement to secure the ballot for women desire the privilege merely to exercise equal power politically with men; while the only use that the working women could make of the ballot would be to better their condition by compelling their employers to give them increased wages and shorter hours of labor.

It was something of a shock to the ladies who are active in this suffrage movement to be told that they have never manifested the slightest interest in the actual condition of the working women; that they have never lent their moral or financial support to the labor unions of women; and that they have never assisted the wage-earning women in their "strikes," but on the contrary have frequently defied the women toilers when they have demanded redress for wrongs suffered at the hands of employers dependent on the custom of the well-to-do women of the community for their business profits. Argument, protestation, cajolery were of no avail against the simple statements of the representatives of woman labor. The women of the labor unions refused utterly to be convinced. They were as stubborn as their facts. The chasm between their dependent sisters and themselves was too wide to be bridged, and they would not even discuss the possibility of building the bridge.

The working women are willing enough to receive the ballot, but they insist that it shall be used to serve their special purposes; and they are free to admit that this use would not in its general application please the women who are leading the equal suffrage movement. Caste is a much more serious concern among women than among men. Women are far more exacting in their relations with each other than are men in their attitude towards each other. The distance between the woman employer and the woman employed is much greater than it is between man and man. It is very probable that the injection of politics into the households of the community through the medium of the feminine ballot would raise a loud disturbance. For a time at least the political equality of mistress and cook would breed dissension while the husband waited with his usual patience for the dinner long delayed; and imagine the strife that would certainly ensue upon the discovery by a Republican lady of the house that her maid servant was a rank and uncompromising Socialist, holding herself the equal of her employer not only in her voting capacity but socially, and demanding, in theory, of course, that all things should be in common between them. Or picture the despair of a home-coming husband married to a Democratic wife upon hearing loud words in argument of the tariff issue between the mistress and her Republican chambermaid. Eventually, no doubt, the employing women would select their servants as they select the materials of their gowns—for harmony; and the leading question after the matter of references had been disposed of would be: "How do you vote?"

Unless something akin to civil service rules shall accompany the ballot that may be given to the women political differences arising during a heated campaign may be deemed sufficient reason for the summary dismissal of a servant by a mistress holding political opinions of another complexion. Then again it is difficult to conceive what would happen when the servant attempted to electioneer her mistress into voting for a candidate that she did not like. From the woman's point of view, dictation from a servant is near allied to *lèse majesté*. The mistress of the house might consider it eminently proper to advise her servants how to vote; but would she listen patiently or without some manifestation of resentment to a harangue from her servants upon her political duties and the superior fitness of the union labor candidates to administer the affairs of the municipality?

In course of time, probably, matters would adjust themselves as they have done among men; but in the first flush of the ballot privilege, we fear that the home life of many a household would be grievously disturbed by the political dissensions of the women. There would certainly be trouble for any servant who should be chosen at the primaries in opposition to her mistress as a delegate to a party convention; presuming, of course, that the direct primary is defeated contemporaneously with the triumphant indorsement by the people of the suffrage amendment. And even if the direct primary law is enacted, there will still be ample opportunity for feminine rancor if the cook or the maid of all work shall receive more votes than the mistress for State charity commissioner or school director or other office to which it will be the custom of women to "aspire."

Seriously, however, we apprehend that the women who are leading this movement to secure unqualified suffrage have not canvassed all the possibilities of their purpose or taken full cognizance of the logic of their proposition. There is some reason to believe that the women most active in the suffrage movement were firm in the opinion that when all women should exercise the privilege of the ballot they would realize that their political interests were identical. They are beginning to learn that a vast body of women are so inimical to the ideals of the active suffragists as to endanger the accomplishment of those purposes at the hands of those whom they were certain would most enthusiastically support them. There is a broad hint of an irreconcilable conflict between the self-supporting suffragist and the suffragist who is dependent upon her husband for support.

War Clouds in Europe.

There seems to be no good cause for optimism as to affairs in eastern Europe except from the single fact that no fighting has occurred. Turkey has been stripped of her possessions in Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, and Crete, and if she has taken no forcible steps to recover them it is because she is pursuing her ancient policy of seeking her own ends by sowing dissensions elsewhere. Servia seems to be a shade less bellicose, but then her people can hardly be expected to shout continuously, and the fact that she is still without ammunition for her heavy artillery naturally suggests the prudence of delay. Austria continues to hold her stolen property and refuses even to discuss what she regards as an accomplished fact, while England asserts stubbornly that she can not recognize the validity of anything that has been done or of any change in the arrangement made by the Berlin treaty. There is therefore no mitigation in the crisis except from the fact that there have been no hostilities, and no one supposed that there would be hostilities without the usual preliminaries of discussion and diplomacy.

A European conference is of course to be called at once. Russia's foreign minister is in England and will go at once to France. He has done his little best to complicate the situation by insisting that the conference shall not confine itself to the immediate problem, but shall permit the introduction of some other question, presumably that of the Dardanelles. A conference is, of course, the only sane procedure, but the difficulties seem to be enormous. It is not possible to exclude Austria, and yet Austria refuses even to discuss the main event that necessitates a conference, that is to say, her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. There is some reason to believe that Germany incited Austria in the first place, and if so Germany will of course support her. Turkey will not be satisfied without the restoration of her suzerainty, and if she is not satisfied she must resort to force. Moreover, if Austria is allowed to retain what she has taken, the other powers

will want something in the way of an equivalent, and in the meantime Austria declines even to admit that what she has done is open to question or argument. In the meantime a single shot from the enraged warriors on the frontiers could easily start the avalanche.

That the Berlin treaty should thus collapse like a house of cards is natural enough. It was founded upon a cruel expediency and without any reference to the interests of the small principalities, who were disposed of like merchandise. The difficulties that were then immorally evaded have now grown to a formidable stature and will be correspondingly hard to handle. Europe will have to reap where she has sown and the fruit will naturally correspond with the seed.

A Bugaboo Exploded.

The American Federation of Labor, according to its own official reports for the current year, is made up of 151 affiliated unions with a total membership of 1,538,970. This is the full strength—every individual reckoned—of that tremendous political engine with whose vengeance Mr. Gompers terrorized certain leading Republicans last summer and which he now assumes, under his direction, to lend its powers to the cause of Democracy personified by William J. Bryan.

In addition to the Federation of Labor there are eleven great labor unions not affiliated with the Federation of Labor. They are:

Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.....	66,408
Railroad (Steam) Conductors.....	43,000
Steam Shovel and Dredge Men.....	4,500
American Society of Equity.....	59,028
Letter Carriers, National Association.....	23,750
National Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association....	10,126
Bricklayers' and Masons' International Union, estimated	60,000
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, estimated.....	70,000
Brotherhood of Operative Plasterers, estimated.....	20,000
Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, estimated.....	5,000
Sundry other unions and associations, at most.....	100,000
Total	461,812

The Federation of Labor with the great unaffiliated unions above named make a total of 2,000,782 persons in the ranks of organized labor in the United States. But not all these are voters. Many are foreigners without votes, another large element is made of women without votes, and there is a considerable proportion of minors likewise without votes. A careful authority estimates the non-voting union element at 800,000. We have, therefore:

Total organized labor.....	2,000,782
Non-voting unionists (foreigners, women and minors), estimated	800,000
Organized labor voters.....	1,200,782

According to the census of 1900 there were in the United States:

Manufacturing and mechanical wage-earners.....	5,306,143
Salaried clerks, etc.....	969,244
Total	6,275,387
Less non-voting foreigners, women and minors.....	1,200,000

Total voters in 1900, factories.....	5,175,387
Increase in eight years, males of voting age, 15 per cent (estimated)	900,000

Total voters in 1908, factories.....	6,075,387
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Now let us compare the totals of voting factory workers with the total organized labor vote, the figures for both being for the year 1908:

Total factory vote.....	6,075,387
Total organized labor vote.....	1,200,782

Factory vote not controlled by labor unions.....	4,874,605
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These figures speak for themselves. They show that the organized labor vote is bare twenty per cent of the factory vote alone in the United States.

But let us look a little further, comparing the organized labor vote with all other elements of our population:

Engaged in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits (1900)	7,375,387
Agricultural pursuits	10,381,765
Domestic and personal service.....	5,580,657
Trade and transportation.....	4,766,964
Professional	1,258,739

Total engaged in gainful occupations (1900).....	29,363,512
Increase in eight years (15 per cent).....	4,039,000

Total engaged in gainful occupations (1908).....	33,402,512
Labor union vote.....	1,200,782

Total non-union	32,201,730
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Again the figures speak for themselves. This showing exposes the bluff in Mr. Gompers's pretensions. Giving to organized labor every voter within its ranks,

including the half million not affiliated with Mr. Gompers's Federation, we have bare four per cent of the whole industrial population. And to reduce the percentage to the vanishing point we have only to remember that the purposes behind organized labor are social rather than political; that the average working man, like the average citizen, feels himself fully competent to place his own vote; that the vast majority of union men are of fixed political convictions, trained to think and act for themselves in matters political; that other vast numbers of union men are employed in industries whose welfare is obviously dependent upon the policy of protection to which Mr. Bryan stands opposed—when we remember these things, there seems very little reason why Mr. Gompers's threats should excite any particular interest, much less cause anybody to be alarmed.

The Labor Agitator—and the Cure.

It is one of the blessings of a relatively dull time that labor unionism is more cautious in its aggressions than it was a while back. And yet every now and again the labor agitator raises his ugly head. Week before last it came in the form of a demand on the part of certain Oakland carpenters for a twenty-five per cent increase in wages already fixed at the generous level of \$4 per day. Last week it developed in the insistence of some plaster workers that certain work in the First National Bank building, San Francisco, should be done in a difficult and costly way rather than in a simple and relatively inexpensive way. This week there is delay in a dwelling because the shingle-workers and the slate-workers can not determine among themselves to which class a little job of asphalt-shingle work "belongs." All of which makes the *Argonaut* very, very tired.

Again, and for the hundredth time, let us say to the property-owners and business men of San Francisco that our city will never be prosperous as it ought while we permit ourselves to be disturbed and badgered and bulldozed by professional trouble-breeders who make a trade of labor politics. We shall not be able to hold our own in competition with Los Angeles and Portland and Seattle and Ogden while they have relative freedom in the industries and while we writhe under the heel of the walking delegate. Now, when times are relatively dull, when labor is plentiful, and when work is slack—now is an advantageous time to act.

There are fifty men in San Francisco—possibly twenty-five—who could by united action say authoritatively to organized labor what its rights are and what the limits of its power. If they would, they could give to San Francisco freedom in industry, and they ought to do it. Now, we repeat, when times are relatively dull, is the time to act. Shame on you, gentlemen, shame on you, if you fail now to assert the liberty which the great-grandfathers of some of you laid down their lives for at Brandywine, King Mountain, and other bloody fields!

The Cliff House.

It is definitely settled that the architectural monstrosity built by the late Adolph Sutro upon the site of the old Cliff House, and of which we were relieved by a kindly fire some months ago, is to be replaced by a structure really appropriate and beautiful. In some respects the Cliff House is the most notable building in San Francisco, because it is the first seen by every visitor who approaches the city by the ocean gateway and the last view of all to those who sail away. It occupies a position so distinctive and in such striking relief as to come to the conscious notice of everybody. It means much, therefore, that we are to have on the famous cliff a building not only suited to the purposes for which the Cliff House is famous, but one illustrating the refinements and dignities of the architectural art.

Alternative Plainly Stated.

Mr. Stubbs of the Harriman system spoke not too plainly last week when he told the Transmississippi Congress that there will be no money available for railroad improvements and extensions if corporation-baiting shall continue to be the fashion in this country. It does not require a prophet to see that Mr. Stubbs is right. It takes money and a great deal of it to build railroads; and this money must come, if it comes at all, from a multitude of investors large and small. If railroad companies, whether they do right or do wrong, are to be "punished" at every turn, if all the newspapers and all the legislatures and many of the courts are to combine to "do up the railroads," then of course people will not buy railroad securities. And there will be no

money in the hands of the great railroad generals like James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, George Gould, and others to make improvements and extensions for which the traffic of the country cries aloud.

The case finds precise illustration right at home. Three years ago before the railroad-baiting began, Mr. Gould found no difficulty in raising money to extend his system to the Pacific Ocean. The Western Pacific road, now approaching completion, is the outcome of Mr. Gould's success in money-getting; and it will give to California a tremendous advantage in the form of enlarged facilities and an expedited service. Could Mr. Gould today raise money for the Western Pacific or for any other similar enterprise? This question has already been answered by events which will be recalled by every reader of this paragraph. It would be impossible for Mr. Gould to raise money for an enterprise like the Western Pacific or even to complete the job already under way. If the money arranged for two years ago were not already at hand, the Western Pacific enterprise would languish and the fractional sections of the road already built would fall into neglect and rot. The reason is that the people who commonly buy railroad securities—who supply the means for railroad construction—are afraid to make investments and are therefore out of the market. Their funds are either being invested in less profitable ways or are being hoarded and held to unproductive uses.

Mr. Stubbs is right—dead right. Either we must give the railroads fair play—holding them to their duties and to equal treatment of all comers, but at the same time giving them their due—or we must suffer the consequences in less efficient service, in congestion of traffic, in delay in the making of extensions. The thing is plain to the sight of common sense.

Editorial Notes.

The case of Colonel Stewart, who at last has for entirely proper reasons been retired from active military service, serves to illustrate one of the most serious faults of President Roosevelt as an administrator. Stewart, if not literally a maniac, is a man of such distempered mind and habit as to be unfit to command other men. This being the fact, beyond question he ought long ago, without evasion or false pretense, to have been dismissed the service or retired on account of infirmity. That another course has been taken, that Stewart has been "banished" and "punished" and made a bit of martyr withal, is due to that defect in the President's temperament which bears some correspondence to Colonel Stewart's own temperament. We have had in the Stewart case a vexatious and wholly unnecessary scandal; and perhaps the end is not even yet.

The conviction of one Blake on the charge of offering a bribe to a prospective juror in the Ruef case at the instance of one of Ruef's attorneys is gratifying in the sense that it shows that community self-respect, while much of the time fast asleep, is not absolutely dead. In the wretched history of the past two years nothing is more to be deplored than the open and shameless jury-fixing operations of both the Ruef-Schmitz and the Phelan-Spreckels-Heney-Burns outfits. It has been a case of dog versus dog; one side has been as bad as the other; both sides have gone the limit of shameless, violent, and revolutionary procedure. No decent man informed as to the facts can have any sympathy with either side. A plague o' both your houses—this is the universal sentiment among respectable people.

If the Transmississippi Congress shall be left free to work out its normal purposes, to stand as a free platform for the discussion of matters proper and vital to the western side of the continent, it will survive and continue an agency of vast usefulness. But if it is to be victimized by every enthusiast, hobbyist, and crank; if it is to be forced to consider the issues of prohibition, woman's suffrage, parcels-post proposals, and every other kindred agitation, it must speedily be ridden to its death. It would seem that the hobby-riding disturbers who have killed so many other promising agencies of public opinion ought in fair conscience and common decency to leave the Transmississippi Congress free to work out its normal and proper purposes.

A battleship today is not the same as a battleship in Nelson's day. The old wooden three-decker could only be destroyed by long and desperate close-quarter fighting. It would stand hours of battering. It would take hundreds of shot, and still be capable of fighting. But today, one unlucky shot, one blow from a torpedo, and the great fighting machine is a heap of scrap.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The difficulty of finding men of a sufficiently angelic record for the various positions opened by the presidential campaign is exemplified in the case of Mr. James Kerr, who has been appointed a Democratic national committeeman from Pennsylvania. Now Mr. Kerr was put into his present place because the previous tenant, Colonel James M. Guffey, was convicted of having looked smilingly upon some corporation or other. Mr. Kerr was supposed to be without spot or blemish, clean within and clean without, and therefore worthy to champion the cause of the peerless one. But some unkind person who might be better employed has looked up a certain mischievous volume called the "Directory of Directors," a satanic roll of malefactors, and there as large as life he finds the immaculate name of Mr. Kerr and appended thereto the names of no less than twenty-one companies. It is true there does not seem to be an oil company among them, nor does Mr. Kerr's name suggest a sympathetic odor of kerosene. But who knows? The devil is fruitful in disguises, and in any case to be the director of twenty-one public companies is not a seemly position for a Democratic star. Moreover, Mr. Kerr has a record not unconnected with the New York Central Railroad, a connection described as "reprehensible but remunerative." Really Mr. Bryan should be more careful. He should remember that a man is known by the company he keeps and if he would but invest in a copy of the "Directory of Directors" it might save him many a fall by the way.

The New York *Herald* predicts the election of Mr. Taft by a reduced plurality, but the defeat of Mr. Hughes for the governorship of New York. Into Mr. Hughes's chances there is no need to enter, but it is certain that his own personal campaign will tell heavily in his favor. So far as the national issue is concerned, the *Herald* believes that there will be no heavy pluralities either way in New York State. The most sanguine Republicans do not expect Mr. Taft to carry the State by more than 50,000. The panic, says the *Herald*, has burst the Republicans with the workmen and with retail business men. On the other hand, the general fear that Mr. Bryan's election might precipitate another crisis or delay the return of prosperity will give Mr. Taft many votes.

Reports show that Governor Hughes is by far the most effective speaker on the Republican side. The speeches he made in Indiana and other States did more for his party than all other speakers combined. He is described as talking to the voters in a straightforward and business-like style that captivated them. He assumes that they are intelligent men not likely to be deceived by claptrap about the tariff or anything else. Republican speakers, by the way, are scarce, as the new purity movement means poverty. But then, as we know, poverty is always a guarantee of virtue.

A dispatch from Chicago to the New York *Tribune* says that Mr. Bryan is having difficulties with his speakers. They were well drilled in the duty of praising Mr. Roosevelt, and now that events have necessitated a change of tune they find it a little difficult to reverse their steps or to adapt themselves to new tricks:

Democratic campaigners in Iowa are in an unpleasant dilemma, according to reports brought here today. Acting on instructions from Bryan, issued quietly from Fairview early in the campaign, all the Democratic orators in the State loaded themselves up with speeches lauding President Roosevelt, and insisting that Bryan was the only man fitted to follow in his footsteps. Mr. Bryan himself was doing this in his own speeches at the time. All went lovely until Bryan changed front and began to make personal attacks upon the President. Not being great geniuses like Bryan, the Iowa spellbinders have not been able to switch with equal facility.

The *Hartford Times* (Dem.) comments on the situation in a similar vein. It says:

Mr. Bryan incapacitated himself for appealing to the conservative independent vote in all the Northern States when he started his campaign on radical lines, which tended to make his position indistinguishable from that of Mr. Roosevelt. Now his personal controversy with the President has deprived him of the advantage which he sought to gain by presenting himself to the Western voters as "a better Roosevelt man than Roosevelt." His bank deposit guarantee plan has proved a failure, and has helped greatly in keeping up the distrust of him that is felt by most of the business men of the country.

A certain amount of interest attaches to the utterances of Mr. Nicholas Longworth because of that gentleman's domestic proximity to the centre of inspiration. For this reason his recent speech at Rock Island, Illinois, has been much discussed, and usually from the hostile standpoint. Mr. Longworth's suggestion was to the effect that Mr. Taft should remain in office for eight years and should then give place to Mr. Roosevelt, who would return like Napoleon from Elba and give us eight years more of strenuous administration.

Now if this had emanated from a "common or garden" congressman it would have excited no attention, but under the circumstances it was hungrily seized upon by friend and foe alike, who accepted it as an indication of Rooseveltian intention. Mr. Longworth was first of all asked if he had meant what he said or whether the suggestion was simply the result of a kind of oratorical inebriation. He said that he did mean it, that he spoke in all seriousness, that he was greatly pleased by the publicity given to his utterances, and that he was forwarding to the President all the clippings that he could find. "I'll have a raft of them to send him, and I'm sure he'll be delighted when he sees them." Presumably Mr. Longworth had his own reasons for anticipating the delight of the President—referred to by Mr. Longworth as "Teddy."

Then came the trouble. There was consternation at Republican headquarters, tempered only by the reflection that the mischievous utterance had come too late to do any serious harm. But the publicity committee of the Democrats rose to their opportunity. The speech was instantly printed in leaflet form and sent to three hundred newspapers throughout the country with just such caustic comments as might be

expected. Mr. Longworth was called the "Burchard" of the campaign and Democrats everywhere were incited to make the most of their chance.

The whole thing is, of course, a false alarm, because there is not the faintest reason to suppose that Mr. Longworth's words were inspired, that Mr. Roosevelt knew anything of them or would have approved them if he had known. If the President were to be answerable for everything said by his son-in-law, then indeed a new terror would be added to his office. But the real point is not the true significance of Mr. Longworth's utterance, but the significance that will be given to it by thoughtless and emotional people.

The New York *Sun* is quick to put words into the mouths of such people as these. After pointing out that the fate of the election must largely turn on the votes of anti-Roosevelt Republicans, it points out the inevitable effect of such utterances as this upon a wavering or undecided Republican section:

A more unfortunate statement has not yet been made in this canvass, and if it attracts the general attention which it deserves it is not unlikely to make Mr. Longworth the Burchard of the campaign. It is well known that Mr. Roosevelt, in graciously permitting the American people to select his successor—providing always that it was Mr. Taft or himself—bad said to intimate friends that while he could no longer serve his faithful people for the next four years and would change his work of multiplying bears into the destruction of lions, yet at the end of four years his faithful people could reasonably expect his triumphant reentry into the scene of his former achievements. It is apparent from Mr. Longworth's statement that this expectation is enjoyed not only by the inner circle of Mr. Roosevelt's friends, but also by his immediate family, and it is unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Longworth would have nominated his august father-in-law for reelection eight years hence if he believed that such suggestion was other than agreeable to Mr. Roosevelt.

The American people, we are reminded, are not disposed to turn their most exalted office into a merry-go-round in which Presidents shall mutually help each other to rotate in office. Already they dislike the way in which Mr. Taft's nomination was secured, and they certainly will not welcome a suggestion that would seem to imply that Mr. Taft at the end of four or eight years shall use his influence as President to have his successor succeed him. The *Sun* continues:

For this and other reasons it is all important that if the anti-Roosevelt Republicans are to be held in line for Mr. Taft in order to avoid the destructive evils of Bryanism, Mr. Taft should speedily convince this element of the Republican party that he will be something more than an *ad interim* President. Some friend should whisper in his ear that no presidential candidate has yet crossed the threshold of the White House as a "me too" President. The assurance is most necessary, for it is idle to gainsay that Mr. Taft's canvass has so far been a disappointment. From his past record as a judge and his splendid fidelity as a public administrator the people have been led to believe that he had a rugged personality that would quickly show when occasion arose that he was his own man and not the mere shadow of another. In his speeches we have with few exceptions failed to detect a note of reasonable self-assertiveness and avowed leadership. He has been at his best when he has assailed Mr. Bryan's vagaries. He has been at his worst when he has informed his countrymen that his purpose is to "climb Mr. Roosevelt's policies."

Seeing the prominence that has been given to Mr. Longworth's speech, it would be well for the President to mark it as uninspired just as quickly as he can do so.

Senator Foraker has announced that he will abandon his fight for reelection to the Senate until after the general election, and this is taken to be a graceful way of announcing to the public that he has practically abandoned all hope of again being chosen to represent Ohio in the United States Senate.

Senator Foraker is of course discredited, but it would be a mistake to suppose that he is robbed of his power for mischief. His ferocious attack upon Mr. Taft shows how the wind is blowing, and Mr. Taft did well to describe it as "ridiculous." No doubt it seemed to Mr. Foraker to be something absolutely ludicrous that Judge Doyle should have been recommended on the ground that he was "a man of high character and a lawyer of great ability and experience and would make a good judge," but to the average citizen these seem high qualifications, even though Judge Doyle could be shown to have once used kerosene oil in a lamp. However that may be, there is no doubt that Senator Foraker will do all that he can to defeat Mr. Taft.

La Follette has been meeting with reverses in Wisconsin. The nomination of Stevenson for the Senate by direct primary was the first and now comes a defeat of the La Follette faction by the platform-makers of the party. Perhaps this has softened his heart and persuaded him that even radicalism may go too far for modern taste. However that may be, his indorsement of Mr. Taft has been hearty and unreserved. Speaking at Madison, Wisconsin, Senator La Follette occupied the same platform with Mr. Taft, and he began his speech with the remark:

The desire to be absolute and exact as to what I shall say here today has brought me for many reasons to commit it to paper.

The senator then turned to Mr. Taft and continued:

Nature gave him poise, judicial temperament, great force of character, and tenacity as to purpose. His long life in the public service is distinguished for its marked ability, its wisdom, its integrity, its patriotism. He has taken advanced ground upon the great issues that are engaging the profoundest thought of the people of this great country.

Now, from a somewhat intimate acquaintance with him for the past twenty years I say today that he is progressive in principle and he is equipped most wonderfully in experience.

This tribute produced great enthusiasm among the audience, and when Mr. Taft followed he received something like an ovation.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan nearly met at Minneapolis a few days ago. Mr. Bryan arrived at two o'clock and immediately sent a message to Mr. Taft's hotel that he would be glad to call upon him that afternoon. Mr. Taft hurried back to keep the appointment, but found an apology from Mr. Bryan, who had overlooked a dinner engagement. A further suggestion for a meeting fell through and the project had to be abandoned with many expressions of regret on each side.

OLD FAVORITES.

Before Our Lady Came.

Before our Lady came on earth
Little there was of joy or mirth:
About the borders of the sea
The sea-folk wander'd heavily;
About the wintry river side
The weary fishers would abide.

Alone, within the weaving-room,
The girls would sit before the loom,
And sing no song and play no play—
Alone, from dawn to hot mid-day,
From mid-day unto evening,
The men a-field would work, nor sing
Mid weary thoughts of man and God—
Before thy feet the wet ways trod.
Unkiss'd the mercant bore his care,
Unkiss'd the knights went out to war,
Unkiss'd the mariner came home,
Unkiss'd the minstrel men did roam.

Or in the stream the maids would stare,
Nor know why they were made so fair:
Their yellow locks, their hosoms white,
Their limbs well-wrought for all delight,
Seem'd foolish things that waited death—
As hopeless as the flowers beneath
The weariness of unkiss'd feet:
No life was bitter then, or sweet.

Therefore, O Venus! well may we
Praise the green ridges of the sea
O'er which, upon a happy day,
Thou camest to take our shame away.
Well may we praise the curdling foam
Amidst which thy feet did bloom—
Flowers of the Gods; the yellow sand
They kiss'd atwixt the sea and land;
The bee-beset ripe-seeded grass
Through which thy fine limbs first did pass;
The purple-dusted butterfly
First blown against thy quivering thigh;
The first red rose that touch'd thy side,
And overblown and fainting died;
The flickering of the orange shade
Where first in sleep thy limbs were laid;
The happy day's sweet life and death,
Whose air first caught thy balmy breath:
Yea! all these things well praised may he,
But with what words shall we praise Thee?
O Venus! O thou love alive!
Born to give peace to souls that strive.

—William Morris.

Atalanta Victorious.

And there two runners did the sign abide
Foot set to foot—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her how to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar:
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget:
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal was set
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near;
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide,
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang
And swiftly were they running side by side:
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeared
His flushed and eager face he turned around.
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword:

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace.
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

—William Morris.

Approaching completion in the shipyard of the Elswick Works at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, is the Brazilian battleship *Mina Geraes*, which has superior armament and arrangement to the British *Dreadnought* class, as well as being the heaviest battleship yet built in the world. The cruiser *Invincible* and the battleship *Superb*, of the *Dreadnought* class, are also to be seen at the shipyard.

BLANCHE BATES IN A NEW MELODRAMA.

David Belasco Keeps His Promise to Provide a Change of Style for His Star.

A year ago it was rumored that Blanche Bates would leave the management of David Belasco and develop plans of her own, very definitely laid down. Some may have been misled by the report, but surely none who knows the star and the stage director could well have accepted it. Miss Bates is not merely an actress of charm and force, she is a young woman of intelligence and judgment. She knows what she can do with a good part in any company, for she proved it long ago in the day of Augustin Daly; but she also knows that good parts are scarce, and good managers scarcer. Remarkably successful as her career has been under the inspiration, guidance, and care of David Belasco, it has not been an independent flight. Exactness as the demands have been on the ability and magnetism of the star of "Under Two Flags," "The Darling of the Gods," and "The Girl of the Golden West," and impossible as it would be to imagine a long-continued vogue for these plays without the aid of such gifts as Miss Bates brought to them, it is a certainty no less that the plays with their well-studied and dextrously achieved effects were a first necessity with the star. It is not strange that Miss Bates became a trifle weary of these semi-spectacular triumphs, nevertheless. Their possibilities by no means marked the limit of her ambition or of her capacity. She has played Rosalind and Hedda Gahler, and with approval. Mr. Belasco was confronted with the necessity of furnishing a new range with contrasting outlook for his star if he would keep her energy and enthusiasm within bounds.

Now that "The Fighting Hope" is in its second week at the Stuyvesant Theatre, and the hasty judgments of a first night as well as lingering prejudices carried over from other seasons have been crowded back by well-founded opinion, the subtlety of Mr. Belasco's art and the real power of Blanche Bates's dramatic intuition and technic are much better understood. The play, an initial effort by William J. Hurlbut, a Chicago newspaper writer, is a domestic melodrama, with several well-managed situations, and much better in construction than in plan, but essentially theatrical and but little short of serious disappointment in course and climax. It has but five characters and the scene is the same in every act. This is surely a change in the Belasco method, and a radical change. It is much as if the eminent stage director had said to his star, "You think my efforts in the way of stage illusion and atmosphere are nothing. Well, then, see what you can do without them." And the actress accepts the challenge and is winning. With a bad play, all its action confined to one set of three walls, distinction in acting is required to win, and the distinction is not lacking.

The California actress has never had a rôle like this one, and is not likely soon to have another. Its call upon her emotional resources is sufficiently imperative, but in addition it requires her to win sympathy for a mistaken martyrdom. Her part is that of a woman whose husband has been sent to prison for certifying a fraudulent check on the bank in which he is cashier. His defense had been that he was obeying the order of the president of the bank. To establish this claim and clear her husband, the wife secures the position of secretary to the bank president and is at once placed in the most confidential relations with her employer. In the course of her duties she is made the custodian of a letter which proves conclusively her husband's guilt, and she burns it, notwithstanding the fact that the paper is necessary to clear the banker. Then her employer shows that he has fallen in love with her and she confesses her part in the plot against him. Of course, by this time she has discovered that she cares more for the financier than she does for the father of her two boys, and the complication that can be straightened out satisfactorily only by the removal of the offending husband is presented. As a further consideration for complete reversal of the heroine's sympathy it is shown that the guilty man had squandered his ill-gotten funds on another woman. That settles it, or at least makes the decisive bullet in the fourth act a messenger of poetic justice. It is not until this last act that the husband is permitted to show himself on the stage. He appears suddenly to confront his somewhat confused and altogether entangled helpmate with a story that he has been pardoned. Really he has escaped, and in the succeeding effort to elude his pursuers he is picked off by a pistol shot. It is easy to see at the fall of the curtain that the always upright and tender-hearted banker will be able to console the long-deceived but attractive widow.

In spite of this improbable plot, the play is not altogether unconvincing. Miss Bates does a great deal to make its appeal seem real, and her success is marked by large audiences that have encouraged Mr. Belasco to give a series of Thursday matinees as additional opportunities for the public. Charles Richman, who plays her part of the trusting banker, is to be commended for a consistent and finished performance. Howell Hansel, as the husband, has but one melodramatic scene, but he does it well. If the play continues for any time, it will be due to the art of the players.

In the meantime one is curious to know just what Mr. Belasco thinks of this reception of the play and his star. He should be too well-seasoned and practical a playwright to have any illusions concerning the character and value of the melodrama. There are few races of his handiwork in its construction, though it

may not be denied that there is room for improvement in several of the scenes. One actually begins to question the ability of the playhouse worker to distinguish false sentiment from true, the actual from the merely seeming. With a little of the genuine to build upon and around, it is possible for the dramatist and the stage manager to utilize a lot of imitation stuff, but when there is confusion as to the real article and the *papier-maché* substitute the last hope fails. "The Fighting Hope" is a good title, and Miss Bates, not Mr. Belasco, is making it good, much to the satisfaction of her numerous friends. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 8, 1908.

A PHILOSOPHER'S FORECAST.

Mr. Frederic Harrison Talks about the Coming Defeat of Woman.

The new book of essays by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the distinguished leader of Positivists, contains several thought chapters of special interest to women. In "Realities and Ideals" (Macmillan) there are three essays on the "burning questions" of the rights, duties, and claims of women and another essay on "votes for women," a subject which Mr. Harrison regards as charged with tremendous consequences, political, social, and moral:

"There is," he says, "nothing that I know of but law and convention to hinder a fair percentage of women from becoming active members of Parliament and useful ministers of the crown, learned professors of Hebrew and anatomy, very fair priests, advocates, surgeons, nay, tailors, joiners, cab-drivers, or soldiers, if they gave their minds to it.

"The shouting which takes place when a woman passes a good examination, makes a clever speech, manages well an institution, climbs a mountain, or makes a perilous journey of discovery always struck me as very foolish and most inconsistent. I have so high an opinion of the brains and energy, the courage and resource of women that I should be indeed surprised if a fair percentage of women could not achieve all in these lines which is expected of the average man.

"My estimate of women's powers is so real and so great that, if all occupations were entirely open to women, I believe that a great many women would distinguish themselves in all but the highest range, and that, in a corrupted state of public opinion, a very large number of women would waste their lives in struggling after distinction. Would waste their lives, I say. For they would be striving, with pain and toil and the sacrifice of all true womanly joys, to obtain a lower prize for which they are not best fitted, in lieu of a loftier prize for which they are preëminently fit.

"Let us teach them that this specious agitation must ultimately degrade them, sterilize them, unsex them. The glory of woman is to be tender, loving, pure, inspiring in her home; it is to raise the moral tone of every household; to refine every man with whom as wife, daughter, sister, or friend she has intimate converse; to form the young, to stimulate society, to mitigate the harshness and cruelty and vulgarity of life everywhere."

Continuing the subject in his paper on the work of women, Mr. Harrison says:

"Assume that the equalization of function is logically carried out—that employments, professions, habits, are interchangeable at will between the sexes. Grant that our mothers, sisters, daughters are just as likely to be printers, tailors, merchants, lawyers, and doctors, clerks, accountants, public officials, as our fathers, brothers, or sons.

"What would be the result? Our mothers would be as little at home as our fathers; they would come home so much fatigued, and as much in want of mere rest; they would be far too much absorbed in professional life to listen to the small troubles of their children, and too much women of business to give way to sentiment.

"That pure and sacred acknowledgment by the stronger of the moral claims of the purer sex would disappear the day that men continually found women in desperate competition with them for material power.

"How strangely some women deceive themselves in fancying that they can win in the battle of life by their own strength, and yet not sacrifice the moral ascendancy which centuries of civilization have secured to them.

"Blind and petty ambition! They can not have it both ways. If only a certain proportion of women succeeded in claiming their right to fight it out with men on equal terms, to sacrifice family and all the duties of family, to sacrifice all that is woman's exclusive privilege in order to win by their own energy industrial and professional careers for themselves, the charm which it has cost chivalry, religion, and modern refinement a thousand years to build up would be snapped at once, and men in the mass would come to regard women as mere female competitors.

"Can we doubt the result? Women, as physically the slighter and less capable of prolonged strain, must be beaten. Their very qualities of heart and brain, their tenderness, unselfishness, and refinement of organization would be a hindrance to them in the fight; the harder, stronger, less affectionate sex, free as men are from the handicap of periodic nervous prostration, would reassert their old brutal reign of force.

"The barbarism of earlier times would return, and the personal ambition of a few unwomanly women would have plunged their sex again into the horrible slavery of a subject and despised order."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Hamilton Fish, assistant treasurer of the United States, in charge of the sub-treasury in New York City, has resigned his position to accept the Republican nomination for Congress from the Twenty-First New York District.

Robert Luce of Somerville, Massachusetts, was one of the two defeated aspirants for nomination as candidate for lieutenant-governor in the recent convention. The man who was to nominate Mr. Luce was unable to make the speech, so the candidate rose to nominate himself. It is declared that the fact that he sounded his own trumpet had nothing to do with his defeat, but it is doubtful that Mr. Luce's example will result in the general adoption of his plan.

The Maharajah Gakwar of Baroda has melted down and converted into bullion the celebrated gold and silver cannon of Baroda. Of these costly but useless toys, the silver guns were the inspiration of a former Gakwar. In order to "go one better" than his predecessor, the late Gakwar had the gold guns cast, and mounted at a cost, it is said, of £100,000. They reposed in the state armory and were the wonder and admiration of all visitors to the capital.

Vu Kyuin Willington Koo, a Chinese, has been chosen to edit the *Daily Spectator* at Columbia University. It is said to be the first time that a Chinese student has been placed at the head of an American college paper. Editor Koo, who is but twenty-two years old, is a slender chap, and is known throughout the university as a master of pure English. He speaks without accent, knows more about American politics than the average American, is a debater of wonderful ability, and one of the most popular men in the university.

Leon Daudet, son of Alphonse Daudet, the novelist, was the head of an impotent anti-Dreyfusist demonstration at Nimes a few days ago. The occasion was the dedication of a monument to Bernard Lazare, who wrote the first pamphlet demanding justice for Dreyfus. Single-handed, he aroused the interest of Scheurer-Kestner, Zola, and others, who later took an important part in the movement to establish the innocence of the accused officer. Major Dreyfus sent excuses, regretting that he was "unable to be present to render homage to my sincere friend."

Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, who was Rose Pastor, and in her girlhood worked in a New York cigar factory, is an ardent Socialist. At a dinner given in honor of Eugene Debs a few days ago in the metropolis Mrs. Stokes took off the only jewel she was wearing, a large pearl pin, when an appeal was made for funds, and threw it into the contribution box, promising also "a brooch which I have at home and which I never wear." Her example was followed by other women present. Mrs. Stokes's wealthy husband, himself a convert to Socialism, is a candidate of the party for the assembly in one of the East Side districts.

David C. Stull of Provincetown, Massachusetts, is known to mariners generally as the ambergris king. He buys at first hands more of the precious substance than any other dealer, and has given a single check for \$35,000 in payment for one lot. Two hundred dollars a pound is often paid, and he has paid as high as \$500 a pound. Mr. Stull acts as agent for the Paris dealer who supplies ambergris to the great French perfumers. There is never a glut in the ambergris market. The variation in price is due not to any oversupply, but to the difference in the quality of the finds. Although the whalers are much more on the alert to discover the substance, there is not a great deal of it brought in, for the reason that the whaling industry has so fallen off.

Henri Poincaré, the leading mathematician of France, finally consented to deliver an opinion on the question arising out of the contest between Lord Rosslyn and Mr. Maxim over their recent roulette duel as to whether a calculation can defeat or at least correct a chance. M. Poincaré declares that there is no infallible martingale or method of doubling one's stakes after every loss. "All one can do," says M. Poincaré, "is to combine one's play so as to have a great chance of winning a little and a little chance of losing much, or a few chances of gaining much, and many chances of losing little. One can arrange his play so as to have one chance of winning a million francs and a million chances of losing one franc or a million chances of winning a franc and one chance of losing a million francs—and that's all."

Professor Peuck, director of the Berlin Deep Sea Institute and American exchange professor, has come to America for a short stay. The professor may lecture in New York on the interesting anthropological discovery made in a wonderful cave named the Wellerkerlhöhle, at Santis, Switzerland. Dr. Eckerhardt discovered this cave and later on Dr. Bachler unearthed in it numerous remains of a colony of bears with a quantity of human bones of the prepalæolithic period. The discovery showed that mankind dwelt in the cave and lived on the bears which they killed in hunting. Professor Peuck in the course of a visit to the cave ascertained that this state of things could only have occurred during the last interglacial era. He thereby is convinced that human beings must have lived in the mountains before the last glacial modification of the Alps, which, according to his calculation, was about 100,000 years ago.

VIGILANTES VERSUS JUDGE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXV.

From the haste with which the executive committee prepared for the trial of Tower it was evident that Lupkins's rapid recovery had come to them as a relief. But it was also evident that their relief would prove of short duration unless two threatening dangers were averted.

One of these, of course, was the ever-present menace of Federal intervention. The other was the danger of the mass of the Vigilantes rising in rebellion against their leaders, and unceremoniously lynching Tower.

Some among the leaders professed to believe that there was a third danger—that of the escape of Tower. But they were not heeded. There were not wanting members of the executive committee who openly hoped that Tower might be rescued by his friends. So strongly was Fort Vigilant guarded that this hope was without any chance of realization. Those of the leaders who desired to be rid of their embarrassing prisoner in any way, even by his escape, naturally approved of the trial. And the executive committee generally looked forward with much anticipation to the trial, most of the members hoping that it might result in a favorable verdict. In that way they could release Tower, and end their predicament. For if they kept him, they had a series of dilemmas to face. There was a chance of the State or the city becoming strong enough to interfere; there was the constant dread of the Federal power; there was the fear of some overzealous Vigilante murdering Tower in his cell; there was even the possibility of suicide, as in the case of Mulligan, with its misconstructions and suspicions; and there was the ever-present danger of general rebellion in the Vigilante ranks and hasty lynching. It is not too much to say that the tribunal trying Tower hoped for his acquittal more earnestly than even Tower himself.

Tower was led into the executive committee's room by the marshal, and when the prisoner took his indicated place the two guards who had brought him from his cell took positions on either side of his chair, carrying muskets with fixed bayonets. Tower smiled grimly as he noted the extreme care with which he was guarded. Glancing around the room, he saw that at least the forms of law were to be observed. Twelve of the committee had been selected to act as jurymen; the chairman presided as judge; the judge-advocate officiated as prosecuting attorney; and the accused was provided with counsel.

After the prisoner had been permitted a brief and perfunctory conference with his counsel, the presiding judge said:

"John Tower, stand up. You are charged with assault, with intent to commit murder, made on the person of Samuel Lupkins. How say you, prisoner, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Tower remained seated, and calmly replied, "I refuse to plead."

"On what ground do you refuse?" asked the judge-advocate.

"On the ground that by pleading I would acknowledge the jurisdiction of this tribunal to try me, and that I will not do."

There was a whispered consultation among his judges. When it was ended the judge-advocate asked him:

"If you refuse formally to plead, at least you will state whether you are guilty of any crime?"

As calmly as before, Tower replied:

"I refuse to plead formally, but I will state that I am guilty of no crime whatever."

The presiding judge and the judge-advocate again conferred, when the president said:

"Let this be entered as a plea. The prisoner pleads not guilty."

Partly through his counsel and partly in person, Tower objected that he had no witnesses present. To this the answer was made that most of those concerned in the affray when he was arrested were members of the Vigilance Committee; that all of these were ready to testify; that the only non-members present at his arrest were his friend Hamlin and the prisoner Mahoney; that Hamlin had made a deposition or statement which would be read to the jury. The answer closed with the significant remark that Mahoney was "at hand."

The presiding judge announced that the trial would be conducted in the following order: First, statement to the jury by the prosecuting attorney of what he expected to prove; second, evidence for the prosecution; third, statement by the defendant's attorney to the jury; fourth, evidence for the defense; fifth, argument of counsel for the prosecution; sixth, argument of counsel for the defense; seventh, speech of the prisoner himself, if he desired to speak; eighth, closing argument of the prosecuting attorney.

The specific charges preferred by the prosecuting attorney were to this effect:

"I charge John Tower with resisting by violence the officers of the Committee of Vigilance while in discharge of their duty; second, I charge him with committing an assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to kill Samuel Lupkins, a police officer of the Committee of Vigilance."

The speeches of the prosecuting attorney lasted only fifteen minutes, and set forth these charges.

The defense briefly controverted the charges of the

prosecuting attorney, and alleged that Tower, as an officer of the law, was not only permitted but obligated to resist an arrest by a person not acting under warrant of the law. In regard to his assault on Lupkins, it was claimed that the act was purely in self-defense.

When both sides had rested their case the prisoner was withdrawn and again placed in his cell. The jury then began their deliberations. Departing from the practice of courts, these were conducted in the courtroom, and in their discussions the other officers of the court freely joined.

As the jury manifested a strong disinclination to shoulder all the responsibility, and threatened to render no verdict at all, it was finally decided that the entire executive committee should join the jury, and that three-fifths of the votes cast should be required to convict.

This large jury of some forty men then proceeded to ballot.

On the first count of the indictment, that of resisting a Vigilante officer, the jury found Tower guilty.

On the second count, that of assaulting Lupkins with a deadly weapon with intent to kill, the prisoner was found guilty of assault only.

The question then arose as to what sentence should be inflicted. After long and heated debate, the following judgment was decided on:

"CONSIDERING that John Tower, having been convicted of certain charges after a full, fair, and impartial trial before the Committee of Vigilance, and the usual punishment in their power to inflict not being expedient in the present instance, it is therefore

"ORDERED, That the said John Tower be discharged from custody; and also be it

"ORDERED, That in the opinion of the Committee of Vigilance the interests of the State imperatively demand that the said John Tower shall resign his position as judge of the Supreme Court; and also be it

"ORDERED, That this judgment be read to John Tower, and on its being ratified by the grand council he be forthwith discharged from the custody of the Committee of Vigilance."

When this conclusion had been reached it was determined to submit the sentence for ratification to the grand council. That body had already been convened, and to the number of nearly two hundred was in attendance in the large hall adjoining. But it was speedily found that the grand council by no means agreed with the executive committee. The grand council voted unanimously that Tower was guilty on the first count of resisting an officer. On the second count it disagreed with the executive committee, which had found him guilty of simple assault only; the grand council unanimously found him guilty of assault with attempt to murder. Concerning this count, the executive committee pleaded earnestly with the grand council, but found the larger body obdurate. In addition to reversing the executive committee's verdict on the indictment, the grand council also set aside the committee's sentence; instead of discharging Tower from custody, the grand council voted with practical unanimity that he be "banished from the State under the usual penalty." The "usual penalty" was death.

The grand council, having voted on these matters almost unanimously, referred them back to the executive committee, with what was practically a threat if they did not reverse their verdict and their sentence. With this sweeping action, the members of the grand council disbanded and retired to their homes.

By this time the night was well advanced. The harassed executive committeemen again met in the chamber, and attempted to reconcile their own proceedings with those of the larger body. But it was a hopeless task.

"Gentlemen of the committee," said Carleton, "you probably observed how difficult it was to get the grand council to confine themselves to even a slight measure of conservative action. There was a strong undercurrent of desire for immediately executing Tower. This was only checked by myself and others of the executive committee going from one to another of the more influential members of the council and urging the inexpediency of executing Tower under the present circumstances. It was with the greatest difficulty that we got them to give up hanging and to consent to banishment."

"If that was the sentiment of the grand council," remarked Bascom, "I think the hanging fever will be even hotter in the general body of Vigilantes. We must not forget that it includes now over six thousand members, many of them ignorant, uneducated, and hot-headed men, with hundreds of foreigners among them. The grand council is certainly far superior in its individual members to the general body; if the council entertains such rancorous feelings, what may we not expect of the Vigilantes at large?"

"What you say is true," admitted Carleton, "but we must not yield to such unreasonable pressure. Lupkins is now out of danger. To inflict the murder penalty on Tower would be preposterous. The next most severe punishment is banishment, as long imprisonment is beyond our powers. Tower has already been heavily punished by his incarceration here, and the desperate condition of Lupkins has hung over his head as a menace for many days. If the committee were now to take any action against Tower's life it would utterly destroy the community's favorable opinion of this body of men."

"I agree entirely with our chairman," exclaimed the judge-advocate. "And I urge that we take measures for discharging our prisoner at once, before the grand council or the general body of the Vigilantes can interfere."

"But we lack one vote of a quorum now," declared Carwell. "Quite a number of the executive committee

went home when the grand council left the building."

"Then go and wake up the marshal," replied the judge-advocate. "He sleeps in the building, and is surely here. That will make up a quorum."

In a few minutes the necessary quorum was obtained, and the executive committee voted its disapproval of the action of the grand council, and ordered the immediate discharge of Tower and his removal.

With the fateful document in his hand, the judge-advocate and the marshal proceeded to the cell of Tower. The prisoner was still up and dressed. With his fate still pending, he had little desire for sleep. The judge-advocate hastened to relieve the prisoner's mind.

"Judge," said he, "it is my duty to read to you the following order, which has just been approved by the executive committee:

"John Tower is hereby discharged from the custody of the Committee of Vigilance. He is placed under the care of the judge-advocate, with directions that he be taken to such place of safety as he may select. By order of the Executive Committee. SIXTY-SIX, Secretary."

When Tower had collected the few personal belongings with which his cell was equipped, he set forth accompanied by the judge-advocate. He was unconsciously directing his steps toward the main entrance, by which he had come, but Truax smiled and said:

"Softly, judge, if you don't mind we'll go out by the back way."

So Vigilante and prisoner made their exit through the stable-yard, and by a rear entrance gained access to a back street.

"Have you any particular friend here to whose house you would like to go, judge?" inquired Truax.

"I have many friends in the city, but I very much question whether it would be a friendly act to impose on them the burden of protecting me against your committee tonight."

"Oh, you need have no fear. The Vigilantes are not only well organized, but disciplined; they will obey the orders of the executive committee."

"I hope you are right. In that case I would like to go to the house of my friend Hamlin. It is not far from the centre of the city; but I do not think you need give yourself the trouble to escort me, sir."

"I would prefer to do so, if you don't object. The executive committee's order directs me to escort you to any place you select. While I apprehend no danger to your life or liberty, I would prefer to carry out the letter of the order."

With no further discussion the two men walked on together, and Truax did not abandon his former prisoner until he had left him at Hamlin's threshold.

Less than an hour had elapsed when there came a loud rapping at Truax's door.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"It's me—Bascom. Get up, judge! I must see you at once."

In a few moments Truax had opened the door. "What's the matter?" he inquired.

"There's hell to pay!" cried Bascom. "The news is around that we have discharged Tower. Three of our companies started to hunt him—the Rincon Guard, the French Legion, and the Bloody Seventh. Now over a thousand armed Vigilantes are hunting for him high and low. They swear to have his life."

"Then we must save him, Bascom! He was discharged from custody and formally placed under my protection."

"Well, you have a pretty big contract, judge. I don't envy you. But where did you take him? We must get hold of him and put him in a place of safety."

"I took him up to the house of his friend, Hamlin."

"Our boys are searching the houses of all his friends, so we'd better take him away from there quick. Perhaps they haven't thought of Hamlin's place yet. Come on! I have horses down at the door."

In a few minutes the two Vigilantes were at Hamlin's house. It was brightly lighted, and there were sounds as if many people were in the house.

"I'm afraid our boys are here ahead of us," exclaimed Truax.

"Maybe these are only Tower's friends, come to celebrate his release," replied Bascom.

They knocked at the door. When Tower appeared he gazed at the two Vigilantes keenly, and paused.

"I would like," he said, "to be able to say that I am glad to see you, Mr. Bascom, but it would not be true. As a matter of fact, I was never less glad to see any one in my life."

Bascom laughed. "None the less, judge," said he, "I come as a friend. Truax here and myself have learned that there are large bodies of Vigilantes scouring the streets, swearing to kill you. We feel that it is our duty to put you in a place of safety. This house is no longer safe. Come with us at once."

"Where do you intend to take me?"

"Either to my house or that of Truax."

Tower paused. "Without any disposition to seem churlish," he said, "I will freely confess that I have had enough of Vigilante hospitality to last me for a long time. If you don't mind, I would prefer to go to the warship *Monroe*, where Captain Shotwell, I am convinced, will give me shelter."

"An excellent idea!" cried Bascom. "Have you a horse among these out here, judge?"

"No."

"No matter—I have brought a man along with a horse for you."

"I think it would be better for us all to go on foot

on our way down through the city," objected Truax. "We would attract less attention than mounted."

"All right—we'll leave our horses with my man, and walk. But don't lose any time, judge!"

"If you will wait a moment until I can say farewell to my friends, I will be with you," answered Tower, waving his hands toward the windows behind him, whence came the sounds of revelry and clinking glasses.

"It would be wiser to go at once," said Bascom. "We'll leave word with the servant that you'll return presently. The fewer who know you've gone and where you've gone, the better."

Tower hesitated a moment, but consented, and the three walked rapidly down the hill and through the streets, protected by the darkness from recognition. At more than one place in the residential streets they noticed an armed guard in front of a house, which was evidently being searched by a force of Vigilantes within. Further down the hills, where lay the night life of the city, the streets were lighter, and there were larger crowds than usual, for many-tongued rumor ran that "The Vigilantes were hunting for some one." But Tower's body-guard kept to the darker streets, and they passed through the excited quarter unmolested, and reached the water-front. They found a boat-landing, and Bascom brought forth a boatman from some "Sailors' Snug Harbor." Soon the oars were thumping in the rowlocks, and they were gliding over the bay toward the black warship.

Tower turned, as he sat in the stern-sheets, and gazed at the flaring city—at the lines of light rising from the dark water, and running like ribbons over the steep hills—luminous lines—lines which meant streets—streets along which raved and roared thousands of men clamoring for his life. He did not confide his thoughts to his companions, nor did either of them speak until the hail, "Monroe ahoy!" came from Bascom. The quick shout came back "Keep off!" and the marine at the head of the gangway pointed his piece at them until an officer came to ascertain who they were.

John Tower had often declaimed against "Federal centralism" and in favor of "State sovereignty." Yet he breathed more freely now that he was out of the sovereignty of this particular State. Although an opponent of Federalism, he was unfeignedly glad that at last he trod the deck of a Federal frigate.

He looked across the dark water—he followed with his eyes the dim bands of reflected light which at the land's edge became bright bands—he gazed at the real city which sparkled and shone on the hills above, and at the phantom city which wavered and shimmered on the waters below. And as he gazed John Tower murmured with deep feeling:

"Thank God!"

For that he was out of the turbulent city, and safely aboard ship, he had good reason to say thank God. Yet he was neither a religious man nor a coward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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David Lubin, formerly of California, has finally won complete success for his long-cherished plan to aid agriculture in a world-wide way. After appealing in vain to his own government to encourage agriculture by bounties on leading agricultural staples, instead of continuing a hopeless struggle he changed his base of operations in behalf of agricultural interests and appealed to the King of Italy with so much persuasiveness that his recommendations were adopted by that monarch much as he made them. The result is the endowment and permanent establishment at Rome of the International Institute of Agriculture. The test of its value is shortly to be made. Within a month delegates from forty-six nations will meet at the first session of the general assembly of the institute, and working plans will be considered and probably adopted.

The game of billiards was invented by a pawnbroker, William Kew by name, who flourished in London in the sixteenth century. He used to employ his leisure hours in wet weather when trade was dull by taking down the three balls which were the insignia of his profession and pushing them about the counter of his shop with a yardstick, after the manner of the game as at present played, and using boxes fastened to the sides of his counter for pockets. Out of this was developed a table with a fence of slight elevation about it to keep the balls from rolling off on the floor, and to enable the player to make what have since become known as cushion shots.

Few people who use the phrase are aware that "Jack Robinson" was a real person. As a politician John Robinson was a great favorite with George III. His political career was a long one, for he was a member for Harwich during twenty-six years, being on one occasion bitterly attacked by Sheridan, who, denouncing bribery and its instigators, replied to the cries of "Name, name," by pointing to Robinson on the treasury bench, exclaiming at the same time, "Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson," and thus originated the saying still current.

Nevada passed a law several years ago allowing hunters to shoot wild horses and to sell their hides. This opened the way to a new and profitable industry, and within a few years 15,000 wild horses were killed. But the hunters got to shooting horses that were branded and shod, and upon the plea of the ranchmen, the legislature repealed the law.

A LIFE OF MIRABEAU.

A New and Important Work Adds Largely to Our Knowledge of the French Revolution.

No apology is needed for a life of Mirabeau. It ought to have been done long ago, but we are rewarded for our patience by the fine work of Dr. Fling, who now gives us the first of his three volumes on "Mirabeau and the French Revolution."

The tendency during the past century has been to consider the great actors of the revolution from the collective rather than the individual point of view. But they are worthy of separate treatment. Mirabeau was the most commanding of them all, because he was the most human, perhaps because he was saved from the *descensus avari* that would have made him inhuman. But there is room for a biography of Danton and even of Robespierre. Neither the historians nor the psychologist can afford to overlook the personalities of the men who bathed France in blood and fire and purified her in a few short years for the shining place that was her destiny. Had Mirabeau lived he must either have crushed The Mountain or been crushed by it. In the former event the French Revolution might not have been so conclusive. In the latter event there would have been one more name, and the greatest of them all, to add to the list of revolution martyrs. Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

Dr. Fling devotes his first volume to the youth of Mirabeau. It closes with his coming of age in the year 1774. The second volume will take us to the preparations for elections to the States General, and the third will deal with Mirabeau and the National Assembly. Not until the third volume, then, do we enter upon the better-known ground of the revolution proper, with which so many historians have made us familiar, and for this reason the first two volumes will be the more important.

The author opens his work with an admirable summary of the struggle against arbitrary government in France. The reign of Louis XV was full of the presage of the coming storm:

As the century wore on, the situation grew ever more critical. More than once France seemed on the eve of a revolution. The claims of the king and of the parliaments were irreconcilable; clearly, one of them must subdue the other. The suppression of the parliaments had been considered and even threatened by the king, but not until 1771 did he venture to resort to such an extreme measure.

It was upon such a situation that our hero was ushered into the world. It must have been from his father, whose eccentricities could not conceal his real benevolence and philanthropy, that the future author must have inherited his great traits. We can hardly suppose that his mother contributed much to that end, in view of the sketch given to us by the author:

She was lacking in delicacy and gave such publicity to everything connected with her married life that "the chaste widow has inferred that nature had refused her all natural shame." Desirous of reading, she could not open a serious book without going to sleep over it. She began pieces of needlework without number, soiled them all, but never completed anything unless absolutely obliged to do so by the needs of the household. When she did work, she sat upon her foot with her leg bent under her, her face close to the article she was making, the bed cover thrown over her, regardless of conventionalities, or the flight of time, or of the other demands that might be made upon her. Eating at irregular hours and indulging her love of dainties, she either had no appetite at table or she ate voraciously. As a rule she took her seat at the table with her arms crossed behind her back and with an absent look upon her face. She never concerned herself with her guests, neither serving them nor offering them anything. If she happened to be in good humor and talkative, "as she naturally possessed wit and humor when her chance came and the tap was once turned, she was no longer mistress of herself, and the paroxysm of laughter and talk resembled an attack of hysterics." After dinner, if she did not play cards, she fell asleep in her chair. For a man with the education, refinement, and temperament of the Marquis de Mirabeau, life with such a woman must have been, before it ended, what he himself described as "twenty years of nephritic colic."

Mirabeau was born on March 9, 1749, and we are told that when the father entered the chamber he was first greeted with the words, "Don't be frightened." The child certainly presented an unusual appearance even to a man who might have foreseen that something startling must be the natural progeny of a wife so extraordinary. Montigny, describing the infant, says:

Destined to be the most turbulent and the most nimble of youth, Gabriel was born with a twisted foot; to be the most eloquent of the men and of the orators of his century, he was tongue-tied at birth, and the dimensions of his head, his size and vigour, were unprecedented, and two molar teeth were already formed in his mouth.

After twenty years of a married life that must have been far from blissful, the marquis and his wife separated, and perhaps it is hardly to the discredit of the husband that he resorted to a *lettre de cachet* to make the separation both effective and final. And on the subject of these famous *lettres* the author gives us some valuable information:

The *lettres de cachet*, one of the most typical institutions of old French society, have been aptly called "the very essence of public life" before the revolution. Upon them rested the authority of the king and the honor of the family; for, in the last resort, the king had no other means of enforcing his will throughout the realm, and the family relied upon these arbitrary orders to protect itself against degenerate members. It is believed that the employment of *lettres de cachet* was largely confined to affairs of state and used by the noble against the roturier, yet this is far from the truth. The evidence shows conclusively that out of a thousand cases but four or five were of a political character, while the remaining nine hundred and ninety-five or six dealt with matters of police or of family. In all of these latter cases, the initiative

was taken by the family, the government simply responding to the demands made upon it, demands multitudinous in number, varied in character, and not confined to any rank or class.

Of the boy's early years, of his quarrels with his father, his imprisonment, and the reconciliation between the marquis and his son we have a detailed and fascinating account, and one that does not fail to show the occasional flash of a fiery genius that was to illumine France and the world. We see him participating in the paternal government of the rural districts, a government in which benevolence played its part as well as arrogant cruelty. The marquis, for example, had established a council of *prud'hommes* in his barony, the council to consist of eight men, elected by the residents and to meet once each month for the amicable settlement of disputes without reference to the courts. Young Mirabeau was the instrument through which this beneficence was to be accomplished, and we read of his arrival and of the request of the curé that the election be postponed until Sunday:

Mirabeau readily agreed to the postponement. The dissatisfaction that existed in this parish, he learned from the curé, had been due to the killing of four goats by the guards of the marquis. The peasants were in a state of revolt. The curé agreed that "it is a good thing to destroy the goats; they have eaten more of my cabbages and hedges than they have left; and furthermore there is a decree of the parliament of Bordeaux that is formal concerning this matter; but there are unhappy beings who have no other means of nourishing their children, and I am acquainted with parishioners who would fight to the death if any one touched their goats." He then called a poor woman who had two infants. "She was *exotente*, could give them no nourishment, had not a square foot of land, and her sister was nursing one of the children. Two of the goats of this unhappy woman had been killed. Oh! That touched me." Mirabeau asked the price of the goats and gave the woman twelve livres. He then explained that his father would furnish milk to those who needed it, but there must be no goats. "Oh, if you could have seen this poor curé weep and throw his arms around my neck, then go to this woman shaking his arm and his head, and then, not being able to say anything, as if he were choking, come back again to me, that would have touched you." Another woman, who had lost a goat and had been obliged to beg, he engaged as a servant for the chateau and her son was to be employed as cow-herd. "The village was afire in a moment on account of those two acts: if you had seen as I did these villagers, lately on the point of revolt, touching their hats with smiling faces, you would have said, as I did, 'There are three hours well spent.'"

On June 22, 1772, Mirabeau was married to Mlle. de Marignane. The course of true love ran no smoother than usual, and the suitor was compelled to use not only his "famous power of fascination" upon the lady, but other and less subtle persuasions upon her father, the Marquis de Marignane, whose opposition was strenuous. M. Roux-Alphéran tells us how this was accomplished:

Mirabeau bribed a chambermaid, who opened to him stealthily the door of the house at daybreak. He went at once and took his stand in night robe, with unbuttoned collar, and in underclothes, at one of the windows lighting the stairway on the side of the street, displaying himself thus almost nude to the gaze of the passers-by. The Marquis de Marignane, awakened by the noise purposely made by Mirabeau in addressing some one on the street, hastened to the spot, and, believing that he beheld the seducer of his daughter, addressed him in bitter terms, to which Mirabeau replied coldly, "Monsieur le Marquis, tomorrow your daughter will be my wife or my mistress." The wedding was in fact celebrated some days afterwards.

But married life without income has its disadvantages, especially when it is accompanied with a habit of extravagance. Mirabeau and his young wife find themselves at once immersed in debts and difficulties, and although the dowry of the bride was a liberal one, it was not payable until after the death of her father. As the marquis outlived both his daughter and his son-in-law, his provision for their needs may be described as nominal only. Mirabeau's father refused to help, and so greatly was he worried by a state of affairs that he could do nothing to remedy that we find him appealing to the Duc de Vrillière for a *lettre de cachet* in order that his troublesome son may be confined until he come to his senses. This was the second occasion when this formidable weapon had been invoked against the young Mirabeau, and indeed he was even then confined to the Chateau de Mirabeau by royal orders. His father writes:

You had the goodness a few months ago to obtain for me an order of the king that exiled my son to the Chateau de Mirabeau. Paternal consideration for his young wife, who up to the present time has remained constantly attached to the lot of this madman, decided me not to ask for prison that he deserved only too well. Now he is throwing everything into disorder on my estate, selling the wood, the furniture, etc., interfering with my agents, and can not be permitted to remain there. A continuation of commiseration for his respectable wife restrains me and should restrain me. Do me the favor, Monsieur le Duc, to accord me a change of exile for him to the city of Manosque, adding to it the prohibition not to leave the city and its territory. M. le Marquis de Rochechouart, who should have the honor to see you tomorrow, and who has seen the letters and the proofs of his last follies, has promised me to speak to you about them. I hope that you will be good enough to accord me this new favor promptly.

The application was successful and young Mirabeau was ordered to repair forthwith to Manosque. But here we must leave him and await a second volume which is thus auspiciously introduced. The author is to be congratulated upon the excellence of his work, a work that is not only lucid and of a fascinating style, but which shows all the conscientious care of research that should place it among the most important historical works of the day.

"Mirabeau and the French Revolution," by Fred Morrow Fling, Ph. D., professor of European history in the University of Nebraska. In three volumes. Illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.50 per volume.

A NEW ANIMOSITY.

What the Japanese Say of Americans—Hard Times in Japan Laid at the Door of the United States.

"I will sell this vase to you for six yen," said a curio dealer in Yokohama to an English friend of mine the other day, "but please do not say you have bought it, as I refused to sell it to an American for the same price a few minutes ago."

"But why?" asked the Englishman, considerably mystified.

"Because we do not care to sell to Americans if we can help it!"

The man, a very respectable merchant, was not trying to curry favor with one customer by disparaging another; he was simply voicing a universal sentiment. The truth is a dislike for Americans has been slowly filtering through all classes of Japanese society for some time, but not until this year has it reached the shopkeepers, who, devoid of the tact and polish of their betters, frankly confess it.

There are several reasons for this animosity. In the first place, America, justly or unjustly, is held responsible for the present hard times in Japan. The recent Wall-Street panic, besides cruelly affecting money markets the world over, has impoverished and kept at home the majority of those wealthy Americans whom Japanese dealers have long considered their natural prey. Worse still, it has taught the few millionaires traveling abroad in spite of adverse circumstances caution in spending their money. Gone are the good old days when oil kings and pork packers bought \$1 trays for \$100, when railroad magnates found everything "too cheap" because the gold dollars they brought over mysteriously doubled by the subtle rulings of exchange when turned into yen.

Now globe-trotters from "the States" declare everything is "too dear." They have learned to commit the unpardonable sin of bargaining and bring a shrewd business instinct into their pleasure. Used in moderation, this shrewdness would be justifiable, even praiseworthy. But overworked, it sometimes proves disastrous in Japan. A case in point happened a few weeks ago when a rash citizen from Missouri saw a pair of exceptionally fine vases in a Tokio exhibition and priced them. The artist, their creator and a man of reputation, said, "Two thousand yen." "Well, I guess I'll give fifteen hundred," replied the man from Missouri, winking at his wife as if to say, "You don't catch the old man napping."

Before he could draw out his pocket-book the irate Japanese, indignant at the idea of bargaining over these beautiful children of his hands, like another Virginius struck them down on the spot and turned away with such a look of contempt as only a Japanese can summon at need.

Every educated, refined Japanese—artist or not—despises a man who is destitute of appreciation—and of respect—for beautiful things, which is another reason why traveling Americans meet with thinly disguised contempt. Certainly the average American globe-trotter has execrable taste—to his lasting shame he it confessed. Bright colors catch his eye, while the subdued masterpieces of old times, the valuable bronzes, the exquisite bits of gold lacquer, he looks upon un-moved. That is, he once looked upon them; no shopman dreams—except in rare cases—of spreading such treasures before him now.

"It is no use to show good things to Americans," one hears on all sides. "They do not like them. Therefore we manufacture especially for export to suit the foreign taste."

In the Nagoya potteries and the Kyoto cloisonné shops rooms and rooms of atrocities—blue, green, red, yellow atrocities, decorated with dragons in despairing contorted attitudes, with mournful storks and flowers which any humane gardener would immediately uproot—make a man of plain tastes blush for his country.

But deeper still is the root of the Japanese dislike of Americans. The school incident may be settled diplomatically, but it is by no means forgotten among the people. "We do not wish to sell to Americans because Americans do not wish our boys in their schools," the newspapers say. "There's the rub"—the rest might be overlooked—the New York banks might fail and still be forgiven, the millionaires might bargain and yet be absolved—but this hint of an inequality between nations is too much "Ca c'est vraiment trop fort," as the French say. At heart every Japanese is a patriot—not an extract, luke-warm patriot, but an active patriot—ready to explode like a live volcano at a moment's notice. Once touch his national honor and he is off.

So long as he only becomes angry in a righteous cause his steadfastness is no less praiseworthy than his irritation. But, unfortunately, he sometimes starts off on an idea half cocked as it were, and this is what he threatens to do now with regard to America. His press the most scurrilous, the most mischievous in the world, pricks him, fills his head with stories of American action, scorns to mention legitimate reasons for such action, suggests covert insults till every Japanese in the empire feels revengeful.

As one man said to me ruefully, "I can not be a soldier, because I am under size. Alas!

though I tried standing on my toes, but the recruiting officer found me out. But," his face brightened, "I will not despair. There are many ways to serve our country and I shall do it in the export business. I shall help Japan to become rich, so that when war comes she may successfully fight those who have affronted us."

The spirit is an undeniably formidable one, even if it is rooted in misunderstanding and prejudice.

CHARLES LORRIMER,
Tokio, October 19, 1908.

The Henry James Edition.

Book lovers will not overlook the fine edition of the Novels and Tales of Henry James now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Twelve volumes are now available, including "Roderick Hudson," "The American," "Portrait of a Lady," "Princess Casamassina," and "The Tragic Muse." "The Wings of the Dove," "The Ambassador," and "The Golden Bowl" will bring the number of volumes to fifteen, and these will be followed by eight other volumes containing the shorter novels and tales, arranged so far as possible in chronological order of publication.

In addition to the advantages of careful literary revision by the author, these volumes have a still more important feature in their prefaces. These are of a three-fold nature. Each, in the first place, narrates the circumstances in which the book was written, and the various incidents of its working out. In the next place it is a critical examination of the book itself by its author and done with a candor and a detachment unique in the annals of authorship. These prefaces are certainly of unusual interest. Indeed, they constitute a new work by Mr. James.

From the mechanical point of view this fine edition is all that it should be. Paper, type, and workmanship are perfect, while the frontispiece illustrations are delicate works of art. The publishers are to be congratulated warmly on an edition so worthy of the author and of themselves. Price, in cloth, \$2 a volume. In half levant, \$4 a volume.

Some School Books.

The following books have been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

"Hyde's Primer of Reading Lessons for Young Children." Price, 25 cents.

"Plane and Solid Geometry," by Elmer A. Lyman, with graded problems and exercises. Price, \$1.25.

"Elements of Physics," by George A. Hoadley, C. E., Sc. D. A concise new textbook, covering entrance requirements to college and university. Price, \$1.20.

Arnold's "Fritz auf Ferien," edited by May Thomas, with notes, exercises, and vocabulary. Price, 30 cents.

Switzerland produces no coal and no iron. In the manufacture of machinery the raw material is nearly all brought from Germany, which also supplies the greater part of the coal. The tools used in the machine shops, however, are, for the most part, made in America. The country has an enormous amount of water power, however, and in its development the Swiss have gained a prominence in the water turbine work throughout the world, one firm being called upon to design the original water turbine which was installed at Niagara Falls. Hand in hand with this turbine development, practically the superlative in electrical engineering has been attained, and today Swiss machinery is being sent to all parts of the world. The Swiss are able to maintain their position only through their superior technical knowledge, for which they are indebted to their engineering institutions. In their vast experience they lay claim to being the first to develop the transmission of electrical power over long distances, and it is believed that before long all the Swiss state railways will be working under electrical power.

United States Consul Wilbur T. Gracey of Tsingtau says: "China may be a land of opportunity to the business man with money, but any young man who is willing to work will find better opportunities every day in the American cities. Many young men leave their homes in the United States, ship as stowaways, work their passage to China, or spend their last few dollars for tickets in the hope of finding good positions on their arrival, and are surprised to find them all filled. If a young man lands from America in Shanghai unknown, it may be safely said that it is impossible for him to secure even a temporary position."

In the current issue of the *North American Review* Judge Charles Sumner Lobinger of Manila, an American member of the Philippine judiciary, reviews the work of the first Filipino assembly and pronounces it good. The output of legislation was not large—not in itself a fault—but the laws enacted were not characterized by radicalism, and the assembly disappointed those prophets who had declared that it would impose an immense amount of crude theory on the statute book. But seventy-three laws were passed, including private and local bills. Nine related to education.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Gloucester Mother.

When Autumn winds are high
They wake and trouble me,
With thoughts of people lost
A-coming on the coast,
And all the ships at sea.

How dark, how dark and cold,
And fearful in the waves,
Are tired folk who lie not still
And quiet in their graves;—
In moving waters deep,
That will not let men sleep
As they may sleep on any hill;
May sleep ashore till time is old,
And all the earth is frosty cold.—
Under the flowers a thousand springs
They sleep and dream of many things.

God bless them all who die at sea!
If they must sleep in restless waves,
God make them dream they are ashore,
With grass above their graves.

—Sarah Orne Jewett, in *McClure's Magazine*.

To Stevenson—Of Some Critics.

They scan the page all musical with perfect word
and phrase,

And frown to find you trivial who talk of prim-
rose ways;

Nor fathom your brave laughter, nor know the way
you tread—

O serious-hearted wanderer upon the hills of God!

There where you lie beneath the sky far in a
lonely land,

You who were even glad to die—care not who
understand

Your whimsical sweet strays of tune and your
heroic mirth—

Diviner of Arcadian ways throughout the dreary
earth!

—Grace Hazard Conkling, in *Putnam's and The Reader*.

Three from Sedgemoor.

A LEGEND OF SOMERSET.

"Hist!" said the mother: "dout the light!
Kirke's Lambs are on the road tonight

A-seeking the flyers of Monmouth's fight:
And I've three sons from Sedgemoor

That fought for the wrong King James.
There's Jan, my eldest, and Jeremy,

And Ebenezer, big as a tree:
Lord! take my life for the lives of the three,

My three sons from Sedgemoor
That fought for the wrong King James!"

Jan she set in the flour-bin wide;
Up chimney Jeremy prophesied;

But Ebenezer was hard to hide,
The biggest of all at Sedgemoor

That fought for the wrong King James.
Till she founden a nook in her faggot-store;

But ere she had fairly tedded him o'er,
Came a thundering knock on the farmhouse door,

And, "Open, you rebels of Sedgemoor;
In the name of our good King James!"

She pulled the bobbin and drew them in;
Five privates and Sergeant Paradine:

She gave them cider laeed with gin,
And asked for the news from Sedgemoor
And the luck of the two King James.
And "Was the dirty rebels heat
And the wicked Duke a-teaken yet?
And wasn't they thirsty by all this he't?
Don't ee spare our cider of Sedgemoor
For the sake of the good King James!"

I trow she did not speak in vain;
She filled their cups again and again,
Till the liquor sang in each silly brain,
The strong liquor of Sedgemoor
That never paid tax to King James;
One loosed his stock, and one shifted his wig;
One sank his forehead and snored like a pig,
But the Sergeant still sat tight and trig,
A-watching the widow of Sedgemoor,
In his duty to King James.

Till a sudden fury shook the man,
And "Woman!" he cried, "was this your plan,
To draw our wits in the cider-can,
The drugged cider of Sedgemoor,
You friend of the rebel James?
For this your vile conspiracy
I swear you shall hang, all four!" said he,
"Mother and sons on one gallows-tree,
With your three sons from Sedgemoor
That fought for the rebel James!"

She tacked the board with her hand, and said:
"Carl thy men if thee ool! Theer they lie, half
dead;

But Sergeant, you've kep' a zober head
In spite of the liquor of Sedgemoor

That never paid nought to King James!
So take my three big lads if thee durst!

But thee must fight their mother wurst,
For the children dear that my hosom nurst,
My three sons from Sedgemoor
That fought for the kind King James."

He drew and struck, but she leapt aside
And caught the steel in her tender side;

"Coom hither; my three strong sons!" she cried,
"For the sake of the true King James!"

Then Jeremy sprang from the chimney-flue,
Jan from the flour rose ghastly to view,
And right and left the faggots flew
As Ebenezer of Sedgemoor

Fell on the men of King James.

But when the sopers lay tied and bound,
Like calves arow on the market ground,

Then the brave mother showed her wound;
Ah! the brave mother of Sedgemoor
That died for the rebel James!

And "Niver fret for your Mammy!" said she,
"ror the Lord God hath had mercy on me,
And He've took my life for the lives of my three,
My three children of Sedgemoor

That fought for our kind King James!"
—Edward Sydney Tyce, in *The Spectator*.

Comptroller Metz of New York is about to
make a strenuous effort to collect \$75,000,000
of special franchise taxes, long overdue from
corporations.

Over 1000 tons of asbestos have been
mined from a deposit discovered last year
on the Island of Cyprus.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

A prominent newspaper laments that the short story of action is no longer written. "It seems to be the rule," said the scribe, "that nothing should be allowed to happen. There is page after page of words . . . but that is all. Nothing done, nothing doing! The characters breathe, they think, but how seldom, oh, how seldom, they act." It might be thought that breathing and thinking would reasonably be placed under the head of actions, and if the thinking is to any purpose, if it is fresh and original and sincere, it is even worth recording in the short story. Perhaps we have gone too far upon the other tack and must now experience a wholesome reaction, although it must be admitted regretfully that the average short story is just as lacking in thought as in action. But may be the intention is there, based upon a recognition that thought and sentiment, the head and the heart, are the most engrossing of all human topics. Fact and action we can get from the newspapers, but their mental source is the proper domain of fiction.

Wroth, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The authors are to be congratulated upon a story of unusual intensity. It requires indeed no ordinary courage to depict such passion as that of Juliana and to force the picture upon our acceptance.

Juliana, the English wife of the aged Conte di Belgiojoso dei Vespi, finds herself accidentally introduced into the midst of one of the periodic and blasphemous revelries at Hurlay Abbey. Her distress awakens the chivalry of Lord Wroth, whose natural nobility of mind and soul has been well nigh submerged by a desperate dissipation and debauchery. While Juliana is watching by the deathbed of her husband in Italy Lord Wroth is informed by his attorney that he must either take a wife within the course of a few days or lose the fortune left to him upon that condition. With the memory of the supposedly unattainable Juliana burned hopelessly into his memory and in consonance with his reckless and daredevil character, Lord Wroth publicly advertises that he will marry the woman who best pleases him and who will present herself at the New Tavern, Tunbridge Wells, on the following day. Juliana, whose husband is now dead, has come to England, unconsciously attracted by the memory of the man who chivalrously defended her at Hurlay Abbey. She sees the notice and, heavily veiled, presents herself among the crowd of wretched women who gather at the inn and among whom she recognizes her half-sister, a light-of-love actress who is willing enough to establish herself by marrying a lord. Amid a scene of wild hilarity Wroth makes his choice, and of course it is the actress, but Juliana persuades her to change places and, still heavily veiled, she herself marries Wroth, secretly signing the register in her own name and then relinquishing her husband to the frail beauty who caught his fancy at the tavern. For the unraveling of this strange situation the reader must be left to the story itself. That the authors succeed in winning our sympathy for Juliana and in compelling our admiration for Lord Wroth under conditions that seem to preclude either is nothing short of a *tour de force*. The plot is indeed one of audacity from beginning to end, and that it is sustained so successfully is due to exceptional energy and skill. The authors are to be congratulated upon a remarkable and successful story, equal to anything that has come from their pen.

Ganton & Co., by Arthur Jerome Eddy. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

There ought to be material in Chicago for a good romance, and even the stockyards might be twisted into the service of art. But so far the work has not been done. Novelists of the Western metropolis seem to be fascinated either by the sordid greatness of its industries or by the domestic excesses of its magnates. Surely there is a middle ground of average humanity in Chicago with something worth the attention of the romancer. But we are not helped to find it.

Ganton & Co. is a strong story, but it is unlovely. There is hardly a single character worthy to be remembered. The young packer, Alan Borlan, does indeed fight the labor leaders with chivalrous valor, but that is all we know about him. Mr. Ganton is a marvel of brute intellectual force, rough, tempestuous, and uncultured, who has built up a vast business by methods now unpopular. There is something pathetic in his gradual surrender to the cancer that slowly saps his strength while clinging despairingly to the belief that his "stomick's all upset," but it can hardly be called a moral. We were inclined to like his wayward young son Will, who has a human love for pleasure, until we find him at dinner "bolting his glass of water in great gulps" and learn that his hands are large and finger nails short and stubby. We had hopes, too, of his other son, John, who is a student and therefore despised by his father, but the

last page shows us John seated at his father's desk, picking up the threads of the business and squaring his shoulders to continue the ugly trade. The women are even worse. We could tolerate them if they were actively bad, but they are simply useless, mercenary, heartless. They have not even the dignity of vice. Those who want to know how the packing trade is carried on in Chicago, the infamies of the labor leaders with whom strikes and lockouts are matters of sale and barter, will find them here, and set forth with unusual vigor and comprehension. But "*Ganton & Co.*" is not a work of art, because it leaves us where it found us. It gives us a glimpse of a commercial inferno and it leaves us without a suggestion of better things and without a single recollection that is not dreary and depressing. The book is interesting, because it is faithful and true and strong. Probably it is a photograph of conditions, but an artist would have touched it with the imagined beauty of things unseen.

Long Odds, by Harold Bindloss. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is one of those rare stories that increase knowledge and send us away in permanent possession of new facts and theories. There are five chief characters, each one drawn to the life and each one a type. There is Armsgill, who comes from a life of poverty and menial toil in the interior of Africa to find himself in possession of a fortune and that Amy Ratcliffe, whom he meets with her mother at Grand Canary, is willing to resume her engagement to him. Amy herself is of the conventional type, and in affairs matrimonial she has that kind of vice called prudence. Then there is Benicia, the daughter of the Portuguese commandant, splendidly beautiful and easily touched by a self-sacrifice that has lain outside her sphere of experience. The two remaining figures are Father Tiebout, a French Catholic missionary, and Nares, a Protestant medical missionary, heroic souls who endure deprivation and misery in full assurance that somewhere and somehow the soil of the dark and cruel continent will bear a harvest.

"*Long Odds*" is practically a story of adventure, but its picture of the enslaved degradation of the east coast of Africa is terrible in its fidelity. The trader Lamantine on his deathbed, and stricken with something like penitence, has exacted a promise from Armsgill that he will rescue the native girl who was his mistress and who has fallen into evil hands, and also that he will care for a party of negro boys who have been stolen. He accomplishes the double feat only after three journeys to the interior with his life in constant danger from his enemies and supported by the heroism of his missionary friends. The effect of his extraordinary self-sacrifice upon his betrothed and upon Benicia is finely told, and there are in fact very few stories that are so striking a combination of action and sentiment beside coming with so much force as a message from one of the darkest corners of the earth.

The High Adventure, by Hugh De Selincourt. Published by John Lane, New York.

We are introduced to four young men, rather commonplace and of the earth earthy, who live together in a bachelor establishment in London. The author's object seems to be to show us how a colorless and mediocre character may be redeemed by contact with a striking personality and by the power of a pure love. Bernard Linnell is the only one of the quartet who interests us. The others might indeed be dropped out of the story, except as reminders of Linnell's starting point. A casual introduction brings Linnell into contact with two men of striking intelligence and of an original and lovable girl. Under this inspiration we see him gradually unfold mentally and morally, shaking off the inertia of an existence without aim or ambition. Marriage becomes the coping-stone of a remarkable awakening, a process sketched by the author with much skill and with some disregard to *les convenances*. "*The High Adventure*" is a book well worth reading by thoughtful people.

The Sense of the Infinite, by Oscar Kuhns. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

That human consciousness is but a dim reflection, or even re-reflection, of a cosmic consciousness of unimaginable scope has been a favorite theory of the mystics of all times. Plato speaks of it as of a fact known to himself, while Emerson seems constantly to struggle with an inability to put his knowledge of it into words. Indeed, so vast is the literature of the subliminal consciousness, or by whatever name its periodic discoverers may be pleased to call it, that the author must have used considerable self-control in his handling of it. Indeed, he admits the excision of large departments of his subject, such as "Oriental Mysticism," although perhaps it would be hard to find much mysticism that is not Oriental. At least, it is only in the Orient that we find any definite claim to an exploration or a charting of the consciousness that lies above the normal.

But the book is a useful one, because it is both careful and sincere. The author tries to

show some of the part that has been played by the sense of the Infinite not only in the reflections of philosophers, but in literature and in the great religious movements of the world. He seems to suggest that there have at all times been men who have known something of the superhuman consciousness or, to quote Emerson, of the "sublime vision" that "comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body," and to have impressed some of the resulting energy upon the thought of their day. His treatment of Platonism, of the Renaissance, and of the Pietistic Movement is admirable in every way, and we may well hope to hear more from an author who has so eminently the faculty for diligent and diffident thought and research.

Hilary on Her Own, by Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

Hilary Forest, weary of country life and the humdrum effort to make both ends meet, decides to go to London and to earn her own living as a secretary. After a struggle with her family, she gets her own way, and with five pounds and some letters of introduction

in her pocket she starts for the metropolis. The story of her adventures is amusingly told, but the young woman who would follow Hilary's example would do well to be a little less pert and a little more conventional. Prominent physicians rarely fall in love at first sight with young women seeking secretarial employment, and to start upon such a theory would spell disaster. The story, moreover, is somewhat marred by the introduction of well-known characters under a disguise that even a detective could penetrate. The mixture of fact and fiction is inartistic and confusing, but the story is really engrossing and is not one that will be left half-read.

Coffee and a Love Affair, by Mary Boardman Sheldon. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This is a charming little sketch of an American girl who goes as governess to the family of a cotton planter in Columbia, and meets many delightful people. The narrative is in the first person, it is full of delicate humor and incidentally it puts us on terms of speaking acquaintance with the coffee industry.



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DUSTIN FARNUM'S "SQUAW MAN."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It is scarcely to be expected of an American dramatist that he will turn out realistic pictures of the English aristocracy disporting on its native heath. But it is rather a pity that he attempts such a feat.

The society chatter in the first act of "The Squaw Man" sounds something like the hahhle of idiots. One grows alarmed, foreseeing a whole evening of suffering. But "The Squaw Man" is the sort of play that steadily improves during the progress of each act. The first is hopelessly, irredeemably, had. And, it may be added, Dustin Farnum fails to outshine the act. Handsome though he is, he is no drawing-room ornament. He has no more social ease and lightness than a wild western buffalo. His accent is crude, his voice unmodulated, his acting unwieldy. His renowned good looks call plaintively for the shadow of the cowboy hat. His legs ache for chaps. In fact, as a society ornament, this masculine beauty of the plains is distinctly all abroad.

But—soft you, now—things look very different in the next act. Captain James Wynnegate, who seems to be several kinds of a complete and accurately proportioned fool, has migrated to the plains under the shadow of a large, ugly cloud which rightly appertains to his cousin, the Earl of Kerhill. Jim is chivalrous—with the chivalry of fiction—and saddles himself with a blasted reputation, in order that his cousin-by-marriage, Diana—or Dianer, as Dustin Farnum calls her—shall continue to live unhappily with a titled rascal whom she does not love.

Now wouldn't that jar you? Please 'scuse slang, but really, only flippancy will do justice to the occasion. One simply can not take this sort of thing seriously.

However, Jim Carston, as Captain Wynnegate calls himself during his new life on the plains, simply must be saddled with a seated sorrow, and Edwin Milton Royle, the author, takes this one, *faute de mieux*.

In the second act we are introduced to cowboyland and cowboy types. There is some stuffing in this act, but the picture is amusing and tolerably interesting, until real, active drama dominates the scene, with the coming of the ever-womanly. Then the interest is at once tremendously enhanced.

Nat-u-ritch, the Indian girl, who ultimately becomes the wife of the squaw man, is a picturesque conception, because the author has been consistent, and bestowed upon her the humble reticence of her kind. She utters, if I remember aright, not more than half a dozen words during the play, but her admirable crime, her silent, dog-like devotion, and the relation she bears the unfortunately chivalrous squaw man, all lend to her figure a dignity and an interest, a significance, which make for dramatic strength.

Those are the qualities lacking in the character of Diana—rather uninterestingly indicated by Mary Conwell—who is merely a cog-wheel in the dramatic machinery of the first act, and a good deal of an excrescence in subsequent ones.

The story is not her story, nor is the tragedy any one's but Nat-u-ritch's. The problem of the Indian woman can only be solved by death. So Nat-u-ritch pays, and as the curtain falls upon Tahyvana slowly hearing the limp corpse of the heret little mother, one feels a sense of the profound solemnity that should accompany tragedy.

It really amounts to a salute to the ability of the dramatist, who, in spite of the foolishness and chatter of the first act, created a striking and moving situation and awakened feelings that were gratifyingly remote from the superficial sentiment inspired by Diana and Jim's blighted loves.

The play is very uneven in merit, being a curious mixture of artifice and realism. The cowboyisms in the second act, and the irruption of the English party and the American tourists into the Long Horn saloon are of the stagey stage. But every now and then Big Bill, or Tahyvana and his interpreter, or Bud Hardy, the sheriff—four rôles which were perfectly played by Messrs. Deyo, Lewis, Paul, and Frederick—brought a breath of intense reality upon the scene.

Dustin Farnum, who was distinctly away out of the picture in the first act, dispelled all seise of disapproval when he made his picturesque appearance in the second. He is so spectacularly good-looking and he has naturally such a guileless expression—no one with that guileless countenance could ever hope to

be an all-round good actor—and he was in appearance so particularly well fitted to carry a romantic story upon his broad shoulders, that he was at once forgiven all his sins of omission and commission. One of the latter, by the way, is putting too much black on his eyelids. Another is too much monotonous embracing of the little half-breed son. Well, I am not sure. Perhaps that is the fault of the author. At any rate, there was too much of it, for I am quite sure that a healthy, active, half-Indian child of the plains would have rebelled and escaped with relief from those hot and choking caresses long, long before the scenes in which he figured were ended.

The play is put on in good style, all the details being so carefully worked out as to tend to the desired illusion. On Monday night, however, there was something radically wrong with the make-up of the child, the Indian complexion stain being smudged upon him so disfiguringly as to make the unconscious youngster look like a mangy monkey.

Dustin Farnum, by the way, perpetrated a speech. It was stigmatized as "punk" by the facetious youth who murmured, "A good system," when Tahyvana stolidly recommended the squaw man to kill his wife if she failed in humility and obedience.

Well, it was. But I don't think that lessened Mr. Farnum's popularity with the audience, that was metaphorically clapping him to its hosom because he was young and good-looking, and dark-eyed, and had an even line of white teeth showing through parted lips, in an open, artless, engaging smile of unaffected, hoyish pleasure over his reception.

He is disarmingly handsome, is the ex-Virginian, and big and childlike and lumbering, but I'll wager that if it were not for his *beaux yeux*, and his athletic figure, and the aforesaid white teeth, and a few other accessories, he would not be drawing a very fancy salary as an actor.

Blanche Arral's Concert Again Postponed.

Manager Greenbaum gives notice that he deems it advisable again to postpone the Blanche Arral concert, rather than have the artist appear when not at her very best. While she has entirely and absolutely recovered from a serious illness, she is still weak. The positive announcement is made that she will sing with the grand orchestra Sunday afternoon, October 25. She could have sung this Sunday, but it would have been necessary to make the programme lighter, and this the artist did not care to do, as she wants to give the public her very best. The same programme will be given and the same seats still hold good.

Manager Greenbaum says: "If any one who attends Blanche Arral's concert at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 25, does not feel that it was well worth waiting for, I will cheerfully refund his money after the concert."

The shawl was originally not a woman's garment exclusively, for the Scotch Highlander has his tartan plaid, and the men of northern Italy still wear a cloak which is very little more than a shawl. There can be no question that the shawl is more useful and more picturesque as an article of attire than the close-fitting coats both men and women now wear. The shawl could in case of emergency be used to protect two persons, or to wrap a child in, or as an extra bed-covering; its fashion did not change every three months, and it could be used and passed down in the family until it was worn out. Nowadays the only time when such articles are used is when people are making an ocean trip or traveling in Europe. "Traveling rugs," which are nothing more nor less than men's heavy shawls, are extremely "English," and for travelers they are considered very proper and desirable—but outside of a steamer, train, or carriage, no one who cares for what people will say would be seen with one.

Some years ago, at a session of the legislature of Kentucky, an effort to repeal the law offering a bounty on foxes' scalps was made, but was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely settled region. "Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tone and overspreading his rugged countenance. "We are all Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens. I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure; and there ain't nobody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it. So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law, you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefit of hearing the gospel preached; that's the way it looks to me!" The law was not repealed at that session.

The government treasury continues to run behind. September revenues fell about \$3,000,000 behind those of a year ago, while expenditures were \$4,400,000 larger. This turns a surplus for the month last year of about \$3,000,000 into a present deficit of about \$4,000,000.

Pictures Whose Painters Are Dead.

Taking for its text the fate of a girl bearing the name of a dead painter renowned in Europe and America whose works sell at constantly increasing prices, while she earns her living by selling programmes in a circus, the *Journal* proposes a scheme for insuring artists against losing forever the fruit of their efforts. The paper suggests the formation of a society for the protection of artistic property which the government shall empower to collect for a certain number of years for the artist's benefit a percentage of the price every time a picture or sculpture is sold.

This society is to be on similar lines to societies which collect authors' fees on every new edition of a book and every production of a dramatic or musical work. The *Journal* says the society should keep a perpetual catalogue in which every artist for a small fee may enter each of his works with a minute description thereof. The society is to place its stamp on every work thus entered. An additional safeguard against forgeries is thus formed.

The idea is well received by the presidents of the new and old salons and other artistic societies. They believe the plan would make it as easy to follow the wanderings of a picture or a statue as a story or a musical piece.

The Lloyd Scott Travel Talks.

"Egypt," one of the most interesting countries in the world, will be the subject of the Lloyd Scott Travel Talks at Christian Science Hall for the school children's matinee this Saturday, and in the evening "Ireland" will be given. Mr. Scott's Irish lantern views were colored at the Duhlin Art School and are done in oil colors; most lantern views are water colors.

Next week the talks will be given in Oakland at Maple Hall, Monday evening, "India"; Wednesday, "Japan"; and Friday, "Russia." "Egypt" and "Ireland" the following week.

"To storage of Irish giant—£200" is a strange entry which appears in the books of the London and Northwestern Railway Company. The giant, whose chest measurement is six and a half feet, and who is presumably petrified, lies in a stone coffin which is more than twelve feet long at the Worship-Street goods depot in London, whither he was removed from Broad Street some years ago. He first came into the possession of the company about thirty years ago, when he was consigned from Manchester, and since then he has been in Chancery. Tradition says that he was found in County Antrim by a Mr. Dyer, who, after exhibiting him with profit in the north of England, entered into partnership with a showman named Kershaw. The partners disagreed, and the giant was sent to London, where Mr. Kershaw obtained an injunction to prevent his removal from the company's care. Since then all the parties to the legal proceedings and the judge who granted the injunction have died. The company is not inclined to disturb the giant, but in case a legal claim should be made for him it will charge the successful claimant for its tender care of him.

An application for a license to open a tobacco bureau has brought to public notice in France a forgotten war heroine, Mme. May, who in 1870 distinguished herself in a series of daring exploits. She was born in 1844 near Le Mans and was living at Metz at the time the war broke out. She offered her services as a scout and was accepted. At first she drove about the country in a cart, and after some time adopted masculine attire, which would permit her more easily to move about among the soldiers. Her cleverness in avoiding detection, as well as her courage, was soon recognized, and she was charged with carrying important dispatches to the furthest outposts along the frontier villages, which exposed her constantly to the risk of being caught and shot as a spy. She was, in fact, captured one day as she was carrying three important messages through the enemy's lines to the commander of the besieged forces at Thionville. She was searched by the Germans, who, to their honor be it said, treated her most decently and sent her away free, but with strict orders not to cross their lines again.

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LAST OF FERRIS HARTMAN

The Mirrhful Musical Delight

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Monday, October 19

SECOND AND LAST WEEK

The Distinguished Star

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THE SQUAW MAN

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October 26—"CHECKERS."

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GRAUSTARK

Or "Love Behind a Throne"

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Following the successful week's run of "The Sign of the Cross" at the Valencia Theatre will come a production of "Graustark," the famous romance by George Barr McCutcheon, dramatized by Miss Grace Hayward. The play shows how the fortunes of the young queen, Yevive of Graustark, were affected by the visit of a young American to the kingdom, and it contains many romantic situations. Willette Kershaw will have the rôle of the queen and Robert Warwick will be the adventurous American. With the adequate support ensured by the personnel of the Valencia company, and the elaborate and beautiful settings for the play which the management never spares, the production should be a notable one in every way.

Dustin Farnum will continue another week at the Van Ness Theatre in "The Squaw Man." The play and the company are reviewed at length in another column.

At the Princess Theatre this week "The Ameer" is being presented in a very attractive fashion. In many particulars it surpasses the best of former productions of the piece, and especially in the strength and brilliance of the chorus. Ferris Hartman is distinctly good in the star part, once done by Frank Daniels. Of the two comedians, almost anybody would prefer to see Hartman as the Ameer. His facial gymnastics may not be so unintermitting or so grotesque, but he acts with some show of enthusiasm, and has never yet attempted even an imitation of Daniels's familiar condescension and air of wearied indifference. Arthur Cunningham, who has come to be a master of make-up, is a picturesque and consistent Blakjak. Sarah Edwards is well suited in the music of her part, and sings with effect. Christina Nielsen was obliged to assume the leading feminine rôle at short notice, on account of the illness of Sybil Page, and acquitted herself most creditably. Walter de Leon's jester was only fairly well done; it might have been made to yield handsomely.

Next week, the last of Ferris Hartman's engagement, that merry musical farce, "The Office Boy," will be given. It abounds in pretty music and comedy situations and will give good opportunities to all the favorites. As it will be a good-bye week for the company which has long entertained the public delightfully, the audiences will undoubtedly be large throughout.

A notably good bill is announced for next week at the Orpheum, beginning with the matinee performance Sunday. Lyster Chambers and Clara Knott in an intense sketch, "The Operator," will be the head-line attraction. It tells a thrilling story of railroad life on the Nevada desert. Redford and Winchester are two clever burlesque jugglers fresh from European triumphs; La Petite Mignon, a remarkable mimic who has just returned from a successful tour abroad, will give imitations of Marie Dressler, Eva Tanguay, George Cohan, Anna Held, Fritzi Scheff, Eddie Foy, and other celebrities. McPhee and Hill, aerial artists, will present a novel act called "The Clown and the Tired Man." Next week will be the last of Theresa Renz in her equestrienne act, the Jupiter Brothers, illusionists, and Gracie Emmett and company in "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband." It will also conclude the engagement of that eccentric musician, Gennaro, and his Venetian Gondolier Band.

The great racing play, "Checkers," played by Hans Roberts and others of the original cast, will follow "The Squaw Man" at the Van Ness Theatre.

On Monday evening, October 26, Kolb and Dill, supported by their Eastern company, will begin an engagement at the Princess Theatre in "Playing the Ponies."

Zoe Barnett, who has just completed nearly a year's engagement as comic opera soubrette at the Princess Theatre, with especial successes to her credit in "Wang," "The Belle of New York," and many other musical comedy offerings, is said to have accepted a contract with an Eastern firm of managers.

Grace Van Studdiford's appearance in "The Golden Butterfly," the new comic opera written for her by De Koven and Smith, did not provoke the critics to raptures of praise. The initial performance of the piece was in Washington, D. C.

The star of Daniel Frohman's second company in "The Thief" is Miss Helene Wilson, daughter of Robert Wilson of San Francisco. Miss Wilson is a recent graduate from a school of acting and is only twenty-two.

Co-Operation Publishing.

It is rather singular to note that several of the big firms of English publishers are adopting cooperative methods. If a large and costly book is to be produced, it is becoming quite customary for several firms to combine over it. They have their printing, binding, art work, and all the mechanical processes done as a joint undertaking, and the publish-

ing revenue is "pooled" on behalf of the several firms lacking the book. This is not exactly new, as it was quite customary in the early Victorian age, but it is rather surprising to see this form of cooperation cropping up again. In one way it is a decided advantage. Instead of one publisher who may wish to bring out a work in a very handsome style finding it beyond his means to do so, he may get several other firms interested in the venture, and by thus combining a fine hook can be produced.

It must be admitted, however, that it is not wholly to the best interests of the author, for where so many divisions of profits enter into the transaction the author is likely to be forgotten. Another thing bearing on the remuneration of authors is this: Where a hook is published in very handsome style by several firms the original cost of production leaves only a narrow margin of profit for the author. These cooperative methods are usually at present confined to publishing books in a long series, and the method has not been applied very extensively to the works of one author, except in the case of one or two collected works.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Richard Burton, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota, has three new books—essays, verse, and fiction—to be published by Little, Brown & Co. The novel, called "Three of a Kind," is just from the press.

Austin Brereton's "The Life of Henry Irving," described as the authoritative biography of the actor-manager, is nearly ready for publication by Longmans, Green & Co. The work, which will be issued in two large illustrated volumes, has been written largely from material supplied by Mr. Irving, and aims to give a complete account of his life, together with his various theatrical ventures.

William Winter's book of reminiscences is among the Moffat, Yard & Co.'s publications. It is devoted to the author's recollections of the famous actors with whom he has come in contact during his long career as a dramatic critic. It bears the title, "Other Days: Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage."

Professor Ernest Francisco Fenellosa, the educator, author, and Orientalist, died in London September 21 of angina pectoris in his fifty-fifth year, leaving the manuscripts of a number of works on Japanese and Chinese art. These are to be edited and published by the widow, who is now on her way from England to the family home, Kohinata, Spring Hill, Alabama, and who is herself the author of two novels, "The Breath of the Gods" and "Truth Dexter," as well as a book of verse. Mrs. Fenellosa's pen name is Sidney McCall.

New Publications.

"The Whispering Man," by Henry Kitchell Webster, is a detective story with a plot so ingenious that we are inclined to forgive both improbabilities and an occasional faulty elucidation. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

To the Life Stories for Young People Series, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have been added "Arnold of Winkelried," "The Duke of Brittany," and "Marie Antoinette's Youth," all by George P. Upton. The price of these books—and there are now twenty in the series—is 60 cents each.

The Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published "Ye Butcher, Ye Baker, Ye Candlestick-Maker, Being Sundry Amusing and Instructive Verses for both Old and Young, Adorned with Numerous Woodcuts," by Robert Seaver. The verse is good and with a modern moral, while the illustrations are whimsical. Price, 50 cents.

"My Auto Book," by Walter Pulitzer, is a sort of diary for the automobilist. The alternate pages are record blanks for the "Date of Run," "Those in the Party," "Places Visited," "Distance Covered," and "Special Incidents," while "Killings Can Be Omitted." The other pages are devoted to clever illustrations, and jokes. The book is published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.

The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young Series, published by Duffield & Co., New York, now contains "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Henry V.," and "Twelfth Night." The plays are based on Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," the type is large and clear, and the illustrations dainty. Cloth, 80 cents net; limp lambskin, \$1 net.

"The Beckoning Heights," by Phoebe Fabian Lecky, is a successful story of the South. The Nunnery is an old Virginia home, haunted according to popular rumor, but Patsy Grigsby, who comes to live in her ancestral home, will have none of such superstitions. Patsy is indeed a charming creation, and the success of the story is due as much to the author's thorough knowledge of her subject as to a happy facility in conveying it. The book is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, and the price is \$1.50.

Beatrice Fine-Anna Miller Wood Concert. One of the most interesting concerts of the season will be the joint recital of Beatrice Fine, soprano, and Anna Miller Wood, contralto, at Christian Science Hall next Thursday evening, October 22. It was a happy idea of Manager Greenbaum to combine these two artists at one concert, thus giving an opportunity for hearing some delightful and rarely heard duets. Both of these artists

have won places for themselves in the East, and they leave for their homes shortly after this concert. The prices are 75 cents and \$1, and the seats will be ready Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. There will be a dozen novelties on the programme.

Dustin Farnum is to be starred later in the season in a play by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap," called "The Spitfire."



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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Roosevelt is probably the only lady in the country who, with full means to do what she likes in the adornment or rearrangement of her residence, must none the less accept the will of another and remain passive in all those matters of household management that are so dear to the feminine mind. When Mrs. Roosevelt returned to the White House a week or so ago she found everything precisely as she had left it. This does not mean that there could be no improvement upon perfection, but simply that the White House interior is in no way under her direction. It depends upon the will, first of all, of Congress, and then of Colonel Charles S. Bromwell, a young engineer who is in charge of the establishment and whose word "goes" in all matters of decoration, repair, maintenance, and alteration. The question of the White House comes before Congress every year, and it is for that august assembly to say whether alterations or repairs are necessary and whether it is simply a question of maintenance. Congress is, of course, guided by Colonel Bromwell, but whether Colonel Bromwell himself is wholly independent, whether he is adamant against the wishes of the first lady of the land, must of course be left to the imagination. He is supposed to be stern, inflexible, and beyond the reach of blandishment, but then so few of us are quite what we are supposed to be.

But the fact remains that Congress has provided nothing for the White House during the present year except maintenance. That means nothing more than the word implies. Discolored paint may be renewed and repairs may be effected, but nothing new must be bought and no money must be spent in alterations or in moving things about from one room to another. The new paint is the same color as the old, and when the workmen have finished they have done nothing that will arrest the eye. There may be a general effect of freshness, but there is no effect at all of novelty, and this must be a grievous trial to the housewife who delights in those salutary changes that are not without their mental effect upon herself and her family.

The New York World points out that next year there will be a new first lady of the land in the White House and that Congress in providing only for maintenance this year has doubtless remembered that fact and has reserved its generosity to welcome the new mistress. Colonel Bromwell in submitting his estimate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, set the figures at \$30,000, or \$15,000 more than the current year. That means that \$15,000 will be at the disposal of the new mistress next summer:

During the first year of a new family in the beginning on July 1 must all be passed before March 4, a mere nod from the new first lady of the land, if she has any particular idea of how things should be done, will be sufficient to get more money for her, even if her husband has not been inducted into office. With \$15,000 to start with, the new first lady will be able to get new dishes if she does not like the kind used by the Roosevelt family, and probably have the wall coverings in several of the rooms changed. In a pinch it might be made to cover the cost of a few bits of furniture to take the place of the ugly stuff in the east room.

The settees in that room look exactly like the rattan covered seats in a summer car with the backs taken off, the only difference being that the legs of those in the east room are covered with gold leaf, while the street-car seats are merely painted yellow.

During the first year of a new family in the White House the cost of new furniture and maintenance runs up to about \$1000 a week. That includes nothing in the way of wages for the attendants or light. That expense is borne on a separate roll; but as the cost of lighting the White House is carried in conjunction with the cost of lighting the very extensive grounds and the streets surrounding the house, it is impossible to tell just how much it costs to keep the home of the President of the United States habitable.

The exact relationship between a political constitution and feminine attire is not evident at the first glance, but it seems to be none the less true that emancipation in Turkey applies to the women quite as much as to the men. Harem life, while by no means a thing of the past, has at least been robbed of many of its historic features, and the rules of seclusion, if not abolished altogether, have at least been measurably relaxed. The veil will not quite disappear, but it will be thinner and more transparent, and to raise it will no longer be regarded as a proof of female depravity. Very few Turkish ladies have ever been away from the place they were born in; a few have got away, and under the old régime would not have been allowed to return, but now that is all changed, and in future wives will go abroad when their husbands are sent.

The present dress will only undergo a slight modification. Instead of the shapeless out-of-door cloak, the Turkish lady can now wear well-fitting dresses, or jackets and skirts, and be as smart and trim as her European sisters in public, but she must not wear a hat yet, and her head will be entirely enveloped in a sort of hood attached to the neck of her dress or coat, and made of the same material as her costume. The women will no longer be kept shut up in a closely shuttered house on a hot summer's day. They even already go about in open carriages and are to be seen

enjoying themselves on the water in the afternoons and evenings.

But does any one suppose that Turkish women will be happier than they were before? They are now fairly on the road toward the nightmare called civilization, and before long they may even have suffragette clubs and be fully initiated into the system of trial marriages which prevails here under the protection of our divorce laws. So far as we may judge from reliable accounts of harem life in Turkey, the lot of the married woman in Turkey seems to be by no means unenviable. Domestic concord is the rule rather than the exception, and the interests of the woman are protected as much by the law of the land as by the kindness and indulgence of the husband. The Turkish woman is now very much in the position of her progenitor Eve when she left the Garden of Eden, except that Eve was driven forth, whereas her descendant has gone voluntarily. Her emancipation may lead to ultimate wisdom. There is a possibility of it, but her progress thereto will be a painful one.

The French government imposes a tax upon billiard tables and is therefore well informed as to the number existing in the country. It seems that the number is steadily decreasing. In 1894 the treasury returns showed that there were 95,000 throughout the whole of France, but this year the number is only 89,000. The treasury naturally laments this fact not through any enthusiasm for a fine game, but because its diminution implies a loss of revenue. Motoring, of course, is laid under contribution, as it is everywhere else in civilization, but golf is so far immune. The turn of the ancient and royal game may, however, come in due time, as no possible source of revenue is likely for long to escape the attention of the French government, especially if it concern the wealthy classes, and so we may yet find that golf clubs, halls, and even caddies will be laid under contribution to make up for the shrinkage in the billiard receipts.

Another curious item that reaches us from Europe is to the effect that pingpong threatens to resuscitate itself. If this fell game should really come to life again in Europe, it is to be hoped that a rigorous quarantine will be declared against it in all American ports. Pingpong is a weak imitation of lawn tennis and deserves to be denounced if only because of its degraded name. Now, there is much to be said for tennis. It requires skill of no mean order, it needs strength and agility, and it is played in the open air. But pingpong has none of these things to recommend it. It is not even necessary to walk around the table, while all the skill that can be given to it can be acquired in an hour. It is, no doubt, a nice amusement for children on a rainy day, but as a game for grown people who would resent a charge of idleness it is simply beneath contempt.

The dog's tailor now issues his regular trade circular, and to one of these we are indebted for the information that a chic tailor-made mantle replaces last year's seal-skin jacket. The new mantle is specially designed to protect the dog's chest when accompanying his mistress in her carriage or motorcar. Fido's handkerchief is now carried in a little purse attached to the leash. The lady experts whose specialty is canine hairdressing have decreed that the Parisiennes' pampered pets must use the same perfume as their mistresses.

The jewelry most in request for aristocratic dogs this winter will be gold bracelets, ornamented with diamonds, attached to the fore legs. The collar is frequently enriched with precious stones. Footwear for dogs has been condemned, as it made the pets' feet look large. Smart motoring dogs are now provided with automobile goggles and hood to protect them from dust.

Sydney Brooks contributes to *Harper's Weekly* an interesting account of the enormous expense of fox-hunting in "the Shires," the name by which the best hunting district of England is known. "There are probably in the United Kingdom two hundred and thirty thousand hunters," he says, "that cost their owners originally not less than seventy or eighty million dollars, and that involve a yearly expenditure of at least forty. More than one hunt in the Shires spends fifty thousand dollars a year, and a great many spend over twenty thousand. A well-known master of the foxhounds has put the cost of maintaining a popular pack at two thousand five hundred dollars a year for every hunting day. The compensation funds, the wages and clothing of the horsemen and whippers-in, the grooms, and the kennel-men, and the expenditure on forage and meat for horse and hound, when added together make it appear probable that the direct outlay on fox-hunting is hardly less than fifty or sixty million dollars a year."

Although the fox is so much in demand in England, he is afforded no protection by the law. Any one may kill a fox whenever and wherever he finds him, and although the hunting men will gnash their teeth and think unutterable things, their rage will be entirely impotent. As a matter of fact, foxes are very seldom killed in England, even when they are caught in the chicken roost, but their

immunity is due to calculation and not to sentiment. Every villager knows that he can get double value for every chicken whose death can be laid at the door of a fox, and the evidence of the dark deed need not be too conclusive. The farmer's boy knows where the fox den is to be found even better than the huntsman, and a refusal to pay, and to pay liberally, for damage done would simply result in the ruthless extirpation of a litter of cubs that would provide sport for a season. So the huntsman simply pays up and tries to look pleasant, and when the farmer hears the fox at his fell work in the henhouse he simply turns over in bed and thanks Providence for an opportunity to sell his hens without taking them to market and at a price far beyond the current figures.

The London managers have been interviewed on the subject of the matinee hat. All of them gladly admitted that the majority of ladies who go to afternoon performances now take off their hats, and most of them do so of their own accord. All the theatres now in some way remind ladies that it will be for the comfort of every one if they do not wear their hats during a performance. Ladies have generally responded to such appeals. Some offenders, however, will not be influenced by any persuasion, and seem to enjoy a play more if they have the knowledge that by keeping on their hats they are preventing others behind them from seeing the stage. One manager went so far as to say that it was coming to be considered "had form" for a lady to be seen wearing a hat in a theatre. "When it becomes a mark of vulgarity," he added, "you may depend upon it that the matinee hat is doomed."

The woman who knows most about the inner life of European courts is the Honorable Charlotte Knollys, who has been Queen Alexandra's most intimate friend for many years, and who is now accompanying her majesty on a round of visits to the Scandinavian courts. Daughter of the king's private secretary, Lord Knollys, she has grown up in the royal household and her position at court is

unique. She is the only person outside the royal family who may enter the queen's household without invitation. Her majesty reposes the greatest confidence in Miss Knollys who possesses a passkey which opens all the queen's jewel safes. When the crown jewels disappeared from Dublin Castle the queen's comment was: "I shall really have to offer to lend Miss Knollys to Lord Aberdeen (the viceroy) to mind his jewels, for I am perfectly certain no one would ever touch them if she were in charge." Miss Knollys acts as the queen's private secretary, handling all her correspondence. With the royal children she is a great favorite, and is known to the young princes of Wales as "Auntie Knollys." It is one of her duties to escort the children when they have to travel with out their parents.

Professor Gustave Eherlein, the famous German sculptor, whom the Kaiser sent to New York to investigate art conditions there grows eloquent on "America's living object of art—women. The great esteem in which woman is held in America, and the beauty that distinguishes the American woman above all her sisters, has led America's greatest artists to devote themselves principally to portrait painting," said the professor to an American correspondent. "The majority of these portrait painters studied in the French school—only a few follow in the footsteps of Sargent, the greatest painter America has produced. There is no more fascinating panorama in the world than a New York opera house, its boxes filled with gorgeously dressed women. How gracefully they throw their many-colored wraps over chairs and sit enthroned like princesses! In the United States woman has reached the zenith of perfection. No nation in the world can compete with America as to female beauty. I call them living objects of art, for each is a most beautiful expression of art, with her nobly formed head proudly poised on white shoulders framed in precious stones and lace. She is gowned as no queen ever dreamed of being gowned, and has the hair of a goddess, incomparably rich and of all enchanting tints."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Samuel Gompers, in a recent speech said that he felt that it is possible for a politician to speak well of everything, and said that he was reminded of a customer in a very untidy chop house in Syracuse. The guest picked up a soiled bill of fare and looking at it, said: "By Jove, what an excellent idea! Samples of the various dishes glued to the menu!"

At the convention of the Irish race last month in Dublin, two speakers, who had come from the United States, contributed the following sentences in the course of their speeches. One of them, in giving some details of personal history, informed his hearers that "he had left Ireland fifty-three years before, a naked little hoy, without a dollar in his pocket." Said the other: "Until last week, I had never set foot in the land of my hirth."

The minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A laborer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked, "Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawhath, an' this is only Wednesday night."

A costermonger, while trundling his apple-laden cart down a London street, was run into by a coaching party. The coster's cart got the worst of it, losing a wheel, and its ruddy freight being scattered all over the street. The driver of the coach came back to settle for the damage, and expected to come in for a volley of choice cursing. But the coster looked at his cart, looked at his apples, looked at the coach, and finally gasped out: "Guv'ner, dere eyen't no word fer it!"

While walking in South Audley Street, one afternoon, Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse met a stalwart heggar, whom Gosse refused to aid. Stevenson, however, wavered, and finally handed him a sixpence. The man pocketed the coin, forbore to thank his benefactor, but, fixing his eyes on Gosse, said, in a loud voice: "And what is the other little gentleman going to give me?" "In future," said Stevenson, as they strode coldly on, "I shall be 'the other little gentleman.'"

Father Vaughan, the London priest who has achieved notoriety, is said to have, in addition to his more deliberate rhetoric, the art of putting wisdom into a pointed phrase, which is the definition of the brightest wit. Often his irony is very quick and flashing. Once, when he was being shown a portrait of Henry VIII by Holbein at Trinity College, some one asked him what he would do if King Harry stepped down from his frame. "I should ask the ladies to leave the room," was his instant reply.

Congressman Francis W. Cushman of Washington some time ago had occasion to visit one of the noted physicians at the national capital and was compelled for many weary minutes to cool his heels in an ante-room. Finally, his patience becoming exhausted, he summoned an attendant, to whom he said: "Present my compliments to the doctor, and tell him if I am not admitted in five minutes I shall get well again." The physician found it convenient to admit Mr. Cushman at once.

Representative Cushman of Washington came to Speaker Cannon with a letter written by the Speaker himself. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I got this letter from you yesterday and I couldn't read it. After I studied it quite a spell I showed it to twenty or thirty of the fellows in the House, and, between us, we have spelled out all the words except those last three. We can't make them out. I want to know if you won't translate those last three words?" Uncle Joe took the letter and studied it. "Those last three words that stuck you and everybody else," he said, "are 'personal and confidential.'"

In a New England village a man lost a horse one day, and, failing to find him, went down to the public square and offered a reward of \$5 to whoever would bring him back. A half-witted fellow who heard the offer volunteered to discover the whereabouts of the horse, and, sure enough, he returned in half an hour, leading him by his bridle. The owner was surprised at the ease with which his half-witted friend had found the beast, and on passing the \$5 to him, he asked: "Tell me, how did you find the horse?" To which the other made answer: "Waal, I thought to myself, where would I go if I was a hoss; and I went there, and he had."

It is not strange that the young lawyer congratulated himself when he married a young woman of exquisite mind—a thin, big-headed girl in spectacles. A friend from the East

was introduced to the lady one night, and later on the bridegroom said to him: "George, what do you think of her?" George puffed thoughtfully on his cigar. "Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, she isn't much to look at, is she?" The husband's face fell. "Ah, hut," he said eagerly, "what a mind she has! Externally, perhaps, she isn't all that could be desired, hut within—ah! George, she has a beautiful mind." George smiled. "Then have her turned," he said.

Long after the death of the elder George Grossmith the British income tax commissioners sent to the son, the well-known actor, a notice assessing the income of the deceased at \$10,000. Mr. Grossmith returned the document to the proper quarter, with the following note written across it: "I am glad to learn my father is doing so well in the next world; \$10,000 is a great deal more than he ever made in this. Kindly forward this notice to his new address, and remember me affectionately to him."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Unlimelit.

While great men and others are making more history By means of the usual secrets and mystery, The plain humble householder gets his hands history By cutting the grass in the dusk.

While all through the starlighted night sounds the ringing Of harmony grand as the chorus is singing, The plain, humble householder still is hy-jinging!— He can't get the baby to sleep.

Oh, work of the world that's so great in the viewing, From art down to politics, via some brewing, Oh, think not that you are the only thing doing— There's a whole lot of chores right at home. —Indianapolis News.

A Boxful of Mint.

Some one has sent me a boxful of mint, With the smell of the dew and the green of its glint, The dream of a spring at the foot of a hill, A willow-ook spreading its shade o'er a rill: A boxful of mint from the valleys of dawn, With the breath of the blossoms of Eden thereon!

Some one has sent me a boxful of green, With the spear-hloom all regal in purple-soft sheen; An odor of gardens, old gardens of song, Where roses recline and the daffodils throng: A boxful of mint from the shores of a stream Where harefooted Summer sits down in her dream!

Some one has sent me a whiff of the shine And the green of the vales that are sweethearts of mine; A glimpse of bright meadows, a gleam of sweet lane, And a heart in the land of the lilies again: A boxful of mint, full of dreams running over, With lilac and rose and the honey-sweet clover!

It sits on my desk, and I see o'er its brim The spring by the hill with the green round its rim; The trees in their glory, the flowers in their grace, And love in the door with a smile on her face: A boxful of mint—and good luck to the lass As I hruise the green joy on the brink of my glass! —Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore Sun.

The Laughing Hyena.

The Laughing Hyena meanders at night, Equipped with a ravenous appetite. He hasn't the will nor the skill for to kill His food for himself, so he wanders until A lion or leopard comes loping that way, And he follows behind till they fall on their prey. Then lingers, a grin, near the gruesome arena, In hopes they will share with the Laughing Hyena.

He frequents the places where lions foregather— And if one so much as remarks on the weather He cries, "What a hit!" and he laughs fit to split, Till the lion begins to believe he's a wit, And gains such a taste for applause, that, alack, He keeps the Hyena close by for a claque. (I've met many lions who claim that no keener A critic exists than the Laughing Hyena.)

This sycophant habit obtained such a hold, That once at a funeral 'twas not controlled; For he laughed and he laughed, and he chaffed the giraffe, Till the relatives rose in the widow's behalf, And they said: "All the funeral trappings are here And we guess there is room for one more on the bier." And every one claimed that they seldom had seen a More impromptu corpse than the Laughing Hyena.

My child, if you find you're acquainted with folks Who laugh very hard at your silliest jokes, With a thin sort of grin 'em before you begin— Be sure a Hyena lurks under their skin. And if you are wise you will plan their demise Ere the smoke of their incense has blinded your eyes. —Burgess Johnson, in Everybody's Magazine.

The African chieftain shook his head haughtily. "The duce," he said, "with your red calico, glass heads and brass wire. You shall not cross my country, Theodore, unless you pay me my own price." "And what may that be?" asked the intrepid hunter. "Half a dollar a word for every line you write."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Teas, both large and small, have marked the last week or two, and a number of others are scheduled for the coming month. Several of the debutantes are to be presented within the next three weeks, and the pretty buds are the chief topic of interest just now. Engagements are in the air still and there will be a few expected announcements before October ends, it is said.

The engagement is announced of Miss Geraldine Baggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Baggs of San Rafael, to Kernan Robson. Their wedding will be an event of next month.

The marriage of Miss Julia Currey, daughter of Mrs. Montgomery Currey, to Mr. Guy Reginald Bolton of New York took place on Thursday of last week at Trinity Church, Boston. Miss Alice Gilkie was the maid of honor and Mr. J. Stearn of New York was the best man. Their future home will be in New York.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Sheehan, daughter of Mr. John R. Sheehan of San Francisco, to Mr. Forbes J. Hennessey took place in New York on Wednesday of last week. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Hennessey have sailed for Europe, en route around the world. They will make their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin White Newhall will entertain at a large tea on Saturday afternoon, October 24, at their new home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of their debutante daughters, Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall.

Mrs. William Boericke will entertain at a tea on November 6 at her home on Washington Street, at which her debutante daughters, Miss Ruth Boericke and Miss Dorothy Boericke, will be formally presented.

Miss Erna St. Goar will entertain at a tea on October 20 in honor of Miss Anna Weller.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood will entertain at a dance on Friday evening, October 30, at Century Hall, in honor of her two debutante granddaughters, Miss Dorothy Chapman and Miss Avis Sherwood.

Miss Laura Baldwin will be the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of next week in honor of Miss Ruth and Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained at a large tea on Saturday last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her niece, Miss Harriett Alexander, who was formally introduced to society, as was also Miss Elizabeth Woods. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. A. P. Scheld of Sacramento, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Lorraine Irving Scott, Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. William Henry Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Sidney Cushing, Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Emma Grimwood, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Vera de Saba.

Mrs. John C. Wilson entertained informally at luncheon in the St. Francis last Saturday, her guests being Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, and Miss Virginia Jolliffe.

Mrs. George L. Cadwalader entertained at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of her sister, Mrs. Orville C. Pratt.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt entertained very pleasantly at luncheon in the St. Francis last week, her guests being Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jolliffe, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Mrs. Will Magee.

Mrs. Gerald Rathbone was the hostess at an informal tea on Friday of last week at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Orville C. Pratt (formerly Miss Emily Wilson).

Mrs. Wallace Bliss was hostess at a prettily appointed luncheon at the St. Francis Saturday afternoon, the guests afterward attending a performance of "The Grand Army Man" at the Alcazar. Those present were Mrs. L. E. Sprague, Mrs. H. W. Gray, Mrs. Walter E. Sabin, Mrs. Gertrude Cowles, Mrs. A. E. Cornwall, and Mrs. George Prentiss.

Mrs. A. Walter Hewlett entertained at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week at her attractive apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Frank Symmes entertained at luncheon in the St. Francis the other day in honor of some of the distinguished visitors to the Transmississippi Commercial Congress. Among the guests were Mr. Marsden Manson, Mr. John Barrett, Colonel Loveland, and President Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, Lloyd, William, Gordon, and Lansing, came down

from their country place at Tahoe and, after a few days' stay at the Fairmont, are at their Burlingame home for a month before going to their Bakersfield ranch for the winter.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen, who has been abroad for the past year, returned to San Francisco on Wednesday of last week and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Charles P. Eells has returned from a sojourn of several months' duration in New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock have closed their home at Lake Tahoe and have returned to town.

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N., retired, Mrs. Clover, Miss Dora Clover, and Miss Beatrice Clover, who have been at their country place in Napa County since the early summer, came to the city on Monday last and were guests at the St. Francis until Thursday, when they left for their Washington, D. C., home. They will leave shortly for some months' travel abroad.

Mrs. William H. Crocker sailed from New York last week for Europe, where she will visit her sister, Princess Poniatowski.

Mrs. C. G. Hooker and Miss Jennie Hooker left on Saturday last for a stay of some weeks' duration on the Atlantic Coast.

Miss Florence Breckinridge has returned to her home in Menlo, after a brief stay in town.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale and Miss Marie Oge have returned to their home in San Rafael, after several months' travel in Europe.

Mrs. C. B. Brigham is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Kempf, at Annapolis, and will be joined there in the near future by Miss Kate Brigham, who went recently to San Rafael to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock.

Mr. William Duncan has arrived from his home in Illinois and is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, in Ross Valley.

Dr. William E. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins, who had been at Bad-Nauheim for some time, have arrived in Paris to remain a few weeks before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury left on Friday of last week for the East. Mrs. Pillsbury will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, in Boston, until the holidays.

Mrs. A. P. Scheld of Sacramento has been in town for a week as the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and Miss Hazel King sailed from New York on Thursday of last week for Italy and will spend an indefinite period in travel on the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall will come to town this week from their country place at Burlingame, but will leave shortly for a month's visit to New York.

Miss Marguerite Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron left on Saturday last for New York and will sail shortly for England, to remain a year. They will be joined later in the winter by Mrs. Barron, who is now a guest at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln, who have been at their country place at St. Helena during the summer, are again at their home on Scott Street.

Miss Florence Dunham and Miss Marian Miller will leave in January for Europe.

Mrs. Camilo Martin, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Miss Hyde sailed for Europe on Thursday last and will spend most of the winter in Egypt.

Miss Ethel Dean has returned from a visit to friends in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt have returned to Chicago, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., in Arizona.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker arrived last week from New York, where she has been visiting since her return from Europe.

Mrs. William Casey and Miss Ruth Casey, who are in New York, will spend the winter in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, who have spent the summer in Ross Valley, have returned to their home on Broadway.

Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt was in town for several days last week as the guest of the Misses Rodgers.

Mrs. Haldimand P. Young, who has been spending some time as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, will sail for Manila on the November transport.

Dr. Arnold Genthe has returned from a stay of four months in Japan.

Dr. F. R. Odella and wife, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Graves, all of San Francisco, spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Among the representatives of "The Service" at Del Monte are W. H. H. Chapman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chapman, F. F. Ryer, U. S. A., and J. W. Pickering, U. S. A.

Arthur Stedman, the younger son of the two sons of Edmund Clarence Stedman, and the only one living at the time of the poet's death, passed away on the 16th of September. He was forty-nine years old and a Yale graduate of '81. The greater part of his life was spent in New York, in which city he died. He was an industrious literary worker, and wrote much for newspapers and magazines. He was of much assistance to his father in the preparation of the "Library of American Literature."

At the Hotels.

Among recent registrations at Hotel St. Francis are the following: Lieutenant C. T. Griffiths, Fourth Infantry; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pissis and Miss Ethel Pissis; Mrs. A. M. Easton, Burlingame; Captain H. P. Gray, Denver.

Among recent registrations at the Argonaut Hotel are: Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stickney, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lowe, Redwood; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Loftus, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Earl Lee, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tibbets, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McCarty, Newport, Pa.; Mr. G. S. Adolph, Los Angeles; Mr. J. R. Sheppard, Paris; Mr. J. C. Wilson, London; Mr. Felix Richardo, Madrid.

Among recent registrations at the Fairmont are: Mr. F. W. Rollins and Mr. Douglas Rollins, Concord; Mr. E. McGinn, Mrs. F. Gibbs, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. G. C. Phinney, Mr. W. C. Phinney, Mr. A. A. Phinney, Mr. Charles T. Huston, Mr. Frank Pierce, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Justus Latterman, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brown, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Virgil G. Bogue, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Yancy, Mrs. E. G. Snow, Mr. and Mrs. Channing W. Pennoyer, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Scofield, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Barry, Chicago; Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. A. W. Foater, San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hale, Sacramento.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Mr. J. J. Haviside, Mr. C. J. Stoeval, Mr. S. H. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Landry C. Babin, Dr. W. H. Morton.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mrs. J. W. Goldstein, Mrs. W. Blackwell, Mrs. J. J. Crawford, Miss Emily Ferguson, Mr. Harry Everett Gates, Mr. and Mrs. William Cronan, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Marshall, Miss Amy Brown, Miss J. C. Cottrell.

The following are among the San Francisco registrations at Del Monte: Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Ayers, Mr. T. H. Kline, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Paxton, Mr. Hazlett L. Patron, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Pertz, Miss Page, Mr. James McHorn, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Barry, Mr. Allan Dunn, Mr. R. E. Warfield, Mr. Frank Mathieu, Mr. W. H. Robinson, Mr. Oscar L. Frank, Mrs. William Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crim, Miss Grace Crim, Mr. John J. Craffrey, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Peixotto, Mr. M. D. Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Merry, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Houhhan, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Norton, Miss Lola Davis, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. James Gresen, Miss Lydia Gibbons.

In September, Mme. Yvette Guilbert will appear at the Coliseum, London, and later in the year there is a possibility that she will be seen at one of the West End theatres in an English version of MM. Bison and Thurner's comedy, "Mariage d'Etoile," the adaptation having been prepared by Mr. Edward Knoblauch. It was in this piece that Mme. Jeanne Granier made such a hit in Paris a few weeks ago. The story deals with a young man, betrothed to the daughter of an actress, who eventually falls in love with the mother.

A large number of harmless snakes are now sold as pets, and, strangely enough, the majority of purchasers are women, remarks a London paper. The demand for small monkeys such as marmosets is on the decrease.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Colonel Frederick A. Smith, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A.; Colonel Walter S. Schuyler, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Robert R. Stevens, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Henry B. Moon, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A.; Major Reuben E. Turner, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A.; Major Frank R. Keefer, Medical Department, U. S. A.; Major Samuel W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Major William M. Wright, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A.; Major George W. Melver, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Major Harry C. Benson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., were ordered to report to the commanding officer, Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, for the purpose of undergoing the test in horsemanship, which they are taking October 16, 17, and 18.

Colonel William A. Simpson, adjutant-general, U. S. A., adjutant-general of the Department of California, has returned from a brief visit to the manoeuvre camp at Atascadero.

Colonel George L. Anderson, Coast Artillery Corps, acting inspector-general, U. S. A., inspector-general of the Department of California, has gone to Fort Stevens, Oregon, for the purpose of making the annual inspection of that post.

Colonel George H. Torney, chief surgeon of the Department of California, will return in about a fortnight from Washington, D. C., where he is on duty as member of an examining board for the promotion of officers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert R. Stevens, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has been announced as chief quartermaster of the Department of California, relieving Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., assistant to the chief quartermaster, from further charge of that office. Colonel Stevens was ordered, in addition to his other duties, to take charge of the office of the chief commissary of the department, during the absence of the chief commissary at the manoeuvre camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Beechemin, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Medical Supply Depot in New York and is ordered to proceed to the Philippines via San Francisco for duty.

Major Henry L. Roosevelt, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. M. C., is relieved from duty with the Army of Cuban Pacification and directed to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report to the commandant of the Marine Corps.

Major John T. Knight, General Staff, U. S. A., has been detailed as an observer at the camp of instruction at Atascadero Ranch.

Major George W. Melver, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been ordered upon the completion of special duties to join his proper command.

Major James M. Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has, in addition to his other duties, assumed charge of the office of the chief surgeon, Department of California, during the temporary absence of the acting chief surgeon.

Captain Arthur Valentine, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Washington Barracks, D. C., and to report in person to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that post for observation and treatment.

Captain Samuel D. McAlister, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, who was ordered to report in person to Brigadier-General William P. Hall, adjutant-general, U. S. A., president of a retiring board in Washington, D. C., for examination by that board, has been found incapacitated for service and retired by that board.

Captain William S. Scott, Quartermaster Department, U. S. A., has been relieved from construction work at Fort Mott and Fort Dupont, and has arrived at San Francisco and reported to the depot quartermaster in this city for assignment to duty as his assistant and as assistant to the general superintendent, Army Transport Service.

Captain Campbell E. Babcock, U. S. A., has been relieved as assistant to the depot quartermaster, and will sail on the transport *Sheridan* as quartermaster on November 5.

Captain Henry B. Clark, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty as disbursing quartermaster at Portland, Oregon, and will then proceed to Fort Ward, Washington, to assume charge of construction work at that post.

Captain P. W. Huntington, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from his present duty and ordered to sail from San Francisco about December 5 for the Philippines, where he will report to the commanding general for assignment to duty.

Lieutenant E. W. McIntyre, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, has been ordered to command the *Active*.

Lieutenant F. W. Osborne, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Milwaukee* and or-

dered to the *Wyoming* as senior engineer officer.

Lieutenant George C. Rockwell, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Assistant Surgeon H. W. B. Turner, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Naval Medical School Hospital, Washington, D. C., and ordered to course of instruction, Naval Medical School.

The One Hundred and Sixtieth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Department of California and is ordered to proceed by rail to Fort Stevens, Oregon, in time to arrive there November 3.

It was undoubtedly Goethe (writes a correspondent of the *London Chronicle*) who fixed the spelling of Mephistopheles's name for us. Previously it had varied with the taste and fancy of the speller, Marlowe, for instance, giving us a choice between Mephistophilis, Mephostaphilis, and Mephostophilus. The original spelling of the "Faustbuch" of 1587 is Mephostophilis. Some have seen in this two Hebrew words, meaning destroyer and liar; but Greek also has its adherents in this matter. Assuming that the last part of the name is connected with "philein," to love, the "Mephisto" has been variously identified as "me" (not) and "pbos" (light), as "nephos" (cloud), or as "mephitis" (noxious exhalation). It is impossible to decide; they were so loose with their use of Greek in former days. Did not the chemist Von Helmont make "gas" out of the Greek "chaos"? and an age which could trace the Latin word for woman—*femina*—to a combination of "fe" and "minor" (because woman has less faith than man), would be like Habakkuk—capable of anything.

A method of invisible writing which is said to have been largely used by prisoners for secretly communicating with their friends has been discovered and disclosed by Professor Gross of Germany. Take a sheet of common writing paper, moisten it well with clear water, and lay it on a hard, smooth surface, such as glass or stone, etc. After removing carefully all air bubbles from the sheet place upon it another dry sheet of equal size and write upon it your communication with a sharp-pointed pencil. Then destroy the paper upon which the writing has been done, and allow the wet paper to dry gradually by exposure to the air. When dry not a trace of the writing will be visible. But on moistening the sheet again with clear water and holding it against the light the writing can be read in a clear transparency. It disappears again after drying in the air, and may be reproduced by moistening repeatedly. Should the sheets be too much beated, however, the writing will disappear, never to reappear again.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How badly he looks?" "Yes; he's living on health foods now."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Londlady—You will either have to pay what you owe or leave. Slowpay—Thanks. The last place I was at they made me do both.—Stray Stories.

Mrs. Gallamer—Isn't Mr. Grabbenstacker a ladies' tailor? Mrs. Plummeram—Not exclusively. Mrs. Ruudam is one of his customers.—Brooklyn Life.

Briggs—Even divorce, nowadays, offers no sure relief. Griggs—How so? Briggs—Why, in nine cases out of ten a man is free to marry again.—Life.

First Toiler—My doctor ordered me to drink beer for insomnia. Second Toiler—Can't you sleep, then? First Toiler—Only at night.—Windsor Magazine.

Asked when he was married, the colored citizen replied: "All I know, sub, is dat it wuz des w'en she 'lowed she'd git me—ter de minute!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Pat—I hear yer woife is sick, Moike? Mike—Sbe is thot. Pat—Is it dangerous sbe is? Mike—Divil a bit. Sbe's too weak to be dangerous any more!—New York Sun.

Mr. Howard—Isn't it wonderful wbat force Niagara has? Mrs. Talkmuch—Marvelous! Do you know, when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak.—Brooklyn Life.

Jasper—Whenever a great man dies, Longhair writes a poem about him. Rasper—Well, I must commend his consideration in not writing it before the great man dies.—Boston Globe.

"Where do you work, my good man?" "In a powder factory." "Mercy! What a hazardous occupation." "O no, mum. I seldom meets any automobiles on my way to or from work."—Puck.

Howell—Rowell thinks he is the whole thing. Powell—Yes, if he leans against a post for a few minutes he has the idea that the post couldn't stand without him.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Papa what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully to see if his wife is within hearing)—A safety match, son, is when a bald-headed man marries an armless woman!—Short Stories.

"Very well, sir," cried Dr. Kwack, after his quarrel with the undertaker, "I'll make you sorry for this." "What are you going to do," sneered the undertaker, "retire from practice?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mayme—I hate these affectionate girls. Lucie—Why, I always thought you were one of them. Mayme—Well, anyway, I don't want Jane Jones to kiss me after she's been eating onions.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Angry Mother—You've got an awful nerve to ask me to give you back your ball when you nearly killed one of my children with it. The Boy—Well, ma'am, you've got ten children and we've got only one ball.—Chicago Tribune.

Lady Gnest—What are all these notches in the motor door, cut in a line? Mrs. Pannard—Just a fad of Jack's, my dear. Every time he runs down a man he cuts a notch—the way those Western bad men did on their gunstocks, you know.—Puck.

"Say, Bill," said the burglar to his pal, "this paper says we overlooked a package of bills amounting to \$1000." "Aint the depravity of the rich something awful?" replied

Bill. "Trying to deceive that way. I seen them bills. They wasn't even receipted."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!" "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Overheated Policeman (to medical gentleman who has been called to a bathing accident)—Sorry you've had the trouble of coming for nothing, sir. We tried artificial perspiration on the poor fellow, and he's all right now.—Punch.

Trotter—When young Biffkins left college a few years ago, he declared he was going to forge his way to the front. Did he make good? Homer—As a forger, yes. He's now occupying a front row cell in the penitentiary.—Chicago Daily News.

"A public official must be unflinching about laying down the law." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "one of the great difficulties is that an official occasionally gets confused. Instead of laying down the law he starts in throwing down the law."—Washington Star.

The rebellious angels had just been cast out of heaven. In the swift downward flight Lucifer overtook Beelzebub. "What's troubling you, Bub?" he called. "An old problem," answered the future foot fiend, between somersaults—"Where are we going this fall?"—Philadelphia Record.

"Ab," said the candidate, "this is Farmer Whiffletree's place, I believe. And you have just celebrated your golden wedding, I understand?" "Golden wedding nuthin'," was the response. "I've just been sued for \$10,000 wuth of breach of promise. You've got your card index mixed."—Washington Herald.

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir," began the tramp, "because people told me you was very kind to poor chaps like me." "Indeed?" said the genial, white-haired old man. "Are you going back the same way?" "Yes, sir." "Ab. Well, just contradict that rumor as you go, will you? Good morning."—Milwaukee News.

"I tell you," went on the old lady at a hotel, getting quite angry, "I won't have this room. I aint going to pay my money for a pigsty, and, as far as sleeping in one of them folding beds, I simply won't do it." The boy could stand it no longer. "Get on in, mum," said he, with a weary expression on his face. "This aint your room; it's the elevator."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There is a place near Glasgow, Scotland, where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago, some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad, when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers, and, from his position on the inner side of the inclosure, began a somewhat personal conversation. Inmate—Hard work that! Laborer—Troth an' it is. Inmate—Whit pay dae ye git? Laborer—Sixteen bob a week. Inmate—Are ye mairrit? Laborer—I am, worse luck!—and have six children. A pause; then: Inmate—I'm thinking, ma man, ye're on the wrang side o' the fence.

An English minister was once visiting the Bishop of Derry when there were two or three other clericals in the house. One morning, one of the parsons being late for breakfast, the bishop sent another brother of the cloth to go and see what detained him. In a few minutes he returned with the information that the delinquent had cut himself in shaving, and was then audibly damming his blood.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Nullity, Farce, and Scandal.

Men and brethren of San Francisco, the *Argonaut* invites your attention to an article from the *Los Angeles Times* printed in its full text on another page. No citizen of San Francisco with a fair understanding of our affairs and with a true sense of his civic responsibilities can read this article without the feeling of chagrin and shame. Literally, it holds before us a mirror in which we may see pictured that which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of every citizen of San Francisco who loves his home and who respects himself. The *Times* article is not pleasant reading; none the less it needs to be read, that we may see our situation as it presents itself to others and that we may take counsel among ourselves of an abuse and a scandal which is devitalizing our community spirit and making the very name of San Francisco a byword and a reproach.

It is now two years and more since the so-called graft prosecution, upon presumptions of high moral purpose,

began its operations. And yet not one guilty man is in prison or apparently in the way of going to prison. For all its high pretensions, for all its vaunted achievements, for all its disturbance of social and business conditions, for all the distress it has created, for all the bitterness and enmity it has engendered, for all the enormous sums of public money that it has wasted, for all the scandal it has brought upon San Francisco, it has accomplished nothing—absolutely nothing.

The failures of the prosecution make a record grievous enough; but more grievous still is another record made up of things which the prosecution has done. It would be a labor painful and futile to recite the wretched story in its details; it is sufficient merely to glance at the outline. First, there appears a fraudulent profession of public and moral purpose as a mask and shield for private malice; and upon this dark background there is traced a record which in its sinister aspects is hardly more than matched by the black career of Ruef and Schmitz in the heyday of their power. We need only refer to the grant of immunity to eighteen confessed boodlers, to the assumption of autocratic powers over the affairs of the city through a body of criminals retained in office for this purpose and bribed to subservience, to the elevation of two paroled criminals to the nominal mayoralty, to the alliance of the prosecution with such political and moral powers as rested in its hands with an iniquitous industrial strike, to the grant by the prosecution through cringing and corrupt officials of \$720,000 out of the municipal funds for a socialistic street-car experiment, to the publicly declared sympathy of the prosecution with murder and anarchy, to the shameless trafficking with Schmitz and Ruef for "evidence," to the signed and sealed secret contract of immunity with Ruef, to the gross dealing with Ruef by threats and cajolements for testimony suited to the purposes of the prosecution, to the corruption of courts, to the subornation of witnesses, to the policy of pretense and falsehood, to systematic false accusation, to threats of violence, to the story grows long, and we break from it when only half way through a list of things so gross that the pen halts for weariness and shame.

In view of the record made by the prosecution, alike in what it has done and in what it has failed to do, there need be no confusion in any mind, no mystery as to causes and reasons. At the beginning the opportunity was all that could have been wished. The criminality of those who had debauched San Francisco was plainly apparent and the evidences of wrong-doing, legal and moral, were available. A course of straightforward integrity upon the basis of an honest purpose would have carried the prosecution to a success unmatched anywhere. If there had been honesty of motive, honesty in method, the purpose to do right with the will to do right, with no private and malicious aims and no deviation from the line of legitimacy and morality, the names of Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney—and that of James D. Phelan, too, for he would have come out of hiding long ago if the weather had been fair—would have had a high place among patriots, not only of their own day, but of permanent history. The failure is due to those courses above outlined in part, through which the prosecutors exhibited their malice, their meanness, their false purpose, their bogus character. As they proceeded from one act of presumption to another, public respect fell from them, and there was speedily lost to them that power without which no work founded in moral pretensions can ever be translated into achievement.

Let nobody imagine that the blunders and crimes of the prosecutors developed through inadvertence. Again and again and still again Messrs. Phelan and Spreckels and Heney were cautioned and even implored to cleave fast to the line of integrity and legitimacy. There are thousands who have not forgotten that the *Argonaut* week after week held up to the prosecutors pictures of

what would surely come through departure from the line of legitimacy and honesty. Again and again while yet there was time to correct mistakes that had been made, to reestablish the prosecuting operations upon a straightforward basis, the *Argonaut* pointed out the inevitable consequences of things being done and pleaded with the agents of the prosecution for a course of simple honesty. The prosecution can not plead in justification of its course that it went wrong through lack of friendly bidding or through the failure of calm and sober and discreet counsels.

No principle which governs in the affairs of men stands more definitely fixed than this, namely, that great social movements require personal agents in harmony with their own spirit and character. Grapes are not gathered from thorns nor figs from thistles. Cheap and dishonest men, however fair their pretensions, however fortunate their opportunities and beginnings, do not carry to success projects which call for sincerity of purpose, plain integrity, and unyielding moral resolution. There is in the simple right of things, in the capacity to follow a plain, straight line of moral duty, a power which may move mountains. But neither Mr. Phelan nor Mr. Spreckels nor Mr. Heney, nor all of them together, with all the aids at their command, could summon and hold this simple power. The fault was in many forms. They were not honest in their purposes; they were not fair or straight in their pretensions; professing every virtue, they none the less aimed at sinister ends; they proceeded by devious and gross ways; when they encountered obstacles and difficulties, left integrity and honor and decency behind them; in the sequel they lost the respect of everybody and found themselves where they stand today, publicly and privately reprobated as men having within themselves no saving grace of that character which deserves, commands, and sustains public and private respect. They have failed not because the way was not fair before them and the means at their hand, but because they were not morally and intellectually qualified for the great task of regenerating a city. The pity of it is that in their failure San Francisco sees the collapse of hopes to which her highest faith was once pledged and which at home and abroad have stood associated with her civic honor.

Even at this late day there is no reason why the prosecution of criminals, high and low, responsible for the debauching of San Francisco should not proceed successfully. True, immunity has been granted in many cases under circumstances that would make it difficult to take the back track. But there is no reason why the more important figures associated with the shames of the Ruef-Schmitz régime should not yet be brought to punishment. The guilty men are here; evidence against them is available; there still remain courts which are not besmirched. Any honest prosecutor of reasonable legal capability ought not to find the least difficulty in convicting Ruef and Schmitz and possibly others. Our penitentiaries are full of men condemned upon testimony not more abundant or damning than that at the hands of the prosecuting office in San Francisco. The *Argonaut* ventures to declare that any fair-minded, respectable, straightforward prosecuting attorney drawn from any one of fifty-six California counties—leaving out San Francisco—would be able to send Ruef and Schmitz over the bay in thirty days.

The reasons why the graft prosecution as it is now organized can not do it are plain enough. The head and front of this prosecution in its legal phase is Francis J. Heney, than whom there is no more discredited figure in California outside the penitentiary. Putting aside his career in Arizona, considering only what has been developed concerning Mr. Heney in the past two years, we have a complete answer to all inquiries as to why the prosecution has failed. The history of the graft cases demonstrates that Mr. Heney is no lawyer, that he is incapable of drawing indictments

that will hold or of so conducting a case in court as to protect the record against fatal legal errors. His pettifoggery, court-room manners, his braggadocio, his challenges to fight, his threats to shoot and to main, his vulgar tempers, his hectic rages, all stamp him as a ruffian, disqualified by lack of legal knowledge, lack of self-control, and by a gross ill-breeding for association with any moral movement and for contact with gentlemen. Even when he has succeeded tentatively through connivance with witnesses and judges in winning a case, in the sequel it is inevitably lost because he makes a record which the higher courts can not sustain. The most charitable view of Mr. Heney is that he is a wild man, one upon whose small mind vanity and malice unrestrained have wrought pitiful ruin, but the common opinion of him and one not unjustified by his own acts is that mentally and morally he is a vulgar pretender and a shameless fraud. This is the common judgment, and we have evidence in an incident of last week that it is the special and particular judgment of a man so fair, so poised, and so courteous as Associate Justice Henry Melvin of the State supreme court. When Judge Melvin declined to take the hand of Mr. Heney as one unworthy of recognition because a common and notorious liar, he did as every honest man is bound to do under similar circumstances. True, there are still those so blind and deaf to fact and reason and so dense to moral considerations as to apologize for Mr. Heney even where they can not approve. We see them in politics, in pulpits, and even in university chairs. Shame upon those who pretend to the character of teachers and leaders who lack either the wisdom to detect moral obliquity or the courage to act upon moral conviction!

The so-called graft prosecution, fraudulent and ineffective thing that it is, is going headlong to its collapse. The miserable record in the pending Ruef trial—if a procedure so extraordinary may be called a trial—illustrates the complete breakdown of the powers of the prosecution. In two months' persistent effort Mr. Heney has found it impossible to impanel a jury. Week after week the futile labor goes on at prodigious cost to the tax payers and under circumstances of the gravest injustice to jurors already "caught" and held prisoners in the custody of the sheriff while Ruef himself freely walks the streets. Could there be a spectacle more shameful in the eyes of gods and men? If in two months Mr. Heney, with all the aids that the public bounty and a sympathetic court can give him, can not succeed in getting a jury, what possible hope is there that he can carry this case or any other to an ultimate and honorable success?

Long ago those with any real knowledge of the facts lost faith in Mr. Heney and abandoned hope of any satisfactory outcome of the graft prosecution while he remains its legal head. Long ago even those nominally and normally friendly to the prosecution grew tired of delays and failures. Now the whole public is wearied, disgusted, and ashamed with a procedure which has become a stench through its ineffectiveness, its exhibitions of evil temper, and its prodigious cost. Mr. Heney ought to get out of the prosecution. While yet there is time and opportunity which somebody might turn to successful account, Heney ought to redeem his record so far as he may by giving place to another and better man. Now as at the beginning the public is eager to see something worthy and decent come out of this prosecuting movement. Particularly the conviction of Ruef and Schmitz would be a righteous and universal gratification. But a long-suffering public which long ago lost faith in Mr. Heney has now lost hope in his power to achieve anything in these cases. It is time for him to get out, to give over a work which in his hands is a mere futility.

If Mr. Heney's interest were in the cause of the graft prosecution as distinct from himself, if his aim and intent were for public service as distinct from the gratification of an unworthy vanity, he would tomorrow resign a responsibility which he is powerless to carry successfully. No man knows better than he that whatever another might do, he himself can do nothing in promotion of the graft cases. He knows that the people of San Francisco are being taxed thousands upon thousands of dollars to sustain a procedure which under his hand is mere nullity and farce. He knows that the good name of San Francisco is suffering. He knows precisely what his duty is, and if he were a man and not a bluffer he would take the one course consistent with self-respect. Nobody expects him to take this course; he will persist as long as he can find standing room in a foolish and futile routine, no matter

what the cost, material or moral, may be to the long-suffering people of San Francisco.

Our Unsubsidized Sea Traffic.

A report to the effect that the Japanese steamship lines plying between this coast and Asia would shortly begin a "rate war" upon American shipping engaged in that trade has revived discussion of the proposition to subsidize American ships from the national treasury with the design of enabling them to compete with "foreign bottoms" now carrying the bulk of American commerce and threatening to monopolize the entire trade. The so-called "ship subsidy bill" was passed by the House of Representatives March 1, 1907, after eliminating the Senate provisions for payments to Pacific steamship lines. Fifty-two Republicans voted with the Democrats in opposition on the first roll-call. The bill passed the House by a vote of 155 to 144. The bill as amended went back to the Senate, where it failed to pass in the closing hours of the session because of the determined filibustering of its opponents. The original bill of this session, containing the subsidies stricken out by the House of Representatives, passed the Senate February 14, 1906. Wisely or unwisely, therefore, Congress has refused to assist American ships with money from the national fund in their effort to compete with the foreign carrying trade, and this enterprise is still further handicapped by the laws that confine the American carrying trade to American-built ships, refusing an American register to ships bought or built in foreign countries.

A very simple calculation will show that no reasonable subsidy by the American government to American ships, built in America and manned by American seamen earning the wages prescribed by the American unions, would suffice to place the American merchant marine on a footing of profitable competition with any foreign steamship line. Especially patent is this fact in the commerce of the Pacific. American labor can not, and would not if it could, compete with the labor of Asia in the operation of ships engaged in the carrying trade; to protect American industry it has been deemed necessary to encourage a wage scale for the production and manufacture of material for American ships far in excess of that paid to wage earners in any foreign country; a subsidy, therefore, in aid of American shipping interests would have to be sufficient not only to meet the subsidies of foreign governments to their ships, but it would have to be large enough to pay the difference of wages and the cost of material and equipment produced and manufactured under conditions with which the American producer and manufacturer can not compete.

A "rate war" by the Japanese, as threatened, ought to be a very safe proposition as far as that people are concerned. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha is virtually a government-controlled line, and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha is heavily subsidized by the government. In the event of a determination to monopolize the carrying trade of the Pacific, the Japanese government is prepared to increase its financial support to these and all other Japanese lines. The cost of operating Japanese ships is even less than that incurred in the operation of Lascar-manned British tramps; and all material and equipment is merely nominal in comparison with that required by American ships.

Until we are able to overcome these obstacles, or until we are ready to amend our laws to remove the prohibition upon the American ownership of foreign-built vessels, we may as well postpone the struggle for "the commercial supremacy of the Pacific" in this direction. Perhaps, after all, there is more of sentiment in the desire that the flag of the republic shall flaunt in every port than sincerity of purpose on behalf of the commercial interests of the country, which appear to be doing very well in spite of the lack of a dominating merchant marine. In 1906, for example, we built 650 steam vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 315,707 tons; and in 1907 we built 674 vessels of the same class aggregating a tonnage of 365,405 tons. There must have been sufficient incentive in our coast-wise trade at least to warrant this very perceptible increase. The total tonnage of the United States in 1907 was 6,938,794, which was only exceeded by that of Great Britain, whose "supremacy" in this respect began in 1860 when our merchant marine was brought to a standstill by the Civil War.

Our foreign trade has not suffered for want of American ships to carry it, as is shown by the fact that our exports of domestic merchandise for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, amounted to \$1,853,718,024, and our imports for the same period to \$1,434,421,425. And,

as far as the shipper is concerned, our struggle for the "commercial supremacy of the Pacific" is by no means hopeless, for the customs statistics show that in 1906 the imports through San Francisco amounted to a value of \$44,433,271, and the exports to \$39,915,269; in 1907 the imports aggregated \$54,094,570, and the exports \$33,026,664. The import value in 1906 through the Puget Sound cities was \$13,614,438, and the exports \$49,234,861; and in 1907 the imports were \$25,353,373, and the exports \$43,659,308. This is the trade that we are told the Japanese desire to monopolize. There seems to be no immediately practical or effectual method of preventing this monopoly if that is really the Japanese purpose. But it is equally plain that the profit of this commerce to the American exporter and importer will not be impaired by that contingency.

Exploiting the Public.

Whether rightly or wrongly, the general public of San Francisco believes that the complicated transfer system put into effect on the first of October by the United Railroads Company is designed not for promotion of public convenience, but rather for the public discomfort. It is believed that the United Railroads Company seeks to emphasize the stubborn attitude of the board of supervisors in the Sutter-and-Market Streets matter by making it necessary for passengers to and from the ferry to transfer from one car to another. Believing it to be the purpose of the street car company to strike at the board of supervisors over the shoulders of the public, there is everywhere protest and resentment—naturally so.

The people of San Francisco almost unanimously believe the board of supervisors to be both stupid and wrong in the Sutter-and-Market Streets matter. They believe that if there had been less pigheadedness and more common sense in the board of supervisors a way would have been found to accommodate the contention to the ends alike of public convenience and of common equity. The public has sympathized with the contention of the United Railroads to the extent of wishing that the board of supervisors had proceeded in better temper, in more liberal spirit, and with more careful regard for the convenience of those who pass between the ferry and the business centre.

But because the public has stood with the United Railroads in this contention it is not willing to be exploited by the United Railroads through its own inconvenience and with consequent development of the spirit of resentment on its own part. It does not admit the right of the United Railroads to strike at the board of supervisors over its own head. It does not consent to be exploited and victimized to the end that it may, in sheer disgust, enlist its energies in behalf of the street car company and against the board of supervisors.

Whoever within the management of the United Railroads Company devised the scheme of fighting the board of supervisors by first inconveniencing and then angering the public has done a very wrong, likewise a very indiscreet, thing. Regarded as a line of policy, it is in ignorance or in contempt of a fundamental principle in the promotion of public opinion. First of all, it violates the spirit of good faith; second, it puts the United Railroads in the attitude of itself disregarding the public convenience. Hitherto in the Sutter-and-Market Streets contention the public has felt the cause of the United Railroads to be that of its own interest and comfort; it has felt the contention of the supervisors to be in disregard of its interest and comfort. With the inauguration of the new and annoying transfer rules, the public believes that the United Railroads Company stands upon a precise level with the supervisors in calculations based wholly upon considerations of pure selfishness.

The *Argonaut* ventures to offer to the United Railroads Company a word of friendly counsel: Stand firm against unfair aggression in the Sutter-and-Market Streets matter. But within the limitations imposed by the board of supervisors do everything that may possibly be done for the convenience of the people who ride in your cars. Put yourself in good relations with the people by doing whatever you may for the public convenience in so far as the board of supervisors will allow you. Within your privileges make the adjustments of your service promote the convenience of the public. In the Sutter-and-Market Streets matter the board of supervisors is stupidly and grossly at fault. This, gentlemen of the United Railroads Company, gives you the moral advantage. By acts of reprisal so aimed as to strike the board of supervisors

through the public, you throw away this advantage. You put yourself on a level with the board of supervisors in this contention and incidentally you bring down upon yourselves merited reproach.

Another "Example" Under the Oregon System.

We have now, in accordance with a promise made last week, to deal with another situation illustrative of the workings of the direct primary in our neighboring State of Oregon. In June last an election was held under the primary law to choose members of a State legislature to meet in January next; and as usual in a State where the preponderance of Republican sentiment on any direct issue is heavy, the result was favorable to the Republicans. The legislature, due to convene at Salem in January next, will be made up of 90 members, of whom 74 will be Republicans and 16 Democrats; and a majority of the members of this same legislature, assuming to represent Republican ideas and opinions and wishing to see these ideas and opinions reflected in national policies, stand under definite pledge to vote for George E. Chamberlain, a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, to succeed Senator Charles W. Fulton, the Republican incumbent.

To make it clear how this anomalous situation came about it will be necessary to set forth in some detail the workings of the direct primary system in Oregon. There are no party conventions in Oregon. Any citizen who cares to do it may, by filing a notice of his candidacy, present himself for any office to the electors in the district wherein he lives. In the case of legislative aspirants it is provided that the candidate may file either of two formal pledges or none at all with respect to his votes for United States senator if it shall devolve upon the legislature within the period of prospective membership to elect a senator. The first of these pledges is officially styled "Statement Number One" and is as follows:

I further state to the people of Oregon as well as to the people of my legislative district that during my term of office I will always vote for that candidate for United States Senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a Senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference.

An alternative statement officially styled "Statement Number Two" and is as follows:

During my term of office I shall consider the vote of the people for United States Senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient.

The men who sought election to the legislature last spring were for the most part desperately eager, for one reason or another, to get into office; and with few exceptions they voluntarily pledged themselves under the provisions and in the terms of "Statement Number One." Nearly all the members of the legislature stand committed to the course prescribed by this pledge—to vote for the candidate for United States Senator who in the election preceding the legislative session (the same election in which the members of the legislature were chosen) shall have received the highest number of the people's votes.

In the senatorial campaign which began last spring, and which is due to culminate in the election of a senator by the legislature next January, there was on the Democratic side only one candidate, Governor George E. Chamberlain. The party being in the minority with no possible chance of success excepting by concentration of its vote, and being as a minority party relatively free from internal rivalries and jealousies, permitted its strongest man to go into the primary election—that is, the election to determine nominations—untroubled by rival candidates of his own political faith. Furthermore, large numbers of Democrats, friendly to the prospective party nominee and anxious to do him a favor, registered and voted in the primary as Republicans, casting their votes not for a strong Republican likely to win in the ensuing election, but for a weak man whose candidacy in the final contest might be the more easily overcome. They did not by this course change from Democrats to Republicans; they went only far enough to help a weak Republican to the nomination to the end that it might be easier for the candidate of their own party to beat him. Ultimately—in the final election—they gave their votes to the Democratic nominee.

On the Republican side there were in the primary two candidates for the senatorial nomination, the most notable, Senator Charles W. Fulton of Astoria, a man of natural strength but for the moment under a handicap through the fierce animosity of Mr. Francis

J. Heney, whose moral credit was then high in Oregon. Speaking from the standpoint of a responsible public prosecutor, Heney challenged the personal integrity of Senator Fulton, charged him with grave crimes, and declared that he would speedily indict and convict him for frauds in connection with the robbery of public lands. These charges, emphatically and authoritatively made, had a decisive weight against Fulton and vastly helped the candidacy of his Republican opponent in the primary. It would be another story to follow Mr. Heney's course and to exhibit the complete collapse of his so-called exposures. It is perhaps enough to say here that he has not even attempted to indict Senator Fulton; that he has not made good his charges; that he himself is now wholly discredited in Oregon and that Senator Fulton stands higher than before. But at the moment Heney's onslaught was sufficient to turn the tide against Fulton in the primaries, his vote being 23,202 to 25,740 for his opponent.

Senator Fulton's rival in his own party was a man who had never been thought of for the senatorship by anybody but himself. Measured by the ordinary and accepted standards of senatorial qualification, his candidacy was an impertinence. But circumstances favored him. Those who had personal or other reasons for objection to Fulton turned to him as affording the one chance to vent their resentment. Those who believed Mr. Heney—and at that time he is remembered, Mr. Heney had not as now been completely discredited—voted against Fulton upon the theory that they were punishing a rogue. Then, as we have already recited, there were large numbers of Democrats who, under motives already set forth, registered as Republicans in order that they might help Chamberlain's candidacy by giving him a weak opponent in the final election. The result was that the Republican vote was divided between two candidates, with the man of least consequence slightly ahead of the logical and more effective candidate.

By this means George E. Chamberlain became the Democratic candidate and one Cake, a man of small political or personal consequence, became the Republican candidate; and in the final election which followed Chamberlain beat Cake by a majority of bare 1500. This in a State in which the registered Republican vote is 80,921 and the registered Democratic vote 28,788.

The immediate situation in Oregon is truly a curious one. A legislature overwhelmingly Republican, representing a State likewise overwhelmingly Republican, stands pledged to elect a Democrat to the Senate next January. Since the exciting days which preceded the primary, when legislative candidates tumbled over each other to pledge themselves under "Statement Number One," there has been time for reflection, and reflection has brought repentance. Nobody is today more chagrined over the moral contradictions of the situation than those who voluntarily pledged themselves to vote for the "popular choice." There is not one man among those Republicans elected to the legislature under the "Statement Number One" who would not give something handsome to evade a pledge so ridiculously and foolishly given. Ingenuity is being worked overtime to find a way to escape from a situation now universally reprobated among Republicans. Nobody as yet has seen a way to go back on a pledge voluntarily and definitely made; but in matters of this kind it has been observed that where there is a will there is commonly a way.

It hardly needs to be told that Republicans, anxious to see Republican representation at Washington and resentful personally and otherwise of conditions which have made a Democrat, Chamberlain, the official nominee, will do what they may to break the resolution of weak-kneed legislators and to induce them to turn from Chamberlain even at the cost of self-stultification. The *Portland Oregonian*, which continues to be a great force in the land, does not go to the length of counseling members of the legislature in plain terms to break their oaths, but day by day its arguments tend to discredit the situation and to the encouragement of such members of the legislature as are seeking a way of escape from the ridiculous pledge of "Statement Number One." The Oregon legislature is made up of 90 members, 46 therefore making the majority required for the election of a Senator. It will take, besides the 16 Democratic members, 30 Republicans to elect Chamberlain. More than this number stand pledged under "Statement Number One." But a question has been raised under which it is possible that enough

Republicans may slink out of their pledge to break Chamberlain's majority. In the general election which gave Chamberlain a majority over Cake, many of the Oregon counties voted not for Chamberlain, but for Cake. It is argued speciously by those who are anxious to find a loophole that a member of the legislature anxious to evade the pledge of "Statement Number One" may plead that as the representative of a particular county he is not pledged to Chamberlain unless his county gave to Chamberlain a majority of its votes. The logic of this quibble is not very good when it is put alongside the definite and unequivocal declarations of "Statement Number One," but it may be sufficient to afford gentlemen of easy conscience a small hole through which they may crawl. It is said that there is a sufficient number of "Statement Number One" Republicans in the legislature representing counties which did not vote for Chamberlain to break his majority.

It only remains to be added that Chamberlain's nomination—his "election," if it may be so called—rests upon no basis of popular will. His popular vote in round numbers was 52,500 to 51,000 for his Republican opponent, Cake, but the procedure from first to last was a hippodrome in which rival candidates of small calibre, conveniently elastic principles, and no dignity, made monkeys of themselves before an amused but disgusted public. There was no sifting of candidates; there was no public discussion of principles or issues; there was nothing but a scramble between cheap personalities for a degraded and debauched counterfeit of a great dignity. In the opinion of the *Argonaut*, Chamberlain, despite his so-called "election," will not be chosen by a Republican legislature to misrepresent the people of Oregon in the national council at Washington. We believe that a way—shabby and shameful, to be sure, but nevertheless a way—will be found by which the "Statement Number One" Republicans will discard their pledges and vote for some man of their own party. We do not believe there is strength enough even in so positive a declaration as "Statement Number One" to hold men to a policy fatal to their own party and in support of the nominee of the opposing party. One thing, indeed, might tend to "vindicate" the choice of Chamberlain, that is the election of Bryan with the vote of Oregon in his favor. Neither of these contingencies is probable.

The general situation in Oregon tends to the disgust of thoughtful and patriotic men of all parties. It is now plainly seen that a system devised upon a theory of popular choice does not support that theory. It is seen further that under the direct primary great abuses are possible—indeed, inevitable—due to the fact that the system affords no preliminary examination of the character of candidates and that it permits a candidate with a plurality, no matter how small, to win an election, and that—as in the case of Bourne—it permits an industrious politician with money at command to have things his own way. It is ridiculous to talk about a "people's choice" when, as in the case of Senator Bourne, a man may be elected to a high office on a basis of less than 15 per cent of the popular vote at any stage of the procedure. It seems unlikely that, for all its manifest faults, the direct primary system will be abandoned, but there is every reason to believe that it will be vitally amended. One suggestion is to the effect that the old party convention idea be ingrafted upon the system with advisory powers—that is, with power to recommend candidates for the primary vote; another, a modification calculated to annul any primary "nomination" which does not give the nominee a full majority of the registered vote of his own party. The purpose is universal in Oregon to make changes and readjustments that in future will prevent such anomalies and confusions as those involved in the election of Senator Bourne and in the "popular choice" of Mr. Chamberlain as his colleague.

The "Nickel-in-the-Slot."

The *Argonaut* trusts—perhaps it would be more accurate to say it hopes—that the local movement against the nickel-in-the-slot machine will not die a-borning. Whatever arguments may be urged against the vice of gambling apply with a special emphasis to the slot machine, as it stands open to all on the counter of every cigar store. A five-cent "play" is intrinsically as serious a thing in morals as a thousand-dollar wager on the race track or a ten-thousand-dollar deal in wild-cat mining shares. Its quality is on a precise level with the roulette wheel and the faro game. The

fault of the nickel-in-the-slot machine is that its invitation is not only universally presented, but that it is presented under circumstances calculated to silence if not disarm condemnation. The pretense of the slot machine to make an honest return is fraudulent and therefore demoralizing. The publicity of the thing tends in many minds less sensitive to realities than appearances to mitigate its viciousness. The smallness of the stake is another circumstance tending to dull moral sensibility. Every circumstance and consideration connected with the slot machine goes to make it a menace to public morals and therefore a grave public danger. Gambling is bad enough when its appeal is made apart from circumstances tending to gloss over the social hazards involved in it. It is a doubly vicious thing when it takes a form calculated to relieve it of public reproach, to make its invitation a public one, and to present its appeal to every man or boy with a nickel in his pocket.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

[From the Los Angeles Daily Times, October 16, 1908.]

The discreditable vagaries of the graft prosecution in San Francisco seem to have become one of the permanent institutions of that distracted city, an incubus comparable in its sinister results with the shameful rule of Schmitz and Ruef. Day by day the dreary farce of Ruef's trial is continued in the courts, and day by day the ideals of law and justice are degraded by furious and unchecked tirades, by the personal and irrelevant abuse of the legal hucksters upon either side. A jury panel of 2400 names has already been exhausted, and no jury has yet been found to try a man whose guilt has been notorious to the whole nation. A community that would never grow weary of a hearty and honest attack upon wrongdoing is now utterly nauseated by this scandalous travesty of prosecution and by proceedings that are infinitely worse than the evils that they pretended to assail.

The agents of the prosecution have now been at work for over two years, and they have accomplished nothing. They might easily have convicted the whole body of guilty supervisors, but these venal creatures were allowed to go their way unpunished, with secret contracts of immunity in their pockets and in undisputed possession of their ill-gotten gains. They might have convicted Ruef, but they preferred to bargain with the arch criminal in order to secure his worthless testimony against the objects of their private resentments. Unable to bring even Ruef to the point desired of him, they first denied that any immunity had been promised to him, and then, when their pledge was published to the world, they ignored it. Small wonder that there should now be a general belief in San Francisco that the conviction even of Ruef has become impossible, so widespread and so deeply rooted is the distrust that these sinister tactics have created.

It is probably too late for the prosecution to retrace their steps or to reestablish in any degree whatever the public confidence that they once possessed in such full measure and that they have recklessly thrown away. However plaintively they may now ask for patience and support, the fact remains that with unexampled opportunities to do everything they have done nothing. They did, indeed, secure a conviction against Schmitz, but as a result of blunders of which an attorney's clerk would be ashamed, Schmitz has been liberated and today walks the streets a free man. Ruef is equally at liberty upon bail, although both these criminals could be incarcerated tomorrow upon other of the numerous indictments of which no use has been made. After two years of threat and bluster there is not a single criminal behind the bars as a result of their activities—nor is there much likelihood of a single criminal getting there.

From start to finish the course of some of those concerned has been marked by a crude perversity that is inexplicable, except upon the prevailing theory that there never was at any time a sincere intention to pursue criminality as such, but only a vendetta against personal and business enemies. It has taken the public a long time to awake to the fact that there has been no single straightforward intention behind these disgraceful proceedings and that no theatrical drama could be more artificial or more unreal.

The immunity given to the supervisors was received with a gasp of surprise, but the public was cajoled into the belief that such a step was necessary to the conviction of Ruef. There was no such motive behind that immunity, inasmuch as the prosecution had no intention to convict Ruef. Then came Ruef's conviction and plea of guilty, and once more the public believed in the spontaneity and genuineness of a sensational episode that had been planned and rehearsed between prisoner and prosecution, and that was based upon motives of which the public had no conception. The tears were all stage tears, and the penitence and contrition were simply well-acted "business." Then followed the shameless quarrel as to the existence of a contract between Ruef and the prosecution, a contract impudently and repeatedly denied by the very men whose signatures were appended to the published document. At last the public began to understand that from first to last they had been looking at a set stage, and that their applause and sympathy had been won and sustained by plausible pretense. Was it only notorious criminality that was to be immunized? Was it only a business rivalry that was to be punished?

No one wishes to see Ruef escape, but that undesirable consummation is within sight. It might be avoided if Heney would mercifully step out of sight and hearing, and if the duty of prosecuting attorney were entrusted to some man who would go about the business in a regular and recognized way according to legal methods and without personal insult or frenzied appeals to class prejudice and sectional hatreds. But it is to be feared that Heney has struck root and that his numerous and malodorous satellites and camp followers find the business too profitable to be curtailed or abandoned. There is, therefore, nothing to do but to wait till the patience of San Francisco is exhausted and a peremptory end to the whole business is recognized as the least of the evils in sight.

Canada has, once and for all time, rejected the twelve-foot canal as grossly incompetent, and its canal from Georgian Bay to the St. Lawrence by way of the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers will be twenty-one feet deep, making Chicago and Milwaukee and Duluth ocean ports, subject only to sail of several hundred miles through exclusively British soil.

The plan of the proposed Henry Hudson memorial bridge at New York calls for a reinforced concrete span of 710 feet, and represents one of the boldest engineering projects of the time.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

A special correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* finds it hard to arrive at a definite conclusion as to political probabilities in Nebraska. He sees evidences of a "new order of things" when people are thinking rather than talking and going their own way rather than at the heels of the most vociferous orator of the day. The spectacle of a thinking electorate is certainly a novel one, unique in its way, and suggesting all sorts of possibilities. From the ordinary point of view there is "nothing doing" in Nebraska. The average speaker, we are told, can not draw a crowd, which is hardly surprising considering the mental calibre of the "average speaker." As a general rule the people will go to hear a man of national celebrity. Taft or Bryan or Hughes can draw a crowd, but the strange part of the thing is that when the speech is over the people go away without giving any indication of how they will vote.

Nebraska has the double importance of being one of the "doubtful" States and also the home of the Democratic candidate. In 1896 the Democrats and Populists combined and carried the State for Bryan by 13,576. Four years later McKinley carried it by 7822. Following the general example, it rolled up an enormous plurality for Roosevelt of 56,682.

The question now is, are there influences enough at work to carry the electoral vote of the State for Bryan? That the race is a close one here between Taft and Bryan is admitted on all sides. The "claims" are that Taft will win by not less than 15,000 or 20,000, and that Bryan will have not less than 15,000 plurality. What may be called the Omaha view is not likely to be as trustworthy as the views at the State capital, Lincoln, for the reason that the men here whose judgment is worth taking do not pretend to be in touch with the entire State.

Putting aside the "claims" of each side and getting down to bed-rock opinions here, one finds the feeling to be that George L. Sheldon is likely to be reelected governor, and that it is an even chance as between Taft and Bryan. One excellent Democratic authority here said: "If Bryan's majority in the State should be 7000, he would pull the Democratic State ticket through."

It need hardly be said that forecasts of this kind are not of much value, colored, as they invariably are, by personal bias. The situation is doubly doubtful in view of the reticence of which the correspondent thinks and of "the new order of things," which reminds us irresistibly of the intelligent parrot who couldn't talk much, but who was "a beggar to think."

Boss Cox of Cincinnati assigns the doubtful States to Taft with both hands, and he is willing to risk his money in defense of his prophecy. "Ohio," said Mr. Cox, "will give 125,000 for Taft and 75,000 for Harris for governor." New York will give a good plurality for Taft, but, in Mr. Cox's opinion, Hughes will run behind the ticket and be defeated unless Taft's plurality is sufficiently big to pull the governor through:

"Now, it is not the popularity of Judge Taft that will carry these States. It is the fear of Bryan. Had Gray or Johnson been nominated by the Democrats, either would have carried New York and Ohio. As Bryan was nominated, the people will choose the smaller of the two evils."

The fear of Bryan, says the oracle, is growing stronger every day. Bryan's statement that he would not take a second term has done him immeasurable harm in the eyes of those who recognize the caution and the sense of responsibility developed in the man who wants to succeed himself. Reverting to his own State, Mr. Cox said:

"I will take all the two-to-one money they want to offer on these figures (125,000 for Taft), and all the even money they can get together on 50,000 for Taft. Indiana is a certainty for Taft. There are no doubtful States around here."

Senator Foraker, by the way, seems to be doing his little best to "get even" with his enemies, although the personal treatment that he received from Mr. Taft was of the most chivalrous kind. Reports from Ohio say that the Senator has twelve stenographers at work sending appeals to vote for Bryan into every hole and corner of the State. It is hard to imagine the order of intelligence that would listen to such appeals coming so obviously from personal spite, but there may, of course, be some who will be beguiled.

Mr. Taft's visit to St. Louis was productive of much good political material. It is estimated that he came into contact with some sixty thousand persons during the day, while the great meeting in the Coliseum was of record dimensions. His subject was the trusts, but during the course of his speech he was interrupted by a man in the gallery who shouted: "Why don't you talk to the labor unions? What have you to say to labor?" Mr. Taft's reply was hot and to the point. "If the labor unions only knew it," he said, "I have done more for labor than Mr. Gompers or any other labor union leader." Another interruption was a query about campaign contributions. The reply was that, so far as he knew, no contributions had yet been made that would have the slightest tendency to embarrass any one.

Mr. Taft's references to the trusts and the proper policy of the future administration toward them were of the first importance. He made it clear that he was not opposed to the aggregation of capital for the purpose of effecting economies. Such aggregations, he said, "are to be commended rather than condemned. It is not inconsistent with competition and is an aid to our progress."

"When, however, it is accompanied by an attempt to monopolize business and to control prices, it then becomes illegal and the evil must be stamped out. This should be done by greater supervision of the business of such corporations, by Federal control through the Department of Commerce and Labor; by a series of reports each month; by constant examination by government agents, and by immediate and persistent prosecutions of all violations of law.

"The function of the next administration," he added, "is not to be spectacular in the enactment of great statutes laying down new codes of morals, or asserting a new standard of business integrity, but its work lies in the details of furnishing men and machinery to aid the hand of the Executive in making the supervision of the transactions so close, so careful, so constant, that the business men engaged in it may know promptly when they are transgressing the line of lawful business limitations and may be brought up standing whenever this occurs and may be prosecuted where the violations of

law are flagrant and defiant, and promptly restrained and penalized."

The Democratic national campaign fund is said to be in sorry straits. Herman Ridder, the new treasurer, who took the place of the late lamented Haskell, admits that he is exhausting every resource to get money. The total funds that have come to the committee do not exceed \$220,000, and this includes the \$42,000 of the Denver convention fund. The expenses of the campaign to date have been in excess of the amount contributed, and unless a streak of unusual generosity develops somewhere the campaign managers will find a substantial deficit after election. It is said that Mr. Ridder has spent nearly \$50,000 out of his own pocket in connection with the organization of a German-American Democracy throughout the country:

"I have been working on the German-American Democracy idea as a factor in this campaign since last spring. I have used my own money and it has cost me a small fortune. Incidentally I may say I'm quite confident that the German vote for Bryan will be a large one all through the country. Money has not been coming in any too fast. I have to go out after it. Some money has come in from various Democratic newspapers that have been raising funds through their columns. The small contributions are the ones that count in this campaign. There are mighty few large ones."

The poll undertaken by the New York *World* is attracting a good deal of attention. The Astor Theatre was selected for the purpose both as affording a fairly representative crowd and also because the current play has a kind of political moral attached to it. Cards were distributed in the audience on which those desiring to vote could record their choice for President and governor and also how they had last voted for those offices. The results of the second poll were as follows:

Number of votes cast.....	343
FOR PRESIDENT.	
Taft.....	234
Bryan.....	96
Debs.....	8
Higsen.....	6
FOR GOVERNOR.	
Hughes.....	195
Chanler.....	138
Shearn.....	5
FOR PRESIDENT IN 1904.	
Roosevelt.....	170
Parker.....	36
Debs.....	6
FOR GOVERNOR IN 1906.	
Hughes.....	174
Hearst.....	19

The total number of votes cast is not, of course, very large in proportion to the number of men who presumably were in the theatre, but the number of abstentions would be as great one way as the other. Without attaching too much importance to these polls, they do at least furnish a useful indication.

Mr. Gompers is uneasy in his mind. He fears some "insidious attempts" which will be made to defeat labor's campaign for its rights" between now and election day. We are warned that "no slander will be too vile to be placed in circulation" and it will be done so adroitly that there will be no time for a contradiction.

Now we would like to bring balm to the suffering soul of Mr. Gompers if we can do so. If he would only look at himself in a due perspective, the painful swelling of the head might subside and the blood run less feverishly. The Federation of Labor has a nominal membership of about 1,750,000. Probably about 40 per cent of these are voters, although a recent investigation placed the number at 33 per cent. But, giving Mr. Gompers the benefit of the doubt, the number may be placed at 700,000 voters. Now we may be sure that a large number of these have their own opinions. Some of them are Socialists and a half dozen or so of the weaker brethren among them may belong to the Independence party. In short, these 700,000 will be distributed among the parties in pretty much the same proportions as would be found in any other crowd of similar dimensions. Mr. Gompers need not, therefore, be troubled about "labor's campaign for its rights" and the possibility of a stampede on the eve of election. The number of voters influenced by him is so small that a procession of them would hardly be noticed in a busy street, and yet Mr. Gompers makes more noise than all other labor leaders put together, and if he would only be less ostentatious he would be so much less ridiculous.

The rather abortive effort to make political capital out of Mr. Taft's religious persuasions reminds the Springfield *Republican* of drastic action once taken by Macaulay under similar circumstances. In the words of the *Republican*:

Macaulay had his own ideas as to the limits within which constituents are justified in exercising their privilege of questioning a candidate; and, on the first occasion when these limits were exceeded, he made a notable example of the transgressor. During one of his public meetings a voice was heard to exclaim from the crowd in the body of the hall: "An elector wishes to know the religious creed of Mr. Marshall and Mr. Macaulay." The effect was instantaneous. Macaulay was on his legs in a moment. "Let that man stand up," he cried. "Let him stand on a form where I can see him." The offender, who proved to be a Methodist preacher, was hoisted to a bench by his indignant neighbors, nerving himself even in that terrible moment by a lingering hope that he might yet be able to hold his own. But the unhappy man had not a chance against Macaulay, who harangued him as if he were the living embodiment of religious intolerance and illegitimate curiosity. "I have heard with the greatest shame and sorrow the question which has been proposed to me; and with peculiar pain do I learn that this question was proposed by a minister of religion. I do most deeply regret that any person should think it necessary to make a meeting like this an arena for theological discussion. I will not be a party to turning this assembly to such a purpose. My answer is short, and in one word: Gentlemen, I am a Christian." At this declaration the delighted audience began to cheer. And such an answer is as satisfactory in America in the twentieth century as it was in England in the middle of the nineteenth.

The record does not say how the insolent preacher liked the pillory in which he was so promptly placed. It is to be regretted that no similar castigation can be applied to the impertinence of a later day.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

"Piccadilly" Writes of an American Guide Who Shows You London in Three Hours.

It is a little strange that visitors to London should have to resort to American aid in order to get an intelligent personal knowledge of the most historically interesting city in the world. Guide books can, of course, be bought by the wagon-load. Some of them are good and some of them are bad, but all of them put together can not equal the solid comfort of a personal conductor who knows exactly what ought to be seen, why it ought to be seen, and the best way in which to see it.

It is perhaps appropriate that the best guide to be found in London should be an American. No doubt there are Londoners with an equal knowledge of the metropolis, but they must necessarily lack that fine knowledge of what will most appeal to the American mind and of the most sensitive spots in American sentiment. A great many of the most interesting bits of London are hard to find. Like Dr. Johnson, we may "take a walk down Fleet Street," but without a personal guide we shall surely look with unseeing eyes upon some of the choicest relics of his day or else spend an unreasonable amount of time and perhaps provoke contumely by vain inquiries. There are some things that even the London policeman does not know, even though we fail to exhaust his patient courtesy.

The American guide whose mission in life is to smooth the path of the American wayfarer starts on his daily pilgrimage from the Strand. He uses a sort of automobile omnibus and, although he neither advertises the fact of his own nationality nor specially invites his countrymen, we may safely take it that nine out of ten of his patrons are transatlantic visitors. He knows this well enough himself, for although his welcome to Germans or to Frenchmen is sincere enough, it is to Americans that he addresses his explanations and it is American susceptibilities that he has ever in mind. He takes care to point out Mr. Astor's property on the Strand and to tell us that the Waldorf Theatre is owned by that expatriated American and that the Waldorf Hotel was built with American money. He loses no chance to show what American capital is doing in London, showing, indeed, an astonishing power to penetrate the true inwardness of the great commercial establishments along the line of route. All this information is given through a megaphone and is therefore as much at the disposal of the crowds in the street as of the occupants of the omnibus. But the crowd does not seem to mind these dreadful disclosures, and listens with a good-humored interest to revelations of American control that, in the ordinary nature of things, ought to be disquieting.

But the knowledge of this remarkable guide is by no means confined to mercenary affairs. Indeed, it seems to have no confines at all. Like Sam Weller, his acquaintance with London is "extensive and peculiar." He knows everything that has ever happened everywhere, and under the spell of his megaphone the London of today melts away and the ghosts of the old times become real. His usual route is along Holborn and Oxford Street to the British Museum, and so he shows us where criminals used to pass on the way to Tyburn and the old taverns where they were allowed a final drink on their promise to pay for the same on the way back. We see the Dickens inns, Red Lion Square where Charles II hanged the ladies of Ireton and the regicides, and Gray's Inn with all its memories of Bacon. Our guide knows all about them; enough, indeed, to make many a hardened Londoner realize his ignorance of his heritage.

And still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But it was not until we reached the British Museum that the omniscience of our guide was fully disclosed. We had only about an hour for the most impressive collection of antiquities to be found in the world. The time was absurdly inadequate, but it was utilized to the utmost. It was a case of selecting the essentials, and no man ever knew better where to find them. We were taken through room after room, and if we supposed at first that our guide had made a life-long study of statuary we presently altered our opinion, as we find that he knew even more of archæology, still more of Egyptology, and even yet more of manuscripts or geology. No wonder that his retinue gradually increased and that casual visitors by the dozen joined his party, seizing the chance to see the museum as it should be seen, so far at least as time would permit.

Westminster Abbey was to be the ultimate goal, but on the way we passed the clubs, the parks, Piccadilly, and St. James. The guide had something to say about them all, and he always said the right thing. But it was at the abbey that his extraordinary knowledge came once more into the fullest play. He showed us the memorial to André, who was shot by Washington as a spy, and here our guide spoke out in *propria persona*. "The execution of André is one of the very few deeds which we regret in our War of Independence," he said. Poets' Corner evoked his enthusiasm, and it was contagious. He spoke of the great names of English literature as the common possession of the English-speaking race, and of their genius as recognizing no national boundaries. And then he recited Washington Irving's splendid eulogy of the abbey as holding more of the world's great men than any other monument on earth. And he did all this, not as one repeating a part, but with all the enthusiasm and spontaneity of a first effort. It was certainly a remarkable

performance, and one that probably has not been equaled in any capital of the world. Three hours is not a great deal in which to see London, but it is certain that three hours could not be better spent or, it may be said, more economically, seeing that the charge for the whole thing was only a dollar and a half.

With the guide himself it was a matter of preparation and memory. He came to London some few months ago and set himself to work deliberately to study the ground and to fit himself for the work that he contemplated. He has done it well and it would certainly be hard to find a more comprehensive knowledge or a greater intelligence in setting it forth.

LONDON, October 9, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

Buddha and the Woman.

When they came unto the river's side,
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with fearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, hending low:
"Lord, thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; hut he
Straying amid the hlossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, while he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and open mouth
Of that cold playmate. But alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison'; and another, 'He will die';
But I, who could not lose my precious hoy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small,
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hurt him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo! now he passeth in his yellow robe—
Ask of the Rishi if there he a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my hape,
Praying thee tell what simples may be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, hut gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand,
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea, little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who need physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died;
It shall he well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"

The Master smiled
Exceedingly tender. "Yea, I spake thus,
Dear Kisagotami! But didst thou find
The seed?"

"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The hape grown colder, asking at each hut
Here in the jungle and toward the town:
'I pray you give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola, hlaek'; and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said,
'O sister! what is this you ask? The dead
Are very many, and the living few!
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard hake,
And prayed of others; hut the others said,
'Here is the seed, hut we have lost our slave!
'Here is the seed, hut our good-man is dead!
'Here is some seed, hut he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
Nor smile—heneath the wild vines by the stream
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my hahy he not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister, thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds, that hitter halm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy hosom yesterday; today
Thou knowest the whole wide world weeps thy woe;
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er fields and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb heasts are driven, men their lords.
I seek that secret; hurry thou thy child!"

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

One of the steam shovels engaged in work on the Panama Canal, in the operation of which more than 300 employees were engaged, recently lifted out a quantity of dynamite which is described in an official report as being "more than a bushel." What would have happened if the shovel had struck the dynamite instead of the earth around it is easy to imagine. The explosive was in sticks three-quarters of an inch in diameter and five inches long, and the cartridges bore the trademark of a French manufacturer of dynamite and a date which appeared to be November 29, 1887. Unquestionably the dynamite was put in by the French and either failed to explode or was abandoned when the work ceased on that part of the French waterway. The dynamite appeared to be in perfect condition.

It is doubtful, if Victor Hugo and Dumas had combined their imaginations, whether they could have produced a more sensational incident than the struggle between a madman and two policemen on the span of the Williamsburg bridge, 332 feet above the surface of the East River, in New York, a few days ago. The spectacle of the madman, bent on suicide, climbing to the pinnacle of the bridge tower and pursued by two policemen who were compelled to scale the same dizzy eminence, was one which gave the New York crowd of thousands that watched it reinforcement in their old belief that the truth is occasionally as strange as fiction.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Brassey, the great English authority on naval matters, is seventy-two years old, but he is devoting himself to studying German.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman would solve the negro problem by drafting the lazy members of the race into an industrial army with uniforms and brass buttons.

Cardinal Rampolla, who has been living in retirement since he missed the election to the papal throne, is mentioned as possible successor to Secretary Merry del Val. The cardinal for sixteen years occupied second place in the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and probably entertains hopes of eventually rising to the rank of primate.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian minister of finance, raises and spends a hundred million dollars a year on a seven-thousand-dollar salary, which is as low a commission as can be got anywhere. Mr. Fielding is the only prominent member left of the old cabinet that gathered about Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, having held his position twelve years.

Mme. Surcouf, wife of the distinguished aeronautical engineer, is one of the best known aeronauts in France. She has a long record of ascents to her credit, and has traveled many hundreds of miles in the air in all sorts of weather. When friends call upon her Mme. Surcouf frequently takes them for an excursion in one of her husband's balloons, and instead of having tea at home they take it in cloudland while sailing through space two or three thousand feet above the ground.

Mrs. Asquith, wife of the British prime minister, has long been one of King Edward's literary advisers. After his majesty came back to Marlborough House from taking part in the procession at the first jubilee, he sat down and wrote a line to the then Margot Tennant, to thank her for her recommendation of some amusing new book. "I have just returned," he wrote, "from taking part in the jubilee service of this wonderful, unforgettable day." Mrs. Asquith keeps that letter with other treasured ones in a volume covered with emerald-green calf.

J. H. Needling and A. C. Faure, from Pretoria, Transvaal, have registered as agricultural students at Cornell University. The young men are government students, and recently won scholarships awarded by the Transvaal department of agriculture. Eight scholarships were competed for and the young men who won them are all being sent to this country to be educated in different agricultural colleges. Both men will take the full four-year course in agriculture. They recently matriculated for Cape Town University and will therefore probably enter Cornell without condition.

Mme. Patti has made a promise to Father Bernard Vaughan to sing for his charities, and the concert will probably take place at the Albert Hall, London. Meanwhile, the great singer is staying at Craig-y-nos, where she and her husband, the Baron Cederström, have entertained in a quiet way throughout the summer. Paris sees them in the autumn, and Rome in the spring, of every year. For some time past Mme. Patti has been doing her best to get rid of Craig-y-nos, and would prefer a home in Norfolk, not very far from Sandringham.

Chancellor McCracken of New York University avers that the monopolistic spirit is not confined to the commercial world, but invades the college world also. The chancellor complained recently that "unconsciously the rich and strong neighbors of New York University have treated her as if she ought to be hanged or sent to the stake." As a consequence of this attitude New York University has been "neglected in comparison with its neighbors by those who give, or ought to give, to higher education." The university is, therefore, he declares, obliged to depend on the sacrifice of its professors and the collection of small subscriptions for its current support.

Prince Bülow, the imperial chancellor, the other day told 400 members of the International Press Congress, which recently began its sittings in Berlin, that the spirit of self-confidence which he has carried through life dates from an occasion in the early eighties in Paris, when the late M. de Blowitz offered him \$6000 a year to join the staff of the London *Times*. The young diplomatic attaché, as Prince Bülow then was, had asked M. de Blowitz what chances he thought he might have in journalism. Prince Bülow said that the first mention of himself in the press was an observation by a Vienna newspaper while he was chargé d'affaires in Athens, and was to the effect that Bismarck would require to be a great statesman to repair the blunders of his representative in Greece.

Prince Francis of Teck, of the British royal family, recently addressed to a London publication a letter on the subject of dust-raising and inconsiderate driving in general, which ought to have good influence alike on owners and chauffeurs. The points made are not without application to conditions in this country as well as to those in England. Prince Francis, who is chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, says experience points to "the necessity of attacking the problem from the point of view of road construction more than from the point of view of motor-car construction." Until the problem can be taken in hand and solved from that point of view, he "would enjoin all motor drivers and motor-car owners to consider the conditions of our roads as we find them, and to drive accordingly."

TWO FEUDS BEGIN TO TANGLE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXVI.

The din over the senatorial fight at the capital had died away. The Vigilante roar of battle had made the senatorial warriors dumb. The heated encounters in the larger city by the Bay silenced the skirmishers at Sacrosanto. It was not until the Committee of Vigilance had formally disbanded that men's minds turned again to the ordinary political battles of life.

The Vigilantes, in their determination to disband, were influenced by the obvious weakness of their dealings with Tower; also by the numerous damage suits brought against them in the Federal courts by persons whom they had banished. But there was nothing weak or timid about their disbanding. They held a final parade, and nearly the entire citizenry stopped work and turned the occasion into a holiday. The Vigilantes paraded with banners and bands of music, and headed their line with a float representing Fort Vigilant. Their entire force of seven thousand men was in line, including a battery of artillery, a battalion of riflemen, a battalion of pistolmen, four regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a police battalion. The column was headed by the Executive Committee riding three abreast, escorted by two companies of dragoons, and followed by a staff of some fifty mounted mediceos. Editor Newton's paper, the *Clarion*, stigmatized the parade as "seven thousand traitors under arms." But the traitors seemed cheerful, and even proud.

At the close of their parade the Committee of Vigilance formally disbanded, and turned over their arms to the State—not in the person of Governor Jackson, however, for he had been succeeded by Governor Keller, one of Burke's rivals in the senatorial fight.

Although the noise of the fighting had died away, the wounds from the bitter battle over the senatorial seats took long to heal. Keller was particularly unforgiving. He had discovered the treacherous way in which he had been used by Burke, and swore revenge. His threats were more to be feared than those of other enemies of Burke. Keller, acting for revenge, set to work at once to secure the nomination for the governorship. When ensconced in Jackson's chair, Keller controlled the State patronage; being of the same party as Burke, he punished that politician by refusing offices to all Burke's followers. Even under ordinary circumstances this would have injured Burke politically, for great as is a Federal senator's patronage, he needs a finger in the State pie. If he is reputed to have no influence with the State administration, it injures him with the "boys." In this case, Burke not only had no influence with the State machine, but was bitterly hated by its head, Keller. For a candidate merely to be a friend of Burke was enough to insure the active antagonism of the governor and the "organization."

Burke's chagrin was gradually turning to dismay at his failure to secure the Federal patronage he had hoped for. Senator Wyley's forecast to Tower of the senatorial situation had come true. The President had demanded that Senator Burke put in writing his applications for Federal appointments. This Burke had secret reasons for refusing to do. When the President failed to give faith to his spurious reasons, Burke grew irritated, and denounced the President on the floor of the Senate. Thus, he soon found himself in bitter feud with the President, and utterly unable to secure for his followers the offices with which he had hoped to reward them.

But what was gall and wormwood in Burke's already bitter cup was the knowledge that these appointments went to his rival, Wyley. To protests sent by friends from Burke to Wyley, the latter merely replied:

"I am keeping the letter and spirit of my obligation to Senator Burke. I have made no attempt to secure presidential appointments for my friends. I have proclaimed this fact widely. Senator Burke has treated the President in such fashion, publicly and privately, that our chief magistrate will neither meet him nor confer with him. If, then, the President asks my advice, how can I refuse it? It is certainly my duty, as a senator and a citizen, to give to the highest officer in the nation my counsel if he demands it. He has demanded it. I shall continue to do so."

The result of Wyley's Machiavellian course was that Burke found himself made politically a nullity. The debts he had incurred to office-seekers during his campaign he could not pay with Federal patronage. His treacherous conduct toward Keller had made him lose all hope of State patronage. Yet for these discomfitures he could blame no one of his followers. He had no one to blame but himself. Bitter was his anger.

His return to the Coast after his first session in the Senate was not the ovation to which he had looked forward, with rejoicing clients walking at the wheels of his triumphal car. On the contrary, he found himself almost alone. Those of his former political supporters whom he met treated him with coolness or distrust. The general public regarded him with doubt, as being mixed up with one of the Vigilantes' victims, Clancy. Nevertheless, Burke plunged at once into the thick of the fray. He made a bold attempt to reorganize the State machine—to take away the offices of the State Central Committee from the Keller men and place his followers in them. Thus he hoped to pave the way for the filling of the State offices at the next election with his own friends. Although warned by the party press that this would cause a hopeless split in his party, he did not refrain. Although not a stump-

speaker, and not endowed with any gifts of eloquence, he determined to take the platform, there to denounce his enemies, Wyley the senator and Keller the governor. And this he did in a bitter campaign throughout the principal cities and towns of the State.

One of the most sensational features of his campaign was the reading of the fateful letter written in Burke's private rooms at midnight by Senator Wyley. This was the document in which Wyley agreed to surrender to Burke all the Federal patronage in consideration of Burke's agreeing to support him for the senatorial seat. It was a damning document politically, for it proved Wyley, over his own signature, to be treacherous to his friends to whom he had promised offices.

Burke dubbed it "The Scarlet Letter." On platform after platform he read it from end to end of the State to eager listeners. Many at first doubted that it was possible for their idol, Senator Wyley, to sign such a document by which he set down in black and white his disloyalty to his loyal followers. But all doubts were removed by the testimony of Judge Fox, who admitted reluctantly and with pain that it was true, for he had brought Wyley to the midnight meeting. Keller and Milton, bitter enemies of Burke, were bitter haters also of his rival Wyley; fastidious in revenge, they both decided to corroborate Burke's charge, both having knowledge of the document.

In this momentous letter, which Burke read from every platform in the State, occurred the phrases: "While in the Senate I will not recommend a single individual to appointment to office in this State. You shall have the exclusive control of this patronage so far as I am concerned."

To this formidable document the friends of Wyley attempted to make replies, but there was little to be said. They could not deny the genuineness of the letter. All they could say was to declare it "a conspiracy." They charged that Burke had inveigled Wyley into a trap to destroy him. They declared that Burke really opposed Wyley, but that the legislature had refused to listen to Burke's orders and had elected Wyley.

The friends of the two senators took up the quarrel, and many bitter speeches were made during the campaign. Judge Tower was among those who took the stump for Wyley. At the time when the midnight meeting was arranged, Tower had warned Wyley of the unwisdom of such a rendezvous. Afterwards—unlike many men—he did not say "I told you so"; he did not twit Wyley over his unheeded warning; but he took up the quarrel valiantly in his friend's behalf. He attempted, so far as was possible, to check the force of Burke's denunciations, and in the course of a speech at Sacrosanto he denounced Burke's faction—which was the Northern wing of the Democratic party—saying: "What is this party?—a miserable remnant of a faction sailing under false colors. They are the followers of one man, the personal chattels of a single individual, belonging heart and soul to Daniel Burke. They are yet ashamed to acknowledge their master."

Toward the close of Burke's bitter campaign against Wyley, the loungers in the Oriental Hotel one morning turned to look with interest at two men on their way into the dining-room. Their curiosity was explained by the fact that it was Senator Burke and his friend and follower, Judge Fox. They were late at breakfast, and when they entered but one long table was set in the centre of the room, at which several people were seated. Near one end of the table was Mrs. Lyndon, accompanied by Diana Wayne. At the other was Judge Bandy, a devoted henchman of Tower. Bandy was seated beside that brilliant if somewhat metallic beauty, Sophia Lucretia, with whom he was engaged in animated talk.

These four persons looked up as the two statesmen stalked down the long room. Looking at Miss Leigh, Senator Burke hesitated for a moment at sight of Bandy, and seemed as if he were about to seat himself at the other end of the table from Bandy and his companion. But Fox affected not to notice his chieftain's purpose, and somewhat ostentatiously took a seat not far from Bandy and well within hearing. Burke was naturally obliged to seat himself by Fox's side. Both the newcomers saluted the ladies at the other end of the table, and also bowed to Sophia Lucretia, pointedly ignoring her companion.

While they were waiting for their breakfast to be served, the waiters brought them the morning papers, and both were soon absorbed in the perusal of those sheets. Only a few minutes had elapsed when Fox looked up quickly and said:

"Senator, have you seen what Judge Tower said of you in his speech at Sacrosanto?"

"No. What speech, and when did he deliver it?"

"According to this account," answered Fox, his eyes fastened on the newspaper he was holding, "Tower delivered a speech at a Know Nothing meeting in Sacrosanto day before yesterday, in which he took occasion to denounce the Northern wing of the Democratic party, of which you are the honored leader. And this paper quotes him as saying: 'This party is based on no principle, but is a miserable faction sailing under false colors. Its members are the followers and personal chattels of a single individual; they belong, soul and body, to Daniel Burke.'"

"Well, what about it?"

"Such language as that is entirely indefensible. Don't you think you ought to resent it?" And Fox's voice grew louder.

Burke took the paper, and read carefully the words which had just been repeated to him by Fox. After a moment's reflection he replied:

"I don't see how this language can be considered as personally offensive to me. It is not leveled at me personally."

"But it attacks you through your party." "It is true that it seems to stigmatize the party of which I am a leader," assented Burke, reflectively.

"Of course it does!" went on Fox warmly. "And don't you see that by implication Tower reflects on you as its leader? When he stigmatizes us as a 'miserable faction,' and slurs you as its leader, does it not seem to you that he thus intends to cast a deliberate insult on you when he calls you the leader of a 'miserable faction'?" And Fox still raised his voice.

Again Burke paused and reflected before he replied. "It may be that you are right," said he, musingly. "From that point of view it may be that he intended to hurl at me a deliberate insult from the platform. It may be that we are mistaken. But if offense was meant, I shall take cognizance of the intended offense and shall resent it." And Burke's tone grew harsher and louder. "Furthermore," continued Fox, still in the same indignant tone, "such conduct on his part is indefensible. He can not have forgotten that he is under deep obligations to you for having used your influence to protect him during his imprisonment by the Vigilance Committee."

"True," replied Burke slowly, in his deep voice. "Very true. When the Vigilance Committee had imprisoned Tower in Fort Vigilant and his life was hanging on the life of Lupkins, I paid three hundred dollars a week to the *Clarion* newspaper to urge his acquittal. And now he makes a speech abusing me. This is the gratitude I get from him for the favors I have conferred. I have hitherto spoken of him as the only honest man on the bench of a corrupt Supreme Court. But I find I was mistaken. I take it all back. He is as bad as the rest of them. He is not only dishonest, but ungrateful."

A silence fell around the table and the women looked up uneasily. The silence was broken by Bandy, who said roughly:

"Mr. Burke, whom do you speak of as dishonest?"

Burke looked at him with a scowl, and replied curtly with the single word, "Tower."

"In that case," cried Bandy threateningly, "I shall inform Judge Tower of the language you have used concerning him."

"You may do so," replied Burke, coldly. "I am responsible for my language."

"If you are, sir," exclaimed Bandy harshly, "you should use the language to him and not in his absence. You would not dare use this language to his face."

"You are not the sort of man, sir," answered Burke sneeringly, "to tell me what I shall or shall not dare."

"I am the man to tell you, sir," retorted Bandy hotly, "that you would not dare to use such language about Judge Tower to his face, and you shall not dare to use such language to me concerning him. I shall hold you personally responsible for the language you have used concerning Judge Tower in my presence, and for your threatening language to me, sir. I shall send my friends to wait upon you." And as Bandy spoke he rose as if to leave the table.

Burke also rose, as did Fox. "You need not take the trouble to send your friends to me, sir," returned Burke, stiffly, "for I will not receive them. The relative positions we occupy would forbid my meeting you on the field. You are a Canadian, a British subject, and I am an American citizen. Sending or accepting a challenge could not affect your political rights as it would mine. In this State it debars one from holding office. Furthermore, I am a senator of the United States, and, as you very well know, am about to leave for Washington to take my seat. Under the circumstances, so great is the inequality in our positions that I will refuse to meet you."

"I shall force you to do so, sir," cried Bandy menacingly.

"You can not force me, sir! My courage is not in question, for I have never yet refused to meet any man, either on the field or in the street, either with weapons or without. If any gentleman holding official position and who is my equal," Burke added meaningly, "desires to take exception to my language or my conduct, I shall be glad to meet him. But I wish it distinctly understood that I can enter on no hostile meetings until after the close of the session of the United States Senate to which I must now hasten."

"Since you refuse me the satisfaction usual among gentlemen," shouted Bandy, "I will post you as a coward, sir, in every public place in this city."

"And if you do, sir," returned Burke menacingly, "I will cane you when I meet you, and if you make a move toward a weapon I will shoot you in your tracks."

For a moment Bandy glared at the threatening face of Burke, and then vociferating, "You shall hear from me, sir," he bowed to the frightened women, and strode swiftly from the room.

When Bandy had disappeared, Burke turned to them and said: "Ladies, I sincerely beg your pardon for this very unpleasant scene. It would not have happened had it been in my power to prevent it, but you will bear me out in saying that I had made no remarks whatever concerning this person who has just left the room, and that my conversation concerning another was private conversation and intended for the ear of my friend Judge Fox. I have the honor, ladies, to wish you a very good-morning." And, bowing profoundly, the two gentlemen quitted the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT WAGNER.

The Full Story of a Great Operatic Triumph Is Told for the First Time.

Angelo Neumann's "Personal Recollections of Wagner" will be received with deep interest not only by those who revere the memory of the "great artistic radical," but by all who love to look behind the scenes and to participate in the humor, the comedy, and the tragedy that find there an even better representation than upon the stage itself. Angelo Neumann is perhaps the greatest producer of Wagner's music operas. He directed opera troupes through Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia. He was in almost continuous contact with Wagner himself, both in the strenuous work of rehearsal and at Wahnfried. He tells us of Anton Seidl, of Nikisch, of the Voglo, of Reicher-Kindermann, and of many others. He gives us perhaps the most intimate of all revelations of the opera stage and he does all this with such a wealth of detail and also with a personal unobtrusiveness that are beyond all praise. The work has now reached its fourth edition in Germany, and for its present admirable translation we are indebted to Miss Edith Livermore.

The author tells us that at the age of nineteen he found it utterly impossible one night to sit through an entire performance of "The Flying Dutchman." He was an ardent disciple of the master, but he had to leave the theatre "thoroughly bored" by the long duet in the second act. But within a few pages we read of the "unbounded enthusiasm" awakened in him by the Bayreuth performances and his proposal to transplant the whole colossal undertaking to Leipsic and to give it there in a complete cycle. Laying the matter before Liszt, he was asked to come to Wahnfried to see Wagner himself:

Promptly at the given hour I appeared at Wahnfried. Liszt received me with his well-known gentleness and talked with me a while, discussing the plan in a tone that fell in exactly with my views. Then he wrote a few hasty words on a scrap of paper, folded it in note form, and sent it up to Wagner, who was still in his bedroom. Presently the servant came down with the answer. Liszt looked at it a moment, smiled, then frowned and seemed to hesitate, but finally decided to let me see what Wagner had written. On one side I read in Liszt's handwriting, "Incomprehensible man. Neumann is here. Come down and talk it over with him," and Richard Wagner had written on the reverse, "Still more incomprehensible one. I've nothing on but my shirt—hence can't come down. Have considered Neumann's proposition, but still cling to the hope of repeating the 'Rings' at Bayreuth next season." So my plan had failed for the time.

Passing over the chapters on "Rheingold" and "The Valkyre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," we come to that on "Organization and Reorganization" preparatory to the great venture at Berlin. Anton Seidl had gone to the capital to drill the symphony orchestra. His report was enthusiastic. "The master will be more than satisfied with our orchestra," he said. What, then, was Neumann's surprise to receive a telegram, "Victoria Theatre impossible. Not enough orchestra room. Anton Seidl." The orchestra accommodation had already been enlarged for the seventy performers needed for the "Nibelungen," and now came this crushing telegram:

I took the next train back and found Seidl waiting anxiously for me at the depot. As we drove through town he gave me the details of the affair. On my arrival I took a seat in the front row, ordered the orchestra to assemble, and asked Seidl to lead off the first few bars. But directly there was a storm of protest. "Impossible." They tried their hoves, sounded a measure, and repeated their first declaration unanimously. From my post of observation I watched the conflict in silence, but presently the cause of the whole trouble dawned upon me and I realized why the violinists had no room to handle their hoves. "Gentlemen," I called out, "would you be so good as to lay aside your heavy wraps? I shall ask you all to take off your hats and your overcoats too." When they had grudgingly complied I made the further request that they lay aside their mufflers, furs, and scarfs, and asked Seidl as well to remove his fur coat. The orchestra received these suggestions with shouts of ironical laughter, but I was firm and very much in earnest, and continued my demands, saying, "I'll show you presently, gentlemen, what I mean. I shall prove to you just how much space seventy winter overcoats, furs, scarfs, umbrellas and sticks can occupy." So I ordered the attendants to stack them all on the orchestra chairs of the front rows in full view. The sight of the actual space they occupied was not without its effect on the men, yet still they were loath to comply with my request, and took their places with shrugs and doubtful smiles.

When all were finally seated I asked Seidl to go on with the rehearsal. He was directing the introduction to "The Valkyrie," and this time—lo, and behold, it went without a single hitch.

Wagner himself conducted a rehearsal at Berlin. Upon seeing Scaria's name in the cast he bitterly reproached Neumann for engaging such a lout and demanded that he be discharged. This Neumann refused to do without at least a hearing, and to this Wagner grudgingly assented. Scaria's triumph was complete. At the close of the scene

Wagner sprang from his seat, flew down the steps, and tore on to the stage at such a frantic pace that I could scarcely follow, shouting "Where is he? Where is Scaria? That was glorious. Man alive, where did you get that voice," and catching the artist about the neck, he hugged him enthusiastically, kissing him and saying, "But you did that well—that was well done."

Lieban, who took the part of Mime, had a similar honor:

The master threw his arms about him in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, and when he exclaimed, "You did that wonderfully—it was simply matchless," the young fellow fairly cried for joy and kissed his hand in reverence and gratitude.

Of Wagner's rehearsals we get many curious details. At one time there was an almost personal conflict between the composer and Mme. Materna:

In the third act we had a most exciting incident. In the duet between Siegfried and Brunhilda we had introduced an

effect that Seidl had formerly arranged under Wagner's direction. The latter seemed not to have noticed, until Vogl called his attention to it as something unusual and disturbing. Immediately Wagner began to scold, denouncing the rendering of the scene. Mme. Materna, who felt that Vogl had criticised her conception of the rôle, and considered it an intrigue on his part against her as a rival of his wife, immediately hurst into tears. It was a tragi-comic scene. On the stage the weeping prima donna—in the box the angry author. My first efforts were directed toward soothing Wagner, which I did by reminding him that he himself had originated that passage and approved of its introduction years ago. Finally, when that tempest was laid, he in turn helped me restore the injured artist—patting her gently on the back and comforting her with honeyed words of praise.

The way in which Wagner handled the musicians was eminently tactful, and of this there are many illustrations:

His little admonition to the musicians was most characteristic and worthy to be noted by many an orchestra of this day. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg of you not to take my 'fortissimo' too seriously. Where you see 'ff' make a 'fp' of it, and for 'piano' play 'pianissimo.' Remember how many of you there are down there, against the one poor single human throat up here alone on the stage."

The appearance of the Wagner operas in France was a matter demanding some diplomatic adjustment. National feeling ran high and public sentiment as it might perhaps be manifested toward a German opera was a factor to be reckoned with. The delicate mission of sounding French susceptibilities was intrusted to Prince Hohenlohe, and Neumann presently found a note from the prince making an appointment for the following morning:

After a troubled night I appeared at the embassy at the appointed hour, to be met with the glad announcement of his excellency, "I brought your topic up at the dinner by asking if there would be any political reasons for not giving a Wagner performance with German artists in the German language—adding, as you had told me, that the orchestra and the chorus were French and the scenic effects had all been ordered in the Paris ateliers."

President Grevy answered promptly: "On one condition. That the first box subscribed for at these performances shall be mine." "And the second," said Gambetta, "shall be for me"—and so, said the prince, it was taken up all about the table, each member of the Cabinet ordering a box.

After some further conference, the prince dismissed me with these words, "Now sign your contract and he sure to reserve a box for me."

When Neumann went to London he carried with him a letter of introduction from Prince Frederick of Germany to the Prince of Wales, and Neumann relied upon this to secure the royal attendance which he believed to be essential to his success:

When I appeared for my audience the prince received me with gracious urbanity, offered me a cigar, and asked me to explain my plans, saying he had just had a personal note from his brother-in-law, Prince Frederick. He assured me he was most keenly interested in the success of my venture and begged me to let him know if he could be of any assistance. I said I had come to request the honor of his presence and that of the princess at the first cycle of the Richard Wagner operas. "How many performances does this make that you want us to attend?" "There are four evenings in the cycle," I answered. Instantly he said, "That's impossible—utterly impossible"—and asking me to sit beside him at his desk, he opened a ledger and showed me, "You see for yourself. There are the dinners my wife and I have accepted for the season—and here are the dinners we give ourselves." The list reached well into July. Then he continued, "Now how can I possibly get four evenings free?" to which I answered: "In that case, your highness, the Richard Wagner Opera Company is doomed, as far as London is concerned." "You horrify me," he declared. And after he had run through again *in sotto voce* the letter from Prince Frederick, "I hope you'll do all you can for Neumann in his undertaking. I shall be eternally grateful to you if you will!"—he asked, "And now how will this look to my brother-in-law?" Then he added, "At what time do your performances begin?" "At eight o'clock." "There, you see! And our dinners begin at 7:30."

Then he made further minute inquiries as to the details of our arrangements, and finally dismissed me with the following words: "I'll have to write my brother-in-law about it. The first night, yes; but four nights in one week? Well, I'll see what we can do."

Not only four nights, but actually eleven, the prince and all his suite attended our performances of the "Nibelungen Ring."

The eventual end of Scaria seems almost to justify Wagner's initial objection to him. The tragedy occurred in London at the first performance of "The Valkyre":

Emil Scaria, who sang Wotan that night, ended his long narration in the second act in triumph. But when the same man came out for the Valkyre scene in the third act, timid and shy, creeping like a hunted soul, with drooping shoulders and a trailing lance; when we saw him make his entrance from the wrong side, Heinrich Vogl (Niemann was singing Sigmund that night) sprang forward as suddenly as I, exclaiming, "My Heavens! Scaria has gone mad."

Imagine our horror as Scaria all through that most important scene transposed his entire part, singing the high notes all an octave below, and the low notes an octave above the score; and casting timid and appealing glances into the wings meanwhile, as though some danger threatened him from there.

As I had witnessed the last tragic appearance of Alois Anders in Vienna, I could not rid my mind of the striking similarity, and the hideous impressions of that awful night I shall never forget.

Even Niemann, Seidl, and others remarked at the time that Scaria must have been quite insane.

The next day was an intermission. Scaria, who seemed to have no recollection of the occurrences of the night before, complained of a violent headache and asked for two extra piano rehearsals for his rôle of the Wanderer in "Siegfried" the following night. Siedl's report of these rehearsals was not exactly reassuring. He had utterly forgotten the text and the music—the whole rôle seemed absolutely new to him. Poor Scaria!

An amusing incident occurred at Basle that may be quoted as showing some of the lesser perplexities of stage management:

After Easter we went to Basle. Here a queer incident took place that might have been a death blow to the final scene of the first act in "Siegfried." In some unexplained way the anvil which Siegfried's sword is to shatter at the end of the scene came to pieces of itself in the course of the act. As I noticed this from my box, I hurried behind the scenes, ordered the stage darkened, and called for a clever scene-shifter, who used to play the hear for us. We dressed him again in the bear skin in which he had already appeared and sent him onto

the darkened stage, telling him to crawl carefully over to the anvil and arrange it for the final stroke. The audience simply saw a vague shape grovelling about on the stage; it appeared for a moment and then vanished. They hardly noticed the passing incident, and the great final scene was thus carried out successfully.

One final incident must suffice as evidencing a quickness and *aplomb* on the part of the author that stood him in good stead in many a tight place. Before the "Ring" could be given at the court theatre in Stuttgart the permission of Minister von Gunzert must be obtained, and the worthy minister's intelligence was not at an elevation to correspond with his self-esteem:

While we were discussing some minor details, the mighty one himself strode into the office and we laid our plans before him. Von Gunzert at once now took the helm; and what von Wehl and I had already arranged, he utterly ignored. Things had to be explained from the beginning, and each small point obstinately fought out and discussed. Finally, after a most stormy debate he made a remark which gave me my cue: "I'll tell you what: You say you're going to give this thing in Karlsruhe next week? Save me a seat and I'll run down and hear your show. If I like it—she goes! If I don't—she don't!" he said, in his broad peasant dialect.

The naive self-confidence of this speech was amusing, so I calmly said, "Ah—then, your excellency, we may as well decide against it now on the spot." Quite taken aback, he asked, "And why now?" "Because you would then be saving yourself the public disgrace of having misjudged so great a work at the first hearing. If you should condemn it now without a hearing, your excellency's ignorance would be your best excuse."

Of the visit to Russia nothing can be said now. Extracts are indeed inadequate to give an idea of a fascinating book whose only fault, if it is a fault, is in a too rigid adherence to chronological fact and a reliance upon letters and documents in preference to personal narrative. The trip to Russia was the last great undertaking of the author on behalf of Richard Wagner and his art. Now, he tells us, he has renounced his soaring plans and has bent all his energies to the building up of the national opera at Prague. The annual musical festival which has been instituted there was inaugurated to carry out the original designs of the great Master of Bayreuth.

"Personal Recollections of Wagner," by Angelo Neumann. Translated from the fourth German edition by Edith Livermore, with portraits and one of Wagner's letters in facsimile. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The bureau of engraving and printing at Washington has completed designs suggested by Postmaster-General Meyer for a new issue of United States postage stamps. It is expected that shipments to postmasters will commence some time in November. The new issue has been designed with the object of obtaining the greatest simplicity commensurate with artistic results. The profile has been taken in each instance, giving a bas-relief effect. All the stamps are of a similar design, containing a head in an ellipse, the only decoration being laurel leaves on either side of the ellipse. The lettering is in straight lines, at the top being "U. S. Postage" and at the bottom the words "Two Cents." The one-cent stamp contains the head of Franklin, while all the others will bear that of Washington, taken from busts by Houdon. The colors are the reds and blues of the early stamps. Director Ralph of the bureau of engraving and printing regards the new stamps as the most artistic ever issued by the government.

The first international road congress, now in session in Paris, was undoubtedly inspired by the thrifty impulses of the French people. They have invested several hundred million dollars in building macadam roads, of which they already have twenty-three thousand miles. Their problem is to find means by which the principal thus invested shall not be lost. A kind of road had developed that met, there and here, the traffic for which it was intended. Iron tires wore off just about enough dust from the coarser fragments of stone composing the road to replace that carried off by wind and rain. In this way the larger stones were cemented together and a smooth, impervious shell formed over the surface. But the pneumatic tire has submitted the road to a wholly different wear, and the world must think out anew its road-building problem. No one questions the possibility of automobile-proof roads, but all the ways of building them now known appear decidedly expensive.

The Bulgarian flag is so new that the Turkish gunners did not recognize it, and with blank shots turned back a steamer flying it. The official realization of events is often slow in coming. When John Quincy Adams sought to enter Berlin as American minister to Prussia he was held up at the gate and the officer of the guard had doubts about letting him in, never having heard of the United States of America. A sergeant more intelligent than his superior knew all about the United States, and on his intercession Adams was allowed to proceed. The Turkish gunners have reasons of their own for official ignorance, which the Prussian lieutenant could not plead.

Armenia is a country of strong contrasts, of opposite extremes, of heat and cold, light and shade, drought and moisture, and contains more dark mysteries awaiting the solution of the future naturalist, geographer, philologist, and historian than Central Africa, Central America, and Hindostan, taken together. The ethnologist is still in doubt to what branch of the great European family the Armenian people belong; the philologist has not yet classified their language, the antiquarian knows next to nothing of their early history.

NONE TO PRAY FOR THEM.

By Anne Walsingham.

The house, its projecting angles shorn away to make it fit into the flat-faced row that had been built up to it, was one of the few old South Park houses remaining that dated from the days when San Francisco's inner circle of society centred in the Mission.

The exterior drew attention to itself merely from the commonplaceness of its type—dingy brown paint, a single bow-window jutting out in front, a scraggy growth of grimy fuchsia trying to cover its ugliness, thereby making it more so. The interior, however, more than redeemed the dingy commonplaceness of the outside. Nothing of the decoration of the walls and furniture had been changed, apparently, since its first occupancy, so when the agent told me I might rent it furnished just as it stood if I preferred I closed the bargain on the spot for the sake of the old mahogany furniture that looked as if it must have been brought around the Horn in the early fifties.

To satisfy my curiosity as to the history of the owner, the agent could tell me nothing beyond the fact that the owner had died recently and that the estate was held in trust for two minor heirs.

The quiet of this old-fashioned neighborhood suited my father's shaken nerves and I felt I had discovered in this spot a haven for his few remaining years safe from the intrusion of all but the few old friends still cherished in his decline.

The late occupant having lived and died here alone with apparently no relatives to dismantle the house for its new occupants, there were many self-revealing still left about the rooms that suggested the gentle spirit of an old lady who had revelled in the graceful little creature comforts of fine china, beautiful nappery, some rare old books, mostly of a devotional character, and a number of good old French prints. Among the few portraits that hung on the walls of the dining-room I chose the one who best fitted my mental picture of the late owner of the house, a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman with delicate features and a certain stamp of quality, until I felt I had almost known the lonely Mme. de Tours.

During the long hours of listening for the tinkle of my dear invalid's bell or brooding over the wrench of the coming parting with my father, I had unlimited time for reverie and rummaging in the old house. The little hall-room where trunks and boxes had been stored until the minor heirs should claim them had been a private chapel. The ceiling running up through two floors ended in a dome-shaped skylight; the altar, crowded out of its place at the end of the room by the piles of trunks, was pushed against the wall, and here, secure from the eye of the servants, I did not scruple to ransack everything I found, feeling that whatever diversion it brought me was well covered by my cash rental.

As a consequence, when I dragged up to the light from beneath a pile of old curtains a small portrait admirably painted, I did not hesitate to claim it for my own by the divine right of discovery. Why, I wondered, had this beautiful portrait been thrown into a rubbish pile? Nothing in the dining-room could touch it for either subject or work. Something of the dreamy-eyed beauty of the young Raphael was suggested in the broad forehead, rich coloring, the mouth sensitive almost to weakness, and the Seminarian's cap.

Nothing I could learn from the neighbors about the family of de Tours threw any light upon my portrait. Mme. de Tours, I was told, had continued to live here after her husband's death until she died; the daughter who had married her cousin had gone back to France to live, had also died, leaving two minor heirs to the diminished de Tours estate. Who, then, could be this dreamy-eyed youth, I still wondered, and why had he been thrown into the rubbish heap?

Later, coming across a packet of old letters, I brazenly opened them and sat hours poring over their quaint, cramped French. This was my solution to the mystery of the portrait. Louis, I found, had been the pride and hope of the house of de Tours, an erratic and probably somewhat spoiled boy. Louis upon reaching his majority had declined to enter the diplomatic service, as had been intended, and had chosen instead to take the holy orders of the priesthood. And later Louis, the dreamy-eyed, exquisite Louis, had met and succumbed to the fascinations of "the beautiful and unscrupulous Marie Barreau."

Whereupon, it seemed, Louis had been summarily turned out of the priesthood, his name forbidden to be mentioned in the family, and his picture torn from the wall and thrown into a rubbish heap.

In vain I searched for more light on the subject of Louis's picturesque career, going so far as to force locks when necessary to further my search—what mattered it to the two minor heirs if I knew the whole story of Louis? Nothing more, however, seemed known definitely. A letter I found in the pocket of an old brocade gown from Madeline de Tours a short time before her death and dated from Paris opined that poor Louis had either changed his name or killed himself and requested that her children be kept in ignorance of his existence.

My poor Louis! Looking at him where I

had hung him over my desk, I wondered which of the alternatives he had chosen. I rather gloried in his frank declaration for his Marie, who, unfortunately, seemed to be also some one's else Marie too, inasmuch as she was already a married woman. But had he gone with her really? I often wondered when the deep eyes pleaded for him from his portrait.

Thereafter whenever I chanced into a Catholic church and came to the passage in the prayer-book—"for such as die in war or have none to pray for them," I offered a prayer for the repose of the soul of the outcast Louis, with the eyes that seemed to appeal for my sympathy.

One foggy afternoon in the late autumn I turned from the throng of busy shoppers along Kearny Street up Stockton and into Bush to the little church of Notre Dame des Victoires. It was the Feast of All Souls, and the altars, dimly lighted, were covered in the French fashion with black tapestry bearing the skull and crossbones to recall the worldly-minded to the inevitable end of all things. As it was late in the afternoon I found myself the sole occupant of the church. Slipping down the side aisle and dropping upon my knees, I sought first for strength and consolation in the approaching loss of my dear father. Then as I turned the pages of my prayer-book the old story in all its tragic pathos swept upon me in a great wave of pity for the hot youth and made love of Louis and Marie, and still I prayed my little prayer for the repose of the souls "of such as die in war or have none to pray for them."

Suddenly as I knelt, the door behind me, a side door, opened and I saw the figure of a tall priest bearing a pyx making a great clatter in the silent church as he took his place two pews behind me. Not wanting to be rude, I waited an instant until his head should be bowed in prayer before turning to see if it were our beloved père who had entered. To my surprise, the church was still empty. There was no one in the second pew behind me. I rose to leave the church, but as I reached the second pew an impulse to sit there controlled me. As I took my seat I muttered a hasty "Pardon" when I saw that after all the priest was there. As he turned to me the broad forehead, the deep, dreamy eyes, the rich coloring, and Seminarian's cap were just my picture that hung above his desk. "Louis" sprang to my lips, but I know I did not articulate the word. The eyes smiled their recognition. It seemed a perfectly natural thing that Louis should be in the church beside me. My blood did not run cold. Neither was I surprised when, the next instant, he was not there. Without any of the shivers supposed to accompany a visitation of the supernatural, I all at once found myself saying over and over, as if reciting the litany, "The inner underneath one—inner, inner, underneath—the inner underneath."

Upon reaching home I found my father had died unexpectedly and the following weeks I was plunged into a grief so deep as to crowd every other thought from my mind, until looking through his strong box of papers.

Again the words "The inner underneath one" came to me. I stopped to recall the impressions of my All Souls' evening, taking out the last papers idly. "Inner, underneath" rang through me. Inner what? I wondered. Touching the bottom of the box with my finger tips "underneath" repeated itself so insistently I looked underneath the box. In doing so I shook it a trifle and heard something shake from side to side. "Inner." I seemed to feel rather than hear. Pressing hard upon the bottom, a false plate gave way and revealed a letter addressed to me in my father's own hand.

This I took up feeling that it would explain his strange will that left the bulk of his property to his brother and gave me a mere fourth, but to provide against its being read by any one but myself he had secreted it in this way, knowing that his paralysis might extend to his hands and prevent his writing it later.

"Because ignorance is not innocence," the letter ran, "it is right for you to know the whole truth when you are old enough and strong enough to bear it, that you may understand the quality of your temperament."

My eyes eagerly devoured the truth from the pages. Poor mother! With no feeling of resentment, nothing but pity, born, perhaps, of an answering chord in my own heart, I read on until with horror I read the name of Louis de Tours, Seminarian. "Beautiful and unscrupulous" rang again in my ears as they had fallen from the letters of Mme. de Tours and I was listening to the characterization of my own mother, whom my childish ignorance had hallowed as a saint.

The devoted father I had loved all my life was now doubly lost to me. He had never been my father, but to save my erring mother had taken me for his own daughter.

Every act and impulse of my life have since that day been shadowed by my cruel illumination. When I walk along the street and catch a glimpse of myself in a show window my carriage instantly sbrinks as I realize I am the last person in the world to hold a high head, that I have no name, no place, no right to be in the world at all.

People call me a fortunate young woman, for although inheriting only a fourth of my father's estate, the society columns of the

papers have heralded my beauty and wealth as my portion. Men have professed to love me for the fatal beauty of poor Marie Barreau. But between me and every natural pleasure looms the portrait I can not now but choose to keep of Louis de Tours.

Those of you who have known the beautiful little church of Notre Dame des Victoires before the great disaster, the sweet sanctity of its soft lights and dim altars, know too, for you can not evade him, the tall figure of Louis de Tours. Sitting within the chancel during the service of the mass, kneeling at the shrine of the Virgin, emerging from the confessional, or standing in the choir, have you not seen the tall figure with the broad brow?

At the solemn service of the mass on All Souls' Day have you not seen the young priest in the Seminarian's cap standing beside the priest as he offers the sacrifice for "such as die in war or have none to pray for them?"

You have seen him. You thought you were looking at a strange priest assisting as deacon, no doubt, and because you were intent on your prayers you did not count it strange that you saw him one moment and the next he was gone, neither did you think it strange nor uncanny the times you have entered the church on week days and thought the church was empty until you saw a tall figure at the other end, and when you went down to the altar to light a taper at the shrine found no one there after all. Every one of you who knew the church have seen him and thought nothing of it. But I, because I am the daughter of the outcast Louis de Tours and "the beautiful and unscrupulous Marie Barreau," see him more plainly than you. He comes and sits beside me and his deep eyes plead for sympathy and succor when I pray for "such as die in war or have none to pray for them." In bustling crowds the brushing of the Seminarian's robe against my own admonishes me that I am not alone; over the heads of kneeling worshippers or holiday throngs in the theatre the Seminarian's cap arises above all else.

It is for this reason that I have renounced the world and all the world holds dear, my fortune, my youth, and what people have chosen to call beauty, to spend my life in intercessory prayer for all "who die in war or have none to pray for them" in order that the restless spirit of the unhappy Louis de Tours may at last sleep in peace with his fathers.

Berlin is the fourth German city to establish a permanent ice skating rink. It is said that over 1000 people can skate there at one time without crowding. The admission is 18 cents and the rink is open from nine in the morning till twelve at night.

The English Lobby.

Meantime I beg my readers not to run away with the idea that this Parliament, with all its seriousness, does not know how to amuse itself (writes T. P. O'Connor in *M. A. P.*). Within the vast spaces of that great building at Westminster there are several worlds; each day and each story has its own separate and independent life. I have told how, in the earlier hours of the day, there is the vast world of politicians who are interested in the grand committees. There is another and even a vaster world—that of the men who are interested in what is called private bill legislation, the legislation which is necessary if a new railroad or a new tramway company or a new canal has to be brought into being. This is a great world in itself. Its chief figures are, of course, the great barristers who practice at what is called the parliamentary bar. These are the giants of the profession. No men earn such gigantic incomes—even at the bar. You hear of men having as much as £20,000 a year to their credit, and yet these men, as a rule, work only four months in the year. You know, of course, that no member of Parliament can practice at the parliamentary bar; the reason, of course, is that he may have to be a member of one of the parliamentary committees which try the case, and that thus he may be put in the irreconcilable positions of judge and advocate. Many parliamentary barristers have had to give up a splendid income when they decided to enter Parliament. Sir William Harcourt told me that he was earning £15,000 a year when he entered Parliament; "and, perhaps," he added, "I was a d—d fool to have done so." Mr. Cripps, who was in the last Parliament, used to make £20,000 a year, but he gave it willingly up to be a member of the House of Commons, but he has been fortunate enough since to go into another kind of practice—as arbitrator very often—and now is as rich as ever. Lord Robert Cecil has lost considerably by entering Parliament.

In addition to the great barristers, you see the solicitors—who swarm about the place. And there is a third—who sometimes are the same as the solicitors—namely, what are called parliamentary agents—that is to say they whose business it is to influence members of Parliament in favor of their bills. This is a very lucrative branch of the legal profession, because, of course, as a rule gigantic interests are involved in these parliamentary conflicts, often millions of money.

Rupert Lorraine, a new writer whose name has a suggestion of fiction in it, has won the hundred-guinea prize for a first novel offered by Fisher-Unwin, the London publisher. The story, entitled "The Woman and the Sword," will be published at once.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The attention now being given to the works of Ouida, and especially to those not hitherto published, shows the extent to which we have overtaken a humanitarianism that found little enough recognition in its own day. It takes a long time to fashion the bay leaves into a crown, and the crown must usually be placed upon a grave instead of upon a living head. It is a little saddening to think that Ouida can not know what is being said of "Helianthus." No review ever read by her spoke, as now speaks the New York Tribune, of the "humanitarian enthusiasm which was part of her character from the very beginning." Never within her hearing was she praised for gathering up the "emotions of a lifetime and hurling them against the powers that dwell in luxury, waxing fat on oppression." She probably never read a reference to her "lovable personality," to her "true nobility of feeling," to her "tender sympathy," or her "complete good faith." The critics of twenty years ago would hardly read her books, much less praise them, and yet she wrote nothing wholly free from the beautiful characteristics of "Helianthus."

The Guest of Quesnay, by Booth Tarkington. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

This successful story combines the virtues of irreproachable style, fine dialogue, and a plot that is as nearly novel as we have a right to expect in the twentieth century.

The hero is Larrabee Harman, who by his debauchery has well nigh broken the heart of his beautiful young wife and brought himself within sight of the physical and mental abyss from which there is no return. We are introduced to Larrabee and his unspeakable female companion in the outskirts of Paris and we witness the automobile accident from which Larrabee is dragged even less dreadfully under the disfigurement of blood and wounds than behind the mask that his infamous life had created.

Then the scene changes to provincial France and the hotel of *Les Trois Pigeons*. There is the inimitable *maitre d'hôtel* Amédée, and Mme. Boissard, and the strange Professor Kerdec and his still stranger pupil, Saffren, who has lost his memory and must gradually reacquire a knowledge of men and things. And among the guests at the neighboring chateau is the beautiful Mme. d'Armand, and the similarity of her name to that of Harmon will not escape the attentive reader. Indeed the *dénouement* contains no surprise. The secret of the plot is a stage secret only, and it is all the more charming for its gentle transparency. Without any pretensions to profundity, without psychological analysis, it is a charming and spontaneous romance and one of the books that it is good to own.

In and Around the Isle of Purbeck, by Ida Woodward. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$6.

That so large and sumptuous a volume should be written, and interestingly written, of a piece of ground ten miles by twelve miles wide in extent is testimony to the historical and scenic importance of the place. The Isle of Purbeck is situated at the southeast corner of Dorset. To the north is the River Frome and the English Channel lies to the east. It contains Roman remains, while on Baden Hill was fought the great battle between the British and the Saxons when King Arthur led his people in person and when, says Nennius, "nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance." A great fight, truly.

Of the records in this remarkable book the reader must be left to his own estimate. Certainly nothing seems to have escaped the author, who shows evidence not only of indefatigable research, but of an enviable literary charm and historical lucidity. But the illustrations are of a kind to awaken not only admiration, but enthusiasm. They are thirty-six in number, the work of John W. G. Bond, and they have all the charm of the original water-color sketches. The volume as a whole is a valuable and impressive addition to the local history of England.

Wulnoth, the Wanderer, by H. Escott-Inman. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The author has made good use of the old Viking myths. He tells a story saturated with the atmosphere of the early days and with the sheer joy of life and battle, of the days before death became terrible. Wulnoth comes as a child to the hall of Hardacnut and rescues the little maid Edgiva from the sea and also from the great bear that threatens to make a meal of the little maiden. And, by the way, is not this same story told of Hereward the Wake? but Hereward had his great sword and Wulnoth only his knife, but they suffered alike from the jealousy of those who grudged such honors to a boy. Wulnoth is made Lord of Cantua by King Alfred himself and Lady Edgiva teaches him to read the thorn-crowned rune cross of the White Christ. Hardly a page of the story without its vigorous incident until the last great battle called

the Field of the Great Slaughter "so vast was the number who lay there dead."

The author has caught the spirit of the times with great success. It is not easy to see how much of his work is imaginative or how much he has gathered from the old sagas, and that the line is invisible is a tribute to his skill. The book is finely printed, the frontispiece is distinctive, and the marginal tinted decorations are in good taste.

Tables of Stone, by Harold Begbie. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

John Diver, country born and bred, comes to London to earn his living and secures a sort of standing in society through the eccentricities of his dress and the direct force of an undeveloped character. The situation is full of admirable possibilities, but the author evades them all. John Diver with opportunity and polish becomes a sort of genius, a reformer in political affairs, and a writer of some distinction. But of the finer human qualities, of love and tenderness, he seems to be absolutely devoid, and we find to our disappointment that a character that we were prepared to admire is slowly becoming abhorrent and repulsive. Worst of all, we have a suspicion that the author is quite unaware of the Frankenstein monster that he is creating or that John Diver's treatment of his wife would shame an Apache Indian. The sensitive reader will lay down "Tables of Stone" with a feeling of impotent indignation.

The Story of New England Whalers, by John R. Spears. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Everything worth knowing about a vanishing industry is to be found in these pages and we rise from them with an increased admiration for the whaler and for the whale. The book seems to contain a great deal that has never been published before. Who knows, for instance, that the whale in swimming leaves a sort of oil ribbon behind him on the surface of the water and that this ribbon is sensitive to anything that crosses it? Perhaps it isn't true, but it is at least *ben trovato*. Who knows anything of the astonishing powers of communication possessed by whales, of their mutual helpfulness, and of their almost human affection? The book is written not from the standpoint of the scientist, but of the practical whaler, and it deals with the things that the whaler has seen and with the common beliefs of the seafolk. Nothing more readable of its kind has been written.

Insect Stories, by Vernon L. Kellogg. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Professor Kellogg has placed the cause of popular science under great obligations. Very few teachers are able to cover so wide a range as is marked by his "Darwinism Today" upon the one hand and the present volume upon the other, and to do it with such uniform strength. "Insect Stories" is intended for young people, and those who are so fortunate as to read it can hardly fail to be launched on the stream of interest, observation, and research. The author gives us thirteen separate stories dealing with the familiar forms of insect life in California. His companion in the field is "Mary," and Mary seems to be just as intelligently inquisitive as he is himself. No creeping thing comes amiss to them and no form of life is too lowly to be irradiated by assimilable knowledge.

The Children's Longfellow. Published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$3.

There is no reason why this should be called the Children's Longfellow, except that it contains the poems especially popular with children, and it seems almost a pity to use a term of limitation that is unneeded. The volume contains eighty poems and we are glad to see that, with three exceptions, none of them is abbreviated. The volume has eight full-page illustrations in color by popular artists; decorated title-page, sub-titles, and headings in color and is handsomely printed and bound. Nothing could be better as a present to child or adult.

The Leaven of Love, by Clara Louise Burnham. Published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.50.

Violet Chamberlain quarrels with her husband because of his attentions to Belle Armitage. She leaves him and comes to California and by a curious coincidence both her husband and his charmer do the same thing unknown to each other. The plot is not of the hair-raising variety, but the story is redeemed from the commonplace by the character of Sibyl, whose philosophy is a combination of mental healing and the "new thought," which becomes very tolerable in the person of a lovely girl.

Cousin Cinderella, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

This book should be as successful as "An American Girl in London." It describes how Graham and Mary Trent, brother and sister,

come from Canada to make the acquaintance of London. As a romance the story is distinctly clever, but it will be valued more for its humorous and often caustic comments upon English society, as viewed by two clever Canadians whose sympathies would naturally be for their transatlantic kin. The sketch strikes us as being implacably true upon both its Canadian and English sides, and then, too, there is an American girl who furnishes some interesting situations and completes the international triangle. Mrs. Cotes has a happy facility in drawing sketches of national types, and she is always convincing because she has neither prejudice nor malice.

The Wooing of Calvin Parks, by Laura E. Richards. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

Mrs. Richards is perhaps more happy in her tales for young people. "The Wooing of Calvin Parks," strong as it is, seems to lack continuity, as though a number of episodes had been forced into unwilling alliance. But the episodes themselves are a capital rendering of New England life. Calvin Parks, the itinerant candy seller, is a fine piece of work, the quarrelsome twins are amusing, and Mary Sands is fresh and lovable. We could willingly have spared Mrs. Marlin and her repulsive daughter, but it takes all sorts to make a world, even in New England.

Cape Cod, by Henry D. Thoreau. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$2.

This is something more than the reissue of a classic. Mr. Clifton Johnson, who furnishes the introduction and the illustrations, imitated Thoreau by taking a leisurely tramp through the length of Cape Cod, noting every salient feature and recording his journey with a skillfully used camera. The result is a fine book with a pleasant introduction that might have been longer and thirty-three full-page illustrations well selected and of unusual interest. The volume will commend itself to Thoreau lovers.

New Publications.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "The Bachelor and the Baby," an amusing little sketch by Margaret Cameron.

The whole story of the American reaper has been told by Herbert N. Casson in "The Romance of the Reaper," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. The author certainly justifies the use of the word "romance," for a more astonishing mechanical and com-

mercial success has never been recorded. Mr. Casson is to be congratulated both upon his subject and his skill in handling it.

"How to Cook Meat and Poultry," by Olive Green, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, in the Homemaker Series, which now numbers six volumes of practical domestic value. The price is \$1.

Duffield & Co., New York, have published a two-volume edition of "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. The issue is tastefully prepared and the colored illustrations by A. Wallis-Mills are an attractive feature of the volumes. Price, \$2.50; postage, 15 cents.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have published "The Washington Year Book," compiled by Wallace Rice. The selections from Washington's speeches and writings are admirably made, while the marginal illustrations in tone and the typography are pleasing and artistic.

In "Wilderness Homes" the author, Oliver Kemp, assumes the rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend to those who want to build a forest camp and to build it themselves. It is a workmanlike book written for the amateur and all the instructions are within his compass. Enthusiasm and encouragement are skillfully instilled by illustrations and plans. The book is published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York, and the price is \$1.25.

"Founders and Rulers of United Israel," by Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., is the second of a series of six volumes to be known collectively as the "Historical Bible." Intended mainly for colleges and for theological students, it is an attempt to select the really vital parts of the Bible, to arrange them in chronological order, and to interpret their essential teachings into the thought and language of today. The series is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The "First Folio" Shakespeare.

"Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Taming of the Shrew," and "Coriolanus" have now been added to this edition that will be welcomed as a gain for Shakespearean students and a treasure for the antiquarian. The edition reproduces the First Folio text of 1623 and gives us Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation and free from the changes of three centuries, which, however, are indicated by abundant notes. The publishers are Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Dustin Farnum and the supporting company in "The Squaw Man" are completing the second week of a successful engagement at the Van Ness Theatre. Next week the character comedy, "Checkers," will be presented with substantially the complete cast and stage settings seen in New York. There has never been another company in the play, and the manager is still the same as on the opening night, five years ago. Although "Checkers" is often spoken of as a "racing" play because it contains a strong scene of track interest, it has many other equally attractive features, including a charming love story and innumerable dainty touches of light comedy. It has been played during eighteen different engagements in New York and will go back for another visit this season. Among the favorites in the company who will be remembered are Hans Robert and Dave Braham.

At the Valencia Theatre "Graustark" is just closing a profitable run and will be seen for the last times Saturday afternoon and evening. Sunday, at the matinee performance, "His Excellency, the Governor," will have its first presentation in San Francisco. The comedy is from the pen of Captain R. H. Marshall, author of "A Royal Family" and several other successful plays, and is already known as one of his greatest hits. It tells a story of interest and gives many opportunities for effective dramatic action. Robert Warwick as the governor will have a capital part, and Willette Kershaw as Stella de Gex will add to her list of pleasing character studies. Commencing with this play, Herman Heller will take charge of the orchestra and with an organization of selected musicians will make the music incidental to every production entirely worthy.

Ferris Hartman is in the last nights of his engagement at the Princess Theatre and is doing well in "The Office Boy," though its opportunities are far from magnificent. Arthur Cunningham, Sarah Edwards, and the Princess chorus are giving him loyal and winning assistance.

Next week Kolb and Dill, supported by their big Eastern company, open in "Playing the Ponies." It is a piece that is said to have made a success in New York, and it is planned to give room for the dialect humor and eccentric character specialties of the two comedians. Its story is coherent, if improbable, and its situations of the usual musical comedy order. Among its attractions are a number of songs which have developed into popular numbers in the East, such as "The Lily and the Bee," "The Queen of the Boulevard," "Dreamland," "Summer Girls," and "It Looks Like a Big Night Tonight." The company supporting the principals, C. William Kolb and Max M. Dill, includes Charles Sinclair, Lucy Monroe, Albert E. Duncan, Billy S. Clifford, Carlton Chase, Maud Lambert, Leola Maye, and Tom Clark.

Five new acts will be presented in the bill of the week at the Orpheum beginning Sunday afternoon, in addition to the holdovers from this week. Hope Booth will present a playlet called "The Little Blonde Lady," written by George M. Cohan, and have the assistance of Charles Deland and Frank Dixon. Miss Booth in private life is Mrs. Wolf, and her husband is a dramatic writer on the New York *Telegraph*. Next in interest will be Valadon, recently the associate of the famous Kellar and for five years a sensation at the Egyptian Hall, London, where he produced a series of illusions that startled the entire community. Lewis and Green, a popular team of comedians, will present a sketch entitled "Engaging a Cook," which is full of witty dialect and humorous complications. McPhee and Hill, skillful aerialists, will present an original act called "The Clown and the Tired Man." Black and Jones, colored eccentric dancing comedians, will contribute to the programme. Next week will be the last of Redford and Winchester, La Petite Mignon, and of Lyster Chambers and Clara Knott in the thrilling sketch, "The Operator."

"The Clansman," the sensational Southern play which has stirred up adverse criticism in some of the Eastern cities, follows "Checkers" at the Van Ness Theatre.

The Valencia Theatre management has succeeded in making arrangements for a production of "Peter Pan" during the coming holidays.

Arthur Cunningham, who has won the lasting regard of the theatre-going public as a comedian and a singer during his long and successful connection with the old Tivoli Opera House and the new Princess Theatre companies, will shortly begin a career as a star in the Irish plays once made famous by Joseph Murphy. Mr. Cunningham is an actor of studious character and purpose, and he never fails to present a forceful and consistent impersonation of the character allotted to him, even in the hazy atmosphere of musical comedy. He is a master of the art of make-up, and always happy in his portraiture. Best of all his equipment, however, is a baritone voice of power and resonance, which he uses with skill and judgment. The friends who

will wish him unbounded success in his venture may be reckoned by hundreds.

Prizes are given at the Valencia Theatre Sunday matinees for criticisms of the play. Blank forms are distributed among the audience and then collected. Last Sunday a prize of \$25, one of \$15, another of \$10, and ten of \$5 were awarded fortunate writers. "His Excellency, the Governor," will be open for criticism at next Sunday's matinee.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Paul Bourget pronounces Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth" the greatest novel America has produced.

Professor Charles Waldstein's work on "Herculaneum" has just been published by the Macmillan Company. Few archaeologists have attained to the rank of this learned New Yorker, whose occupation of the Slade professorship at Cambridge University has not been unworthy its former incumbent, John Ruskin. He points out that the literary and art treasures of Herculaneum must be of a vastly higher quality and in a better state of preservation than those hitherto discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. Unfortunately, the work is just now retarded by the attitude assumed by the Italian government.

The British government grants \$500 a year each to John Davidson and William Watson in consideration of the merit of their poetical works. To Henry Austin Dobson is granted \$1250 per annum "in recognition of his distinguished literary attainments and of his eminence as a poet." Alfred Austin receives as poet laureate \$1000 a year.

In his latest book, "First and Last Things: a Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life," H. G. Wells will set forth in autobiographical form the convictions and ideas out of which have grown his series of social studies, his imaginative romances of other worlds, and his realistic novels about his fellow Britons. It will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Israel Zangwill has written a new play, "The Melting Pot," and the heroine speaks a line concerning the sanctity of marriage: "We are not native-born Americans; we hold our troth eternal." President Roosevelt, disliking the sentiment, suggests to Mr. Zangwill that he change the line so as to read: "Not being members of the 'Four Hundred,' we hold even our troth sacred." The President's line approximates the truth more nearly than Mr. Zangwill's, yet there are members of the "400," doubtless, who are faithful to marriage vows (observes the *Springfield Republican*). It is hard to make satire mathematically precise in its literary form.

Gustave Simon, the literary executor of Victor Hugo, says that the plan of "Les Misérables" was begun in 1829; that the writing of the book began in 1845 and was continued until 1848, when the revolution interrupted the work; twelve years later the manuscript was taken up and completed. Two months were occupied in the preface.

The fifty-eighth anniversary of the death of Balzac was celebrated by visits to the newly opened Balzac Museum at Passy, to his house at Jardies (afterward occupied by Gambetta), and to his grave in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where a number of addresses were made.

Beyond the fact that she became the wife of William Godwin, and the mother of the wife of Shelley, little is remembered, except by the student, of Mary Wollstonecraft. Yet she was a woman of no little note in her day, and as the author of a vigorous pamphlet on "The Rights of Woman" she may fairly be said to be the ancestor of the suffrage movement that has been recently stirring English society and English politics into a fever heat of argument by tongue and opposition by physical force. Mary Wollstonecraft was many other things, and as a radical of the radicals she carried her theories into a practice that usually daunts even the bravest theorist. Falling in love with an American named Gilbert Imlay, she lived with him without the religious or legal bond that society holds essential, and she eventually paid the penalty of her over-confidence in man through his neglect and desertion. To the world, however, her sufferings seem worth the while in the series of letters that she wrote to him. They have become a classic in their kind, and although many editions have appeared from time to time since their first public appearance, they are too little known. A reprint in a small volume is now issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Minetti String Quartet Concert.

The Minetti String Quartet announces its first concert of the series, to take place on Friday afternoon, November 6, at 3:15, at Century Hall, corner of Sutter and Franklin Streets, with this programme: *Haydn*, String Quartet in D major, op. 20, No. 4; *Bach*, Duo for two Violins and Piano accompaniment; *Beethoven*, String Quartet in F major, op. 18. Assisted by Mrs. Marie Stoney, pianiste. Tickets, \$1, including reserved seat; admission, 50 cents. This is the sixteenth season of the organization.

For the Children's Hospital.

A clever and very successful innovation in charity work, which has met with the greatest approval in many Eastern cities, and in Los Angeles and Seattle on the Western coast, will be introduced by the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses on election day. The idea is called "Tag Day," and means the tagging with official badges or tags of men, women, and children, each separate tag calling for the payment of 10 cents. Several hundred of our prominent matrons and young girls will help in the good work. The entire city will be districted and the tagging will begin at the various electoral booths at seven o'clock in the morning. "Tag Day," with its modest appeal for so excellent a cause as the construction of a much-needed new hospital on the old site, should prove an unqualified success. The committee comprises Mrs. Helen Hecht, chairman; Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. L. N. Walter, Mrs. Botkin, Mrs. Bertha G. Lienthal, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. J. W. Kerr, and Mrs. R. V. Watt.

Blanche Arral Positively Sings Sunday.

The long-postponed and anxiously awaited concert of Blanche Arral, the Belgian prima donna of whom Manager Greenbaum expects so much, will positively be given this coming Sunday afternoon, October 25, at the Van Ness Theatre.

The programme originally promised, with the five grand opera arias with orchestral accompaniment, will be faithfully carried out, and in addition the artist will sing some beautiful numbers with piano accompaniment, and Bishop's "Oh! Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato, played by Louis Neubauer.

The seats are on sale at both of the Sherman, Clay & Co. stores, and the box office of the theatre will be open Sunday at 10 a. m. Phone orders will be carefully attended to.

A Prison Commission Benefit.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the California Prison Commission, with the object of securing funds to be used in furnishing homes for released prisoners, has made arrangement for a benefit performance at the Valencia Theatre on the evening of November 9. For the occasion the Valencia Theatre Stock Company, headed by Robert Warwick, will present the comedy, "Glittering Gloria," and an entertaining presentation of the play may confidently be anticipated. Tickets will be \$2, and they may be obtained of the officers and directors of the auxiliary. Mrs. I. Lowenberg, 2196 Jackson Street, is president of the organization; Mrs. A. P. Woodward, 312 Haight Street, recording secretary; Mrs. California Newton, 2008 Vallejo Street, treasurer.

The French doll, hitherto supreme, is being dethroned, according to the National Society of Manufacturers. In the dressing of dolls German makers can not compete. They lack the Parisian knack and chic. But France no longer possesses a single firm for the manufacture of dolls' heads in china. There were five or six left a few years ago. Now there is none, whereas at least ten are flourishing in Germany. Nowadays, accordingly, all French dolls have Parisian clothes, but German faces.



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ROMANTIC "GRAUSTARK."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Graustark" belongs to the order of popular novels, which is to say that it is popular mush. But in this workaday world there are so many people toiling at uncongenial jobs for a living that they experience a certain luxury of sensation in escaping, through the medium of fiction, to a new world in which romantic follies are freely committed without punishment, and rank, wealth, and good clothes are accepted as a matter of course.

In "Graustark" universal prosperity is taken or granted, gold-laced uniforms are as common as dirt, and the heroine is a beautiful princess and the ruler of the mythical kingdom of Graustark. The hero is just a plain, entitled American, but he presumably rolls in money, and his tailoring is a dream. Counts and countesses, princes, harons, and a miscellaneous lot of courtiers float through the scenes, but the strongest impression left upon the mind is the fact that Princess Yctive, even while rejecting titled suitor after titled suitor, and deploring her maiden loneliness on her throne, manages to get in her osculatory inings.

For the American hero shows true American enterprise in overleaping the barriers imposed by the rank of his lady-love, and wins favors, one might say, at the cannon's mouth, since he wrests a love-avowal from the princess at the very foot of the throne.

It is easy, from the above, for the reader to draw conclusions as to "Graustark." It is designed to meet the tastes of the young and shallowly romantic, who have been assembling in large numbers at the opening performances, and dividing their sentiments between young hells over the love scenes and young giggles over the irreverent vandals in the gallery who interrupt the American's wooing with loud, explosive travesties of kisses.

It can not be very heartening to players to have the element of burlesque introduced into a performance which is intended to be serious, and it certainly must be annoying to the spectator who wants his little draught of pure romance delivered as per contract. But humans love an unexpected laugh, and the farcical interruption did not seem to be at all resented.

Robert Warwick's principal contributions to the rôle of the American wooer were height, good looks, and, as has been hinted, unexceptionable tailoring. His ability as a player lay largely in abeyance, as the sentiment in the piece is of the shallowest and the diction of the commonest.

Willette Kershaw looked very pretty as Princess Yctive, but indicated the exalted rank of the ruler of Graustark by a style of vocal delivery which was monotonous and altogether too little diversified by the vivacious and unaffected inflections that nature teaches us. But she was pardonable, because she made a pretty picture of herself so many times, and the expression of her face, although in effect a little too premeditated, was very pretty when the princess yielded herself to the spell of her lover's wooing.

At the Orpheum this week the bill seems to be unusually well proportioned to the needs of the average patron. Something pretty, something serious, something musical, and something funny, with odds and ends in between.

The something pretty is the equestrian act by Mme. Theresa Renz. Her horse Conversano, with his delicately modeled body, dainty little hoofs, and beautifully arched neck, is as faultlessly contoured as a beautiful woman. Unlike most trained animals, he looks happy in his act. Probably he has his little equine vanities. He is a model of good behavior, and dances with a business-like accuracy of step and time that would put many an awkward human to the blush.

The most serious number on the week's programme is "The Operator," a playlet representing a dramatic incident which takes place at a telegraph station on the plains, which consists of the misreading of a message by an exhausted and overtaxed operator, his despair when he discovers his mistake, and that it will probably result in the collision of two trains, and the clearing up of the tangle at the end when he is saved from exterminating his entire family by the discovery that he can avert the catastrophe. The leading rôle was well acted by Lyster Chambers, and the play was received with sympathetic interest by the audience.

The something funny in the bill is contributed with Irish heartiness by Gracie Em-

mett, who, in "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband," is a creature of delight. For Gracie, who is stout and jolly, and the possessor of a brogue that is warranted not to fade in the wash, is dowered with the blessed gift of humor. It is easily conceivable that her playlet might not be funny with an inferior comedian in the title-rôle, but as it is, it is deliriously funny. One abandons one's self to the luxury of extreme mirth with the completeness that brings an after rest and refreshment to the entire system.

The musical element is large and generous, and hailed with enthusiasm by an audience that fairly revels in the blare and clamor of a brass band. This is supplied by Gennaro's Venetian Gondolier Band, who present a mingling of musical numbers which, in its entirety, is called "A Night in Venice." I can not say that there was much suggestion of the soft and dreamy sentiment appropriate to the nocturnal music enjoyed by a Latin people on a summer night. It seemed to me that the crashing harmonies evolved by Gennaro's baton were much more appropriate to the spirit of an American holiday, with a parade and a multitude in the foreground. But it was to an American audience that the entertainment was addressed, and they received it with such signs of favor as to keep the vivacious conductor smiling, bowing, wiping off his sweat-embellished countenance, and granting encores for a very appreciable interval of time after his number was concluded.

Gennaro is billed as an "eccentric," a claim which is founded principally upon the peculiar attitudes he strikes, and some farcical by-play in disciplining his band. He wears natty cream-colored trousers, which obligingly throw up in high relief, for the benefit of an interested audience, the peculiarities of his leg attitudes, which are many and various. Sometimes he crouches, sometimes assumes a pose appropriate to the duel. His assortment of smiles is a large asset in his collection of eccentricities. He greets the lighter, more delicate passages with a winking smile, which fades when he points sadly, reproachfully, remonstrantly to some offender, but the radiant sunburst which he shows to the audience, when, after stamping his foot conclusively, he turns with bedewed brow to acknowledge the applause might shame the orb of day.

His band plays with great dash and precision, but little shading. The members are profoundly attentive to their leader, which shows that in spite of all his spectacular nonsense, his attitudes, his dainty, dancing steps, and his little farces of punishment, the leader is a man of business.

There is an ineffective-voiced soprano in the troupe, and a drummer specialist, who, with a fixed expression that suggested light-hypnosis, executed a drummer solo, as it were, which, with the least exaggerated of hand motions, represented with cleverly executed crescendo and diminuendo the gradual approach, the crescendo effect of nearness, and the gradual passing away of some pageant whose movement was marked by the beat of drums.

First Loring Club Concert.

A programme of exceptional interest is announced for the opening concert of the thirty-second season of the Loring Club, at Christian Science Hall, on Tuesday evening, October 27. No less than four of the six numbers to be sung by the club will on this occasion be heard for the first time by a San Francisco audience. The most important of these, and one that will be looked forward to by music lovers, is "From Every Zone," this being a cycle of six songs for male chorus and orchestra, piano and organ, by Arnold Krug.

Since the club about a year ago gave a rendering of Brahms's "Rhapsodie" for contralto and male chorus, with orchestra, piano, and organ, requests have been made for its repetition, and this great composition is included in the programme of the concert of Tuesday evening. The club is fortunate in having been able to again secure for this work the assistance of Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, mezzo contralto, who gave an impressive interpretation of the exacting solo a year ago. Mrs. Blanchard will also be heard in Liszt's "Lorelei," and other solo numbers by Grieg, Burmeister, and Alicia Needham.

The orchestra will be that of Mr. Bernat Jaulou, who will also appear as solo violinist; and the pianist and organist are respectively Mr. Frederick Maurer, Jr., and Mr. Wallace A. Sabin.

The concert will be under the direction of W. C. Stadtfeld, the conductor of the Loring Club.

Mr. Hother Wismer.

Mr. Hother Wismer, the well-known violinist, will return to San Francisco at the end of October from his one-year sojourn in Europe. He has enjoyed his trip exceedingly and is enthusiastic over his studies with the great masters of the violin as Sauret, Cesar Thomson, Professor Marchot, and Ysaie. Mr. Wismer will again resume his violin class about November 1 at his residence, 2945 Fillmore Street.

Eugene Cowles is with Marie Cahill again this season, prominent in the cast of "The Boys and Betty."

THE WIFE'S CONFESSION.

Eloquence and Power of the Great Scene in Henri Bernstein's "The Thief."

Margaret Illington has in Henri Bernstein's play, "The Thief," one of the longest speeches known in the drama. It is practically a *résumé* of the play, yet, as given by the erring wife, Marie Voysin, it is never seemingly long, but always cumulatively effective. This is the speech:

"When my best friend, Isabelle, married Raymond, I felt a great sorrow unknown until then. It wasn't envy! It was self-pity. I felt that I, who am neither beautiful nor rich like my friend, I should never meet a man I should love and who would marry me, I should grow old all alone. I used to cry to think of it—really cry—a little every day. Then one day I fell in love. I fell in love with Raymond's best friend, a fascinating man to me, a kind of God, far out of my reach. Then I began to suffer really! I placed you so high that I dared not raise my eyes toward you, that I wouldn't have told my love to any human being, that to myself I scarcely owned my folly. Then, the impossible happened—you loved me. At first I scarcely perceived it. Afterward I didn't believe you. Such a hope was so far from me! During our engagement I lived in a dream—a delicious dream—with behind it a spectre—the fear that I should lose you again.

"Marriage came—and with it happiness un-speakable—but the spectre is always there, and it has never left me—it's the truth. For a year I have said to myself every minute of the day, 'I must keep my husband.' I knew the life you had led as a bachelor. I knew that you had been successful with women—beautiful and charming women with whom I couldn't compare, and so every day I set my teeth and said, 'I must keep my husband.' I didn't begin by doing wrong. At first I loyally tried to manage with our means. I went to small tradespeople, to Aline. Sometimes I thought myself nicely dressed; but when I came to compare myself with the different women we meet, who spend a lot on their clothes, I lost all joy and all confidence. How often I have watched you without your seeing! I have seen your eyes make comparisons in which I have suffered and I realized that because of bad weapons I was fighting a losing battle. Absurd, perhaps—but heavens, how real! How I have suffered! You shrug your shoulders, but you're a man and won't understand. I suffered in silence for a while and remained straight.

"My first beautiful gown was the cause of all the harm—it was a low-necked gown—a marvel, it was—Do you remember it? In a willful moment I had ordered it in the Rue de la Paix. I first wore it at a dinner at the Hartmanns. You were waiting for me in the small drawing-room, ready to start. I presented myself before you, my heart leaping in my throat. You said nothing—you looked at me—you looked at me in the glass, but you said nothing. Only at dinner you smiled at me, from time to time, a little sly, caressing smile—and I felt so proud, so buoyant, so happy. Things shone around me! We came home rather late; on the landing you took me in your arms and kissed me, and you murmured 'Little Marise, I'm proud of you.' I was lost. You don't understand—a woman in love would understand me. Ah, do you see, a compliment to a woman in love, a compliment! It is a heat which comes down, it makes your head swim, it is wine. One is intoxicated. I was lost.

"From that evening I would have nothing but the big dressmakers, nothing but the smartest frocks. Then to be complete, I wanted beautiful things of lawn and lace, and ravishing hats. It became a mania, and it spread without ceasing—and the debts increased terribly. One morning in February Aline hunted me up; I told her my worries. She immediately promised to get me out of my difficulties. She knew an underlinen maker, a Mme. Breton, who would take all my bills on her own account, both the old and the new. Of course I was to give promissory notes to this person and pay her interest—and what interest!—and both of them, Mme. Breton and Aline, arranged to send me very reasonable bills as a blind! I was to repay these women at leisure, as it suited me. But in a little time my payments on account weren't sufficient for them. They began to press me, to worry me, to push me hard. God, if only I had thrown myself into your arms—I longed to—but the risk. Richard—think of it!—the torturing fear of losing your love. Then you must remember.

"In April you had complained of the fall of stocks and I should have had to make this great confession at a bad moment! Anyway, I held my tongue, and a few days after our arrival here, just as I had received a terrifying telephone call, Isabelle, in front of me, carelessly threw some thousands of francs into her secretaire. Ten minutes later I was again passing the boudoir alone. On seeing the secretaire I felt a great shock inside. Almost without knowing what I was doing, I drew near. I pulled one of the handles, the drawer resisted—there was a paper knife lying on the table, and—my God, I—was lost! Richard, my love, my husband, forgive me, save me!"

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Next—"A NAVAJO'S LOVE."

VANITY FAIR.

The king is receiving commendation for his wedding present to Mr. Winston Churchill, a choice we are told that proves not only his powers of observation, but his kindly desire to give something that will be useful. His gift was a gold-headed Malacca cane. It is now remembered that Mr. Churchill without a stick would be almost as remarkable as Mr. Chamberlain without an eye-glass or an orchid:

During the hurly-burly of his last campaign in northwest Manchester, and again in Dundee, he carried everywhere a Malacca cane with a much-hattered silver knob for a "head." More than once he has been known to mount to the roof of a motor-car still carrying his walking stick, but he has never been known, even in the thick of election excitement, to leave his stick behind him. Many recent photographs have shown Mr. Churchill carrying his walking stick, and there are some people who detect in these a peculiar resemblance—purely accidental, no doubt—to Disraeli's way of holding a similar useful companion.

And here, by the way, is a good story of the Churchill wedding told by one of the public men of Manchester:

He himself was at the wedding, and shortly afterwards he was "spotted" by an elevator attendant. The dialogue was laconic:

"Been to the wedding, sir?"
 "Yes."
 "Fine lot of presents, were there not?"
 "Very fine."
 "He deserves 'em for what he's done."
 "What has he done?"
 "Got married."

The process of making the new woman goes on apace. The Directory hip is being slowly if painfully formed, and now we are to have the Empire hand. If women would but pay half as much attention to the remodeling of the inner nature as they do to the outer, what a world it would be, but no doubt they will attend to this when they get time. Rome, after all, was not built in a day.

The Empire hand is intended to match the sheath gown. Let us have consistency in all things, and what can be more inappropriate than the clinging slenderness of the gown with fingers that are fat and pudgy? The resources of the new feminine architecture are simply inexhaustible, and so art has again been called upon and, as usual, it triumphs. The new specifications can be carried out to the last agonizing detail.

A New York specialist tells us how the miracle is accomplished. First of all, the desired tapering effect must be secured, and this is done with the French clamp. These ingenious little instruments are like thimbles and so designed as to provide continuous pressure to each finger tip. They must be worn for about two hours a day, although one would suppose that the work could be done with a jack-plane in much less time. In the meanwhile, the hand itself must be reshaped into a better conformity with the costume.

First of all, the hands are massaged until all superfluous fat is removed and they begin to taper toward the fingers. Then comes the lemon bath, which is made of lemon juice stirred into a little finely powdered oatmeal. This is massaged into the hands until they become white. Then they are soaked in hot soapsuds, and finally come the chamois gloves, which leave the hands "slim, white, and soft."

Sometimes the hands must be "sweated," and for this inelegant word we must thank the expert. First put on a pair of cotton gloves wrung out of cold water. Over these come the chamois gloves, and then a pair of leather gloves. The patient must sit still for an hour, although she may talk.

But even the finest hand is of no value unless it be properly shown, and the expert tells us how this should be done:

This brings one to a study of the fashionable pose for the hands. The fingers should show that they are tapering and the hand should reveal its long, slender lines, and this it can do only when properly surrounded.

Different women choose different settings for their hands, but I think that of a London heavy is the most fetching. This woman makes it a point, whenever possible, to rest her hand upon a cushion.

It is quite simple and very attractive. The cushion rests upon the arm of a chair and on this she poses her long, tapering hand. Or a hand cushion is placed upon an ornamental table, and on this, as if by accident, the hand is delicately inclined.

Of course, being placed so carefully upon the cushion, one can be very sure that all the hand's pretty angles show. It is a study in curves, each of which leads to the tapering wrist or to the long, slim finger points. I earnestly recommend the hand cushion to the woman who can use it gracefully.

We are teaching women how to hold the hands to make them look slimmer. We also teach them how not to hold them. Perhaps the latter is the more important.

We tell the woman whose hands are pretty in shape to show them. This she can do best by extending the fingers to display their pretty curves. "Never close your hands" is one of our injunctions, "and never on any condition make your hands into fists."

The last injunction is important, although it may be remembered that the fist is not the natural weapon of the woman. The immortal came nearer to the facts when he said:

Let not your naughty tempers rise,

Your little hands were never meant
 To tear each other's eyes.

Or words to that effect. But perhaps the suffragette movement is responsible for the new injunction.

The nails must now be pointed, not sharply pointed, but the point must be clearly defined. For a time the fashion was to train the nails to match the finger tips, but they must now match the costume. There are, of course, disadvantages to the long nails. They may break, "even with the best of care," and in the event of such a calamity they must all be trimmed to match. But then ladies who govern their "naughty tempers" will not have to deplore broken finger nails.

The expert tells us that "knuckles are difficult," because they are "insistent." We should have thought that the energy that could accomplish the overthrow of the hip would hardly be daunted by a trifle like a knuckle. Why not cut it off, or squeeze it off, or crush it in?

Dr. Andrew MacPhail has unburdened himself in a contemporary upon the subject of the American woman, and we may hope that he now feels more comfortable. But he assures us that the American woman is only a name for a type and that its representatives are to be found as much in Europe as elsewhere.

The old-fashioned American novelist, says the learned doctor, writing in the *Spectator*, was used to explain the foolishness of his heroine upon the ground that she was of French descent. The novelist of today takes the foolishness for granted, because unless the heroine is silly she must be necessarily uninteresting and therefore a misfit in fiction:

A life of luxurious idleness alone appeals to the American woman of fiction. For reasons largely beyond her control, the primitive functions of woman, such as preparing food, clothing, etc., have become less incumbent upon her.

The doctor explains all these eccentricities by the theory that all the natural functions of women have been abrogated. The family has been destroyed. Where children are permitted to be born they are neglected, and the modern woman, instead of doing the duties appointed for her by nature, simply hires some one else to do them for her. Female energies therefore have been effectually stopped and the banked-up force finally breaks its barriers and runs riot in frivolity and worse. The modern woman suffers from what may be called suppressed maternity:

Deprived of the care of her children, a woman suffers a diminution of affection, and it is replaced by a noisy sentimentalism which is equally disastrous for the mother, the child, and the husband. It is the maternal instinct running riot.

And then Dr. MacPhail allows himself to draw a comparison. Be sure that he means nothing offensive by it. It is simply the direct speech that comes from a medical training. He says:

We have all seen and pitied the animal compelled to perform a new and ungenial task—the dog in a dance, for instance. Off the stage, we are told, these animals are subject to fits of ill temper, to outbursts of emotion, to discontent; they crave excitement and finally break down. It is not disclosing any professional confidence to say that symptoms of a somewhat similar nature have been observed in the case of an American woman as a result of her performance.

The woman, in other words, has been drawn from her natural avocations and forced to "do tricks." The love of unwholesome excitement, the glare of the arena, the applause of the spectators, has poisoned the blood, with the results that the novelist seizes upon as his best material. "And now," says Dr. MacPhail pathetically, "there are women who propose to add to their burdens by the additional obligation of casting the ballot and engaging in public life."

Cardinal Gibbons has been asked what he has to say to the stricture by Dr. MacPhail, and he points out what is obvious enough, that of the great majority of wealthy women who lead decorous lives we hear little or nothing, and that it is the noisy ones who monopolize public attention. His eminence says:

American women of a certain class and limited number perhaps are the idlest and unhappiest in the world. I refer to possession of exorbitant wealth, some of whom have neither religious principles nor domestic virtues to restrain them, and employ their vast fortunes merely for the gratification of their passions. But also there is a portion of our very wealthy class that lives quietly and virtuously. Against them and against our middle and poorer classes the charge of idleness is absolutely unfair.

Cardinal Gibbons went on to say that the foreign critic of America gets a distorted view of American social life from the scandals and divorces he reads in the newspapers, never seeming to be aware of the fact of a million happy homes which never get into print. "The really good women of America whose lives are actuated by sound principles," he continued, "that is, the majority of them, never get into the society that the foreigner sees. He draws his conclusions from a few extraordinary women who spend their lives and wealth in the pursuit of mad and meaningless pleasure."

At the same time it must be remembered that Dr. MacPhail's rather infelicitous term, "American women," was intended to have no

geographical significance, inasmuch as representatives of the type are to be found pretty evenly distributed over civilization.

Are there still any contented wives, any wives who do not look upon their husbands as necessary evils, any wives without yearnings to "find their true sphere" or to "develop their own natures," or whatever the ugly slang of the day may be? If any of this backward brood still remain among us, let them read a book called "Why I Would Not Marry My Husband Again," and so learn how discontented, how fretful, and how peevish the modern woman ought to be.

The plot is a very simple one. The author imagines a number of women—or did he actually overhear them—who spend a quiet social hour in vivisectioning the men who were so unlucky as to marry them. And they do it "with the gloves off," so to speak. They are restrained by no foolish scruples of delicacy, for are they not modern? No topic is too domestic or too private for these cultured ladies.

Commenting upon this precious production, the *Boston Transcript* says:

"Why I Would Not Marry My Wife Again" is not yet written, but almost anybody can write it, now the trick has been disclosed. You have only to describe a coterie of fine, generous-hearted fellows, at once sane and chivalrous, and then let each of them publish the shortcomings of his wife. Naturally, you will have to make it clear to the reader that you know how gentlemen talk. This will not be difficult. Say you heard it yourself—that pleasant tirade—at a club. Indicate by a few deft touches the social eminence of the club. Call it an "exclusive" club.

It is strange, by the way, that the feminine code of ethics does not prohibit a discussion of the husband and that the male and female proprieties should in this respect be entirely opposed. There are, of course, a great many high-minded women who would upon no account discuss their husbands and who would withdraw from any society where such an offense was perpetrated. But they are by no means in a majority. Indeed, it may be said that the majority of women habitually discuss

their husbands and compare notes with one another as to the respective frailties of their lords and masters. But there is hardly any man who allows himself to discuss his wife. Even in circles where female integrity is lightly thought of, even in the lowest class of club life, even among men who are "of the earth earthy" and who are, generally speaking, of the worthless variety, it is safe to say that there is practically no discussion of wives, no comparing of domestic notes, no complaints of irregularities or of hardships. The line is sharply drawn and a trespass would be met in nearly all cases with the stare of disapproval. Why is there such a difference between the sexes in this respect? That there is such a difference is hardly open to denial.

Fancy an invisible waiter, and this is not intended to imply any occult powers on the part of the waiter, but simply that he does not come within the line of sight. This boon has been devised by the Saranac Hotel in New York. The guest need no more than write his order on a pad and place it on a table which then sinks from sight to reappear laden with the selected viands. By this arrangement the diner is not reminded of the fact that waiters sometimes neglect the manicure parlor or that shaving is not always a daily ceremonial. Moreover, there would be no tips.

Paris authorities have discovered that the telephone system of the city is largely controlled by the nervous system of the telephone girls. The majority of these girls live alone and neglect their proper meals, and in consequence subscribers suffer from the telephone girls' nerves more than is necessary. The telephone officials, to remedy this condition of affairs, have organized canteens to provide their girls with luncheon and dinner at 12 cents and 14 cents a meal, consisting of roast beef and mutton, and plenty of sweets. The authorities have drawn the line at caramels, which, says the official circular, "tend to disorganize the service." Subscribers' complaints, it is stated, have diminished 30 per cent since the innovation.

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Reasons and Facts why Judge Carroll Cook SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED

(INCUMBENT)

When you cast your ballot for Superior Court Judges, be sure that JUDGE CARROLL COOK is one of the four judges for whom you vote.

Vote for a tried, honest, fair and courageous judge; such is JUDGE CARROLL COOK.

Twelve years' faithful service to all the people should be rewarded by reelection.

Always fearless and fair, is JUDGE CARROLL COOK.

JUDGE CARROLL COOK is controlled by no individual or corporation and is independent of newspaper dictation.

In the hundreds of criminal cases tried before him during his twelve years on the bench but five reversals can be found.

JUDGE CARROLL COOK, by his knowledge of law and experience and by his system of impaneling jurors—now adopted in many counties—has saved the taxpayers thousands of dollars.

Twenty-five years' practice as a lawyer enables JUDGE CARROLL COOK to expedite business so that great expense is saved to the taxpayer.

Hundreds of boys have been rescued by JUDGE CARROLL COOK from criminal careers.

By his policy of probation for youths in first offenses JUDGE CARROLL COOK has made men and good citizens of over 95 per cent of those on whom he exercised his judgment of character.

The decision rendered by JUDGE CARROLL COOK in sustaining the "Child Labor Law" should not be forgotten; it was the first on the subject and was sustained by the Supreme Court.

The reign of terror created by Siemsen and Dahner—the gas-pipe thugs—was stopped by JUDGE CARROLL COOK.

Arson, the most dangerous of all crimes, ran rampant until by examples made by JUDGE CARROLL COOK it ceased.

The foregoing facts and reasons are presented to you on behalf of JUDGE CARROLL COOK by the Non-Partisan Club, organized in February, 1908. All of the members enrolled, numbering 3000, endorse the above.

WM. GLINDERMAN, President.
JOS. P. STEVENS, Secretary.

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A Positive Relief For
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

this winter



Yosemite—will be open all winter. Take Santa Fe to Merced, thence Yosemite Valley R. R. to El Portal. Stage ride (three and one-half hours) to Sentinel Hotel next morning.

Grand Canyon—Trails are open the year round. El Tovar Hotel on brink of Canyon under Fred Harvey management one of the finest hotels in Southwest. Our folders tell. Address

H. K. GREGORY, A. G. P. A., San Francisco
or JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M., Los Angeles

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Atchison woman took an old-fashioned friend to church one night and remarked that the acoustics of the room were something awful. "Why," replied the old-fashioned lady, "I don't smell anything."

One of the papers handed in at the examination of students training for employment as teachers described Oliver Cromwell as "a man with coarse features and having a large, red nose with deep religious convictions beneath."

A colonel in General Lee's division in the late Civil War sometimes indulged in more apple-jack than was good for him. Passing him one evening, leaning against a tree, the general said: "Good evening, colonel. Come over to my tent for a moment, please." "S-s-cuse me, g-g-en'ral, s-s-cuse me," replied the colonel. "It's 'bout all I can do to stay where I am."

One of the foremen on a railroad has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The boss looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked: "Slape on, you lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a joh, but when you wake up you aint got none."

Some time ago Mr. Stead in London wanted to gather about him some of the brains of Europe and then make a trip around the world in the interests of everlasting peace. He asked G. Bernard Shaw to be one of the party, which invitation most men would have thought a compliment, but Mr. Shaw said: "My dear Stead, I have far more work to do than kings and queens, but if you will bring a collection of rulers to my house in Adelphi Terrace I should be very glad to talk to them any morning."

There was a thin and nervous woman, who could not sleep. She visited her physician, and the man said: "Do you eat anything just before going to bed?" "Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied. "Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some hiescut beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal." "But, doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring." "Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

As usual at the end of his speech, the spell-hinder announced that he would be glad to answer any questions of a political nature of interest to the audience. For some time he tried to "dodge" a prim, middle-aged woman, who looked as though she might be a prohibitionist. After vainly trying to attract his attention, she called out in a harsh voice: "Mr Speaker, honestly now, don't you think that plenty of water is beneficial to health?" "Well, er, ahem. Not always, madam. In fact, a friend of mine was seriously injured by it." "Indeed! How so?" "Madam, he was drowned."

Jerome K. Jerome, the humorist and playwright, knows from long experience much of the ins and outs of stage life. One of the early vicissitudes of his life as an actor was to be offered his choice of playing the part of either a soldier or a donkey in a pantomime—a real donkey with four legs. After careful consideration he thought the red coat the more becoming disguise, and chose the part of the soldier. Apparently he made a mistake, from the point of view of success at all events, for a few days afterwards the manager came to him and said, "You made a great mistake, Jerome, in not taking the part of the donkey. It would just suit you and there's five shillings a week more in it."

It is told of the late Ira D. Sankey that one day in Geneva he entered a music-hox shop and asked to see some music-boxes. The salesman graciously showed him a number, but none was what he wanted. "Have you none that play sacred music?" he asked. "Why," answered the salesman, "we have some that play a kind of half-way sacred music." "What?" inquired Mr. Sankey. "Oh, these Moody and Sankey hymns; I can't imagine what the people see in them, but we sell thousands of the boxes that play them. We have enormous orders for these boxes," continued the salesman, "from every part of Europe," and then he added, apologetically, "it's a matter of business, you know, with us."

The late Bishop Potter once in his early days had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast. The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his first-born daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden wailing of the infant as they stood at

the font. When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived the hishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font. "Turn her this way," he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand. "Turn her feet around," the hishop whispered again; but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth he roared across the room, "Head her up to the wind, Jack!"

It was closing time at the town library. Old Mr. Duke, who had filled the place of librarian for years, took down his coat and hat and with the assistance of his little daughter got them safely on. Together they started for the door. It was raining hard. "Wait a moment, child," said her father, and went back into the building. The girl remained, obediently. Five minutes passed. Then ten. She pushed open the door and walked in. Her father was bent over one of the card catalogues. "What are you looking for, father?" she inquired. He put the drawer back, suddenly abashed. "I'm getting old, Margaret," he said. "I couldn't find my umbrella, and I was searching for it under U in the lists."

In the course of his remarks the lecturer reviewed the agricultural prospects of the country, and as an illustration told a story of a poor farmer who had died, leaving to his wife the farm heavily mortgaged. He said that the widow set to work with a will and succeeded upon one year's wheat crop in paying off the entire mortgage. When he had completed his lecture, the gentleman shook hands and greeted the members of his audience. One middle-aged man finally approached him thoughtfully and began: "I say, mister, you told a story 'bout the widow raising a mortgage on one year's crop?" "Yes, my friend, that was a true story. It happened only two years ago." "Well, sir, could you tell me who that widow is?" She's just the kind of woman I've been looking for all the time."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Martyr to Looks.

A maid with a close-fitting bodice Was watching a play called "Quo Vadice," But her clothes were so tight That she got no delight From the play, though she looked like a godice. —Boston Traveler.

A Rondeau.

She uses slang at times, I grieve to say, I note the tendency with great dismay, For slang—in women—is a thing I hate. She thinks, of course; that it is up to date. The proper language of The Girl To-day.

But it's had taste, which girls should not display, When I say that, she says, "Don't get too gay." "Impertinent" seems quite inadequate; She uses slang.

"Nit" is equivalent to "no" or "nay," And things provincial she declares are "jay"; Then a small-minded person is a "skate"! She "hurries"? No, she "hits a lively gait" Or "heats it" Why, it's simply fierce the way She uses slang. —Chicago News.

He Caught It.

I just caught the train with the young lady in it, In spite of the crush and the crowd that was there, But was down on my luck the very next minute I just caught the train with the young lady in it; For a rip and a cry and a scream rent the air, And the dancers all stopped;—'twas rent past repair. I just caught the train with the young lady in it. —Puck.

Today's Tangle.

Now Roosevelt's answered Bryan, and Haskell's answered Hearst; and everybody's lyn', to see who lies the worst; and Hearst has answered Haskell and all the coal-oil gang, and every one's a rasal who ought to go and hang. Now Kern has answered Sherman, and Sherman's answered Kern, and neither man has whiskers amounting to a dern; and Debs has answered some one, and some one's answered Graves, and Hughes has bought a ticket that's good for seven shaves. And Taft has challenged Botkin to meet him in debate, and Mrs. Pinkham's answered the man who pays the freight. To all this answer business no ending do I see; I know it's got me rattled and hatty as can be. —Emporia Gazette.

Lord Roberts once promised to inspect the boys' brigade battalion in Glasgow, but at the last moment was prevented by illness. A local officer was secured to fill his place, and in selling tickets for the inspection it was thought only fair to let purchasers know that the distinguished field marshal would not be present. One small brigade hoy came up and asked for two tickets for his father and mother. The clerk said, "Do your father and mother know that Lord Roberts is not to be present?" The hoy replied, with a look of self-confidence, "It's no Lord Roberts they're comin' to see, it's me."

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LEGAL HOLIDAYS—SUNDAY TIME

Lv. San Francisco		Lv. Muir Woods		Lv. Tamalpais	
WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY
9:45 A.	17:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
11:45 P.	8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	9:45 A.	11:15 A.	2:45 P.	DAY ONLY	3:10 P.
Tamalpais only	1:45 P.	Tamalpais only	5:45 P.	9:50 P.	6:40 P.
Muir Woods only	3:45 P.	Muir Woods only	14:45 P.	8:15 P.	

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Teas are the order of the day at present, and each week some charming debutante is formally presented to the social world. Dances galore are promised, both large and small affairs, and the season of 1908-09 will be indeed a gay one for the score or more of pretty girls who will get their first glimpse of gaiety.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Hartson, daughter of Mr. Burnell Hartson, to Captain Caldwell Turner, U. S. M. C. Their wedding will be an event of February.

The engagement is announced of Miss Francesca Arques, daughter of Mr. Louis Arques of San Jose, to Mr. Kenneth Mackintosh of Seattle. Their wedding will be an event of next month.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriet Meek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meek of San Lorenzo, to Mr. Stewart Samuel Hawley of Oakland. No date is announced for the wedding, which will probably be an event of the early winter.

The wedding of Miss Caroline McDougal, daughter of the late Commander Charles J. McDougal, U. S. N., and Mrs. McDougal, to Assistant Surgeon John L. Neilson, U. S. N., took place on Saturday last at the home of the bride at Mare Island, the Rev. A. A. McAlister, U. S. N., officiating.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Buchanan, daughter of Mr. E. Y. Buchanan, to Dr. Daniel Crosby, took place at the home of the bride in Fruitvale on Thursday evening of last week. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. David Evans of Grace Church, San Francisco. Mrs. Frederick Palmer was the matron of honor and Miss Elizabeth Holmes the maid of honor. Mr. Peter Crosby, the bridegroom's brother, was the best man. About fifty friends and relatives were present. After their wedding journey Dr. and Mrs. Crosby will live in Fruitvale.

Announcement has been made of the wedding of Miss Georgina Rose Poulteney, daughter of Mrs. Rose Poulteney, to Mr. William Petherick, on Monday, October 12. After their wedding journey Mr. Petherick and his bride will make their home in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe Allen and Mr. and Mrs. John Caldwell Kirkpatrick have sent out cards for a tea on Thursday, November 5, from four to seven o'clock, at the Allen home, 3400 Washington Street, at which Miss Clara Allen and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick will be formally presented to society.

Miss Louise Boyd entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday last at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Alice Oge.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk entertained at a dinner on Monday of last week at their apartment at the St. Xavier.

Mrs. Eugene Lent was the hostess at a bridge party on Monday afternoon at her home on Eddy Street.

Miss Helen Baker entertained at an informal bridge party on Thursday of last week at her apartment at the Hillcrest.

Miss Maud Wilson entertained at an informal bridge party on Monday afternoon of last week.

Miss Floride Hunt was the hostess at a tea on Friday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Marian Marvin. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Randell Hunt, Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Helen Jones, and Miss Emily Johnson.

Miss Hanna du Bois and Miss Emily du Bois entertained at an informal tea on Tuesday of last week at their apartment at the Hillcrest in honor of Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall.

Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick was the hostess at a tea on Thursday of last week in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling and Miss Hastings, after a summer in Maine, are now in their home in New London.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin sailed last week from Europe for America, but will probably not return to San Francisco until later in the season.

Judge and Mrs. Ygnacio Sepulveda have left for their home in Mexico, after a visit to Mrs. Phebe Hearst at Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dahlgren and Miss Katharine Martin will come to town from Santa Cruz about November 1, having taken an apartment here for the winter.

Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd expect to leave on November 5 for New York, where they will spend most of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Cole in at Burlingame.

Mrs. Joseph L. King has returned from a visit to Reno.

Miss Julia Langhorne, who has spent the

summer traveling in Europe, returned home on Saturday last.

Mr. C. H. Crocker has come over from Belvedere to spend the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall returned on Saturday last from a sojourn of several weeks in the East.

Miss Katherine Mellus of Los Angeles has been spending a few days as the guest of the Misses Cheshrough.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Marian Miller, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, and Mr. Henry E. Bothin are spending a fortnight on a motor trip to Southern California.

Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., retired, and Miss Cornelia Kempff left on Saturday last for Washington, D. C., and will spend some time in the East.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld has returned to her home in Sacramento, after spending some days here as the guest of Mrs. Frederick Beaver and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have arrived in New York from Europe and are expected here about November 1.

Miss Gladys Brigham, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, here, has returned to her home at Los Gatos.

Mrs. Walter L. Dean has been in town recently from her home in San Rafael as the guest of her sister, Miss Alice Hager.

Mr. Louis F. Monteagle has returned from an Eastern trip of several weeks' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., are in town for the winter, which they will spend with Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Sr.

Mr. J. M. Quay returned on Sunday last from a visit to his old home in Hudson, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger have returned to their country place at Woodside for a stay of a few weeks.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and Miss Florence Hopkins have returned from an automobile tour in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean, who have been in San Rafael for some time past, have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Sr., has returned from a visit to Portland, Oregon.

Major and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry have returned from a sojourn in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and Miss Olive Wheeler returned last week from Europe, where they have been traveling for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dray of Sacramento will spend the winter in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid Gregg, and Miss Ethel Gregg have arrived in New York from Europe and are expected here next week. They will spend the winter months at the Fairmont.

Governor J. N. Gillett and Mr. and Mrs. John L. McNah of Ukiah arrived at Del Monte Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller have returned, after a year's absence, and have taken "The Hutch" in Sausalito.

Sir James and Lady Erskine, Lieutenant and Miss Erskine, of Scotland, arrived Saturday for a few days' stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, who have spent the summer at the Peninsula Hotel, have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mrs. Frank Bliss, Mrs. E. A. Blackman, and Miss Blackman, of Santa Barbara, arrived Tuesday for an indefinite stay at Del Monte.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne returned to Del Monte, after a ten days' visit in San Francisco. They intend to make Del Monte their home indefinitely.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Mr. J. F. Plageman, Mr. Charles F. Zinkand, Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Coffey, Mr. S. H. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Robinson.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mr. David S. Buchman, Mr. J. A. Rogers, Mrs. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houghton, Miss C. Sherman, Mrs. T. S. Bowens, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting, Mr. H. C. Bach, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Burnham, Dr. Guy S. Millberry and family, Mr. J. Howard.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Del Monte are the following: Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt and children, Mr. Leonard W. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Martin, Mr. H. R. Varrue, Mr. Elmer R. Varrue, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Marion Miller, Mr. H. M. A. Meller, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duppy, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kinigan, Dr. K. O. Sterns, Mrs. C. E. Burton, Miss C. Burton, Miss Gertrude Blaine, Mrs. B. E. Weaver, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Armstrong, Miss Jane Marvin, Mrs. Huhhard, Mr. Everett Hays, Mrs. S. C. Lewis, Miss Nellie Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Force, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Miss Martha G. Wagner, Miss Lally M. Field, Mr. James M. Conley, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. French, Mrs. L. R. Tuttle, Miss Gladys R. Tuttle, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Monnaul.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Regret.

Long ago,
In the sunset glow,
Beloved, my hand in thine,
Past the village and over the hill
We followed the road where it wandered at will
'Neath arching elm, and pine;
Honeyed perfume
Of huckwheat bloom,
Wild rose, soft milkweed feather,
With never a cloud in the radiant west—
Into Love's golden garden blest,
We wandered—we two—together.

Again today
I follow the way.
Ah, love, 'tis a journey long—
Long and dreary, and rough the road;
Ever I shift my wearisome load,
And search my heart for a song—
Yet only a sigh
Like a stifled cry
Is Echo's taunting jest;
Dear heart, be kind; ye know my goal—
Rest for my body, peace for my soul,
Folded close to thy breast.
—Purdy Van Kirk, in *The Bohemian*.

The Old Canoe.

My seams gape wide so I'm tossed aside
To rot on a lonely shore
While the leaves and mold like a shroud enfold,
For the last of my trails are o'er;
But I float in dreams on Northland streams
That never again I'll see,
As I lie on the marge of the old portage
With grief for company.

When the sunset gilds the timbered hills
That guard Timagami,
And the moonbeams play on far James Bay
By the brink of the frozen sea,
In fantom guise my spirit flies
As the dream-blades dip and swing
Where the waters flow from the Long Ago
In the spell of the beck'ning spring.

Do the cow-moose call on the Montreal
When the first frost bites the air,
And the mists unfold from the red and gold
That the autumn ridges wear?
When the white falls roar as they did of yore
On the Lady Evelyn,
Do the square-tail leap from the black pools deep
Where the pictured rocks begin?

Oh! the fur-fleets sing on Timiskaming
As the ashén paddles bend,
And the crews carouse at Rupert House
At the sullen winter's end;
But my days are done where the lean wolves run,
And I ripple no more the path
Where the gray geese race 'cross the red moon's
face
From the white wind's Arctic wrath.

To the death-fraught way from the Saguenay
To the storied Nipigon
Once knew me well, now a crumbling shell
I watch the years roll on,
While in memory's haze I live the days
That forever are gone from me,
As I rot on the marge of the old portage
With grief for company.
—George T. Marsh, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Good Moment.

Here are the heights and spaces—here, in view
Of love and death, the silence and the sky,
We are content to put contentment by
And work our sad salvation out anew:
Here all mean ways of living, all untrue
Measures of life, are done with—you and I
Can gage our deeds by God's eternity,
And find the right a simple thing to do.

But when the uplifting moment passes—when
The pitiful happenings of every day
Encompass us, and windy words of men,
Will not the years beset, perhaps betray?
—Now, 'tis not hard to plan the perfect way;
Will it be easy to walk in it then?
—Gerald Gould, in *Fortnightly Review*.

Song.

Dear, though you wander over peace and passion,
Searching the days to prove yourself untrue,
You can not hide me. Still, in my own fashion,
I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that hid you doubt me,
In music, in the little things we knew,
In your blind prayers for happiness without me,—
I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe through all the ache of learning,
Through all the wrong you need to be and do,
Till in the wise joy of unfeared yearning
I shall come back—I shall come back to you!
—Brian Hooker, in *Harper's Monthly*.

Emilio De Gogorza, the Spanish haritone, will be the next artist presented by Manager Greenbaum. His season will open Sunday, November 8, and three concerts will be given in this city and one in Oakland.



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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral J. A. Rodgers, U. S. N., has been commissioned a rear-admiral from September 7.

Colonel Peter Bomus, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived last week on the transport *Sheridan* from Manila and is now on leave of absence. He will be retired from active service on November 20. He is spending a fortnight in this city and will then proceed to New Orleans for a visit and will, it is probable, go abroad almost immediately after his retirement.

Colonel J. Walker Benet, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., chief ordnance officer, Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, was ordered to proceed on October 17 to Benicia Arsenal for the purpose of preparing and transmitting his cash paper as disbursing officer. Upon the completion of this duty he returned to the Camp of Instruction.

Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Slaker, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Brechemin, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence and will sail from San Francisco for the Philippines on the transport leaving December 5, instead of November 5.

Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., is ordered to the Bureau of Construction and Repair, Navy Department.

Commander A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been ordered to additional duty in command of the *Chicago* and *Olympia*.

Lieutenant-Commander Powers Symington, U. S. N., has been detached from the *West Virginia* and ordered home to await orders.

Lieutenant-Commander H. J. Ziegemeier, U. S. N., has been detached from command of the *Chicago* and *Olympia* and ordered to the *West Virginia* as navigator.

Major Walter A. Bethel, judge-advocate, U. S. A., judge-advocate of the Department of California, has been ordered, in addition to his other duties, to take charge of the offices of the chief quartermaster of the department and of the chief commissary of the department during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert R. Stevens, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., chief quartermaster of the department.

Major William Stephenson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., having completed his examination for promotion, which was held at Washington, D. C., has been ordered to return to his regular station in the Philippines.

Captain Hubert L. Wigmore, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty in the office of the quartermaster-general of the army and from further duty at Washington Barracks, D. C., and with the Second Battalion of Engineers, and will proceed to New York City to take station thereat and report in person to the senior officer of the Board of Engineers for duty as disbursing officer and recorder of that board and to Lieutenant-Colonel Solomon W. Roessler, Corps of Engineers, for duty under his immediate orders.

Captain A. S. Bickham, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan* last week and has received orders to proceed at once to Philadelphia to report for duty at the clothing depot in that city.

Captain Arthur M. Shipp, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for three months.

Captain Frank D. Webster, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, has been granted one month and fifteen days' leave of absence, to take effect upon his return from the maneuvers.

Lieutenant B. Y. Rhodes, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Wyoming* when that vessel is commissioned.

Lieutenant J. J. Hannigan is detached from the *Albany* and ordered to the *Wyoming* when commissioned.

Lieutenant H. T. Baker, U. S. N., is detached from the *North Carolina* and ordered to the *Wyoming* as executive officer and navigator.

Lieutenant Herman Kobbe, U. S. A., has been assigned to the First Cavalry and ordered to take station at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, California.

Lieutenant Norman H. Davis, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has had the leave of absence granted him extended thirty days.

Lieutenant George E. Turner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Paso Robles, has been relieved from duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States upon completion of the quadrangle on which he is now working and will return to his proper station.

Lieutenant Oscar A. Russell, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as judge-advocate of the general court-martial appointed at the Presidio of San Francisco and Lieutenant Arthur G. Hickson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as judge-advocate in his stead. Lieutenant Russell has been ordered to proceed without delay to Fort Mason and to report to the commanding officer for duty in connection

with taking over the public property at that post.

Lieutenant Louis Roberts Dougherty, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Second Regiment, Field Artillery, with station at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Edward W. Terry, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from Fort Gibbon, Alaska, to Fort William H. Seward, Alaska, for station.

At the Hotels.

Among recent registrations at the Granada Hotel were Mrs. C. L. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. A. Heilbronner, Mr. W. R. Bacon, Mr. Frank Van Horn, of New York; Dr. and Mrs. Alex. Warner, Dr. B. Marshall, Miss Mary Jacks and Miss Margaret Jacks, of Monterey; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch, New York City; Mrs. and Miss Coggins.

The following are among the registrations at Hotel Argonaut: Mr. and Mrs. J. Gorham Morris, Vallejo; Mr. H. C. Heinrich, Chicago; Mr. J. E. Luttrell, Singapore, China; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Cotterman, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Thorpe, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Shaw, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. R. McNery, San Bernardino, Cal.

The following are among the registrations at the Fairmont Hotel: Mr. G. S. Jackson, Yokohama; Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Baldwin, Honolulu; Mr. R. Uchida, Tokyo; Mr. L. A. Spence, Chicago; Mr. A. Mackay, Scotland; Mr. Albert Stenvenson, Chicago; Admiral and Mrs. P. C. Hallyday, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Ben C. Truman, Miss Truman, Mr. D. M. Dorman, Mr. N. S. Mullan, Mrs. Joseph W. Winston, Mr. and Mrs. M. Reider, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Kellar, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Davis, Austin, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Burlingame.

The following are among the many visitors to the Hotel St. Francis: Baron Frederick von Schroeder; Mr. Paul H. C. Giong, Mr. Cheng Loo, Mr. Woo Hsin, China; Senator Thomas Kearns, Salt Lake; Major House, India; Mr. W. Wilfrid Wilson, England; Mr. Victor Rodite, Paris; Mr. A. Seale, Manila; Dr. and Mrs. Medin, Stockholm; Mr. C. Camacho, Chili; Dr. Otto Graf, Vienna; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robertson, Australia; Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mrs. F. M. Miller and Miss Miller, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch, New York; Mr. Norman W. Church, Los Angeles; Rev. Joseph S. Glass, Los Angeles; Captain and Mrs. George Reed, U. S. M. C.; Mrs. George Grant Mitchell and Miss Elizabeth Mitchell; Captain David T. Cordray, U. S. A.; Lieutenant and Mrs. R. C. Davis, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. S. Fries, Lieutenant and Mrs. G. A. Bisset.

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European Days.

Professor Gayley of the University of California gave the first of a series of lectures on "European Days" on Tuesday in the gymnasium hall of the Hamlin School, which was filled with an audience of well-known ladies. In a series of finely painted word-pictures he dwelt on the dramatic scenes of Versailles and transported his audience to the events which he so well portrayed. The next lecture is on the "Mysteries of the Temple," that great prison-house in Paris.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He is good to his wife." "Indeed! How so?" "He doesn't live with her!"—*Town Topics.*

Church—My son lost an eye and an arm in the Philippines. *Gotham*—Oh, has football reached there already?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mrs. Knicker—How did you know your husband was working down in the office? *Mrs. Youngbride*—I telephoned, and Central said "Busy."—*New York Sun.*

First Society Matron—I've just paid \$300 for a fascinating little rag to wear to your bridge. *Second Society Matron*—So charmed! Who is your ragman now?—*Life.*

"De successful men," said Uncle Ehen, "keeps quiet so's he kin hear opportunity knockin' at de do'. De failure tries to do all de knockin' hisse'f."—*Washington Star.*

Mother—Johnnie, why are you beating little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you? *Johnnie*—No, mamma; hut she is so fearfully good. I simply can't stand her.—*Fun.*

Diggs—You believe that whisky is good for a cold, don't you? *Swiggs*—Yes, hut how did you know? *Diggs*—Oh, I've noticed that you nearly always have a cold.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"How is young Chunkett getting on in college?" "Splendidly. He would have made the scrub team his first year if he hadn't been deficient in all of his studies."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Blobbs—Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. *Slobbs*—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. *Blobbs*—I suppose so. At any rate he has never been married.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"There is a movement on foot," said Mr. Snoope, "to prevent the marriage of weak-minded persons. What do you think of it?" "I think it's rot," answered Mr. Growch. "Why, who else even wants to get married?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

Tenement Tessie—And de novel says de heroine had a willowy form, used to pine for her lover and would spruce up when she seen him coming froo de gate. *Shanty Sue*—Gee, where did she work—in a sawmill?—*Chicago Daily News.*

Mrs. Mulligan—Mrs. O'Hooligan, I'm jist after comin' from the perlice station, an' they have yer son Moike there, dhrunk as a lord.

He was arristed this avening. *Mrs. O'Hooligan*—Moy! Moy! Dhrunk, is he? An' it isn't a wake, Mrs. Mulligan, since he promised me he'd kape out o' pollyticks.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Doctor—Did your husband follow my directions? Did he take the medicine I left for him religiously? *Patient's Wife*—I'm afraid not, doctor. He swore every time I gave him a dose.—*Boston Transcript.*

Squire's Daughter—Would you mind throwing your little hoy into the pond? I want to see if my dog will rescue him. *Villager*—Certainly not. *Squire's Daughter*—I do wish you would. You're the second woman I've asked who has said "No."—*Pinch.*

"What will we do when the trees are destroyed?" asked the forestry experts. "I suppose," answered the serenely solemn statesman after some thought, "that in such an event we will be obliged to depend for wood entirely on the lumher yards."—*Washington Star.*

"You are going to say something soulful," declared the fiancé. "I see it in your lovely eyes." "What I was going to say is this," responded the fiancée. "Won't you wear a rubber hand around your head nights, so as to train your ears not to stick out?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Stranger (in Dreoryhurst)—Is there a place here where I can get a square meal? *Uncle Welby Gosh*—Yes, sir; there's a restur'nt 'round the cawner where you can git the best meal this side o' Chicago if you don't mind its bein' a leetle expensive. They'll sock you fur 35 cents, hut, hy gum! it's wuth it!—*Chicago Tribune.*

"But, look here," said the indignant antiquary. "In my article on early Grecian sculpture I distinctly mentioned Phidias. Why has his name been deleted?" The editor smiled quietly. "When," he said, "you find old man Phidias getting his work advertised in this paper under five shillings a line you come right around and let me know."—*The Bangkok Times.*

Young Wife (rather nervously)—Oh, cook, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint—in fact, it is always something or other. *Cook (with feeling)*—Well, mum, I'm sorry for you. It must be quite hawful to live with a gentleman of that sort.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Late President Gilman.

The death of Daniel Coit Gilman, for twenty-five years president of Johns Hopkins, recalls one of the least pleasant episodes of California's educational history. Gilman, then in the very prime of life, was the second president of the University of California. He was not only a scholar, but an administrator of high capability; and if he had remained at Berkeley he would undoubtedly have given to the State University an impetus and an organization that would vastly have aided its subsequent development. But a rampant politicalism allied with Grangerism, failing to comprehend the man, took the attitude of suspicion and enmity towards him. In a hundred petty ways he was criticised, interfered with, and pestered by the political and social autocrats of a very crude day. His scholarship was sneered at by ignorance and presumption as "impractical" and his social manners, which, while gracious, were formal, elaborate, and elegant, served to make the point of many a vulgar joke. In sheer disgust Dr. Gilman abandoned the university, which for twenty years after floundered about helplessly and haplessly through a series of ill-considered

and misfit administrations. Not for a full quarter of a century did it fairly emerge from the blight brought upon it by the resignation and departure of the one man who, associated with its beginnings, might have done great things for it. Dr. Gilman's later career at Johns Hopkins, testifying as it did to the largeness of his capabilities, has always been a reminder to persons of long memory of what California lost through its bad treatment of one of the most elevated and distinguished characters that our country or our era has produced.

End of the Campaign.

We are in the last days of a presidential campaign the like of which the present generation has not seen. In many respects the change is wholesome and refreshing. It is something to escape the brass-banding, the parading of uniformed and torch-bearing clubs, the furious rushing of cheap spellbinders up and down the land, the general over-excitation which has marked presidential seasons since the Civil War. These methods, in truth, had become familiar, tiresome, and ineffective. It was high time to abandon them. None the less, we probably owe much of the season's surcease to the fact that, owing to special circumstances which do not need to be explained, the funds available for campaign uses have been less than in former years. What would have happened if, as in other times, the campaign committees had been permitted to milk the corporations, we can only surmise. Probably it is a case where propriety has been aided by poverty. We have seen the like in other relationships and connections; it is by no means the first instance of better taste, better manners, a truer dignity, and a higher morality as a consequence of moderate as distinct from lavish resources.

But we are not quite sure that the dignity saved at the point of organized and subsidized flamboyancy has not been lost in the degeneracy of campaign tactics on the part of the candidates themselves. We have seen in the present year a distinct let-down from old-time ideas of propriety on the part of candidates. We have seen the nominees of both the great parties shouting into the ear of mechanical talking machines; we have seen them going, if not from house to house, at least from county to county making three-minute spiels, five to the hour, over automobile tailboards; we have seen in several of the so-called doubtful States a kind of personal "drumming" for votes on the part of presidential candidates better in accord with general conceptions of precinct politics than of anything higher. It is a far cry from these practices to the day when a presidential nominee was presumed to go into dignified retirement from convention day until he appeared at the polls at Charlottesville or Quincy to demonstrate his plain citizenship by casting his vote like any other of the multitude.

The change is due in part to a general modification of political and social ideas, and it was prodigiously promoted when Mr. Bryan took the stump twelve years ago. Largely, too, it is a product of that strenuous and obtrusive personalism which Mr. Roosevelt has introduced into the politico-officialism of the country. Whatever Mr. Roosevelt may or may not have done in other respects, he has certainly robbed the presidency of something of that dignified and almost reverent character which came to it by inheritance from the days of the fathers and which prior to eight years ago had been fairly sustained. If our ideas of the presidency and of the dignities and manners which ought to hedge it in have somewhat declined, the source of that decline will easily be identified by those who make permanent history in the character and doings of Mr. Roosevelt. Those who by taste or temperament like the slap-dash manner in the White House will commend Mr. Roosevelt; those who with the Argonaut believe that the virtues and the value of the presidential office would best be sustained by a more reserved and dignified bearing will feel that something has been lost

through Mr. Roosevelt, and will hope for the day of its restoration.

On the other hand, there has been a distinct moral gain in the attitude of the presidential candidates toward each other during this campaign. The spectacle of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan present at the same board and each contributing to the gayety of a civic feast was distinctly a pleasant one. And pleasanter still was the meeting of these gentlemen at luncheon last week with a mutual friend. It is a cheerful and hopeful thing, truly, when candidates for the presidency may so respect each other and each respect himself that friendly meetings and greetings, even in the height of the campaign, are possible.

Practically speaking, it has been a campaign without definite "issues." Mr. Taft is an avowed and pledged tariff reformer; Mr. Bryan is a tariff reformer by tradition and likewise by specific pledge. Finance has not been an issue, since Mr. Bryan no longer stands for silver and since the country has not been impressed with his bank deposit guaranty proposals, nor even willing to take him seriously in this connection. Philippine policy likewise has cut no figure. The labor issue has degenerated into an amused speculation as to whether or not Mr. Gompers will be able to deliver the "organized labor vote"—if there be such a thing—according to the terms of the shameless trade made at Denver. Even the so-called Roosevelt policies have hardly formed an issue: first, because nobody has been able to define what these policies are; second, because they are as much Taft's as Roosevelt's; and third, because Bryan claims them as his own. With all his furious intrusions into the campaign, the President has not been able to make himself an issue, although at one time he came precious near making a wreck of Mr. Taft's chances by one of those running jumps into the fore-front of things so characteristic of him. Mr. Roosevelt's earlier letters served for the moment to put the campaign upon a basis of cheap personalism, and they have made a campaign burden which Taft is still carrying with embarrassment. His later letters have been innocuous, for the simple reason that nobody has paid the least attention to them. It would be an interesting inquiry as to what proportion of the voters of the United States have read so much as the tenth part of the over-much the President has written on the labor aspects of the campaign within the past ten days. On the whole, the nearest approach to an "issue" in this whole campaign has been the question whether the lists of campaign contributors should be given to the public before the election day or after—a great "issue" truly.

However, underlying these trivialities there is one definite issue concerning which there is no doubt or question in any intelligent mind. This issue is the history of the two great parties, with the record and character of their nominees. Where nominally the two men stand for the same thing, as, for example, tariff reform, there has been no question in any informed mind as to the real differences which separate them either in theory or in practice. By tariff reform Mr. Taft means a careful study of the tariff question by those who support the protective system, with such revision of the schedules as may be accomplished without destruction to the general principle involved and with the least possible disturbance of the business of the country. By tariff reform Mr. Bryan means quite another thing—a thing so well understood that it hardly needs to be described. We had a working demonstration of the Democratic theory under Mr. Cleveland some years back. And so all along the line, the proposals of Mr. Taft must be judged by the party through which he works and by the history and tendencies of the man himself. Likewise the proposals of Mr. Bryan must be estimated in the same general spirit of interpretation. Where the history of parties and their tendencies are so well understood, where the temperament, quality, relationships, and character

men are so well known, there is no need for any voter to make a mistake. Those who want one kind of a government will vote for Taft; those who want some other kind will vote for Bryan.

One great captain of finance has been quoted in this campaign as declaring that it doesn't make any difference who is President. Possibly Mr. Harriman did not intend to be taken seriously; but whatever his idea may have been, the philosophy and politics of his remark are seriously at fault. It matters a great deal who is President of the United States, for the issues of prosperity or calamity lie in the balance. In other times the country has seen Republican and Democratic policies in the presidential office, and very recently it has seen confidence lost and business prostrate largely if not wholly through alarms originating in the White House, nourished by public addresses on the part of the head of the government and aggravated by boisterous shoutings when things were at their worst from out the Arkansas canebrakes. It matters much during the next four years whether we shall have sane, trained efficiency, mental competence, and moral poise in the White House or whether we shall have another and very different order of things. With Taft we may reasonably hope for an orderly conduct of public affairs, attended by steadiness of the national progress and by reasonable good fortune for the masses of the people. With Bryan in the White House we are likely to have—well, God knows what!

The *Argonaut* can see no other outcome of the campaign than the election of Mr. Taft. If the radical movement which, undeniably, is abroad in the land were strong enough to turn the tide away from Republicanism and towards Democracy—or rather let us say toward Bryanism—it would have been loud enough in its operations to have made itself heard. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* not one of the so-called doubtful States is really doubtful. We see no indication that Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, or Wisconsin will change from Republicanism to Democracy. There have been serious party quarrels in Ohio and in New York, and it is to be expected under the special circumstances that there may be some defection from the regular party strength, but that this defection will be great enough to turn Ohio and New York, or either of them, from Taft to Bryan is hardly possible upon any system of political calculation worthy of a moment's reflection. Mr. Taft is, we think, now as good as elected. We hold to this opinion in the face of and despite the offensively aggressive assurances of the chairman of the Republican National Committee.

The "Argonaut's" Ticket.

In its general political faiths and beliefs the *Argonaut* is a Republican; it prefers, other things being equal, to vote for Republicans. But its partisanship does not descend to the "yellow dog" type of loyalty; and if it finds unworthy names on a Republican ticket and better names on some other ticket, it is a free scratcher. In general elections, the *Argonaut's* ticket is a good deal of a patchwork, and sometimes there are written on it the names of as many Democrats as Republicans. It does not so much vote for party or for mere men as for broad aims of political and social decency. It gives its ballot in support of what it believes to be the general good.

Under a practice initiated by Mr. Pixley more than thirty years ago, the *Argonaut* commonly prints in its issue preceding days of election the ticket that it intends to vote—a ticket made up of names chosen from every available source. This year it finds no reason to do this, because the election is limited to a few broad purposes, less related to men than to principles, and these purposes are all identified with Republican success.

We want Republicanism to rule in the affairs of the nation, therefore we shall vote for those electors who stand for the candidacy of Mr. Taft.

We want a Republican President to have the support of Republicans in Congress, therefore we shall vote for the Republican candidates. We do this with special pleasure in view of the fact that the nominee in each of our State congressional districts is a man of experience, of known opinions, and of demonstrated character.

We want to see a Republican elected to the national Senate, for the reasons above declared, therefore we shall vote for Republican legislative candidates. And in view of the fact that Republican men in the legislature mean support of Republican policies in State affairs, we thus vote with special satisfaction. Further-

more, we are pleased to believe that the election of a Republican legislature will imply the reflection of Senator Perkins.

In San Francisco the chief significance of this election lies in the reflection its results are bound to have upon the character of our local judiciary. There are four judicial candidacies in each party, but overshadowing them all is the issue whether or not San Francisco is to support or condemn Judge Dunne. The *Argonaut* believes Judge Dunne to be a pliant tool in the hands of the Phelan-Spreckels-Heney conspiracy. It knows him to be professionally inefficient, a gross partisan, a man wanting in the judicial sense of propriety and decency. It has the word of two ministers of religion, men of the highest character, that he is a plain liar. It is familiar with the record in the Ruef case, illustrating alike Judge Dunne's ignorance of and contempt for the law. It holds Judge Dunne responsible, in affiliation with Francis J. Heney, for the infamies and failures of the so-called graft prosecution. It believes that if the first Ruef case had been tried before a judge of sound character and sound legal standards—a man like Chief Justice Beatty, for example—the arch-criminal would have been in San Quentin more than a year ago.

We think Judge Dunne ought to be beaten, first that our judicial system may be purged of an incompetent and a biased judge, second as a rebuke to the sort of practice that has turned the graft prosecution into failure and contempt.

The practical way to beat Judge Dunne is to vote for the four Republican judicial nominees. To scratch any Republican name on the judicial ticket means, under our system of voting, to contribute to the possibility of Dunne's election, by weakening the vote of a competitor. It is not a case where Dunne stands in a direct rivalry with some one man on the Republican ticket; he stands in competition with them all, and to weaken one of the four nominees is to help him. Therefore, we say, if you want your vote to count against Dunne, vote for each of the four names on the Republican ticket. Don't "plump"; that is a vicious practice at all times, but is especially vicious at this time because it will help a candidacy which ought to be condemned.

All in all, this is an election in which the general purposes which the *Argonaut* thinks should be sustained are identified with Republicanism. We shall vote a straight ticket, something we have not done for many a year and are not likely soon to do again.

In another column the proposed "Acts" and constitutional amendments to be voted upon in this election are discussed in detail. For the purposes of this writing we need only to summarize the findings of the more extended discussion.

Senate Amendment No. 1—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 14—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 16—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 32—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 26—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 19—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 21—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 33—Vote yes.
Senate Amendment No. 34—Vote yes.
Assembly Amendment No. 3—Vote no.
Assembly Amendment No. 7—Vote yes.
Assembly Amendment No. 8—Vote no.
Assembly Amendment No. 24—Vote no.
Assembly Amendment No. 28—Vote no.
Vote no on "Act" to remove the State capital from Sacramento to Berkeley.
Vote no on "San Francisco Sea-Wall Act."
Vote no on "India Basin Act."

Mr. Sinclair Speaks.

"The labor unions of San Francisco," says Mr. Upton Sinclair, "have submitted to graft and political domination." Now, wouldn't that jar you! When it is recalled that the San Francisco graft régime rode into authority upon the votes of union-laborism and held power over San Francisco for five infamous years through the backing of union-laborism, we can easily see the solidity of Mr. Sinclair's information and judgments. Evidently San Francisco has something to learn from one whose intuitions are so perfect and complete and who has the other merit of being willing to instruct us upon the basis of his casual prepossessions. Another interesting illustration of Mr. Sinclair's intuitive genius is his description of the editor of the *Argonaut* as a "fat, purse-proud, satisfied old gentleman sitting back in an easy-chair." Really, this is to the life, and it is quite enough in itself to establish

Mr. Sinclair's credit for infallible second-sight. Quite incidentally, isn't it a bit curious that these walking delegates of the downtrodden proletariat seem always to have abundant means to ride about the country in palace cars and automobiles and to stop at the highest priced hotels? Somewhere in this business of socialistic exploitation there must be big profits and quick returns.

The Hatfield Case.

A month or more ago one McAfee, a deputy United States marshal somewhere in Texas, arrested a small farmer of Collin County in that State, James Hatfield, upon a "feeling" that he had murdered a man named Campbell. There appears to have been no evidence at all connecting Hatfield with the Campbell case, but the noise made by the arrest and examination attracted wide attention and brought a multitude of curious people to the jail where Hatfield was confined, to have a look at him. Among this morbid and idle throng there was a woman who had once lived in San Jose and who was sure, without being able to tell precisely why, that Hatfield was none other than Dunham, who, some twelve years ago, murdered the McGlincy family in the Santa Clara Valley. Word was sent to California and the sheriff of Santa Clara County, who had known Dunham, went to Texas to see the prisoner. He was confident that the man under arrest was not Dunham, but the woman who had originally identified him became more positive and upon her declarations, confirmed by the opinions of Marshal McAfee, the governor of California was induced to order Hatfield brought to San Jose. The agents in this pleasant job were the sheriff of Santa Clara County, who all along has known that Hatfield is not Dunham, and a deputy who likewise was convinced that Hatfield was not the man wanted the moment he saw him in the Sherman (Texas) jail. For some reason McAfee and one of his assistants were brought along with the party on the trip home from Texas.

Hatfield, doubly handcuffed and guarded day and night, was brought two thousand miles away from his home to San Jose, where he arrived on Monday morning. On Monday afternoon the corridors of the San Jose jail were thrown open and hundreds of people who had known Dunham pressed in to see the suspect. One glance was enough. Hatfield is not Dunham. He is not even the same type of man, being a heavy, phlegmatic, uneducated creature of the "pore white" breed, aged about thirty-two, whereas Dunham was a nervous, alert, quick-spoken man of education and some breeding, and is now, if alive, forty-four. Not one person among the three thousand who saw Hatfield in the San Jose jail had a moment's doubt in declaring him not to be Dunham. It was a case where a morbid and whimsical woman and an insistent man-hunting official had put a tremendous hardship and cruelty upon an innocent man. Likewise it is a case where the county of Santa Clara and the State of California stand mulcted to the tune of several thousand dollars without rhyme or reason.

After the arrival of the Hatfield party at San Jose and before it was demonstrated that Hatfield is not Dunham, Marshal McAfee of Texas submitted to an interview. He is quoted as saying "I feel that this Hatfield is a bad egg somewhere, and if he proves not to be Dunham, he must be wanted somewhere else on a serious charge." This is fine, truly. A man whom nobody knows anything about appears to have been grabbed up by this man-hunter upon a "feeling" that he is a "bad egg" and that he may be wanted "somewhere else" on a "serious charge." McAfee appears to be a sort of broker in criminals who initiates proceedings and takes possession of men upon the basis of his "feelings" and then hawks his wares about the country upon the prospect of finding a reward "somewhere." We have seen a good deal of this sort of criminal hunting in California lately. Our chief exponents of this system are Messrs. W. J. Burns and Francis J. Heney. The system calls first for the finding of the criminal and for the "development" of the testimony later on. It is a new rule in criminology, but there are those who seem pleased with it.

Seriously, this man McAfee, who has gained a few dirty dollars for himself through victimizing a poor Texas farmer and by working a cheap confidence game upon the governor of California, is a creature who combines criminality with contemptibility. Upon his own statement of the case he deserves to be tarred and feathered and whipped out of the country. A man holding a petty authority and who uses it so vilely has

no claim upon anybody's respect or consideration, and there ought to be a way either under the law or independently of it to give him the punishment he deserves. Surely there must be some means by which Hatfield, taken from a peaceful and honest life upon no evidence of any kind, and dragged two thousand miles away from his home under circumstances of awful hardship and humiliation, can find redress. If McAfee is execution-proof, as no doubt he is, then the authority under which he acts ought to be responsible. Surely there must be some means by which so damnable an outrage may in some manner be condoned.

The Constitutional Amendments.

At next Tuesday's election the voters of California must render judgment upon thirteen proposals for change in the State constitution and three general "Acts" which have been considered by the legislature and passed up for popular determination. Legislative consideration, let it be remembered, does not imply legislative approval. It is a common practice with legislatures in California and elsewhere to shirk responsibility in matters of this sort by reference of a vexed or a politically dangerous question to the people, very much as a board of county supervisors oftentimes gets rid of a tramp by passing him on to the next county. The *Argonaut* has made an effort to get at the intent and meaning of these several proposals, and the result of its studies is presented below. Let us frankly disclaim any pretense of infallibility; we may be wrong, but we have at least tried to be right in the discussions herewith:

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 1 relates to State taxation and is the outcome of an effort inaugurated three years ago to reform the taxing system of California. This amendment has been drafted by a commission on revenue and taxation composed of the governor, State Senators J. B. Curtin of Sonora and M. L. Ward of San Diego, Assemblymen H. S. G. McCartney of Los Angeles and E. F. Treadwell of San Francisco, and Professor Carl C. Plehn of Berkeley. It represents an effort on the part of this commission to separate State from local taxation and to do away with the necessity for equalization between counties, which has tended everywhere to inequitable valuations. It is designed among other things to protect assessors against the temptation to under-assessments for the sake of relieving the several counties at the point of State taxes. Under the system proposed in the amendment it is hoped to provide a sufficient revenue for support of the State by taxation of corporations only. It is proposed to tax the corporations in a manner that will, with some degree of certainty, make them pay their fair share of public burden and at the same time relieve them of the necessity—or what they believe to be the necessity—of maintaining costly systems of protecting themselves against aggression. It is believed that if this amendment had gone into effect three years ago it would have increased the taxes of the great public-service corporations to the extent of \$3,500,000. Since the suggestions of the commission were made public, the State board of equalization and the county assessors have increased the corporation taxes to the tune of \$2,750,000. The average reduction in tax rates upon small land owners, mostly farmers, to be brought about by the adoption of this amendment is calculated to be 18 cents in each hundred dollars. It is claimed that this amendment will, in the first year of its adoption, yield enough revenue to support the State and therefore to make complete separation of State and county taxation. The *Argonaut* believes that this amendment has been studiously and wisely considered and that it represents an intelligent aim to give the State a more equitable system of assessment and taxation.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 14—This is a proposal to increase the salaries of certain State officers—that of the governor from \$6000 to \$10,000; that of secretary of state, comptroller, treasurer, and surveyor-general from \$3000 to \$5000; that of the attorney-general from \$3000 to \$6000. It makes the salary of the lieutenant-governor \$4000 per year. State salaries as at present arranged were fixed at a time when California was smaller in population and resources. Since that time many appointed officers have been commissioned at much higher salaries. In consideration of the enlarged resources of the State, of the increased work and responsibility resting upon State officials, and of the universal increase in the cost of living, it is claimed that salaries ought to be increased as proposed. It is further argued that with reasonable salaries as compared with low salaries the

State will be able to command better talent and efficiency. These arguments seem reasonable. Many counties, recognizing the equities of public service, pay their officials more than our State officials are paid. The *Argonaut* believes that this amendment ought to be adopted.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 16 and Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 32—These proposals need to be considered together, since they relate to the same subject. The former embodies the latter. It fixes the pay of members of the State legislature and limits the expense of legislative sessions. The second merely limits the expense of legislative sessions. At the present time a member of the legislature is paid \$480 on a per diem basis. Under the proposed change each member will be paid \$1000 for each session. The proposal goes further to curtail the heavy expense and to limit the scandal involved in a practically unlimited employment of legislative attachés. The *Argonaut* believes these proposals to be abundantly justified. The laborer in the State legislature is as much worthy of his hire as any other laborer. The present system of payment is not adequate, and, being inadequate, tends to corruption. For a salary of \$1000 per session the State ought to have the service of better men than under the present low per diem system. The *Argonaut* believes that this change should be made.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 26, relating to assessment of mortgages, etc.—This change proposes to remove that outworn remnant of the mortgage-tax law which remains upon the statute books. The purpose of the mortgage-tax law was to compel the lender to pay taxes on money loaned in spite of the fact that the borrower always and under all circumstances pays such tax. Practically the system has been tinkered to death, since there is now no legal way for enforcing the collection of taxes from the lender. The law as it stands is inoperative and serves no other purpose than as a scarecrow to confuse and alarm outside capital. The *Argonaut* believes the proposed change to be a wise and necessary one.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 29, relating to state indebtedness—This amendment proposes to extend the period for which the State may issue bonds from twenty to seventy-five years. It is a simple business matter and all the arguments are one way. The proposal is a meritorious one. There is absolutely no reason of any kind against it.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 31, relating to extension of the terms of existence of corporations—This amendment proposes a means by which private corporations, banking, etc., may extend the period of their legal existence without disturbance of their business. The measure is in no way connected with public-service corporations and has no relation to any other than purely private interests. This change is desired by companies whose legal period is about to expire and who wish to continue in business without the many forms of annoyance which would be involved in rewriting their corporation papers. The *Argonaut* sees a good reason for favoring this proposal, with no possible objection to it.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 33, relating to the liability of stockholders of a corporation or joint stock association—This is a legitimate piece of special legislation designed to permit the organization of a world's-fair corporation with limited liability to its stockholders. Our present laws are very rigid in this connection and they stand in the way of raising funds for the projected 1913 exposition. Many would subscribe if they could do so upon the basis of a liability limited to the amount of their stock holdings. The proposal is a legitimate one and the amendment should be adopted.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 34 relates to the so-called margin law, under which dealing in stocks on margins or part payment is penalized. The existing constitutional provision was framed to prevent a vicious system of stock gambling and before the day of legitimate trading in industrial stocks, bonds, etc. It serves the purpose of a dishonest trader by giving him the means of swindling his broker under the law. It serves no useful purpose—no other purpose, in fact, than to assist sharpers and scoundrels in evading legitimate obligations. Every broker of standing in San Francisco and the other cities of the State and all the leading banks favor this measure. The *Argonaut* believes that the proposed amendment should carry.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 3—This is the direct primary. Everybody, so far as we can make out, is for it excepting the *Argonaut*. We are opposed

to it as an uncooked political novelty, containing more promise of mischief than of benefit. Assured that it will get a heavy vote, the *Argonaut* now wishes formally to reserve the right to say we told you so. On this amendment the *Argonaut* raises a loud, and, we fear, a solitary no.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 7—This amendment proposes a change in the general law that will permit the fee of jurors to be regulated by local conditions. The proposal seems an entirely proper one.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 8, relating to the appropriation of the State school fund. The purpose of the State school fund is to equalize the benefits of education, by compelling financially strong communities to assist weaker ones. The purpose of this amendment is directly the reverse. In effect it would take out of the State school fund a considerable amount of money each year and appropriate it to the support of special schools—night schools, kindergartens, and the like—in the three or four larger cities of the State. We believe this would be a mistake. We believe that if San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, and Sacramento want special schools, they ought to support them by special taxation. We are opposed to robbing the poor schools of Alturas, Modoc, and Alpine Counties for the sake of helping three or four rich cities to sustain special systems of education.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 24—This amendment proposes to reorganize the State board of education—in other words, to politicalize it in the interest of the "system." The proposal, we think, is essentially wrong—bad from every point of view.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 28, relating to the approval and return of bills by the governor and the exercise of the veto power. This amendment gives the governor thirty days instead of ten after the adjournment of a legislative session in which to pass upon bills submitted to him. By all means this amendment should be carried. It is impossible in the brief period of ten days for the governor to gain any adequate knowledge of the proposals embodied in the multiplied bills which are heaped upon the executive table in the closing days of every legislative session.

An act to change the seat of government from the city of Sacramento to the town of Berkeley—This is a measure which originated with a group of hustling real-estate operators to give town-lot values to certain windswept pasture tracts which lie far to the north of Berkeley. In another view it is a proposal to corrupt and overslaugh the serene academic atmosphere of Berkeley with the atmosphere of politicalism. In still another view it is a proposal to abandon a large and beautiful State property at Sacramento and to involve the taxpayers of California for the next forty years in a heavy and continuous and wholly useless expense. In still another view it is a measure designed to put upon Sacramento a gross injustice and a gross insult. No man who is at once unprejudiced, just, and prudent will support this preposterous measure.

For the San Francisco sea-wall act—This is a proposal originating with the Mission boomers and designed to build up a new harbor at Islais Creek, three miles from the present centre of the water front, at the cost of water-front revenues. It is a thing not improper in itself, but inexpedient and mischievous. Those who have property in the Mission region and would like to see San Francisco abandon its present water-front system or weaken it in the interest of a new port near Hunter's Point, will naturally support this measure. Conservative and prudent people will vote against it.

For the India Basin act—This is another slice cut from the same cheese. It proposes to tax the harbor revenues of San Francisco, insufficient as they are for the purposes for which they are legitimately designed, to create a new harbor near Hunter's Point which would be useless now but might possibly serve the needs of some future generation. Most of us, we imagine, would rather leave it for our grandchildren to improve India Basin when they shall need it.

Japan and the Fleet.

Now that the American fleet has sailed from Japanese waters and the yellow-press headlines upon both sides of the Pacific have dwindled to their normal size, we may well take stock of the situation and ask ourselves, what next? Our ships have been received with extraordinary demonstrations of the holiday-making spirit. Their officers and their crews have been fêted, dined, and junketed to repletion. Dense crowds of sightseers have cheered themselves hoarse. Count Ito has outdone himself in the fervor of his suave oratory and Count Katsura has repeated a large selection of choice

and resonant moral axioms. We, on our part, have taken note of all these things with complacent satisfaction, we have commented on the "honor" paid to the fleet and to the nation, and we have assumed in some ill-defined way that the clouds have all rolled by, that Japan has been reduced to a properly submissive condition, and that all threatening problems have been dissipated forever.

But this cheerful survey will hardly bear the test of critical examination. Heaven forbid that we should be guilty of forebodings or that we should throw cold water upon a newly awakened international amity, but for the life of us we can not see that the situation is materially changed. To draw any kind of conclusion from the fact that Japanese streets have been filled with shouting crowds or that our officers and men have been treated with exuberant hospitality would be simply too foolish for words. It was very certain that so long as Japan was not ready to be unfriendly she would take care that her "friendliness" should be of the most impressive kind, while the declaration of general holidays, the incitements of the press, and a splendid naval pageant would do all that was needed in the way of popular enthusiasm. Hardly less respectable is the argument that the Japanese government has been awed by the spectacle of the fleet. With the exception of the seagoing qualities of the ships—necessarily a matter of speculation—the Japanese government knew just as much about the fleet before it started as it does now; that is to say, everything that could be known by a foreign power of singular astuteness. Japan has a yellow press with a greater power than our own because it deals with more ignorant people who can be even more easily swayed. Whatever aggressive designs may be harbored by the Japanese government will find effective support in the yellow press, and the manufacture of enthusiasm with all its concomitants is therefore simply a matter of touching the right button.

Can it be seriously supposed that any one of the main lines of Japanese policy has been changed a hair's breadth by the visit of the fleet? Is it conceivable that Count Ito has revised his projects under the spell of hospitable oratory or from the glamor of fireworks? To believe that would be to show that we can believe anything. Indeed, the very intensity of the reception is evidence that it takes the place of something more substantial, upon the general ground that things Oriental are usually the reverse of what they seem.

We shall at least have a speedy opportunity to judge whether the Japanese government has experienced a change of heart. At this moment there are certain emissaries from China on their way to the United States. Their object is to bring pressure upon Japan to evacuate Manchuria in accordance with the express terms of the treaty of Portsmouth. Both Russia and Japan agreed to recognize Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria and to remove their forces as rapidly as might be. Russia has loyally fulfilled her obligations in spirit and in letter. Japan, on the contrary, not only refuses to evacuate the province, but is extending her military grip upon it to the exclusion of foreign capital and enterprise. Now, if there is any one point to which America is pledged, it is the integrity of China, her dominance over Manchuria, and the open door with equal trade opportunities for all nations. Secretary Root explicitly instructed our consuls in Manchuria to recognize no authority but that of China, but nevertheless Japanese encroachment has been steady and persistent, and Manchuria today is almost a part of the Japanese empire. Japan, in other words, is doing precisely what she went to war with Russia for doing, and in view of the definite nature of American policy we can only regard her offense as being against America quite as much as against China. Her latest declarations are to the effect that she will not evacuate Manchuria, that she will not observe the treaty of Portsmouth, that she will not permit the open door, that she will not countenance equal commercial privileges.

We may therefore be excused if we refrain from overmuch jubilation at the Japanese reception of the American fleet. We would rather have had fewer fireworks and more performance. As it is, we must regretfully recognize that in its broad outlines the practical situation is left unchanged.

Editorial Notes.

President Roosevelt doesn't deserve much sympathy in the scrap now in progress between himself and Mr. Samuel Gompers. If the President had not coddled Gompers, trafficked with him for the labor vote, and

tried to make the Chicago convention make a trade with him, he would not now be embarrassed by Mr. Gompers's allusions to their former dealings. Having within so brief a period as four months been noisily on both sides of the question, the best thing Mr. Roosevelt can now do is to sit tight and say nothing. With all his faults, Gompers has the better of this argument.

Henry A. Butters, who died at Berkeley last Monday, belonged to the limited class of courageous and capable men who help forward every country in which they operate. Mr. Butters's activities were curiously wide, extending from South Africa to Australia and largely over the United States, and everywhere they were successful. Wherever he chanced to live at different periods of his life, Mr. Butters always remained a Californian. His latest enterprise, that of establishing local transportation throughout the Sacramento Valley, he has left only half done, but so far done that its success is an ultimate assurance. California, which knew him as a poor boy, which saw him a bold and successful operator the world around, which has known him later as an upbuilder of the State, and in whose bosom he sleeps at last, has every reason to feel kindly for the name and memory of Henry Butters.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

As the day of election draws nearer the voice of the forecasters becomes loud in the land. All the approved methods of political fortune-telling are pressed into service, and that the two parties read the stars each after its own fashion is no discouragement to their respective adherents. But the Democratic soothsayers are a little vague. They content themselves with generalizations and they prefer sweeping predictions of landslides and avalanches to the sober lessons conveyed by reliable reports and the examination of figures. We have yet to hear of any straw votes either initiated by Democrats or favorable to them, whereas there are plenty of these unofficial tests that point in the other direction.

The *New York Times*, reflecting the modest attitude of the metropolis, remarks that New York State is about to elect the next President of the United States. "To be sure," says the *Times*, "the forty-five other States in the Union will go through the form of choosing presidential electors on that day, but it is only New York that really counts." That, of course, is true enough in a way, although it might have been expressed more diffidently. New York seems to be the only State absolutely necessary either to Taft or Bryan. As the *Times* points out, the various mathematical sharps around the headquarters of the two leading parties are amusing themselves by figuring out combinations by which Taft or Bryan could be elected without considering New York, or without Indiana and Ohio. It is of course possible to make lists of States whose total electoral vote is more than 242 without including either of the three States mentioned, but it requires only the setting down of the names to show how utterly impossible they are of realization.

Bryan reckons, of course, upon what is called the "Solid South," although even here there are spots that seem to ring hollow under the foot. The "Solid South" is made up of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Oklahoma. These fifteen States have a total electoral vote of 166. Therefore it will be necessary for Bryan to get seventy-six electoral votes in other States, and the question is how can this be done without New York.

Even then it must be remembered that the "Solid South" may be disappointing to Democratic hopes. Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri have wavered in the past, and what they have done before they may do again. The feeling against Bryan is very strong in some of the other States, and while it would be imprudent to suppose it strong enough to break away from tradition, it would be equally unwise to leave it altogether out of calculation. Among these doubtful Southern States Maryland is the most doubtful of all. Omitting Maryland, we have 158 votes that are safe for Bryan. But he will certainly get three from Nevada and this raises his "sure" total to 161.

Now on the other side of the shield we have twenty-two States that are equally safe for Taft, so far as any calculation has any value. These are California, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. These States are worth 207 votes. There are some wisecracks who put Kansas, Oregon, Utah, and Wisconsin in either the Bryan or the doubtful column, but these are the young men who see visions and dream dreams. The doubtful column may reliably be written down as Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Maryland, Montana, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, and West Virginia, and their votes amount to 115. This "doubtful" column errs, if at all, upon Mr. Bryan's side, and the best informed among the weatherwise would make it much shorter than it is. There certainly is no reason why New York should be doubtful and New Jersey safe, while in Connecticut and West Virginia the element of doubt is a very small one.

Now, taking Bryan's start with 161 sure votes and adding to them every doubtful State with the exception of New York and we find him with a total of 237 electoral votes, and this is five short of the necessary 242. It really seems, then, that New York State will elect the next President of the United States.

There is therefore a very good reason why both parties should concentrate their strength upon New York. During the final week Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan will tour the State and will address mass meetings in Madison Square Garden. Mr. Hearst also promises a fusillade from his heaviest artillery, and no doubt more incriminating letters will be given to the public. Governor Hughes is doing yeoman service, and the list of his engagements looks like a railway schedule. In fact, there will be an outpouring of the spirit of unprecedented volume, and if any doubtful voters remain upon election day it will not be for the lack of precept.

By way of getting a better perspective, the opinions of the *New York Herald* and the *New York World* are not without interest. Both these newspapers have made exhaustive canvasses of the situation in the doubtful States, and their distribution is as follows:

	<i>Herald</i>	<i>World</i>
Republican (reasonably sure).....	204	205
Democratic (reasonably sure).....	161	178
Republican leanings	68	...
Democratic leanings	39	...
In the balance.....	11	100

The *Herald* says:

There are political conditions in the West indicating a landslide. There are signs in New York presaging political chaos. Obviously, if Mr. Bryan is to be swept into the presidency, it must be a landslide, or, rather, an avalanche. He can do nothing under conditions that are normal or near normal.

On the surface Mr. Taft is creeping nearer and nearer the goal of 242 electoral votes. According to the *Herald's* calculation, based on straw votes, polls, reports, opinions, wagers, and general evidence on which a newspaper must depend, Taft is sure today of 204 electoral votes. Bryan is sure of 161. A week ago Taft seemed sure of 188 and Bryan 166. Thus Mr. Taft in probability has made a gain in one week of sixteen electors, while Mr. Bryan has retrograded five electors.

Taft to win must get thirty-eight doubtful votes; Bryan to win must get eighty-one doubtful votes.

The *World* believes that Republican losses will be large and that everything will turn upon New York:

The results of the canvass reflect the earnest and impartial efforts of the leading newspapers in Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Nevada, and California, and of the *World* through its correspondents in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

Of the doubtful States, of which New York is the most important, Mr. Taft must carry New York to win by a margin of two votes. If he does so, his election is assured.

Mr. Bryan to win needs to carry New York, Ohio, and Maryland, or Nebraska or West Virginia, which will give him 248, or six votes more than is necessary to secure his election. If he carries New York, Indiana, West Virginia, and Nebraska or Maryland, and yet loses Ohio, he may still be elected by six votes in the Electoral College.

Among the more important States other than New York the *World* places Ohio, 23 electoral votes doubtful; New Jersey, 12 electoral votes sure for Taft; Illinois, 27 electoral votes sure for Taft; Indiana, 15 electoral votes doubtful; Nebraska, 8 electoral votes doubtful; West Virginia, 7 electoral votes doubtful.

The replies to the postal card canvass of the *World* in New York State show: For Bryan, 134,760; for Taft, 144,700; for Chanler, 291,500; for Hughes, 107,450. It places Bryan's probable plurality in the five boroughs of New York City at 133,360 and Chanler's at 288,400.

Speaking in East Liverpool, Ohio, Mr. Taft made clear his position on the labor issue. Referring to the statement that the labor unions throughout the country would follow the lead of Mr. Gompers, he said:

Mr. Gompers is one of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, and I got the impression that the whole Federation of Labor was delivered body and soul by Mr. Gompers to the Democratic party and to Mr. Bryan, but it seems there are some left out. Mr. Daniel Keefe, the head of the Longshoremen's Union, with whom perhaps a number of my audience are acquainted, does not think that I am a devil with horns.

He is going to support me for the presidency because he says he has always found in his dealings with me (we have had a good many) that I was just and fair to the interests that he represented as the head of the Longshoremen's Union and as one of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Taft once more defined his attitude toward labor unionism and emphasized the fact that combinations of all kinds, whether of labor or of capital, were necessary and indispensable, but that the power involved must in each case be accompanied by a larger sense of responsibility:

I am strongly in favor of labor unions * * * and I think it would be a sorry day for this country if labor organizations were not encouraged. I am in favor of combination of labor, as I am in favor of combination of capital, because I think the combination of capital secures economy in production, reduces the cost of production for the benefit of the public and ought to be encouraged; but the permission to combine labor and the permission to combine capital puts most powerful instruments in the hands of a few men, and with that immense power they have a corresponding responsibility, and therefore they must be most careful to see that that power is not exercised across the lines of lawfulness.

Tammany has announced its intention to contribute \$10,000 to the campaign fund of the Democratic National Committee. This is said to be the first time that Tammany has ever contributed to a national campaign fund, and so substantial a replenishment of the exhausted Democratic coffers is naturally the cause of congratulation.

Horace E. Bixby, eighty-two years of age, still at the wheel after sixty years as a Mississippi River pilot, enjoys the distinction of having taught Mark Twain the art of navigation on the "Father of Waters." He says Mark Twain became a good pilot, having but one fault—the excessive use of tobacco. Captain Bixby is still hale and hearty and enjoys telling of the various episodes of his eventful career upon the river.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN, EDUCATOR.

Early President of the University of California, Head of Johns Hopkins a Quarter of a Century.

Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, president of the University of California in its early years, first president of Johns Hopkins University, and afterwards head of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, died suddenly at the home of his sisters in Norwich, Connecticut, October 13. Dr. Gilman had been in feeble health for several months. He returned from Europe a short time before his death, after having spent seven months in Italy and Switzerland. For a generation he had held a foremost place among the educators of America. The *Outlook* says of his work:

He was to be counted with President Eliot and Dr. Stanley Hall among the leaders of that renaissance of education which in the last thirty years has transformed the American college and university, enlarged their field of action, advanced their standards, modified or extended their methods, and brought them up to the standard of foreign institutions. There are now many fields of knowledge in which a young American can obtain as thorough a training at home as in England or in Germany.

The early years of Dr. Gilman's life were not eventful, but they were occupied with the training that in after years bore remarkable fruit:

Daniel Coit Gilman was born in Norwich, Connecticut, of New England ancestry, on July 6, 1831. He was graduated from Yale in 1852. After graduation he continued his studies at New Haven, and afterwards in Berlin, where he followed the lectures of Carl Ritter and Adolph Trendelenburg. He traveled much in Europe and studied the social, political, and educational conditions of the countries he visited, and also their physical structure. On his return in 1855 he was invited to become librarian of Yale and subsequently to be professor of physical and political geography there. He was for a short time superintendent of the public schools of New Haven and afterwards secretary of the Connecticut State board of education. From his post in Yale he was invited, in 1870, to become the first president of the University of California. He did not accept the offer, but two years later another call came. Dr. Gilman then went to California and remained at the head of the State university until 1875.

Of his service to the State university, the *Outlook* says:

He had an open field, a generous people, and a comparatively free hand; and he laid the foundations and defined the policies of an institution which at once took high rank and has had great influence of the best kind on educational life on the Pacific Coast. In this position Dr. Gilman's remarkable gifts and qualities were clearly revealed. He was not only a scholar in several departments of knowledge, but he had an expert's acquaintance with educational methods and university organization. He was probably the best-informed American of his time in all matters relating to the work and personnel of foreign universities. He knew the rising men even among the youngest members of the faculties abroad. He was a born administrator. He had the judicial temperament; the faculty of dealing easily and strongly with methods of classification, and administration seemed a kind of second nature to him; he was accessible and of a most agreeable personality, and he had command of a very clear and persuasive style of address. No man could have been better equipped for the organization of a university at the Golden Gate, and probably no man could have handled better than did Dr. Gilman.

Successful as he was at Berkeley, he fell a victim to the influence of Grangerism (so-called), then in political ascendancy. He was irritated by plans of regulation and investigation, with threats of legislative interference, and in his chagrin and resentment decided to accept an offer then made to him:

In 1873 Johns Hopkins, who had made in Baltimore, in the grocery business, a large fortune that he very much increased as a railroad man, gave \$4,500,000 worth of property for a hospital, presented the city of Baltimore with a public park, and also gave \$3,500,000 to found an institution devoted to the higher education of young men, the encouragement of research, and the publication of learned works. It was to embrace schools of law, medicine, science, and agriculture. Johns Hopkins University was first proposed by the donor in 1867. When the university was established a committee was appointed to select its first president. It consulted with the heads of the principal colleges of the country, and decided upon Daniel Coit Gilman, who was then president of the University of California. Johns Hopkins was opened in 1876.

When Dr. Gilman first took charge there was nothing like it in this country. It stood absolutely alone. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other educational institutions were at that time more colleges than universities. Since then Dr. Gilman's work has been duplicated in colleges all over the United States, but the prestige of Johns Hopkins as one of the greatest of the world's universities has been enlarged and spread. It was as head of Johns Hopkins University that Dr. Gilman gained the reputation of an educator of the first class.

In considering the several fields of Dr. Gilman's labor and the result of his efforts, the *New York Evening Post* observed in its editorial columns:

The young men who gathered at the Johns Hopkins in the early days under Gildersleeve, Rowland, Remsen, and Sylvester were filled with enthusiasm for exact and extensive learning. There is always, we grant, the danger that vast erudition will not become assimilated and humanized; that it will remain mere pedantry. This peril the graduates of Johns Hopkins incurred; and some of them did not wholly escape it. But in the seventies and eighties our education was less Germanized than now, and in an era of slipshod training, Johns Hopkins offered the kind of severe drill that was sorely needed. The graduates carried the gospel of a rigorous scholarship from one end of the country to the other, and made it more and more necessary for teachers, both in college and school, to be masters of their subject. This was perhaps Dr. Gilman's greatest contribution to the cause of education in America. How great it is we can not yet estimate; for the men whom he and his faculty prepared for teaching are yet with us, distinguished in their various callings, and we can not view their labors in proper perspective.

At the age of seventy, which Dr. Gilman reached in 1901, he retired from Johns Hopkins, and was succeeded by Dr. Ira Remsen. Almost immediately afterward he was elected first president of the Carnegie Institution, to further human knowledge by original research, for the establishment of which Andrew Carnegie had given \$10,000,000. Dr. Gilman was appointed for five years; he tendered his resignation, however, at

the end of three years, but not before he had laid the foundations for lasting work. He was then asked to edit the new International Encyclopedia and accepted. He went to New York and entered upon his labors with all the enthusiasm and ability which had characterized his career in Baltimore. He was then seventy years old; a man of fine physique, and one of the most alert, bright, active men of any age. For three or four years after his seventieth birthday he continued as active and energetic as a young man, but then he began to feel the feebleness of age. He died as he would have liked to have died.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Elopement.

That worthy citizen, Jacques Simbord—
Of Passy-le-Bois, the portly *maire*,
Silently counts his roses o'er,
And sippeth his purple *ordinaire*,
Under the shade of the arching vines,
In his elbow-chair, with its garb of brown.
While the light of the golden sun declines
Over the roofs of the drowsy town.

The *maire's* Lisette is down at the gate—
The old green gate—where the vines are high.
"Lisette is a child," he says, "hut wait!
We'll marry her, look you, hy and hie.
'Tis well young hearts should be early bound,
And notary Choux may wish to wed;
He's fifty—true; hut there can't be found
A richer man, or a hetter fed."

Ma foi! hut a father's eyes are hind;
Were you at the gate, most worthy *maire*,
Or down in the path, those vines behind,
You had seen a sight that had made you stare!
You had seen a gallant young *mousquetaire*
Kissing the lips of your child, Lisette;
And murmuring love with a sweeter air
Than ever did lover in Passy yet!

And so in the gray of the silent morn,
When the air is rife with the rose's hreath,
Lisette trips daintily down the lawn;
"We fly with the night, sweet love," he saith,
The wheels whirl round, and the dust-clouds sweep,
And away through the town a coach rolls out;
While the *maire*, in his chamber, is sound asleep,
And dreams of prisoning love, no doubt!
—John Gerald Brenan.

In the Commonwealth.

"Hush, hush! Why did you come tonight, mine own?
The Ironsides are mustering in the court;
Hark to the echo of the pious psalm,
And the hoarse roar of the ungainly sport.
See where my uncle, with his crafty smile,
Pours out the brown October, full and high;
He'd do the same for Rupert should he come,
And quote a text to justify the lie.

"The king?—Why, you are wounded, darling; see
How the blood oozes through the azure vest.
I've unguents here, and handages enow,
And spite of them all tonight I'll guard your rest.
I'll rouse old nurse from brooding by the fire,
Telling my grandsire's feats to twilight gloom.
I've played the ghost ere now at Hallow E'en;
No foot, tonight, shall tread the haunted room.

"There's only one I fear—my cousin there;
Him with the close-cropped curls and subtle smile,
Seeming to jest with yon grim corporal,
And watching closely for me all the while.
Last night he urged his suit—nay, never frown,
You might have heard, and welcome, all we said;
But, 'mid the oath crushed in his clinching teeth,
I heard your name—sweetheart, I am afraid!

"Keep back; the niche is deep and narrow, too,
But he can hear and see as if, in sooth,
Some evil spirit helps him. What, love? Fly,
And at some quiet chapel pledge our troth.
Set sail in *La Belle Marie*, dancing there,
Behind the headland, on the heaving main,
And in some hidden nook of sunny France,
Wait till our king comes to his own again!

"Dear, you'll be good to me? And it were well
To leave these weary wars and woes behind,
Ah, Richard is no longer in the court!
Danger is nigh us, so old Hubert signed—
Hubert who loved my mother. Hark, a tread
Comes ringing down the oaken corridor.
Pass 'neath the tapestry, darling. Who comes there?
Tonight I shall not quit my hower more."

The weak kar crashed before an angry foot,
The lover sprang the shrieking girl to guard,
But his strong arm hung helpless at his side—
Helpless the murderer's deadly thrust to ward;
As a long shriek rang to the vaulted roof,
Struck to the heart the gay, young soldier fell.
The coward's dagger reached it through her hand,
So the old legends of the tower tell.

Nor long she lived to mourn her cavalier,
But passed away in frenzy—happiest so;
And in a drunken revel died the man
Who slew his own hopes with his dastard blow.
But still they say, at the old casement niche,
A shadowy form at Hallow E'en will stand,
Watching, with wild blue eyes, the empty court,
In silence pointing with a heeding hand. —Anon.

The most astonishing walking-stick of recent times is one with which Mr. Haldane, the British Secretary for War, considerably startled the House of Commons. The occasion was a discussion concerning cordite, and Mr. Haldane, answering some arguments against the security of the explosive, claimed that it was, when properly manufactured, so absolutely safe that he had had a walking-stick made of it, which he had been in the habit of bringing to the House and leaving in the cloak-room. There was, he explained, nothing in its appearance to cause apprehension, but it needed to be closely watched. He meant that the cordite, not the stick, needed watching; but with the knowledge thus given to the House, members are unlikely to meddle with the walking-sticks of the War Secretary.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Kermit, second son of President Roosevelt, is registered as a freshman at Harvard. He went in a few days before the opening, along with several hundred more of his kind, and no one knew the difference.

Eddie Brown, a twelve-year-old boy of Indianapolis and for three years the favorite pupil of Professor Hubay of Budapest, is now pronounced a wonderful violinist, and is appearing in concerts in the European capitals.

Hollow Horn Bear, chief of all the Sioux, is the first living man to have his portrait on the national currency. He made a great speech in Congress in 1889, and as he is a good looking specimen of his race his picture was engraved on both the \$5 and \$20 bills.

Captain Archibald Willingham Butt, the new military aide at the White House, is a fine tennis player and has already become a member of President Roosevelt's "tennis cabinet." He played his first game as partner with his eminent chief, matched against the French ambassador, M. Jusserand, and Postmaster-General Meyer.

Joseph H. Choate, who is seventy-seven, has been moved to remark that he does not feel as old as the youngest of his associates on the commission to arrange for the celebration of New York's Lincoln centennial, who is only sixty-four. Mr. Choate is still generally regarded in the legal profession as one of our most promising young men.

King Charles of Rumania is one of the kings in the happy family of Balkan states and has been ruler for over forty years. He was placed in his present place in 1866, although he was then given the title of prince. No one expected that he would last so long, and Bismarck expressed with grim humor the belief that the job of governing Rumania would at least provide King Charles with some interesting reminiscences. Yet, since 1878, the kingdom has been the quietest in the Balkan community.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke is in Paris to deliver a course of lectures at the Sorbonne, the general title of which will be "The Spirit of America." These lectures are delivered in connection with the exchange of professorships which America and the Sorbonne have been engaged in for some years now. Doctor Van Dyke is the first Princeton professor to lecture in this series, and is the fourth man to be sent. His predecessors were all Harvard men—Barrett Wendell, Archibald Coolidge, and George P. Baker.

Kiamil Pasha, the leader of the Young Turks and the present grand vizier, is by birth a Jew, but became a Mohammedan when a boy through his father's conversion. Although about seventy-five years old, he is a man of very modern ideas, having served his country as governor of Syria, as ambassador at St. Petersburg, and also as grand vizier. He is a great traveler and a wonderful linguist, speaking English, Hebrew, Greek, German, French, and of course Arabic and Turkish. He is the most accomplished statesman in Turkey today.

Ambassador Whitelaw Reid unveiled a tablet in Bath, on October 22, in memory of Edmund Burke, the English statesman and orator. The tablet had been set upon the house where Burke lived in Bath. Subsequent to the unveiling ceremonies Mr. Reid made a long address in which he declared that the highest, the most courageous, and the most far-seeing service in Burke's whole illustrious career was his outspoken sympathy with the American colonists and his unflinching resistance to the measures which eventually brought about the American revolution.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kneeland of Georgetown, Massachusetts, have just celebrated the diamond—seventy-fifth—anniversary of their wedding. The husband is ninety-seven years of age and his good wife ninety-two. They have had a dozen children, and after a long life of tireless industry they decided to give up their little home and deed it to the town, in return for which they were to be cared for for the remainder of their days. This involved going to the town farm, where they have been given two comfortable rooms where they do light housekeeping.

Colonel William F. Stewart has been retired from active service in the army. The report and findings of the retiring board of army officers as to the physical condition of Colonel Stewart were in line with the testimony brought out during the hearings. Secretary Wright, after giving his approval, sent them to the President, who also approved them, and the President's action is final. Colonel Stewart's case has attracted much attention. For some time he has been in "exile" at an ungarrisoned post in Arizona. He strongly objected to being retired, declaring that he was fully capable of active duty.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the Irish statesman-journalist, and now in America with her husband, was an American girl. One of her greatest passions is a desire to make children happy, and this enthusiasm once took the form of a fairy play for them which enjoyed an enthusiastic run during the holidays of 1907. She has also produced a successful drama, "The Lady from Texas," and has the manuscript for a second now in Mr. Belasco's hands. After the death of the late "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), and before the election of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. O'Connor served as president of the Club of Journalistic Women in London.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXVII.

Some months after the dispute in the Oriental dining-room, the *Daily Herald* one morning printed two items which to the citizens seemed significant. The first ran as follows:

"The Hon. Daniel Burke, United States senator, arrived in the city yesterday from the States via the Isthmus by the steamer *City of Panama*. He is stopping at the Golden Gate Hotel. The distinguished statesman is expected to address a meeting of his constituents at Platt's Hall this evening, and it is whispered that his speech will divulge the inside secrets of the recent quarrel between the President and the senator over the Federal patronage of this State."

The other item which seemed significant was this:

"The Hon. John Tower, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, sent his resignation to the governor yesterday, and without waiting for it to be acted on, left at once for the Bay."

Both of these items fell under Senator Burke's eye while he was glancing rapidly over the papers in the hotel office. He was the centre of a small circle of intimates, and his friends noticed that as he read a slight shade appeared on his saturnine visage. But he did not speak of the two harmless paragraphs. The conversation was running on political topics, and Burke was anxious to ascertain how his standing at the White House affected him at home.

The door opened. Two gentlemen appeared, looked around the room, and, seeing Burke surrounded by his friends, approached. They were the Hon. Benjamin Colquhoun and Colonel DeKay, close friends of Judge Tower. They saluted the party with punctilious courtesy.

"May we have the honor of a few minutes' conversation with you, senator?" said Colquhoun, addressing Burke.

"Certainly, sir," replied Burke, scrutinizing the imperturbable visage of Colquhoun. "Is the matter so private that these gentlemen may not hear it? They are all intimate friends of mine."

"Doubtless you will be able to judge whether they should know of it after you have heard my message, sir," responded Colquhoun gravely. "I would suggest that we go to a less public place, and if you will allow your friends to remain within call, probably you may wish to send for them."

At this remark the intimate friends pricked up their ears.

"Very well, sir," replied Burke. "If you two gentlemen will follow me, we can confer freely in my own apartments." And the three men disappeared.

Not many minutes had elapsed when a negro servant appeared and requested the group of friends to go at once to Senator Burke's apartments. They found him seated at a table, gazing at a letter. He looked up as they entered.

"Here, Fox," said he. "Read that."

Judge Fox took up the note, and slowly read it aloud. It ran:

"Hon. Daniel Burke, Sir—Some months since, at the public dining-table of the *Oriental Hotel*, I was informed that you made certain remarks concerning me which were offensive in their nature. At the same time I was informed by my friend, Judge Bondy, who heard these remarks, that you declared you would not entertain any call of a personal character until the expiration of the senatorial session, just concluded. I have therefore not been permitted to take any notice of those remarks until the expiration of the limit fixed by you. I now take the earliest opportunity to require of you the retraction of those remarks. This note will be handed to you by my friend, Benjamin Colquhoun, Esquire, who is acquainted with its contents and will receive your reply. Your obedient servant,
"John Tower."

The silence following the reading was broken by Burke, who remarked:

"I told Colquhoun an answer would be ready tomorrow. But he urges greater speed, for the sake of all concerned, and said he would wait at the *Oriental Hotel* for a reply."

This meant, of course, that an impending hostile meeting between two such prominent men would speedily become known throughout the community, and the authorities would endeavor to prevent it. In case the encounter was considered inevitable, such interference would merely result in postponement. Still it would cause embarrassment and annoyance, as both principals and seconds would be arrested. So all present decided that Colquhoun was right.

"You are a level-headed lawyer, judge," said Burke, turning to Fox. "What tone should I take in replying to Tower's cartel?"

"Pardon me, senator," interrupted McCarren, "but it is not a cartel. It is merely a letter of inquiry, and can not be considered as a challenge."

"Whether it is or is not a challenge," quickly interjected Fox, "it is threatening in its tone. I should, I think, ask Tower to specify what the language is to which he objects."

"Very good," agreed Burke. "Suppose then, judge, that you draw up a reply to that effect."

Fox seized a pen and in a few moments read this:

"Honorable John Tower, Sir—Your note of September 8 has reached me through the hands of Benjamin Colquhoun, Esquire. The remarks made by me in the conversation referred to may be subject to future

misrepresentation. Therefore for obvious reasons I have to desire you to state what were the remarks that you designate in your note as offensive, and of which you require of me the retraction. I remain, etc.,
"Daniel Burke."

"What do you think of that, gentlemen?" asked Burke, looking interrogatively from Fox to the others. McCarren hesitated a moment. "Without reflecting on Judge Fox," he said, "it seems to me inexpedient to demand specifications of the language used. Tower will certainly reply that Senator Burke must himself know what he said, and that if he did not intend the language to be offensive it makes no difference what the words were. It is a question of intent, not of text."

"I agree with Judge McCarren in objecting to the form of the reply," said Holton, "although I object on different grounds. The phrase 'future misrepresentation' may in itself be construed as offensive, or additionally offensive. If a meeting should result from this misunderstanding, there is no reason for further offense. Let us make the correspondence as colorless as possible."

"I am sorry to be obliged to differ with these two gentlemen," remarked Fox, "but my habit of mind makes me insist on precision. Tower complains of certain language which he says was used by Senator Burke. Query—what is that language? Let Tower specify."

Burke listened attentively, and nodded his head several times.

"That settles it!" he exclaimed, "Fox is right. Send the reply as it was written."

So a fair copy was made, and Fox's draft was sent without change.

Burke requested his friends to take luncheon in his rooms, as a reply might be expected soon. He was right, for it came while they were still at the table just lighting their cigars. Burke received it in person in the outer room from Tower's friends, and, returning, read it aloud to his own. It was thus couched:

"Hon. Daniel Burke, Sir—In reply to your note of this day, I have to say that the offensive remarks to which I have alluded in my communication to you amount substantially to your saying that you had considered and spoken of me as 'the only honest man on the Supreme Court bench,' but that you now take it all back. Thus by implication you reflect on my personal and official integrity. This is the substance of your remarks as reported to me. The precise terms, however, in which such an implication was contained are not important to the question. You yourself can best remember the terms in which you spoke of me on the occasion referred to. What I require is the retraction of any words which were used, calculated to reflect on my character as on official and a gentleman. Your obedient servant,
"John Tower."

When he had finished reading, Burke addressed McCarren. "And how does that strike you?" he asked.

"It corroborates my belief that this misunderstanding by no means compels a hostile meeting, senator," rejoined McCarren. Turning to the others, he added: "You see, Tower does not insist on holding to the belief that Senator Burke deliberately used offensive language concerning him. Tower's note is courteous, and merely asks for information as to what the language was."

"Even then," added Corkle, "the matter of deciding whether the language used was or was not offensive is an open one; Tower may consider it inoffensive. In short, his note presents still another opportunity to Senator Burke to withdraw the so-called 'offensive language,' if he desires to do so."

"I agree with Colonel Corkle," went on McCarren. "As yet no issue is joined."

"True," assented Corkle, "and what is more, Judge Tower's remarks were leveled at Senator Burke's political party and not at Senator Burke himself, while the senator's aspersions had, strictly speaking, attacked certain unnamed members of the Supreme Court."

"While I can not take so optimistic a view of arranging this affair amicably as these two gentlemen," here interjected Holton, "I must admit that there is much force in their remarks. Likewise, it can not be denied that, both in his first and in his second note, Tower has carefully avoided closing the door toward a possible adjustment."

"Although in our reply to his first note," exclaimed McCarren quickly, "we went far toward closing the door ourselves."

"Scarcely that," interrupted Fox, looking up from the table where he was writing. "All we did was to ask what was the offensive language Tower objected to."

"But we asked it in a tone which was in itself offensive," retorted McCarren.

"Softly! softly! gentlemen!" here interposed Corkle, pacifically. "Let us not quarrel ourselves over what is not yet a quarrel."

"Not on our side—no!" cried Fox. "But Tower is trying to pick a quarrel with the senator here."

"I hardly think that is his desire," replied Corkle. "Tower has as yet made no demand for the retraction of any specific language. He has simply asked to know whether any language was used reflecting on his character; if so, he would then require its retraction. Whatever words were used by Senator Burke were uttered in private, so to speak; they were uttered in a moment of irritation; they reflected only by implication on Judge Tower; their withdrawal would remove all cause of offense on his part. Furthermore, such with-

drawal could not reflect in any way on Senator Burke's character for honor and bravery."

McCarren shook his head. "Am I to understand, colonel," he asked, "that you advise an apology to Tower?"

"Or what is the same thing," added Fox, sneeringly, "a withdrawal of the language used by Senator Burke?"

"It would not be an apology, but an explanation," returned Corkle, warmly. "There is a great difference. As you gentleman all know, I have been on the field more than once, in various capacities, and I am not recommending the white feather. But this is a case where a hostile meeting is uncalled for. I will prove it by a couple of questions. Senator, do you believe Tower is dishonest?"

"No," replied Burke laconically.

"Do you believe he is corrupt?"

"No," again came the terse answer.

"There you have the matter in a nutshell, gentlemen," cried Corkle, triumphantly. "In all matters in dispute between men of honor, the way is simple and direct. Tower has been told that Senator Burke accused him of being dishonest and corrupt. You have just heard the senator say he believes Tower to be neither."

There was a long pause, during which Burke seemed plunged in thought. At last he spoke:

"No, I have never believed Tower to be corrupt," he said, slowly. "I really entertain no rancorous feelings toward Tower. I have no genuine quarrel with Tower. I have never had any quarrel with him. In fact, although we have been thrown little together, my feelings toward him have been semi-friendly. But as for his boss, Wyley, the leader of that gang of Southern Chivs, I hate him bitterly. I would give everything I have in the world to meet him tomorrow with pistols, with a fair field and nobody to stop us. I scarcely understand how it happens that I find myself about to fight Tower instead of Wyley. But so it seems." Suddenly Burke turned to Fox. "Why, here is a man who hates Tower as bitterly as I hate Wyley. Fox and Tower have been enemies for years, yet here I am about to fight Tower, with whom I have no quarrel."

Fox looked up uneasily, as if about to speak, but he was interrupted by Corkle.

"Senator, I am glad to hear you say so," exclaimed Corkle, earnestly. "You have no quarrel with him. You deny to us, your friends here, that you have charged Tower with being dishonest or corrupt. You say you do not believe it. Now if you do not believe that he is dishonest and corrupt, why not say so? That would end the matter."

Again there was silence for a time, and Burke turned to Holton:

"What do you think of Corkle's advice, general?" he asked.

"It is good advice in the abstract, senator," replied Holton, "and I would agree with him under other conditions. But there is more in this than appears on the surface. It seems to me that there is a disposition on the part of these Southern men to crowd us Northern Democrats too far." He grew warmer as he spoke, and turned toward the others: "We have stood more than we ought to already. Now they have picked our honored leader, Senator Burke here, as our champion, and selected their own. It is my belief that this contest has been forced upon Senator Burke, and if he does not meet it, that it will injure him personally and politically throughout the State."

"I agree with General Holton," interposed Fox speaking with so unusual a heat that the others stared at him. "Our leader, Senator Burke, is the undisputed leader of the Northern Democrats. Tower is a follower and henchman of Senator Wyley, the acknowledged chieftain of the Chivalry. Now for years we have been hearing that one Southern Democrat is as good as five Northerners. They are all the time calling us 'Northern mudsills' and 'cowards.' They are all the time sneering at our matchless leader here, Senator Burke, because he was a workingman and came from the ranks of the plain people. I believe this is a deliberately hatched plot to bring about a hostile meeting between the Northern and Southern champions. These Chivs believe that our man will show the white feather. They are mistaken. If any such attempt to avoid a meeting is made, as is advised by our friend Colonel Corkle—whose motives are high and honorable, I know—I am certain that it will be misconstrued and misunderstood by the public."

"What do you mean?" asked Burke, darkly.

"I mean," replied Fox, stoutly, "that all the Chiv will accuse you of cowardice, and perhaps some of you own followers may. There, senator, that's the truth and I'm a genuine friend for telling it to you."

There was an unpleasant pause. During the conference Burke had seemed a prey to indecision, but now he had evidently made up his mind.

"I am inclined to think that you and Holton are right, judge," he said. "If I were disposed to withdraw the language I used concerning Tower—and even in the intimacy of this friendly circle I do not admit that I am—I think that such withdrawal would be misconstrued. Therefore we may consider that the language used will not be disavowed, and we will reply to this note in such terms as on consultation we consider best."

Fox had a rough draft prepared, which at Burke's request he read. It ran:

"Hon. John Tower, Sir—Yours of this date has been received. The remarks made by me were occ-

sioned by certain offensive allusions of yours concerning me made in a speech at Sacrosanto reported in the newspaper press. Upon the topic alluded to in your note my language, so far as my recollection serves me, was as follows:

"During Judge Tower's imprisonment by the Vigilance Committee I paid three hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in his defense. I have also stated heretofore that I considered him, Judge Tower, the only honest man on the Supreme Bench. I take it all back."

"You are the best judge as to whether this language affords good ground of offense. Daniel Burke."

"At the risk of offending you, senator," said Corkle gravely, "let me urge you not to send this. The first note nearly shut the door to an amicable adjustment; this not only closes it irrevocably, but it gives further offense. It makes a meeting inevitable."

"That is it exactly," cried Holton impatiently. "The meeting is inevitable. We can't stop it, so why try any longer? A duel has been threatening for a long time between us and the Chivs. It has come—what better man could we have to represent us than our leader, Senator Burke?"

Burke nodded his head. "I think you are right, Holton," he said. "The meeting will surely take place. And you are right too, Corkle," he added with a smile, "in thinking that this note will bring it about. The next note from Tower will be a formal challenge, and I would like General Holton and Judge McCarren to meet Colquhoun and DeKay, and to act as my seconds in arranging the affair. If you two will remain with me, they may be expected very soon with a reply to this note."

The others rose to withdraw. Burke thanked them warmly for their solicitude in his behalf, and as he pressed Corkle's hand, he said:

"Your advice was good, colonel, I know, and such as any honorable man might accept. But I am going to fight for my party, and for the North against the South."

When the others had gone Burke and his seconds plunged into an earnest discussion of weapons and distances, each recalling what was known of Tower's skill. In the midst of this the seconds were summoned to meet Colquhoun and DeKay. From the interview they returned with thismissive. It was the formal cartel:

"Hon. Daniel Burke, Sir—Some months ago you used language concerning me offensive in its nature. I omitted the lapse of a period of time fixed by you before I asked reparation therefor at your hands. You replied asking specification of the language used which I considered offensive. In another letter I gave you the specification and reiterated my demand for retraction. To this last letter you now reply, acknowledging the use of the offensive language, and not making the retraction requested. This course on your part leaves me no other resource but to require the satisfaction usual among gentlemen, which I accordingly do. Mr. Colquhoun will make the necessary arrangements. Your obedient servant,
John Tower."

The correspondence had now reached a point where little deliberation was needed as to its wording. An answer was speedily prepared. It read as follows:

"Hon. John Tower, Sir—Your note has been received. In response to the same I will refer you to my friends General Holton and Judge McCarren, who will make the necessary arrangements. I am, etc.,
Daniel Burke."

The die was cast. Nothing now remained but to prepare for the meeting. The four gentlemen selected as seconds met, and at once there arose persistent but courteous discussions concerning the terms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Hartford Bridge is a solid structure of granite, with nine span arches, and 1200 feet in length. It carries an eighty-foot highway, which is the great artery of Connecticut, connecting the two busy portions of the State, divided by the river which gives it its name. There has been a Hartford Bridge since 1808, and it has always been a busy bridge. It has had to be a stout one, for in the spring the usually mild Connecticut is a vicious stream, bringing down thousands of tons of broken ice and crashing it as if in rage against Hartford Bridge. Captain Isaac Damon of Northampton, Massachusetts, who was the boss bridge-builder of New England, built the original bridge, and he built it of hewn pine of a sort that is priceless today, pegged together in wonderful fashion. The river could never destroy his bridge. Fire did. But fire can never destroy the new Hartford Bridge.

It is estimated that the planting of between 15,000 and 20,000 acres to camphor trees in Ceylon would develop a production of 8,000,000 pounds, which, according to most authorities, is the quantity of camphor demanded annually at present. The camphor tree naturally grows to a height of forty feet, but in Ceylon it is being kept at the more convenient height of four to five feet.

There are at present on duty in the main thoroughfares of Paris twenty-one policemen who speak English, nine who speak German, and six who speak Spanish, and their usefulness has been so clearly demonstrated that the prefect of police has decided to add to their number as opportunity may arise.

A WOMAN'S JOURNEY.

Mrs. Hubbard Tells How She Completed Her Husband's Work in Unknown Labrador.

Among the records of women's achievements Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard's book, "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador," will take a place deservedly high. It is not only the story of a remarkable achievement, an achievement of which a hardened explorer might well be proud, but it is based upon a fine sentiment that gives it a double claim upon our attention and interest. Mrs. Hubbard tells us that her book is the result of a determination to complete the unfinished work of her husband and to give to the world a plain statement not only of her own journey, but of his. She therefore includes the greater part of Mr. Hubbard's diary, with the account of George Elson, who was with her husband during the last few days.

It was in January, 1903, that Mr. Hubbard's trip to Labrador was decided upon. He was at that time the assistant editor of *Outing*, and it was in the interest of that periodical that the tour was undertaken. On June 20 he sailed from New York and in the following January came the short message that "Mr. Hubbard died October 18 in the interior of Labrador."

Mrs. Hubbard's introduction to her own labors is characteristically short:

It seemed to me fit that my husband's name should reap the fruits of service which had cost him so much, and in the summer of 1905 I myself undertook the conduct of the second Hubbard expedition, and, with the advantage of the information and experience obtained by the first, a larger crew and a three weeks' earlier start, successfully completed the work undertaken two years before.

My decision to undertake the completion of my husband's work was taken one day in January of 1905. That evening I began making my plans and preparations for the journey. Towards the end of May they were completed, and on the evening of the 16th of June I sailed from Halifax for Labrador, arriving at Northwest River Post, the real starting point of my journey, on Sunday morning, June 25.

Mrs. Hubbard was fortunate in her crew, and she tells us so at every opportunity. Her crew was four in number: George Elson, who accompanied Mr. Hubbard in 1903; Joseph Ischerhoff, a Russian halfbreed; Job Chapies, a pure-blood Cree Indian; and Gilbert Blake, a halfbreed Eskimo boy trapper. These men lived with one another in their chivalrous care of the woman who led them, and of this many instances are given us:

While the outfit was being brought up I walked along the shore watching the rapids. The men did not like to see me go near the river at all except when in the canoe, and warned me against going to the rapids. I promised to be careful, but not to keep away altogether, for they grew more and more fascinating. I wanted to be near them and watch them all the time. They were so strong, so irresistible. They rushed on so fast, and nothing could stop them. They would find a way over or around every obstacle that might be placed before them. It made one wish that it were possible to join them and share in their strength. About a mile above camp I stepped out on a great boulder close to where they were very heavy. The rock seemed large enough so that I could scarcely fall off if I tried; but when the men came up George said: "Mrs. Hubbard, you must not do that."

"Why?"

"You will get dizzy and fall in."

"But I do not get dizzy."

"Maybe you think you will not. It is all right when you are looking at the rapid, but it is when you turn that you will fall. It is very dangerous. If you are going to do that we will just turn round and go back to Northwest River."

That settled the matter.

The men were fertile in expedients to deter their employer from what they believed would be dangers, and Mrs. Hubbard found that so much attention was rather irksome:

Waiting in the lower wooded parts was not so pleasant. Once I announced my intention of setting up my fishing rod and going down the river to fish, while the rest of the outfit was being brought up. Sudden consternation overspread the faces of the men. In a tone of mingled alarm, disapproval, suspicion, George exclaimed: "Yes, that is just what I was afraid you would be doing. I think you had better sit right down there by the rifles. There are fresh bear tracks about here, and Job says they run down there by the river."

I could not help laughing at the alarm I had created, but obediently sat down on the pile of outfit by the rifles, strongly suspecting, however, that the bear tracks were invented, and that the real fear was on account of the river. It began to be somewhat irksome to be so well taken care of.

The prospect of meeting with the Nascaupsee Indians on the lakes of the upper George was not unattended with apprehension. The guides had their own reasons for caution, and they were reasons based upon knowledge:

The talk drifted to the stories of the Indians, tributary to Rupert's House, and the practical jokes perpetrated on them while camped about the post to which they brought each spring from the far interior their winter's catch of furs. There were stories of Hannah Bay massacre, and the retribution which followed swift and certain; and of their own trips inland, and the hospitality of the Indians. The talk ended with an anxious "If it were only the Hudson Bay Indians we were coming to, there would be no doubt about the welcome we should get."

Turning to me, George remarked, "You are giving that revolver a fine rubbing up tonight."

"Yes," I replied, laughing a little: "I am getting ready for the Nascaupes."

"They would not shoot you," he said gravely. "It would be us they would kill if they took the notion. Whatever their conjuror tells them to do, they will do."

"No," asserted Gilbert, who boasted some traditional knowledge of the Nascaupes, "they would not kill you, Mrs. Hubbard. It would be to keep you at their camp that they would kill us."

I had been laughing at George a little, but Gilbert's startling announcement induced a sudden sobriety. As I glanced from one to the other, the faces of the men were all unwontedly serious. There was a whirl of thoughts for a moment, and then I asked: "What do you think I shall be doing while they are killing you? You do not need to suppose that because I will

not kill rabbits, or ptarmigan, or caribou, I should have any objection to killing a Nascaupsee Indian if it were necessary." Nevertheless the meeting with the Indians had for me assumed a new and more serious aspect, and, remembering their agony of fear lest some harm befall me ere we reached civilization again, I realized how the situation seemed to the men.

But the alarm was causeless. Apparently the conjuror was on his best behavior, for not only was there no incivility offered to the party, but a practical hospitality was the order of the day. Curiously enough, these people had no objection to being photographed. Indeed, they seemed familiar with the operation and even anxious thus to be handed down to pictorial immortality.

When the word went forth that we were about to leave, all gathered for the parting. Looking about for something which I might carry away as a souvenir of the visit, my eyes caught the beaded band which the chief's daughter wore on her hair, and stepping towards her, I touched it to indicate my wish. She drew sharply away and said something in tones that had a plainly resentful ring. It was, "That is mine." I determined not to be discouraged and made another try. Stretched on a frame to dry was a very pretty deerskin, and I had George ask if I might have that. That seemed to appeal to them as a not unreasonable request, and they suggested that I should take one ready dressed. The woman who had wanted my sweater went into the wigwam and brought out one. It was very pretty and beautifully soft and white on the inside. She again pleaded for the sweater, and as I could not grant her request I handed her back the skin; but she bade me keep it. They gave George a piece of deerskin dressed without the hair, "to line a pair of mits," they said.

The author tells us that while the farewells were being said the chief was engaged in a somewhat absent-minded, but none the less successful, examination of his daughter's head. Many others were similarly occupied and it seemed to be as much a matter of course as eating.

One final picture of the arrival at Ungava must suffice. Mr. Ford, the agent at the post, came to meet the party and to give them the welcome news that they were in time for the ship that would take them back to civilization.

At the foot of the hill below the house, Mrs. Ford stood waiting. Her eyes shone like stars as she took my hand and said, "You are very welcome, Mrs. Hubbard. Yours is the first white woman's face I have seen for two years." We went on up the hill to the house. I do not remember what we talked about, I only remember Mrs. Ford's eyes, which were very blue and very beautiful now in her excitement. And when we reached the little piazza and I turned to look back, there were the men sitting quietly in the canoes. The Eskimo had drawn canoes, men and outfit across the mud to where a little stream slipped down over a gravelly bed, which offered firmer footing, and were now coming in single file towards the post, each with a bag over his shoulder.

Why were the men sitting there? Why did they not come too?

Suddenly I realized that with our arrival at the post our positions were reversed. They were my charge now. They had completed their task and what a great thing they had done for me. They had brought me safely, triumphantly, on my long journey, and not a hair of my head had been harmed. They had done it, too, with an innate courtesy and gentleness that was beautiful, and I had left them without a word. With a dull feeling of helplessness and limitation I thought of how differently another would have done. No matter how I tried, I could never be so generous and self-forgetful as he. In the hour of disappointment and loneliness, even in the hour of death, he had taken thought so generously for his companions. I, in the hour of my triumph, had forgotten mine. We were like Light and Darkness, and with the light gone how deep was the darkness. Once I had thought I stood up beside him, but in what a school had I learned that I only reached to his feet. And now all my effort, though it might achieve that which he would be glad and proud of, could never bring him back.

Mrs. Hubbard sums up her achievement, and she does it with a modest brevity. The length of her journey was 576 miles from post to post (with 30 miles additional to Ungava Bay covered later in the post yacht *Lily*).

The time occupied was from June 27 to August 27. Forty-three days of actual traveling, eighteen days in camp.

The provisions consumed were 750 pounds to begin with, 392 pounds of which was flour. Surplus, including gifts to Nascaupsee Indians, 150 pounds, 105 pounds of which was flour, making the average amount consumed by each member of the party fifty-seven and a half pounds.

The results were the pioneer maps of the Nascaupsee and George Rivers, that of the Nascaupsee showing Seal Lake and Lake Michikamau to be in the same drainage basin and which geographers had supposed were two distinct rivers, the Northwest and the Nascaupsee, to be one and the same, the outlet of Lake Michikamau carrying its waters through Seal Lake and then to Lake Melville; with some notes by the way on the topography, geology, flora, and fauna of the country traversed.

It is a notable record, still more notable from the fact that it was achieved by a woman practically without training or experience. Never was a more remarkable monument raised to the memory of a pioneer than Mrs. Hubbard's monument to her husband.

"A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador," with map and illustrations, by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. Published by the McClure Company, New York, \$1.50.

The insurance companies have been hit hard by a decision handed down by the English court of appeals, which finds that the fire that swept the business portion of Kingston on January 14, 1907, was not caused by the earthquake, but preceded it. Several million dollars are involved and there is great rejoicing on the part of the Kingston policyholders, who will now have the necessary funds to start immediately in rebuilding the city.

A BAD CASE.

By a Distressed Wife.

My husband is at last convinced of the error of his ways, and has implored me to give his free and frank confession to the world. My husband is—or was—a very enthusiastic man, and imagines that he has a fine eye for the arts. Being a lawyer, he enjoys considerable leisure in the afternoons, and it is this that has proved his ruin. I shall never forget his first offense. It was very shortly after our marriage. I was wondering why he was so late for dinner, when suddenly a cab drove up to the door. For one moment I fancied that it must be his mother (wives have their mothers-in-law as well as husbands). Imagine my astonishment when out jumps my husband, with a guilty jauntiness of demeanor, presents the cabby with five shillings. I noted this extravagance myself from the window, and is followed by that functionary, staggering under an enormous burden, swathed in brown holland, up the steps. The usual loafer rushes forward and a fresh gratuity is distributed, to the horror of my economical mind. At last, the thing—apparently a miniature of the great pyramid—is deposited in our small hall with a resonant bang, and its bearers depart.

"What on earth makes you so very unpunctual, dear? The soup will be quite spoiled. And what, in heaven's name, is this?"

"I thought you'd like it, darling (this with a nervous flush). It's the most wonderful bargain, and it would have been really wicked to have let it slip. It's a genuine Elizabethan—but, there, see it for yourself."

The mummy-like bandages were at last removed, and what do you think I beheld? An enormous, rusty, musty, dusty, and hideous clock!

"Yes," he continued; "a real antique, Elizabethan, musical clock. It plays six tunes of the period; and, what's more, look at the initials graven on the face—'W. S.' I've very little doubt that it once belonged to Shakespeare himself, who was very fond of mechanical inventions. I shall have, of course, to have it repaired and done up, and then it will look splendid in the dining-room."

He quite took my breath away; I could only ejaculate, "Where on earth did you pick it up, and what did you pay for it?"

"At the sale of an old house. Every one said it was ridiculously cheap, and that they'd have given twice as much if only they had known. Just think, only a hundred dollars! Why, I could get two hundred for it any day."

White elephants were nothing to this disgusting "horologe," as I found it described in the catalogue. It cost twenty dollars to put right, and then it smashed twenty dollars' worth of things in being fixed up. It sometimes played its miserable so-called tunes so rapidly that you had to stuff your fingers in your ears; at others, it emitted a spasmodic and raven-like croak that was positively alarming. At last, thank heaven! it stopped—"never to go again"; and I firmly resolved that not one penny more should be spent in "doing it (and us) up." Add to this that I subsequently discovered a Geneva maker's name inside. I could wish that I had been more stern on this first occasion; but I was weak, like too many young wives, and was satisfied with a scolding. The result was that we gradually became deluged with the most miserable miscellany of rubbishy bric-à-brac, damaged furniture, dubious pictures, and, in a word, the refuse of the auction-room. To believe my husband, we were the proud possessors of Cromwell's hat, Byron's tooth-brush, one of Sheridan's I O U's, a curl of Marie Antoinette's, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a George Morland (I believe this latter is the evil genius of the Picker-up), and a whole roomful of split and useless "Chippendale" and "Sheraton," etc. And all had been acquired at "sales which had a history," at an "absurd sacrifice," and to the admiration of the disappointed bystanders I saw that the fiendish habit was gradually growing upon him, like drink or gaming. I hope I know my duty: I resolved to protect myself and him; and, after an awful scene ensuing on his acquisition of an infected sedan-chair, I exacted from him a solemn pledge to give up this pernicious habit once and forever.

But I was inexperienced; I should have known the male mind better. Deterred from the open pursuit of his nefarious designs, he determined to smuggle his purchases in secret. I had observed him lingering somewhat suspiciously over the auction advertisements of the dailies, and I noticed also that his coat-pockets bulged out curiously on his nightly return. One day I had occasion to tidy (as a good wife should periodically do) the escritoire of his dressing-room. What do you think I found? The drawers, the pigeon-holes, the interstices even, were literally crammed with heaps of cracked and tarnished trifles—pounce boxes, enameled knife-handles, embossed watch-cases, pocket-revolvers, and the like. I was horrified. It was too true; deburred by the dread of discovery from "picking up" big things, he had resorted, under a miserable subterfuge, to small. But my presence of mind did not desert me. I have a strong will; and I vowed that our child's inheritance should not be thus squandered.

My husband kept a handsome volume in which he recorded minutely a description, the prices, and the dates of his purchase of this miscellaneous collection. My mind was made up. I numbered and ticketed every one of these horrible knickknacks with my own hands. I compiled their catalogue, and I headed it as follows:

"Messrs. Hammer & Tongs have the honor to announce that on Thursday next they will sell by auction, in their great rooms in Blank Street, the valuable collection of pictures, porcelain, furniture in the Sheraton, Adams, and Chippendale styles, arms, Limoges enamel, quaint watches and clocks, formed with consummate taste and at lavish expense by a gentleman who has no further need for them."

I myself arranged with the auctioneers, who, with some amplifications, adopted my catalogue, and a day was chosen when my husband was at last occupied (I believed remuneratively) in court.

Well, the time came. I was so excited that, although sorely tempted to be present, I did not dare to attend the "Rooms" of Messrs. Hammer & Tongs. The evening came, and with it my husband, in a frantic state of exhilaration.

"You've won the case!" I exclaimed, fondly and admiringly.

"Oh, never mind the case!" he rejoined, impetuously; "it was settled, and I got away quite early. Having made the money, I turned in—now don't be angry, darling—for a moment to Hammer & Tongs—most exciting sale of an eminent virtuoso's curios, and you'll admit that, after all, my judgment was not so bad; for it was an exact replica of my own—thing for thing and picture for picture, only that his Rembrandt and Rubens were poor copies and his George Morland evidently spurious. The whole lot were going for a perfect song, so I—"

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated; "you don't mean to say that you bought your own—?" But at this crisis a merciful film came over my eyes, and I swooned away.

* * * * *

My husband is completely cured, and we are gradually now trying to collect modern coins, which we pick up elsewhere than in sales-rooms.—*St. James's Gazette.*

William Gillette has made a great success in "Samson," the first American performance of Henri Bernstein's play. Gillette impersonates a man from low life who becomes wealthy by a lucky rise in copper and is married to a beautiful woman by her mother, against the daughter's wishes. While he is attending to his investments the wife finds an admirer, and the copper king soon finds it out. Instead of the usual methods of revenge, Maurice Brachard, impersonated by Gillette, lures the man to his room and has copper sold down till the admirer is ruined. The third act carries the climax. Brachard chokes the admirer, played by Arthur Byron, but lets him go, ruined.

The first day of the coming new year, Tommaso Salvini's eightieth birthday will be celebrated. Preparations are now being made to observe the event with ceremonies no less impressive than those which marked the celebration of Adelaide Ristori's eightieth birthday in Italy some few years ago. It has already been planned in Rome to have a great jubilee on this occasion, and arrangements will be made for fêtes, dramatic performances, and the like, while it is not improbable that Salvini will be asked to assume one of the notable rôles upon which his fame rests.

The celebrated grotto known as Arpaia at Portovenere, in the Gulf of Spezia, where Byron is said to have written a great portion of "The Corsair," has almost entirely collapsed owing to a landslide, and its entrance from the sea is now blocked up. The following inscription, put up some years ago, is now under water: "This grotto, which inspired Lord Byron to the sublime poem, 'The Corsair,' recalls the immortal poet who, a courageous swimmer, from Portovenere to Lerici challenged the waves of the Ligurian Sea."

If the records are correct, writes a New York Times observer, John Drew will be fifty-two years of age before Old Father Time tears off another leaf from the calendar. Rose Coghlan is less than a year his senior. Miss Lillian Russell is now just forty-seven. Billie Burke is twenty-two. There we have the record of conspicuous juvenility upon the New York stage today. For in the matter of youth, expressing itself in good humor and buoyant, refreshing spirit, the girl of twenty-two has none the better of the others in the list.

A couple of years ago an agitation was started in Paris against the unanimity of all French dramatists in swinging the chief action of a play around two men and a woman or two women and a man, as the case might offer. This scheme of play-building gradually is known to us by the term "French triangle." Sardou said he would abandon the triangle if his critics would change human nature. Whether we like it or not, says William Bullock, in the New York Press, we are coming to the adoption of the French system.

"A THUNDERSTORM IN PARIS."

A thunderstorm is bursting over the city. Ploc, ploc! Without warning the rain comes down in raging torrents. The water oozes from the walls, gushes from the roofs, the gargoyles sputter, and the gutters swallow in big gulps. Fric, frie! large drops break noisily on the asphalt and the fragments rise again to cut their capers and dance their merry rounds in the slippery street, a graceful ballet, dressed in a damp haze. Suddenly the umbrellas blossom forth, transforming the street into a mushroom bed. At the crossing, the very noise, wet, mellovs. The cabs splash sadly through the haze, dogs shake themselves, and the humans seek shelter.

Madame, returning from a fashionable store, is surprised by the rain. Loaded with boxes and parcels, and dressed in fresh satin with her summer hat, fancy slippers, and lace stockings, she suddenly sees the rain bar the way and madame is very angry.

How clever of her to forget her umbrella! and no cabs! The cochers, cross and already submerged in their raincoats, drive by at a breakneck speed and hear and see nothing. The autos cut through the storm tooting, struggling, skidding, and inapproachable. The omnibuses lumber heavily by, their welcome "complet" hoisted up high. *Baste!* It's nothing but a shower, of course, and rather than look like a muddy spaniel, or drop her bargains in a puddle, madame will wait for the rain to stop, yes, wait anywhere. Ah! *voilà!* under a *porte cochère* in the half-open vestibule of a large house a discreet, almost comfortable, refuge.

She bastens, hugging her treasures, and, like a bird whose plumage has been ruffled by the storm, she tricks herself out coquettishly, humoring her curls, filipping with a dainty finger the importunate rain-pearls from her bosom and shaking her skirts, which tremble around her in caressing waves.

But, no matter what the weather be, a pretty woman never passes unnoticed in Paris. No sooner had madame set her foot in her shelter than twenty persons followed her example. Gentlemen especially, old ones and young ones, timid ones and rakes, wags and idiots. All escaping the rain or scenting adventure. All staring at her open-mouthed or manoeuvring to get near her.

A dandy feigns to upset her parcels to create an occasion for gallant apologies. An old beau philosophizes on temperature to entice her into conversation, and even a little clerk, clean, *ingénû*, and silent, looks at her tenderly from a distance.

Ptit! pit! pit! At last the rain stops. The waterspouts dribble, the gutters tone down to B flat, through the clouds some azure smiles. Much annoyed by her obsequious sur-

rounding, madame prepares to depart. The young dandy, the old beau, fire their last guns. Each ear is besieged by supplication and filled with a murmur of ambiguous remarks.

From her, not a word; with haughty brow and lips disdainful madame breaks through her court. Addressing the little clerk whose cheeks bloom forth like flaming peonies, "My friend," she says, with a gracious smile, "will you help me to carry my boxes to the corner?"

Too proud, too happy, the youngster would carry them to the end of the world. He straightens up, he rises on his toes to add to his height, and though the sky, fully extricated now, does not suggest as much as a drop, he covers the lovely woman with his umbrella, respectfully, as if he held the canopy over the Holy Sacrament. At the corner he is to be discharged with a few cents, but in Shylock's hreast Romeo's heart is beating. He rebels—he refuses—"Oh, no, madame! I am well paid as it is."

Then he takes to his heels, ashamed and delighted. And the pretty Parisian, more touched and flattered by this naive homage than by all the others, picks up her skirts and trots home, while from the terraces many a curly poet eyes her fine ankles, to put them, perhaps, into rhyme.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the "Annales" of Henri Nicolle.*

"Mr. Dooley" on Happiness.

"Well, sir, 'tis a tur-rible problem this here wan iv human unhappiness. If Tiddy Rosenfelt finds out th' causes iv it he'll be th' gr-reatest man since Moses. Some folks say th' on'y way to be happy is to wurruk. Maybe that accounts fr the onbappiness among th' farmers. Perhaps they wud be merrier if some employment cud be found fr thim, preferably in th' open air. Some say 'tis money; they're poor. Some say 'tis simple poverty; they're rich. Hogan says 'tis human society; which accounts fr th' happiness that prevails in all large cities. Some say selfishness will make ye happy. I've tried it. It didn't cure me. Other people say onselfishness; but that's no more thin to say that ye can on'y be happy be givin' up something that wud make ye happy. Th' nearest ye get to happiness is in wantin' something badly an' thinkin' ye have a chance to get it an' not gettin' it. If ye get it ye'll be onhappy. Whin ye have ivrything in th' wurruk that we want th' famly will do well to watch ye whin ye pick up a razor."—*American Magazine.*

There has appeared at Berlin a new semi-monthly illustrated magazine called *Amerika*, devoted wholly to articles dealing with American social, political, and business affairs. Its appearance testifies to Germany's strong and growing interest in the United States.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Mr. Greenslet's "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich" gives us some fine glimpses of Aldrich in his critical mood. Writing of Lowell's letters, he says: "How good and how poor they are. Nearly all of them are too self-conscious. Emerson and Whittier are about the only men in that famous group who do not think about themselves the whole while." Henry James is handled kindly, but with the gloves off. Aldrich envies him the "easy grace with which he slips his pen through forty or fifty miles of aristocratic landscape." But Henry James is "not a natural storyteller." Aldrich held that characters in a novel should develop themselves by what they say and do—as in the drama. "It appears to be a mistake to devote one or two hundred pages to the analysis of characters which accomplishes nothing. The persons in James's hook affect me like a lot of admirably 'made up' actors in the green room waiting for their cue." Of Walt Whitman he says: "The greater bulk of his writing is neither prose nor verse, and certainly it is not an improvement on either."

The Diva's Ruby, by F. Marion Crawford. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is another of the stories that deal with Margarita da Cordova, otherwise Miss Margaret Donne, with Konstantin Logotheti, and with Mr. Van Torp. When we last saw the Primadonna she had dismissed her English lover and had engaged herself to Logotheti. We were sorry for her choice, as Logotheti seemed a good deal of an adventurer, but as it was evident that the lady had no heart worth speaking of, we were reconciled to a marriage of convenience.

But "The Diva's Ruby" shows us that the lady may once more change her mind. Mr. Van Torp is by no means despairing, doubtless under the conviction that while there is life there is hope. Apparently for the purpose of introducing an entirely new element, we have a description of a ruby mine in Central Asia known only to the men of the village and to one girl, Baraka, who falls in love with an explorer and of course tells him the secret of the mine. The resulting rubies play a large part in the story and both the explorer and the girl, who becomes miraculously civilized, impinge on the lines of the older established characters.

The story makes it clear enough that Margarita da Cordova does not marry Logotheti, because when we say farewell to that gentleman he is congenially married to the Asiatic girl. We assume that Margarita marries Mr. Van Torp. We leave them in a state of ecstatic engagement—that is to say, Mr. Van Torp is ecstatic—but in view of the lady's record we recognize that no hour is too eleventh for a change in her maiden choice. We are prepared to learn the worst in the next story.

"The Diva's Ruby" is, of course, fascinatingly interesting. The rapid reader will get a little bewildered at the theft of the rubies, but it really doesn't matter. He may resent the apparent reappearance of Lady Maud's husband, whom he remembers to have been killed, but that perplexity is cleared up quite nicely. With the exception of Lady Maud, Mr. Van Torp, multi-millionaire and lover, is about the only character for whom we can have even a dubious kind of respect, and when Logotheti marries Baraka we think he will have a much better time with her than as the husband of the Primadonna.

Parerga, by Canon Sheehan, D. D. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.60.

We can hardly give to these writings the name of essays. They are too short, too un-consecutive, and hear too clear a stamp of the whim of the moment. And the whim of the moment is usually concurrent with a cloudy sky and a despondent outlook upon men and things.

It is the author's pessimism that strikes us as the dominant note in his work. He looks abroad in a spirit of profound melancholy and his reflections are like the dripping of rain upon dead leaves. He is overburdened with mental conventions, and because the world is shaking off its conventions he can find little at which to smile. And his frown is always that of intolerance. He finds three great religions—Christian Theism, Spinosism, and Humanism. The first is the "logical issue of all reasonable thought," while the third is the "hypostasis of the most foolish pride that ever entered the mind of a created being." There, of course, speaks the priest—and may we say—the bigot. He contemplates the French revolution; he can "never think of Paris again as the centre of the world's civilization." But there is no hint of the horrors that produced the revolution and that were worse than the revolution. He laments the grossness of Shakespeare and can not take him up "without looking far before me," for fear of some hidden cloaca. If the world were becoming more refined Shakespeare would subside into the "decent retirement" of Marlowe, but, alas! the world is becoming more vulgar, and therefore "Shakespeare will

not yet be dethroned." Swinburne has no message for mankind. He is erotic or revolutionary and hence anathema, but all the same he is the "supreme melodist" and "the master of alliteration." But what can we expect "when such amiable heings as Cromwell, Nero, Danton, Mirabeau, etc., are deified in history"? Imagine the state of mind that can bracket Cromwell and Nero!

Bias seems to be the key to Canon Sheehan's mind, theological bias, caste bias, the bias of conventions and of the old days. But he writes always as a scholar and brilliantly, and if, in the four divisions of his hook, he places "Autumn" and "Winter" first and "Spring" and "Summer" last, the arrangement is at least appropriate.

Lentala of the South Seas, by W. C. Morrow. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The note struck by the author is not exactly new, but it is a long way from being hackneyed, while his treatment is fresh and vigorous. He gives us a story of some two hundred men and women wrecked upon an uncharted South Pacific island. Received with apparent hospitality by the natives, they soon learn that the intention is to sacrifice them one by one as a propitiation to the god of earthquakes and volcanoes, from which the place suffers periodically, and also to keep secret the existence of the island and its great natural wealth. From this terrible predicament they are rescued by the strategy of Lentala, the old king's adopted daughter, who is first introduced to us as a splendid and harbaric princess and who gradually discloses herself as a white woman of a winning and fascinating disposition.

The author gives us a number of ingenious and novel situations, as well as some others that may have been suggested by Mr. Rider Haggard, for, instance, the passage through the mountain by the suhterranean river. But the character of Lentala is entirely new, while her expedient of adopting the disguise of a non-existent brother compels our interest. In stories of this kind it is of course necessary to subdue all unnecessary demands for the probable, but when these have been reduced to their right dimensions we shall find that "Lentala" is an original and charming romance, and we can only hope that the young American sailor who decided for certain definite reasons to remain upon the island has never had cause to regret his choice. To he with Lentala ought to be "paradise enow" for any average male.

The Pinafore Picture Book, by Sir W. S. Gilbert. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The author has prepared this hook for young readers and he gives his reasons. Sometimes young people are not allowed to go to the theatre because of the late hours, and even if they go to a matinee their pleasure is sure to be spoiled by the gigantic hats that "ill-bred and selfish ladies clap upon their heads." Another reason is that the opera of "Pinafore" is, unhappily, not played in every town every night of the year, and although when we get a national theatre the opera "will, no doubt, be played once or twice in every fortnight forever," that happy day may be still a long way off. And so we have the story of the play, told, of course, imitatively, with extracts from the songs and the music and with fifteen colored and twelve line illustrations. It is a capital hook and must be a source of delight to its lucky recipients.

The Housekeeper's Week, by Marion Harland. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The author gives us another domestic treasure. She divides her hook into the six days of the week and tells us exactly what our wives ought to do upon each day. Thus we have Monday: Wash Day! Starching and Bluing! Devices for Making Washing Easy! Woollens, Colored Cottons, and Linens! Silks, Black, Colored, and White, etc. And in case there should still be idle moments at the disposal of the devil, we have two concluding chapters on "Every Day in the Week" and "Any Day in the Week."

Living on a Little, by Caroline French Benton. Published by the Dana Estes Company, Boston; \$1.25.

Although opinions may differ widely on the meaning of "a little," the author seems to have hit upon a happy medium and to have written successfully for the great middle-class mass whose incomes remain stationary and whose expenditures increase. The hook is in the form of a narrative, and it is so full of practical hints that it can hardly fail to give help to those who most need it.

Builders of United Italy, by Rupert Sargent Holland. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.

The period of Italian emancipation is one of the most inspiring in history, although latter-day observers can hardly suppress a sense of disillusionment at the paucity of the results in human happiness that have followed so great a display of genius and such a sacrifice of human life. National independence is, after all, a means to an end, and not an end

in itself, and Italy has not yet taken the lead that was hoped for her.

The "builders" selected by the author are eight in number—Alfieri, Manzoni, Gioherti, Manin, Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel. He wisely attempts no profound study in analysis, but confines himself to biography, in which the essentials are happily grouped and classified. No better hook could be found for those who desire a comprehensive survey of the men who created Italian independence.

New Publications.

From the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, comes a collection of "Songs from the Operas for Mezzo Sopranos," edited by H. E. Krehbiel. The selections are twenty-five in number.

Among gift hooks for small children is "Little Ned Happy and Flora," by Gertrude Smith, with colored illustrations by Henrietta A. Adams. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.30.

A remarkable psychological study is to be found in "The Right Man," by Brian Hooker, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. It can be read in an hour or so and it ought not to be missed.

"The Daughter of Virginia Dare," by Mary Virginia Wall, is a bright and pleasing story

of early days at Jamestown and of Pocahontas and Captain Smith. The author uses her material to good advantage. The hook comes from the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

Some new fables have been given to us by Maude Barrows Dutton under the title of "The Tortoise and the Geese, and Other Fables of Bidpai." It seems that Bidpai was a sage of India living about 300 years B. C. The hook is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.

"Our Girls" is a collection of poems by various authors in praise of the American girl. The chief charm of the hook, however, is in the colored illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, and of these there are eighteen. The volume is of a substantial size and the typography and decorations are admirable.

Professor Sophie Jewett gives us a successful rendering of the old middle English allegorical poem entitled "The Pearl." The poem is by the unknown author of "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," and in its present form it contains one hundred stanzas, each of twelve lines. As a curiosity it will be welcomed by students of mediaval literature. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1. Students' edition, 40 cents.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Valencia Theatre company is giving a particularly pleasing interpretation of Captain R. H. Marshall's comedy, "His Excellency, the Governor," this week. Willette Kershaw has a charming part in the play and acts it with irresistible gaiety and archness. The last performances will be on Saturday, afternoon and evening. Sunday afternoon a play entitled "A Navajo's Love," written by Sedley Brown, the stage director of the company, will have its first production in this city. It is not a Wild West play, as might be supposed from the title, but a drama of the "Strongheart" and "The Squaw Man" order. Its hero is an Indian, called Straight Oak by his tribesmen, who comes to the East for an education and wins it, and afterward a fortune. Robert Warwick will have this heroic rôle. He has played "Strongheart" successfully, and will come with assurance to this, a part of the same type. Willette Kershaw will be the heroine of the play, the daughter of a Wall-Street operator, and the other members of the company will be well placed.

Next Monday evening, at the Van Ness Theatre, Thomas Dixon's famous play, "The Clansman," will be presented for the first time in this city. The drama was made from the two novels, "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman," by the author, and it tells a powerful story of the South in the Reconstruction period. The mysterious and dreaded Ku Klux Klan plays an important part in the unfolding of the plot, and prominent figures among the carpet-baggers and conservatives of the time are introduced. In Eastern cities the production of the play has often been the cause of excitement. The company, numbering seventy-five, under the direction of George H. Brennan, includes a number of well-known people, prominent among whom are Franklin Ritchie, Eugenie Hayden, Charles J. Wilson, Barry Maxwell, Maude Durand, M. J. Jordan, Ruth Hart, Claire Mersereau, Gage Bennett, Mortimer Ritchie, Earl Lee, and Edna Davis.

Kolb and Dill are meeting with the greatest success of their career in their engagement at the Princess Theatre. "Playing the Ponies" will be continued another week. Many have been unable to secure seats, and the rush seems likely to continue.

The Orpheum has a number of sterling attractions to add to the bill for the coming week, beginning Sunday afternoon. George Primrose and his dancing boys are the leading feature of these, and their part of the entertainment may be anticipated with pleasurable confidence. The Four Nightons, Olympian gymnasts, recent European vaudeville sensations, will present an act in which strength and gymnastic skill are displayed. Alfred Kely, an actor of original yet artistic methods, will appear in a sketch, entitled "In Trust," which tells of a gentleman whose pride is so great that he starves almost to death with a smiling face rather than beg assistance. Mr. Kely will have the support of Miss Mathilde Bothe. "Slivers," the great clown, will be seen in the pantomime, "The Ball Game," in which he plays *solitaire*. He runs after a grounder, quarrels with the umpire, makes faces at the boys in the bleachers, and concludes by "striking out." Artie Nelson, an acrobat and athlete, will be associated with him. Next week will be the last of Valadon, the magician; Lewis and Green, Black and Jones, and of that charming comedienne, Hope Booth, in her naive impersonation of "The Little Blonde Lady."

"Checkers," reviewed at length in another column, will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre for the last time Sunday evening.

The benefit in aid of the Woman's Auxiliary of the California Prison Commission to be given at the Valencia Theatre Monday evening, November 9, promises to be a gala event. "Glittering Gloria," with Robert Warwick and all of the favorites in the cast, will be produced, and in addition to that amusing farce a number of special features will be introduced.

Rose Stahl in her brilliant comedy success, "The Chorus Lady," will be the attraction to follow "The Clansman" at the Van Ness Theatre. This is considered one of the season's best attractions. The original New York supporting cast is coming here.

Arthur Cunningham, the favorite actor and baritone singer, will begin an engagement limited to two weeks at the Valencia Theatre Sunday afternoon, November 15, when he will present Joe Murphy's great Irish success, "Kerry Gow." Mr. Murphy, who has retired from the stage and is now visiting California, has consented to direct the rehearsals.

Nance O'Neil made a success in her new play, "Agnes," written by Mrs. Sydney Drew, at the Majestic Theatre in New York, and has signed a contract with the Shuerts to appear as a star in a Shakespearean repertoire under their management for five years.

Maude Adams promises to be a success in M. Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows." The first American production of

the piece was at Atlantic City, October 18, and in it Miss Adams was received with every token of admiration.

Musical critics in New York say that Reginald de Koven's score for the new comic opera, "The Golden Butterfly," is good measure in tunefulness and reaches toward the classic in form more than any effort in this field for years. Harry B. Smith, who has furnished the libretto for many of the De Koven pieces, has done especially well in this, as his satire is gentle yet broad. The story is based on the theft of an opera by a manager. Grace Van Studdiford has the leading rôle in the opera, which was produced at the Broadway Theatre on the evening of October 12.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy's name has appeared but rarely of late among current contributors of fiction. Mr. Hardy has a story, "The Defence of Diane," in the November *Harper's Magazine* which many who recall the old "Passe-Rose" will rejoice to read.

O. Henry has written a play, "The World and the Door," in which a number of his short-story characters will be presented.

Early in November, A. C. McClurg & Co. will open an office in San Francisco for the representation of their publications on the Pacific Coast. This office will be in charge of Mr. S. L. Willard, who has long been connected with the house, for the last seven years in important capacities associated with the publishing department. This step is the outgrowth of the increasing business in Messrs. McClurg & Co.'s publications on the Coast. Mr. Willard has also for the past four years been the traveling representative for their publications in this territory, and has made many friends here.

François Coppée once met an English woman novelist who wanted to know whether the poet whom she admired so greatly knew English. "No, madame," said Coppée, "I am still busy studying French."

The London publishing house of George Allen announces the publication in November of a book by Andrew Carnegie. The volume is to be called "Problems of Today," and consists of a series of essays on wealth, labor, and Socialism.

An ambitious young Chicagoan recently called upon a publisher of novels in that city, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a hook," and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher the chance to bring it out. "May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the hook you purpose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely. "Oh," came in an off-hand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know!"

Absurdities of the Fictionists.

Jack London, Stewart Edward White, Rex Beach, and Sir Gilbert Parker, not to mention Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, and William de Morgan, are assailed as fakers by Arthur Stringer in a sensational article published in the latest number of *Canada West*, a handsome magazine issued from Winnipeg. The *New York Times Saturday Review* summarizes the points made by the critic. Mr. Stringer, himself a Canadian, declares that the Canada of fact is utterly different from the Canada of the professional writers about Canada—which is a land "where the most preposterous things may daily take place, where the laws of nature operate as nowhere else, and where men think and act as never before." Mr. London intrusts hundreds of pounds to a hircbark sled; makes the dog drivers use the command "Mush on," which really is never heard except on the west coast; chops through river ice and drops tainted gold into an open water-hole, with the thermometer 79 degrees below zero. Mr. Beach finds placer gold in a creek bottom and allows a ravishingly beautiful heroine to be mistaken for years for a Siwash half-breed. Sir Gilbert Parker depicts a character as lighly playing the flute out of doors in zero weather, makes General Wolfe eye his men (who are several hundred feet away) on a pitch dark night on the St. Lawrence, and lets him see the hivouacs at Cape Rouge, many miles higher up. Mr. White represents the Ojibways and the Chippewas as engaged in deadly strife with each other, though they are really the same people; lets his dog drivers cry out "Parka" where that word is not used; is ignorant of the fact that a man can travel without dogs faster than with dogs; insists that there is hut one solitary herd of caribou in the Barren Grounds, when in fact there are thousands of herds; dresses his Hudson Bay Company men in furs, when in fact they rarely use furs; lets his voyageurs smoke cigarettes, which they would scorn; believes that caribou hide shrinks when wet, whereas, in point of fact, it stretches; and, in "The Silent Places," writes a story "based on fal-lacy, . . . wrong in its important details, . . . and preposterous in execution," though otherwise, possibly, a good story. A lady writer, who shall be nameless,

outdoes the feat of Joshua by making the Midnight Sun dip in the south. But Mr. Stringer's wrath is not directed so much at these minor inaccuracies as at the general spirit of the Canadian writers, who are determined that there shall be in the North nothing but blood and primal passion; only demigodlike absurdities enacted by a race of melodramatic hyperheoreans hounded and eternally harassed by the Never-Sleeping-Fear-of-the-Great-Forest, and contending amid "interminable" waste and "frowning" wilderness under the Frozen Twilight which eternally hangs over everything above the forty-ninth parallel—while in reality on a farm north of the sixty-second wheat and oats and barley and peas are happily growing and men are placidly picking raspberries and strawberries in the warm sunlight.

CURRENT VERSE.

Men Never Know.

Men mourn the lies that women tell—
The cunning, heartless lies—
Her Judas-lips that hide so well
The narrowing of her eyes.
A heart is hers: she seeks to slay it—
A soul is hers: she does not weigh it—
The game is called: how well she'll play it!
Her debt is there; she does not pay it . . .
Men mourn the lies that women tell—
The cunning, heartless lies.

Men do not know the lies they hear—
The brave, heartbroken lies—
Her smiling lips that hide, from fear,
The shadows in her eyes.
A heart is hers: for just a while—
A soul is hers: it hears defile—
The game is called: her wit on trial—
Her debt is there: dear God! her smile!
Men do not know the lies they hear—
The brave, heartbroken lies!
—Helen Hamilton Dudley in *Smart Set*.

The Need of the World.

I know the need of the world, though it would
not have me know;
It would hide its sorrow deep, where only God
may go;
Yet its secret it can not keep;
It tells it awake or asleep;
It tells it to all who will heed,
And he who runs may read.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it boasts of its
wealth the loudest,
When it flaunts in all men's eyes, when its mien
is the gayest and proudest,
Oh, ever it lies, it lies!
For the sound of its laughter dies
In a sob or a smothered groan,
And it weeps when it sits alone!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it babbles of
gold and fame;
It is only to lead us astray from the thing that it
dare not name.
For that is the sad world's way—
Oh, poor, blind world grown gray,
With the lack of a thing so near,
With the want of a thing so dear!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when the earth
shakes under the tread
Of men who march to the fight, when rivers with
blood are red,
And there is no law but might,
And the wrong way seems the right;
When he who slaughters the most
Is all men's pride and boast.
The need of the world I know.

Oh, love is the need of the world! Down under
its pride of power,
Down under its lust of greed, for the joys that
last but an hour,
There lies forever its need.
For love is the law and the creed;
And love is the aim and the goal
Of life, from the man to the mole.
The need of the world is love.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *Century Magazine*.

The Priceless Thought.

A penny for my thought? I'll tell you this:
To me that thought is worth the whole of bliss.
Ten thousand kings, set on ten thousand thrones,
Have not a millionth part in precious stones,
In silver, gold, and other treasures rare.
Of what is mine in that one thought so fair
That you would buy for copper. E'en the mint
Itself compared to it hath nothing in't.
The chests of Cræsus, Monte Cristo, and
Tæ added wealth of all our lavish land,
I would not take for that one precious thought,
Yet since you ask, I'll give it you for naught.
'Tis this, Sweetheart, come hither and incline
Your ear that I may whisper—
"Thou art mine!"
—John Kendrick Bangs, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Summer's Close.

The melancholy of the woods and plains
When summer nears its close; the drowsy, dim,
Unfathomed sadness of the mists that swim
About the valleys after night-long rains;
The humming garden, with its tawny chains
Of gourds and blossoms, ripened to the brim;
And then at eve the low moon's quiet rim,
And the slow sunset, whose one cloud remains,
Fill me with peace that is akin to tears:
Unutterable peace, that moves as in a dream
'Mid fancies sweeter than it knows or tells:
That sees and hears with other eyes and ears,
And walks with Memory beside a stream
That flows through fields of fadeless asphodels.
—Madison Cawcain, in *McClure's Magazine*.

Florence Roberts will soon produce a new play entitled "The House of Bondage," written by Seymour Ohermer.



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THE RACING GAME IN THE PLAY.

By George L. Shoals.

The hero or the heroine of the melodrama will continue to win a fortune in stage money at the races even after the time when betting on the game has been prevented by some marvelously ingenious plan. This may be asserted with warrant from present conditions, for notwithstanding the general impression that the bookmakers have the best of it, in the play it is the speculator whose last hope is staked on the race that invariably wins. So long as the exigencies of the drama require the chosen horse to come first under the wire, so long will it be impossible for any conspiring outsider, treacherous rider, or enthusiastic reformer to spoil the plan.

And the play with a racing interest entangled in its plot has been popular for a long time, and seems entitled to place as an established, ever-blooming variety in the garden of the melodramatic author. "Checkers" is brightened by a nosegay of its blossoms, and has come to be known as a "racing" play, though in only one act is the atmosphere of the track at all oppressive. That act—the third—is realistic, and nothing to be chosen from the legitimate effects of the playhouse could be added to strengthen its grip.

For several seasons this drama has maintained its place among favored touring companies, winning with certainty on its second and third visit as at its first presentation. At the Van Ness Theatre this week it is renewing the impression it made on a former occasion, and this with seeming ease. Its charm lingers, though it is difficult to analyze it. Perhaps it is in the air of rural simplicity, the fragrance of unaffected virtues, that seem to accompany Pert Barlow when she comes with her father to the Hot Springs hotel office, and from that on to the happy ending of her love story. Checkers, himself, the hero, would hardly appear the ideal mate for a heroine less unsophisticated, less unspoiled, less "logical."

In the personality of Hans Rohert, who has played the name-part of the drama for years, is undoubtedly the secret of much of the success which the piece has won. He is suited to the rôle in face and figure. His clear-cut features, with good eyes and strong jaw, his youthful slenderness and quick, nervous movement, are valuable assets in this place. His air of cool self-possession, his tones of hanter, sarcasm, command, and entreaty, are all the product of an art that is not easily mastered. And the more to be commended for his attainment, for the part is not heroic, with all the playwright's belated effort in the fourth act.

It is not an easy task to win sympathy for a "sport," a race-track follower, whose chief activity up to the time of his introduction to the audience has been in trying to choose winners from among the four-footed contestants in the open air and the hipeds in the hotel bar-rooms and offices. There is a doubly doubtful issue in the case of Checkers, for at the opening he is charged with leading astray a guileless but thirsty young man from the country, who is plunging into the delights of highballs and roulette with all the accustomed fervor of a fresh arrival at Hot Springs.

The promise to the rural beauty, who pleads for help, that he will send the hudding bucolic plunger home, and later his redeemed word and his employment as a clerk in the cross-roads store to make possible a continuance of proximity to the pleading young lady, go far toward proving the real manliness of this somewhat smirched hero. It is sad to observe, however, that he falls off his new pedestal with celerity and dexterity when temptation comes. He wagers the keepsake goldpiece on a "hundred-to-one-shot," and it is to shudder when the possible result of its loss is brought to mind. But he does not lose. He wins \$5000, and with the money and a hit of tactics called bluff in the games he has now quit forever—forever, this time—he saves the hank of his prospective father-in-law from dire disaster, and—the curtain falls.

One of the intimate associates of "Checkers" is Push Miller, a race-track tout, very well played by Dave Braham, Jr. He is always primed with valuable information about the next race, and he is just as inevitably out of money and in immediate need. When he follows Checkers down into the country—not altogether through friendship, but because he is looking for financial assistance—he easily accomplishes the conquest of Cynthy, the maid-servant, with a twirl of his

hat and a word. Cynthy looks upon him with instant adoration. "Aint he grand!" she says, with upturned eyes, and the audience gurgles with enjoyment. Yet the same audience sees no reason to smile at Pert's worship of Checkers, which seems merely an edition *de luxe* of the same work. Helen Ormsbee as Pert is as fresh and fragrant as a bouquet of sweet-pea blooms, and as trustful and unsuspecting as the daintiest helle of an Arkansas village could be. Lydia Dickson makes Cynthy a winning figure, in spite of her shapeless costume. Throughout, the long cast is entirely capable.

Odd enough is the fact that you come away from the playhouse with two peculiarly contrasting remembrances uppermost in your mind. One is the rush of excitement in the race-track scene, when the progress of the flying horses is reported by a megaphone voice, and the one name most eagerly listened for is not spoken until the end is almost at hand. The other is the picture of the aged, white-faced, bald, old general at the Hot Springs hotel, who, with his dead legs and his ghastly optimism, flaps his way across the stage and up the broad, double-curved stairway at the hack.

Best of all, beyond the merits noted, is the effect produced by the playwright in the contrast offered by the language of the characters. There is hut one, the tout, who clings tenaciously to the racing slang. The judge speaks Arkansaw, but the others use the plain Middle-West sort of American.

And this is one of the ways in which "Playing the Ponies" differs. "Playing the Ponies" is the title of the concoction in which Kolh and Dill at the Princess Theatre this week made their triumphant reappearance in San Francisco, the city of their greatest fame. It is written throughout in the speech of the race-track sport; in fact, some of its euphuisms are above the instant recognition of the average playgoer—but that does not matter, after all.

San Francisco in these later days comes out strong in receptions. David Warfield was welcomed with thundering acclaim the other day, when he came back to the deeply sympathetic yet somewhat tardily appreciative town of his nativity. They do the thing particularly well at the Princess Theatre. Edwin Stevens had a greeting, when he appeared in "Wang," that affected even that unemotional actor. Arthur Cunningham was cheered to the echo, and for minutes, when he strode to the footlights in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." And Ferris Hartman, when he returned to the city from the green fields of the transhary region, was received with a roar of regard, an avalanche of appreciation, that rocked the dramatic temple on its firm foundations.

Yet all these were hut the sighing of the summer breeze compared with the tempest of enthusiasm let loose Monday night when Kolh and Dill made their first appearance at the Ellis-Street opera house. The theatre was crowded from the orchestra rail to the last row in the balcony, with hundreds massed in the foyer, and most of these, joined in the salvos of welcome. And something like eighteen months ago these same comedians were playing at a smaller theatre on McAllister Street, with seemingly adequate accommodations for the patronizing public.

But between that engagement and this a New York appearance with notable success intervened, and the San Francisco public sits up and takes notice. It often renders a positive and distinct verdict on new productions, but it revels in endorsements and receptions. And sometimes it is loyal to its new-found enthusiasms.

Kolh and Dill are promising young comedians, with agreeable qualities of expression, and they will one day find a better medium for their talent. "Playing the Ponies" has but one merit—it allows the comedians to appear simultaneously, and in the German dialect character so dear to the vaudeville stage. It gives them an opportunity, in the second act, to be genuinely amusing, and the comedians seize it firmly. Dill is especially happy when he has a momentary loss of sanity and completes the wreck of the dinner-set, the earlier disasters in which it has been involved being responsible for his condition.

Maude Lamhert, the vocal star of the company, is a handsome woman who sings with power and expression. She will make most of her songs popular with the whistling young men. Billy S. Clifford, a recent accession from vaudeville, has a good voice, a light touch, and plenty of assurance. His songs are individual and highly spiced. Albert E. Duncan, a plump, boyish, member of the organization, plays the jockey quite as well as the occasion demands.

The piece has a racing scene too, full of suspense and other things, and it finishes satisfactorily. But the episodes that gain unvarying favor are the songs with a chorus. Many of the Princess Theatre chorus are retained for the Kolh and Dill season, and they are, as ever, an attractive feature.

A black fox with a pelt worth \$500, driven from the hills by the extreme cold, was killed on the streets of Nome a few days ago. The animal was chased by hundreds of Nome citizens and finally its rich pelt fell to a tender-foot prospector.

The De Gogorza Concerts.

Signor Emilio De Gogorza, the Spanish haritone, will be the next star to cross the musical firmament, and will be heard in three concerts at Christian Science Hall, commencing Sunday afternoon, November 8. This artist will give exceptionally interesting programmes, as he is equally at home in the German, French, Italian, English, and Spanish repertoire.

At his opening concert the programme will include works by Caldara, Haendel, Gluck, Massenet, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, Alvarez, Sidney Homer, Brockway, and, by special request, Manager Greenbaum has added "Mother o' Mine," by Tours, a number with which De Gogorza created a sensation two years ago.

Mr. Henry C. Whittemore will act both as accompanist and solo pianist, playing numbers by Chopin and Liszt.

The second concert will be given Thursday night, November 12, and the farewell on Sunday afternoon, November 15. Seats will be ready next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores, where complete programmes may be secured.

On Friday afternoon, November 13, the artist will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, at half-past three, to accommodate teachers and students at the colleges and schools.

Following De Gogorza comes Adele Verne, pianiste.

Blanche Arral's Concert.

No singer that has visited this city has ever more completely won the hearts of the music lovers than Blanche Arral, whose singing at the Van Ness Theatre last Sunday caused people to rise and shout with enthusiasm. She will give a second concert this coming Sunday afternoon, November 1, again with a splendid orchestral setting, and sing an entirely new programme, including selections from "La Traviata," "Marriage of Jeanette," "Dinorah," and other brilliant works. Of course she will be compelled to repeat the "Waltz of the Birds," which was given as an encore last week.

The complete programme will be announced in the Sunday papers, but the public can rest assured that any programme offered by Blanche Arral will be well worth hearing.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the box office of the theatre will be open from 10 a. m. Sunday.

Mail orders accompanied by check will be attended to if addressed to Manager Will Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Last summer for the second time the famous Mauvais Pas at Chamounix, in the Alps, which many thousands of tourists cross without a tremor every year, was the scene of a fatal accident, and on both occasions the victims were French women. This time the fall to the rocks below was due to the Parisienne's tripping over her long skirt. In 1902 the victim met a party coming in the opposite direction and, trying to pass them on the outside of the narrow path, rested her alpenstock upon nothing, and so fell. Since that disaster of 1902 there has been a grimness about Mark Twain's story of his own adventure on the Mauvais Pas, where the passenger going the other way was a large hog, which triumphantly caused twenty or thirty people to turn round and retreat.

Mrs. Fiske will open a new season November 16 in "Salvation Nell" at the Hackett Theatre, New York, a playhouse on West Forty-Second Street, in the heart of the theatrical district, which belongs to William B. Harris of the syndicate, but which has now been secured by David Belasco and Harrison Grey Fiske for a term of years through James K. Hackett, the original lessee.

The first concert of the sixteenth season of the Minetti String Quartet takes place Friday afternoon, November 6, at Century Hall, Sutter and Franklin Streets. The programme includes quartets by Haydn and Beethoven, and a Bach duo for two violins with piano.

Blanche Arral

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A Story of the Warpath of Love and the Battlefield of Business, by Sedley Brown. Matinee Wednesday, all seats 25c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box seats, \$1.

Next—"GLITTERING GLORIA."

VANITY FAIR.

Minstrels in Bloomsbury.

To Covent Garden people stream
To drink the music there;
We stand along the curb and dream
To melodies more rare:
Sing on, enchanted minstrel-girl,
Thou artless, young and fair!

The 'buses of Southampton Row,
The jingling hansoms here,
Bear London, heedless, to and fro
In search of evening cheer:
For us, thou art enough, dear voice
Forgetful—sweet and clear!

Our day-long toil but goes to win
Another toilsome day;
Play on, oblivious violin!

Soft harp, beseech thee, play!
And thou, pale girl with eyes aflame,
Sing on for us who stay!

—Arthur Upson, in *The Bellman*.

An article in the *Century* by Abby C. Baker draws our attention to an interesting collection of White House china that was begun by Mrs. Roosevelt and that is now a permanent establishment in the White House. It seems that the collection had its inception in a suggestion of General Bingham when the supervision of the White House came within his sphere of duty. Each succeeding lady of the White House orders her own china to make good such deficiencies as she may find and to keep the supply up to the needs of the house. She selects her own design, color, etc., and this china then becomes a sort of domestic relic of the administration. It occurred to General Bingham that a collection of this kind would have a distinct historical interest, and he hastened to make his idea known before the destructive hand of time and the housemaid should altogether wipe out the traces of the earlier days.

The suggestion appealed strongly to Mrs. Roosevelt, who has always shown herself susceptible to the claims of history. She saw at once that it was within her power to preserve specimens of all the ware from the earliest times, and she therefore designed two cabinets and had them placed in the lower east corridor of the White House, where they could be seen by every one. The result is eight shelves filled with china that was used during the administrations of Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt, a shelf being devoted to each administration.

The china selected by Mrs. Roosevelt is Wedgwood, decorated in gold with a simple colonial pattern, with the obverse of the great seal in colors upon each dish. There are over 1200 pieces in the set, and to accompany it she ordered 144 pieces of glassware. A dinner platter, dinner, breakfast, tea, and soup plates, with a tea cup and a coffee cup and the saucers, were selected from this set for the collection.

Neither Mrs. McKinley nor Mrs. Cleveland ordered much china for the Executive Mansion, but plates and cups and saucers of their selection were placed in the cabinets. The plates selected by Mrs. Cleveland were exquisite Wedgwood and Minturn patterns, and one of the odd, flag design hobnob dishes, used first at the Cleveland state dinners, was also included on the Cleveland shelf.

Mrs. Harrison was very artistic in her tastes, as well as patriotic, and she greatly desired to have the goldenrod adopted as the national flower. When she found that she would have to order some new china she designed the decoration for it, combining the goldenrod and leaf with the Indian corn and stalk. On each piece this design, with the coat of arms of the United States and a rim of golden stars, was emblazoned. In addition she selected many pieces of cut glass, and they also bear the coat of arms.

Through the public press it was made known that the collection had been started, and in order to preserve their cooperation wherever it was possible the descendants of the Presidents were corresponded with or seen personally, and a number of invaluable contributions were secured in that way. From the first Mrs. Roosevelt desired that the collection should be patriotic, and that the pieces for it should be either given or loaned rather than purchased. While this has sometimes added to the difficulty of obtaining the ware, it has made the collection of vastly more worth.

We do not know what authority there may be for the statement made by a foreign newspaper that American saleswomen are to be taught to smile and that the power to smile attractively will have its weight upon the payroll as well as in the engagement office. A smile is said to warm the atmosphere of the whole store and to be capable of charming the most odorous shopper into the most expensive purchases.

Speaking as a mere male, a smile is of course a potent weapon and much might be said of it. It is not a subject that can be dismissed in a few lines. There are smiles and smiles. A smile bestowed upon a male customer may be a very different thing to a similar performance directed toward a woman. Those who have been so unfortunate as to be entrusted with a female commission by wife or sister, and who suppose that they have equipped themselves with every possible speci-

fication and forestalled every conceivable question by the haughty damsel behind the counter, know well to what depths of humiliation they can be plunged by an unforeseen inquiry glibly fired at them and before which they are perfectly helpless. How welcome, then, would be a smile from the frozen stalac-tite who exults in the ignominy that she inflicts.

But the smile, whether to man or woman, must be a matter of scientific training. It must not be left to the whim of the moment. A friendly bearing is in every way desirable, but an exuberant good-will should not be carried so far as to address an unknown lady customer as "dearie," and there are ladies in San Francisco who can testify that this is sometimes done.

What we need is the happy medium, and there is nothing on earth more rare. At present we are far more familiar with the extremes. Upon the one hand is the salesman or the saleswoman who is so impressed with the lofty conception of human equality that nothing but a fine insolence can express it, and on the other hand is an oppressive familiarity. We want neither the smile of condescension nor of intimacy. We want nothing but a rigorously restrained good will.

There was once a great headmaster who explained to his colleagues that an irate parent could always be mollified or disarmed by shaking both his hands at once. When you have been thus effusively greeted it is simply impossible to produce a grievance as effectively as you intended, if, indeed, you can produce it at all. Nor can you resist a cordiality that thus literally takes you captive. But, all the same, the smile of the saleswoman should be engineered with discretion. It's a pity to overdo a good thing.

It seems that men have a use after all. The information comes in the nick of time and just as we were at the point of wondering why an inscrutable Providence allows us to remain alive and to cumber the ground. The young society woman of New York tells us not only that men can be worthily employed, but that they have never been so useful as at present.

It is the new costumes that have thus found a place for man in the scheme of things. The gowns that are now so much in favor button tightly up the side or back, the enormous hats require the anchorage of at least half a dozen pins, while the new sleeves button from shoulder to wrist. Some of these duties can, of course, be done by the maid in the seclusion of the bedroom, but the gloves and the hat are often removed and must be replaced during the day, and then comes man's opportunity to justify his existence and to prove that he has not lived wholly in vain. The lady said that she hardly knows a single man who can not book up a woman's collar, adjust a wandering puff with a pin that he picked up from the floor, or project a hatpin without listening to the fallacy that a woman's head is made of wood.

There seems to be an idea that men like to do these things. Perhaps they do. It is said that a profound gloom settled on male New York when the big sleeves went out and the duty of tucking them in around the shoulders became a thing of the past. That particular function would of course have its charms, come to think of it. But a merciful law of compensations works automatically. The gown must be buttoned all the way up, but then again, by the curious perversity that rules these things, you will not be called upon to button a woman's gown unless you at least are her husband or her brother, in which case you won't want to. It's curious the way these things work out. But you may button her sleeves, and here again we find a piece of really fine adjustment. Our friend in New York tells us that if the acquaintance between a man and a woman is slight she may ask him to fasten the sleeves at the wrist. Well, even that is something in the day of small things and by no means to be despised. As the acquaintance improves the privilege is extended to the elbow and slightly in advance of the announced engagement he may button the sleeve right away from the shoulder. Thus we can always tell how these *affaires du cœur* are progressing. Just watch the buttoning process and the gradual encroachment upon private property.

A New York contemporary asks "why do supposedly self-respecting, well-bred women so disfigure themselves, offend the artistic eye, and make nuisances of themselves in public places?" Really, we do not know, and we can only wonder at the guileless innocence that asks the question.

The immediate cause of the trouble is the new fall hat, which, we are told, has increased the pains and penalties of metropolitan life. The woman who wears one of these horrible things at the theatre may be condescending enough to remove it, but if she places it on her lap it will cover also the laps of the people on each side of her. There is no room for two of these hats side by side upon the sidewalk, and they are too wide for the doors of the street-cars. The new hat, like that of the Merry Widow persuasion, is one of those things that is gradually breaking down male chivalry through the intolerable irritation that it causes.

And talking about male chivalry, it may be

noticed that women have to stand much more often than they used to in the San Francisco street-cars. In fact, no woman has much chance of a seat in a crowded car unless she is either old or is carrying a baby. The women themselves suppose that this is due to a feeling on the part of men that shoppers ought to avoid the rush hours, as of course they ought. But the men themselves give another reason. Their resentment at the ordinance forbidding smoking except on the rear platform is very deep. Rightly or wrongly, the objectionable ordinance is attributed to the wire-pulling and agitation of a number of women reformers who regard the smoker as a social pariah and who are not without hope that he may one day be consigned to the top of the car or underneath it. This is said to be the real cause of a widespread resolution never to offer a seat to a woman except under the special circumstances mentioned.

The story is likely enough to be true. Women can not keep their own special privileges inviolate while attacking the special privileges of others, and if women ask for legislation suppressive of the so-called vices of men, and do it moreover in subterranean ways, they must expect retaliation. That, of course, is no defense of the man who keeps his seat in a street-car while a woman is standing, but it is human nature, sinful and erring of course, but still human nature. The man argues that the street-car is divided into two halves and that considering the preponderance of male travelers he has a right to one of these compartments for his own use. He also argues that smoking is no more offensive nor reprehensible than a gigantic hat or an overflowing and vulgar perfume, and he objects to being hustled outside the car because he wishes to indulge in his own peculiar failing. It is all very sad, of course, but perhaps even a lack of chivalry may have its place in an ultimate order of things.

Coral, it seems, is to come once more into favor, and it would certainly be hard to find anything much more beautiful. The fashion comes from Paris and already the price of all kinds has gone up. Coral, by the way, varies very much in quality. Two strings of equal size,

one dark and dull, and the other pink and translucent, are valued respectively at 50 cents and \$500. Coral is used for personal decoration all over the world. In India they place rough and uncut pieces on the bodies of the dead before they are burned. Blood red heads of coral go to Africa, where they are much esteemed by the black hells. Coral hands with fingers extended are prized in Italy because of their efficacy against the evil eye. It ought to be more generally known, by the way, that white coral banishes evil spirits, while red coral attracts them. Or is it the other way about?

The *Gentlewoman* points out that in spite of the roughness of the country and the long days in the saddle, stag hunting is a sport which seems to have always held an especial fascination for women.

In Miss Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth" we read that the virgin queen was so enthusiastic a stag hunter that when the French ambassador came to discuss the question of her union with Monsieur le Duc D'Alençon they were kept waiting three whole days, the queen having started "a large, swift stag on the morning previous to that appointed for their audience; she pursued it all the day and till the middle of the night, and was so greatly fatigued in consequence that she was compelled to keep her chamber all the next day."

The number of ladies who hunt with the Devon and Somerset staghounds during the three autumn months are as the sand on the seashore, innumerable, and every season we see more and more feminine converts to the cross saddle. Whatever the difficulties may be for most women in obtaining a good grip when jumping astride, there is certainly much to be said in favor of it on Exmoor, the majority of women seeming to find it less tiring than a side saddle when doing very long days, and those who let out hirelings welcoming the innovation as one likely to reduce the number of sore backs in their stables.

She—I expect to marry young. He—You mean you expected to marry young, don't you?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A zealous boor once remonstrated with a Brahmin. "You don't believe in the true God," he said. The Brahmin shrugged his shoulders. "Very likely," he answered; "but if my God couldn't make a better gentleman than your God has made, I would exchange him for a black dog."

After a scorching day's work old Ben Smith lighted his corn-cob pipe and sat down on the little wharf to rest. Near him lay an alligator, the visible result of his labors. A tourist from the north approached and loftily remarked: "Ah, I see you have an alligator." No answer. "It is amphibious, is it not?" The tone nettled the old man. "Amphibious, h—!" he growled. "He'd bite yer arm off before ye could say Jack Robinson!"

The boatman had been angered by the asinine behavior of a young fellow among the party which he had taken for a sail. When the boat sprang a leak far out from the shore the boatman somewhat allayed the alarm of the rest of the party by serving out life belts, but he gave no belt to the would-be wit. "Where's mine?" said the terrified youth. "Don't you worry, my lad," said the boatman, with a vindictive smile. "You don't need no life belt. You'll never be drowned. A feller with an 'ead as 'oller as your'n can't sink. Nature's given you a nat'ral lifebuoy."

Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard was laughing the other day at the British censor's refusal to allow the "Edipus Rex" of Sophocles to be performed in London. "Censors," said the noted teacher and critic, "are always like that. Why, there was a censor once in Rome who licensed a play called 'Widows and Septuagenarians.' The second act of the play took place in a restaurant. It opened with the words: 'Waiter, a beefsteak.' Well, to this speech the censor appended the following marginal note: 'When the piece is performed during Lent the actor, instead of calling for a beefsteak, will order an omelet or fish.'"

A traveler in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle-trail near the New Mexico line, when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins of Devil's River. "Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" the traveler asked. "No, sah." "On the Union side, then?" "No, sah; nevah was in no wah." "Belong to the Texas Rangers?" "No, sah; I do not." "Ah, I see; you command one of the State militia regiments." "No, sah; I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering." "Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?" "I was a kunnel by marriage, sah." "By marriage? How's that?" "I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

The death of James W. Paul, the Philadelphia banker, recalls this story which he told at a Philadelphia club long ago: "I was going home one night late and saw a man who had evidently looked too deep into the cup making frantic but unsuccessful efforts to open a door with a latch key. After looking at him a few minutes I decided to help the man, who was not so far gone as to have forgotten his politeness, for before entering the house through the door which I succeeded in opening he asked my name and thanked me. I proceeded on my way, but had gone only a few steps when I heard some one call, 'Mr. Paul! Mr. Paul!' I turned, and there was my friend of the latch key coming toward me with unsteady gait. When he reached me he put one hand affectionately on my shoulder, and, looking me in the face, said: 'Say, did you ever get an answer to that long letter you wrote to the Thessalonians?'"

One of Lord Carmarthen's future constituents once asked the youthful candidate his opinion upon some abstruse question of which he knew nothing. "Let him alone!" cried another, derisively; "don't you see he's nothing but a baby?" "What do you think?" reiterated his inquirer, heedless of the interruption and determined to have an answer. "I think," said Lord Carmarthen, with ready wit, "that it is high time for all babies to be in bed"; and so saying he gathered up his papers and disappeared from the platform. Again—and this last anecdote is so well known as to have become well-nigh historical—at a crowded meeting just before his election, he was interrupted by the question: "Does your mother know you're out?" "Yes, she does," was the instant retort, "and by Tuesday night she will know I'm in." His prophecy proved correct and he headed the poll by a large majority.

Sixty years ago, there were in the Long Room of the London custom-house twelve officers styled "cocket-writers"; they wrote certificates that goods had been duly entered and the duties paid. They were also known as patent officers, because appointed for life by letters-patent from the crown. Their salaries were nominal, sixty pounds sterling a year, but they were permitted to remunerate themselves by extorting fees from the mer-

chants—fees which, in some cases, amounted to a thousand pounds a year. In 1831, the treasury determined to abolish patent offices, and called upon the twelve cocket-writers to furnish a statement of their emoluments. The officers, ignorant of the treasury's purpose, imagined that the government intended to impose an income-tax. Ten of the writers, therefore, returned a statement which understated their fees by several hundred pounds. The other two furnished an honest statement. In a few days, ten clerks were surprised and disgusted and two clerks were astonished but pleased. The treasury notified the cocket-writers that their offices would be abolished, and that they would be compensated by pensions rated according to the returns they had themselves furnished. There were gnashing of teeth and broad smiles in the Long Room. One of the two honest cocket-writers enjoyed his pension for fifty-two years, during which time the treasury paid him fifty-two thousand pounds.

Mme. Geoffrin, like most Frenchwomen, had the gift of making phrases. When Rulhière had read in her salon a work upon Russia, which she feared might involve him in difficulties, she offered him a sum of money to burn it. The author waxed wroth at the insinuation implied, and broke out into an eloquent assertion of his courage and independence. She listened patiently, and then, in a quiet tone of voice, said: "How much more do you want, M. Rulhière?" She married, at the age of fourteen, M. Geoffrin, a wealthy glass manufacturer and lieutenant-colonel of the National Guard. His duty as husband seems to have been to provide the funds for her social campaigns and to watch over the details of the ménage. It is related of him that some person gave him a history to read, and when he asked for the successive volumes, regularly palmed off upon him the first, as if it were new. At last he was heard to say that he thought the author "repeated himself a little." A book printed in double columns he read straight across the page, remarking that "it seemed to be very good, but was rather abstract." One day a visitor inquired after the silent, white-haired old gentleman who was in the habit of sitting at the head of the table. "Oh, he was my husband," replied Mme. Geoffrin, "before he died."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Very Careful.

Consider now the humble hen,
Whom oft we spurn,
She doesn't act like many men,
As you shall learn.

No pardon does she have to beg
For guesses made,
She never prophesies an egg
Until it's laid.

—Washington Herald.

And Father?

"Yes, children," said the nurse,
"Has brought you each a little brother."
"Oh, good!" cried they, and ceased their play,
"Do let's all run and tell poor mother."
—Smart Set.

Fall Poem.

The scarlet sage appears in fall; the aster o'er the garden Queens;
The vine glows crimson on the wall—that is, in all the magazines.
The leaves turn red when it is fall, and ruddy tints supplant the greens;
The quail within the wheatfield call—at least, as per the magazines.
In autumn we must move withal, and for the coal bill drag our jeans,
But these are things, it doth befall, not mentioned in the magazines.
—Houston Chronicle.

The Summer Girl's Valedictory.

Good-by, dear Fred and Tom and Dick and Harry.
Farewell, Adolf, and all you other men!—
'Tis sad to part with those you're pledged to marry,
And whom you know you'll never meet again.

You've made my summer very nice and jolly,
I've loved you all—at once—and loved you true.
These good-bys always make me melancholy—
Ah, I have liked to be engaged to you!

The rings are here, done up in this small packet;
Twelve other girls must have them—I'll not fuss!
I free you all—boo-hoo!—O, where's my jacket?
For, like some hearse, you waits the hotel bus.

Next summer? Ah—that makes me very sober!
No, no—this way again I'll never roam;
For ere the calendar has reached October . . .
I shall be married to a man at home.
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Grignoli, the son of a fisherman, a priest in a rich abbey in Florence, had a net spread every day on the table of his apartment to put him, as he said, in mind of his origin. The abbot dying, this dissembled humility procured Grignoli to be his successor, and the net was used no more. A friend who came to see him the day afterward, on entering his apartment, said: "Where is the net?" "There is no further occasion for the net," replied Grignoli, "when the fish is caught."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social calendar is very full just now and the days must be carefully planned to fit in the luncheons, teas, and dinners which follow in such rapid succession.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, to Mr. Welbore Stewart Burnett. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Helen Trent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamartine C. Trent of Auburn, to Mr. Harold M. Power. Their wedding will take place on December 15.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charity Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Rose, to Mr. Henry A. Alker. Their wedding will take place in New York during December.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Gertrude Henley Hyde-Smith, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, to Mr. Baldwin Wood on Monday next at five o'clock. Miss Dorothy Gittings of Baltimore and Miss Helen Dean will be bridesmaids and Mr. Stewart Lowery of Portland will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Edna Bowman, daughter of Mrs. George Melville Bowman of San Jose, to Mr. Charles Kuhn took place at the Episcopal Church, Los Gatos, on Thursday afternoon of last week. Only relatives were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones will entertain at a tea on Saturday afternoon, November 7, in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Helen Jones.

Miss Vera de Sabla will entertain at a luncheon on November 4 at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker will entertain at a bridge party on Tuesday next at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Lucille Wilkins will entertain at a bridge party on Monday next at her home in San Rafael in honor of her cousin, Miss Maud Wilson.

Miss Kathleen Finnegan will entertain this evening (Saturday) at a Hallowe'en party at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Frederick Otis was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Mrs. William S. Tevis. Her guests were Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Hall McAllister, and Miss Friedlander.

Miss Louise Boyd was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Alice Oge. Those present were Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Hanna DuBois, Miss Emily DuBois, Miss Lolita Burling, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Ethel McAllister.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at their Burlingame home. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Miss Laura Baldwin was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Ruth Boericke and Miss Dorothy Boericke. Those present were Miss Harriett

Alexander, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Vera de Sabla, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Clare Allen, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Eleanor Cushing, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Virginia Newhall, and Miss Frances Newhall.

Miss Christine Pomeroy was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Simpson. Her guests were Miss Simpson, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Baker, Mr. Drummond MacGavin, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. William Duncan, and Mr. Paul Foster.

Mrs. William S. Porter was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Stow of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and Miss Laura Baldwin were hostesses at a bridge party on Thursday last in honor of Miss Margaret Stow of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall entertained at a tea on Saturday last in honor of their daughters, Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall, who were formally presented to society on this occasion. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mrs. Lawrence Draper, Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, the Misses Foster, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Lola Berry, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Maud Wilson.

Mrs. Charles W. Slack was the hostess at a tea on Saturday last at her home on Sacramento Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned to San Francisco, after spending some months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge have spent several days this week in town at the Fairmont.

Mrs. George T. Marye, who went East recently, expects to return to San Francisco early in January.

Mrs. George Eldridge, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. James Newlands, in Ross Valley for several months, will return to her home in Washington, D. C., early in the new year.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre have closed their summer home at Fair Oaks and are at their town house on Sacramento Street again.

Miss Edith Pillsbury, who has been abroad for several years, has returned to San Francisco and is with her father, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, at his home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale, who has been visiting her parents, Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, at the Episcopal residence on Webster Street, has returned to her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. James Willcox, who spent several weeks here as the guests of Mrs. Willcox's sisters, Miss Caroline and Miss Alice Griffith, have returned to their home in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have returned from a stay of two months in the East.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and Miss Harriett Alexander have returned from a visit to Mrs. William S. Tevis at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney have returned from Del Monte and have apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerny have returned from Europe, where they spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin will leave shortly for a stay of two months in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will close their San Mateo house this week and will spend the winter in town.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Ethel Lincoln, and Miss Emily Carolan left on Monday last for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing and Miss Eleanor Cushing have closed their summer home at Blithedale and have an apartment at Washington and Jones Streets for the winter.

Mrs. Warren D. Clark has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gauld of Portland, Oregon, are the guests of Mrs. Van Winkle at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Charles West Clark has returned to her home in San Mateo, after a summer spent in Europe.

Mrs. John Martin and Miss Frances Martin will spend the winter months in New York City, where they went last month.

Mrs. Jane Whittier Bothin has apartments at the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Miss Elena Robinson has been the guest recently of Miss Marjorie Josselyn at Woodside.

The Fletcher F. Ryers leave Del Monte the first of November for the Fairmont, where they will winter.

Miss Elena Brewer has returned to Mill Valley, after visiting friends in town for several days.

Mrs. David Bixler sailed last week for Japan, where she will spend some months.

Mrs. M. B. Kellogg has leased her home on

Pacific Avenue and is at the Hotel Carlton, Berkeley, with her daughter.

Mrs. Mary P. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington have returned from Europe, where they spent the summer months.

Sir James Erskine, K. C. B., Lady Erskine, Miss Erskine, and Lieutenant Erskine, of Scotland, arrived last week at Del Monte and will stay a fortnight.

At the Hotels.

Among the registrations at the Hotel Argonaut are: Mr. Alexander Leggendo, Persia; Mr. J. Fred Gale, Miss Grace M. Clark, Los Angeles; Mr. P. Durel, New Orleans; Mr. Charles F. Williams, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Tichenor, Portland; Mr. W. A. Robinson, Washington, D. C.; Mr. F. Shaw and family, Tacoma; Mr. Charles H. Knapp, Holyoke; Mr. L. E. Ryder, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. J. L. Marcuse and maid, London; Mr. George D. Copeland, Panama.

Among recent registrations at the Fairmont Hotel are: Mr. W. Leslie Comyn and Mrs. Comyn, of Sacramento; Mr. J. H. Kelly, Mrs. M. V. Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Curtis, Mrs. James T. Terry, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, of New York; Mr. W. H. Poole, Mr. Henry D. Northup, Mr. Sydney Hayward, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Flaacke, Brooklyn; Mr. W. Plenn, Mr. Oscar E. Fleishman, Copenhagen; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gilbert, Mrs. J. M. Gearin, Miss Gearin, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. B. London, of Portland; Mrs. Thomas G. Newman, of Bellingham; Mr. I. N. Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. Felton, of Spokane; Mr. Ralph E. Moody, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Squire, of Cleveland.

The registrations at the Hotel St. Francis during the past week include Baron Athlunne, England; Senator and Mrs. Charles M. Belshaw, Antioch; Lieutenant G. W. Osborne, U. S. N.; Mr. William Crowther and Mrs. Ruby Crowther, Placencia; Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith; Lieutenant A. La Rue Christie; Captain Richard Pearson Hobson; Mr. and Mrs. John Barneson, San Mateo; J. G. Boswell, U. S. A.; R. K. Turner, U. S. N.; Dr. Hamilton Wright and Mrs. Wright, Washington; Miss Hope Booth; the Hon. E. S. Butler, England; Baron and Baroness R. von Konig; Mrs. J. P. Sargent, Blanco Robles; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant; Mr. Arthur W. Eastlake, London; Mr. Fred Fenchler, Mexico City; Mrs. E. W. Hodgeman, St. Louis; Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were: Miss Laura Farnsworth, San Francisco; Mr. Samuel Poorman, Alameda; Mr. E. C. Lohmann, Mr. J. W. Stevens, Oakland.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Miss K. Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Cottle, Mr. Harold Louderbach, Mr. J. R. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. S. F. Long, Mr. Frank D. Healy, Mrs. E. L. Hirsch, Mr. S. Fred. Long, Jr., Admiral O. W. Farenholt, Mr. Frank L. Roseman, Miss Lena Roseman, Mr. R. F. McCloud, Mrs. D. Curran, Mr. Keyes Curran, Mr. Thomas Curran.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Del Monte are Mr. C. W. Fozer, Mr. M. Strauss, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Taylor, Miss Mary Curryer, Mrs. McKimm, Mrs. W. D. Gibson, Mr. M. G. Pfaff, Miss Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lefison, Mrs. J. M. Baldwin, Mrs. E. P. Eagles, Mr. John Emery, Mr. and Mrs. E. Henderson, Mr. A. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reinhart, Miss W. Osburn, Miss B. McHuise, Mr. and Mrs. T. Woods, Mr. Robert Green, Mr. H. G. Platt, Mr. Frank H. Bevers, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clark.

Dolls have been and are the natural heritage of the child of all ages and races. Not long ago a little English girl, carrying a doll, was taken into the Ceylon village at the Franco-British exhibition in London. She was immediately surrounded by a chattering crowd of small Cingalese girls and boys, all clamoring to have a look at her plaything. She gave it to one little girl, who immediately rushed all over the village, showing it to every one she met. A further discovery that the doll could shut its eyes made her almost delirious with joy, and a small boy, wild with envy, looked pathetically from the doll to the little giver of it, pointed to himself and said the only English word he knew, "Tomorrow?"

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Lv. San Francisco		Lv. Muir Woods		Lv. Tamalpais	
WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY
9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.	1:40 P.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
9:45 A.	11:15 A.	2:45 P.	4:40 P.	SATUR- DAY	3:10 P.
12:45 A.	11:15 A.	5:45 P.	4:40 P.	SATUR- DAY	4:40 P.
Tamal- pais only	1:45 P.	3:45 P.	4:45 P.	Tamal- pais only	9:50 P.
Tamal- pais only	3:45 P.	4:45 P.	4:45 P.	Muir Woods only	8:15 P.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick K. Smith, U. S. A., formerly colonel of the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank on Saturday last. He will return this week from the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, to his station at Fort McDowell, Angel Island.

Colonel William H. Corhusier, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Corhusier are spending several weeks in San Francisco.

Colonel Marion Maus, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Department of California, is expected to return today (Saturday) from the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, where he has been in command during the military manoeuvres which are completed today.

Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, to take effect upon the completion of special duty in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Ahercrombie, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed from Manila on the transport *Buford* on October 15 for this port.

Major Harry C. Benson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Camp Yosemite, Yosemite National Park, has been ordered relieved from duty in the Department of California and to proceed at the earliest practical date, reporting upon arrival to the Secretary of the Interior, for appointment as superintendent, Yellowstone National Park.

Captain Malcolm Young, Coast Artillery, Corps, U. S. A., Fort Miley, has been granted fourteen days' leave of absence.

Captain William M. Morrow, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as major of the Porto Rico Regiment of Infantry and has been ordered to proceed without delay to San Juan, Porto Rico, and to report to the commanding officer, Porto Rico Regiment, for duty.

Captain Samuel P. Lyon, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted leave of absence for three months on account of sickness.

Captain Moor N. Falls, quartermaster, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, has been assigned to duty, with station in this city until the sailing of the transport scheduled to leave November 5, when he will stand relieved and will proceed to Honolulu for duty as quartermaster at that place.

Captain Frank H. Lawton, commissary, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, has been assigned to duty with station in this city until the sailing of the transport scheduled to leave this port November 5, when he will stand relieved and proceed to the Philippine Islands.

Captain Frederick W. Stopford, commissary, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as assistant to the purchasing commissary at San Francisco, to take effect November 10, and he will then report in person to the commanding officer, Presidio of San Francisco, for duty as commissary and in charge of the Training School for Bakers and Cooks at that post, relieving Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary, U. S. A., of those duties. Captain Ferguson will then report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as assistant to the chief commissary of that department.

Captain Wilson T. Davidson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is en route to San Francisco on the transport *Buford*, which left the Philippines on October 15.

Lieutenant Robert S. A. Dougherty, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Mason, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty in connection with turning over the public property at that post.

Lieutenant Reginald H. Kelley, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed from Manila for San Francisco on October 15 on the transport *Buford*.

Lieutenant Ralph A. Jones, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Mason, reporting to the commanding officer for duty in connection with taking over the public property at that post, relieving Lieutenant Oscar A. Russell, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who will return to his proper station, Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant William E. Merritt, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has had his resignation of his commission as an officer of the United States army accepted by the President, having taken effect October 11.

First Lieutenant Joseph Herring, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Major John Ruckman, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board at the Presidio of San Francisco, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant Ernest K. Johnstone, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to accompany headquarters and staff of the Third Squadron and Troops I and M, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., on the march from Yosemite National Park to the Presidio of San Francisco.

Headquarters and Company A, First Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A., Fort Mason, will stand relieved from duty at that post on November 5 and will proceed on the transport sailing on that date from San Francisco to Honolulu for duty.

Company K, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., now at Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, has been ordered to proceed on or about November 4 to Fort Mason for temporary duty.

The Children's Hospital.

"Come into the game!" is the motto adopted by the committee on "Tag Day" to insure the cooperation of every large-minded man and woman on Saturday, November 7. On that date two hundred and fifty thousand official tags will be sold at the rate of 10 cents on the streets of San Francisco, in the most important hotels, at the ferry landings, on the Oakland, Key Route, and Sausalito boats, at the Third and Townsend Street depot, at the theatres, matinees and evenings, in the park, and in all the busy thoroughfares down and up town. Mrs. Helen Hecht has assumed the general chairmanship. Directly under her will serve six district captains, who will again supervise from thirty to forty captains, each with a little company of from ten to twenty young matrons and girls. Besides this large corps of society women, the cause has enlisted an army of 16,000 school children, who will remain in their own districts, and thus honeycomb the city from the water-front to Richmond, and from Telegraph Hill to the Potrero. The object of "Tag Day" is the establishment of a building fund towards the construction of a new Children's Hospital on the old site, and it is hoped that a large sum will be netted by this original and clever innovation. The committee comprises Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Bothin, Mrs. Isaac N. Walter, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Rolla V. Watt, Mrs. W. W. Kerr, Mrs. Bertha G. Lilienthal, Miss Fannie Danforth. Mrs. L. L. Dunbar is president of the institution.

Miss Marion Terry, a sister of Ellen Terry and an actress of note herself in England, is on her way to Montreal, where she will create the leading rôle in Paul Bourget's drama, "Divorce," which is having a successful run in Paris. The play is to have its premier in Montreal on November 2. Miss Terry, who bears a striking resemblance to her sister, has never been in this country before. She is of medium height and about forty-five years old, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and a youthful figure. Miss Terry comes to this country under the management of Fred C. Whitney, and the American adaptation of Bourget's play has been made by Stanislaus Stange, who wrote "Dolly Varden."

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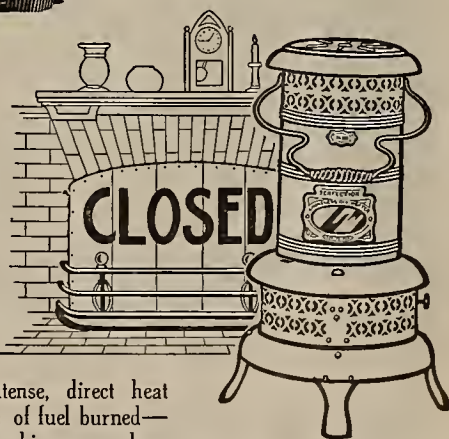


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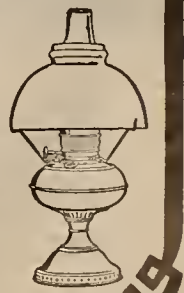
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Campaign Lize and Election Bett are coming to be very popular girls.—*Laramie (Wyo.) Republican.*

"Papa, why do brides wear long veils?" "To conceal their satisfaction, I presume, my son."—*Smart Set.*

Potroon—Roast beef! *Waiter*—Hot or cold? *Potroon*—Sizzling! *Waiter (ordering)*—One Roosevelt roast!—*Puck.*

Jimmie—My ma's gone down town to pay some bills. *Tommy*—Pooh! The man comes to the house to collect ours.—*Life.*

Mrs. Day—Do you know when you've had enough? *Mr. Day*—No; when I've had enough I don't know anything.—*Town Topics.*

(*At the Club.*)—"Oh, I say, who d'you think I met this morning?" "Do you mind guessing for me, old man? I'm rather tired."—*Punch.*

Many a man who boasts that he is the architect of his own fortune must have stood in with the building inspectors.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mr. Rich—I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house? *Mr. Benedict*—Yes; we burn nightly twice the gas we used to.—*Answers.*

Wearry—A dog is one of the few animals dat'll follow a man. *Walker*—Yes; one was follerin' me yesterday so fast I could hardly keep ahead of it.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Wife—Did you get the seats for that play I'm so anxious to see? *Husband*—Yes, I was very fortunate. I got two orchestra chairs for three years from tonight.—*Life.*

Bystander—Have any of the objectionable features of the game been abolished? *Fullback*—Sure! The Athletic Association discharged the faculty this morning by a unanimous and enthusiastic vote.—*Puck.*

The Suitor—Johnny, your parlor clock is an hour fast. *The Kid Brother*—I know it. But don't tell sister so. *The Suitor*—Why not? *The Kid Brother*—Because she thinks you don't know it.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Scotsman reports: "In the forest of —, the first stag of the season was killed by Miss —, a fine animal with eleven points." We regard this description of the lady as being in the worst taste.—*Punch.*

Lola—Last night young Boren declared he would willingly go to the end of the earth for

me. *Groce*—And what did you say? *Lola*—I finally got him to make a start for home, and let it go at that!—*Boston Transcript.*

"Hateful thing," she cried, in the midst of their little quarrel. "I was a silly goose when I married you." "Perhaps so," replied the great brute. "At any rate, you were no chicken."—*Boston Troveller.*

Maude—I'm a little uneasy in my mind. Ned asked me to marry him, and I told him I might, some day. Now, would you call that a promise? *Morie*—No, I should call it a threat.—*The Tatler.*

First Guest—Won't you join me in requesting young Squalls to recite? *Second Guest*—But I don't like recitations. *First Guest*—Neither do I. But if the young beggar doesn't recite he'll sing.—*New York Globe.*

"They treated me so handsomely at the farewell banquet last night," said Mr. Barnes Torner, "that I assured them I would come back very soon." "Yes," said Mr. Peppery, "so Crittick told me. But he said otherwise the affair was very pleasant."—*Stroy Stories.*

"Alas!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a carload of brass fittings." "In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"—*Boston Globe.*

Miss Coopah—Why, mah lan', if dere aint Pete Booker! Whar be git dem cloe's? *Miss Sinclair*—S-s-s-s-h! O' course, dere ain' no tellin', but for de las' two weeks Pete's done bin de night watchman in a big gents' clothin' store.—*Puck.*

"When we are enjoying the fruits of victory," said the campaign solicitor, "you will be sorry you denied us a campaign contribution." "No, sir," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "For men in my circumstances the fruits of victory too frequently prove to be lemons."—*Washington Star.*

The Abbé Pradt, a rushlight of Napoleon's time, was a most conceited man. The Duke of Wellington met him in Paris, at a dinner given in honor of himself. The abbé made a long oration, chiefly on the state of political affairs, and concluded with the words: "We owe the salvation of Europe to one man alone." "Before he gave me time to blush," said the duke, "he put his hand on his heart, and continued: 'To me!'"

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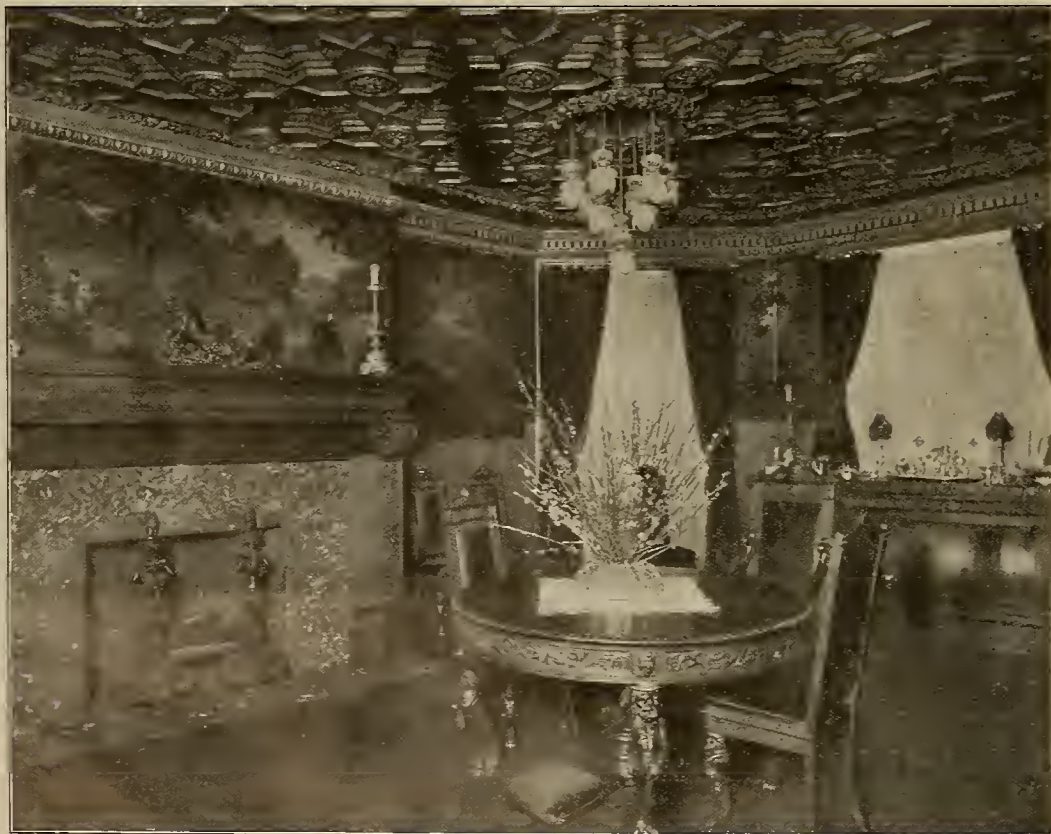
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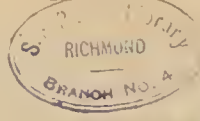
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Election.

For a month past the election of Mr. Taft has been a foregone conclusion, therefore the actual event has not served greatly to stir enthusiasm. The reasons have all been declared in advance. The people of the United States have confidence in the purposes and tendencies of that system of politics professed and enforced by the Republican party. They have no confidence in those policies identified with the Democratic party. By the same token, the country respects the character and confides in the judgment of Mr. Taft; and while it is not lacking in respect for the private and personal qualities of Mr. Bryan, it does not regard him as a sound or safe man.

The largeness of Mr. Taft's vote is a matter of general surprise, and yet it is not easy to see why it should be so. What the country wants for its peace of mind and for its material prosperity is the carrying out of Republican policies by steady and quiet methods; and all along there has been that in the candidacy and character of Mr. Taft promising this desired effect. On the whole, and upon the basis of the event, there seems more reason for surprise that Bryan got so large a vote as he did than that the Taft wave rose so high.

The two questionable factors in the campaign have

been the Hearst influence and the Gompers influence. So far as may be judged at this time—we write on Wednesday morning, when the returns are still far from complete—the Hearst movement, curiously and amusingly styled "Independence party," had no effect upon the result. Many—perhaps most—of the votes cast for the Hearst ticket would have gone to Bryan if there had been no Hearst ticket; nevertheless, the result would not anywhere have been different. Hearst's "party" has had no part in the defeat of Bryan, nor has Hearst done anything to establish himself in larger or more permanent political relations. His hopes of so building himself up by his activities in this campaign as to make himself the logical champion of a reorganized Democracy in 1912 find no justification in the event.

A more emphatic rebuke than that afforded by this election to the pretensions of Mr. Gompers could not be imagined. Gompers terrified various national Republican leaders, including Roosevelt, and then tried to hold up the Republican convention at Chicago and failed; he next tried the same tactics at Denver and succeeded. The Democratic convention ratified a bargain already arranged between Gompers and Bryan for the political support of labor union in its national organization. Since that bargain was made Gompers has gone up and down the country seeking to whip organized labor into support of Democracy and Bryanism. How completely he has failed may be read in the returns the country over, particularly those which report the results of Tuesday's voting in the great industrial States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. An overwhelming illustration of the impotency of Gompers is found in the congressional election in the Danville, Illinois, district, where Speaker Cannon, bitterly opposed by organized labor and a half-dozen other adverse forces, has won his reelection by an old-time majority of six thousand.

As it looks at this writing, the Republican majority in the House of Representatives will be slightly reduced, but amply large enough for all working purposes. When President Taft shall be inaugurated four months from now, the government will be Republican in all its branches. There will be no confusion on the score of divided responsibility. The way will be open for the performance of all the pledges and assurances under which the Republican party made its appeal to the country at the beginning of the campaign.

The result in California is entirely satisfactory from the Republican standpoint—indeed, from every standpoint, since many of those who supported Democratic candidates are quite as well pleased to see Republican policies successful. The legislature will be strongly Republican, assuring the choice of a Republican for the United States Senate—in all likelihood the reelection of Senator George C. Perkins. Judge Melvin has been confirmed by popular vote in the chair given him by executive appointment a few weeks ago. Republican policies and Republican agents are to continue to control the affairs of California.

San Francisco, in spite of labor unionism, of half-cooked "reform," and of confusions unnumbered, has given a substantial Republican majority. In only one respect has the city disappointed those who hoped for a complete reawakening of political intelligence and moral common sense, and that is in the reelection, which at this writing seems probable, of Judge Dunne. It was brought about unquestionably by systematic "plumping" on the part of his more intense partisans. San Francisco has endured this infliction before, and it can endure it again; none the less, it is to be regretted that we are not to have some intelligent and efficient man in the place of this compound of ignorance, low breeding, mendacity, and groveling subserviency. The success of men like Dunne when they have an active and devoted factional following will always be possible so long as our system permits of "plumping."

It is too early to know the result of the voting upon constitutional amendments. San Francisco and the

other Bay cities, as was expected, have given a heavy majority for the capital removal folly. It is the general idea that the interior vote will be even more largely adverse, but it will take time and a complete count of the votes to tell. As yet nothing at all is known with respect to the other amendments.

On the whole, the election of 1908 has served the country at large, and California in particular, exceedingly well.

The Lines Are Drawn.

The most important incidental development of the campaign just ended is the definite line it has drawn between the two great parties with respect to what is called the labor question. Up to the time of the Republican convention at Chicago there had been no authoritative adjustment with respect to the demands of organized labor. Both parties had tried to cajole the labor vote, both had trafficked more or less with Gompers and the other leaders of organized labor. In short, both parties had hopes of belling the cat.

The President had been so worked upon in his political fears that he had come to believe that the future success of Republicanism depended upon "concessions" to labor. It is an open secret that he consulted Gompers and Mitchell from time to time with respect to legislative proposals affecting organized labor for a full year before the Chicago convention; and no attempt was made to keep secret the fact that he had practically agreed with Gompers that the national convention should concede laborite demands with respect to the injunction process and other matters. In other words, the President had bargained with Gompers for the laborite vote, and if he could have had his way he would have forced the party into alliance with unionism on the basis of the latter's demand for special privilege under guaranty of the laws. Probably the President, who never sees but one side of any question at any particular time, hardly realized what he was doing; today, no doubt, he is thanking his lucky star that his frenzied counsels were rejected. None the less, if the convention had listened to and heeded him, Republicanism would stand committed to an outrageous denial of that principle of equality before the law upon which our system is founded.

The Republicans at Chicago, in spite of Gompers's demands and in spite of the President's efforts to enforce them, declined to stultify the party by tendering a bribe to organized labor. The Democrats at Denver, urged by Bryan, took the other course. They gave to Gompers what he demanded, thinking by the alliance thus effected to gain control of the government. In the result of Tuesday's voting we may see how miscalculated and ineffective was the policy of concession; and, incidentally, how little the Republican party lost by standing against aggression and threats. In spite of its bargain with Gompers, in spite of its concessions, the Democratic party did not get the vote of organized labor. For all his pretensions, Mr. Gompers was not able to deliver the goods. In the end the Democratic party finds itself saddled with another disreputable record founded in an effort to exchange special privileges for partisan support.

The result of Tuesday's voting shows that organized labor in the United States is not a solidified political force, subject to direction, here, there, or somewhere else at the will or the whim of an agitator like Gompers. It shows that the purposes behind organization of labor, up to this time at least, are not political in the sense that Mr. Gompers would have it. It shows that the labor unionist does not abandon his privileges as a free and independent man and his duties as a patriotic citizen in affiliating himself with his fellow-workmen. It shows that no party may bargain successfully with a pretended magnate of labor for the votes of labor, because the votes of labor are not subject to this species of barter and sale.

What the Argonaut said at the time of the Chicago

convention may now be repeated with especial emphasis. The demands of Gompers and other labor exploiters are not for equity, but for special privilege. What they want is not justice, but selfish advantage. The demand is that labor union, which declines to make itself responsible under the law, shall find support in the law for its "normal activities." It is nothing less than for legal justification of the boycott and the ten thousand crimes which go with it. It is for legalization of the pretensions and excesses which accompany every general strike. This, to be sure, is denied in words; none the less it is attested by acts. Gompers wants one law for organized labor and another for unorganized labor, to the end that he may write the rules of industry, penalize those who reject his authority, and thus secure for his "system" complete monopoly and mastery of American industry. And back of this intent lies the sinister aim of Gompers and men of his kind to hold the country in subjection to this system of control in the fear of political resentment on the part of organized labor.

Republicanism, by its principles, by its history, by its very constitution, must stand against this scheme of selfish aggression. It must stand in opposition to it precisely as it stood against slavery and for similar reasons. To abandon the government of the country to labor unionism would be to throw over every principle for which our fathers contended, practically to abandon the whole system of political ideas and motives upon which our government is founded. Of course, Republicanism is bound to meet this aggression as it has met every other within the past fifty years. It has opposed and beaten it in the year 1908, and it will oppose and beat it whenever or in whatever form it may again present itself.

Labor-union aggression is as much in violation of Democratic tradition as of Republican tradition, but in its efforts to get itself into power Democracy has well nigh forgotten its moral obligations. It seems ready now, as it was half a century ago, to make any concession to any cause, however mistaken or infamous, that promises a helping hand toward regaining control of the government. The Democratic party may be reckoned upon, in spite of this year's defeat, to continue in alliance with the laborite scheme to monopolize the industry of the country. Either Mr. Gompers or others like him will formulate new plans, because in the business of formulating plans there is employment and profit. They will continue to plan and to plot, and they will find in the Democratic party a natural ally because in its weakness it is ready to grasp at any straw promising help towards regaining control of the government.

The events of the campaign, we repeat, have defined the standing of the two parties with respect to the labor issue. Democracy stands in alliance with the labor exploiters for any project, however extravagant, that may possibly win the support of organized labor. Republicanism stands for the principle of equal justice, of one law for all, and it will defend the country against the demands of labor or of anybody else proposing a scheme of selfish and aggressive interest. There you have the attitude of the two parties—an attitude bound to be of increasing importance as time goes on. For not yet are we done with the demands of Gompers and the other exploiters of labor. These demands are founded in a spirit as aggressive and determined as that which dominated the slave-holders of the South in earlier times. We shall bear from them again and still again. And since this is in prospect, it is most fortunate that the parties in whose hands the political fortunes of the country must rest have come to a fixed and definite adjustment upon this great issue.

The Creed of One "Politically Dissatisfied."

Times indeed are changed when a Massachusetts Yankee bearing the name and the tradition of the Adams family may at a time when political feeling is at high tide stand before a Southern audience—welcomed cordially, listened to attentively—and discuss the political affairs of the day. It may be considered a distinct mark of the growth of political tolerance, likewise a distinct mark of the development of a higher civilization, that Charles Francis Adams of Boston was called to Richmond, Virginia, on the 26th of last month to discuss political questions before an audience of the Virginian elite. Mr. Adams was for Taft for reasons which hardly need to be told; but this fact was less interesting than the exposition which his address afforded as to the attitude of himself and men of his type towards national policies as distinct from party figures and party purposes. The attitude of Mr. Adams

towards political affairs in general was set forth with interesting frankness in that part of his address which preceded his discussion of immediate candidates and measures; and his remarks are well worth quoting as illustrating the position of the extreme Eastern conservatives of Republican, Whig, and Federal traditions. "I am," said Mr. Adams, "one of the politically dissatisfied. I see little that attracts, nothing to admire, in the recent conduct of affairs—the administration programme, so-called." Proceeding, Mr. Adams said:

I am an individualist—in that respect a disciple of Jefferson; but I everywhere see a tendency to collectivism. Constitutionally, I am a strict constructionist, especially since the Civil War; but I have seen the Constitution treated with ill-disguised contempt, and stretched by administrative and legislative construction until, like Falstaff's waist, it has got out of all reasonable compass. A free-trader, I have looked on at protection run mad. An economist in public expenditure, I have studied the records of billion-dollar congresses. A disbeliever in costly armaments, I have been confronted with the heaviest war budget in time of peace the world sees, or history records. A believer in minding one's own business, I have seen my country masquerading, as I consider it, in the absurd character of an imperialistic World Power. Somewhat of a student of economical and business developments, I have felt growth hampered and thwarted by spectacular performances known as trust-curling and "trust-busting." Like every other man engaged, or even interested, in considerable business enterprises, I have been denounced, abused, and despoiled. And, not unnaturally I think, I find myself neither an ardent Republican nor a devoted supporter of the present methods of administration. Tired of strenuousness, I, in fact, yearn for a period of rest.

Transcontinental Rates and Oriental Traffic.

Unless the transportation experts are at fault in their reasonings and conclusions, we are about to see the practical sweeping of the American flag from off the Pacific Ocean. This, say the experts, is bound to be the effect of revised rates on certain classes of transcontinental freight which were put into effect on the 2d instant in obedience to the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. These rulings are to the effect (1) that transcontinental rates on goods to or from transpacific points shall not be lower than domestic rates. In other words, a ton of iron shipped from Pittsburg to Tokyo must pay the same rate from Pittsburg to San Francisco as a ton of iron shipped from Pittsburg to San Francisco as its final destination; (2) that all through rates shall be published in advance of going into effect, to the end that all shippers may have any rate that is allowed to any shipper.

To make these regulations clear in their essential relations, we must go briefly into the history of the American-Oriental traffic. Merchandise on the Atlantic side of the continent designed for Oriental markets has the choice of two routes, one all water by way of the Suez Canal; the other across the continent by rail, thence by sea from San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, or Vancouver. Both American and Oriental shippers have been in the habit of playing one route against the other, and the basis of their operations has been a shifting scale both of ocean and of rail rates. The division of the through rate, whatever it may be, by the transpacific and continental route has been one-third to the Pacific ships and two-thirds to the railroads. Agents of transportation at either end of the route have had general authority to make engagements upon this basis, and they have further been allowed a very considerable latitude of concession whenever it has been necessary to underbid the Suez route. Competition between the two routes, at all times close, is sometimes intense, and very commonly the situation calls for immediate action on the part of the agents of transportation. A very large proportion of freight going and coming between the Atlantic region and the Orient by way of the American transcontinental route has been carried on a variable and often a cut-rate basis. That is, the traffic has been conducted under the bargain system, and oftentimes at less rates for transcontinental transportation than the ordinary rates for domestic freights. The theory of the railroad men has been that they would better have the business at low rates than not to have it at all. The minimum rule has been a through rate one-third of which would yield some profit for ocean carrying.

Under the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission above noted the railroads can not carry freights for export or import at lower rates than those charged for domestic traffic over the same routes, and all rates must be duly published. This means that in bidding for Oriental freight against the Suez route the agents of the American route will be (1) checked by a high limit for the transcontinental part of the carriage, and (2) in view of the publication requirement, they are to have no chance at all for a kind of

bargaining which is commonly necessary in Oriental dealings. A published rate is known to the agents of the Suez route as well as to agents of the American route; in other words, all the elements of the American side of the business are to be in the hands of the Suez rival.

Another complication lies in the fact that Japanese steamships crossing the Pacific Ocean operate under a subsidy amounting to about \$25,000 per round trip, whereas American ships are dependent wholly upon their own earnings. The American ships, therefore, find themselves hard pressed at both ends of their business. They will not be permitted to have the coöperation of the railroads in making bargain through rates on the one hand, while on the other they must meet the competition of cheaper ships, operated by cheaper labor, and aided by subsidy.

All the experts say that the outcome must speedily be a general withdrawal of American ships from the Pacific Ocean. What has happened in relation to the Oceanic Steamship Company's line between San Francisco and Australia is now to happen to the Pacific Mail Company's, the Great Northern Railway Company's, and other transpacific steamship lines operating from United States ports. What will happen further north, between Oriental and British Columbia ports, remains to be seen. The railway situation there is not so restricted, since the Canadian road is at liberty to coöperate in making through rates. But Japanese competition there as well as here is a serious thing, and it is the general opinion that British steamers will have to be withdrawn from the Pacific unless they shall be even more heavily subsidized than now.

Of course, all this implies a heavy blow to Pacific Coast commercial interests. It will hurt all our ports more or less, San Francisco more than any other. Ultimately, however, good may come out of it, for it is bound to give the American people a concrete illustration of the folly of political as distinct from business regulation of matters purely commercial. Lessons thus learned are dearly learned, but perhaps they would better be dearly learned than not learned at all.

New Turn in the Hatfield Case.

The Hatfield case at San Jose has taken a new turn. At first nobody could see any resemblance to Dunham in the coarse-featured and phlegmatic Hatfield; and today, if the matter were open to proof, there are hundreds who stand ready to swear that Hatfield is not Dunham. But, curiously enough, in this as in other similar instances the world around, morbid excitement has produced an extraordinary effect. Certain prison officials at San Jose are "convinced," in spite of the difference pointed out by multitudes who knew Dunham, that after all Hatfield is really Dunham. Marshall McAfee, it is given out, has a list of eight persons who will swear positively that Hatfield is none other than Dunham himself. The prosecuting attorney is in a quandary, inclined one day to prosecute the suspect on the theory that he is Dunham and on the next to let him go. It is a safe prophecy that in the end Hatfield will be released, since no jury by any possibility will convict a man concerning whose identity multitudes of people differ, with vastly the greater number on the side of the defendant.

A sinister phase of the situation as it stands at San Jose is the attitude of Marshal McAfee, who arrested Hatfield originally because he "felt" him to be a "bad egg" and "believed" he would be wanted "somewhere." McAfee now is "assured" that Hatfield is Dunham, although he never saw Dunham and has no more right to an opinion in the matter than the man in the moon. But—and here we have the milk in this cocoanut—McAfee has reason for wishing his catch to be Dunham. At the time of the McGlincy murder, some twelve years ago, the authorities of Santa Clara County offered a reward of \$1500 for Dunham, dead or alive. Coincidentally, on the basis of a private subscription, a further reward of \$10,000 was offered. McAfee wants this money, and for the sake of getting it he would apparently be glad to have Hatfield officially identified as Dunham, whether in truth he be Dunham or not. Apparently he would be willing to push this poor suspect whom nobody knows and whom pretty much everybody believes not to be Dunham upon the gallows, to the end that he (McAfee) may gain the price which has been put upon Dunham's head.

Another sinister phase of this matter explains the procedure in Texas prior to Hatfield's coming to California. Sheriff Langford, be it remembered, first went to Texas, where he pronounced Hatfield not to be the man wanted. McAfee, who had Hatfield in custody

professed to believe this a mere ruse designed to trick him out of the reward. His theory was that if Hatfield were to be released as the wrong man, Langford would cause his rearrest, bring him to California, and claim the reward. This was the basis of the extraordinary procedure which preceded the bringing of Hatfield to California.

That the suspect is really the man wanted is, of course, a possibility, but a very remote one. That he can be convicted in the face of the certainty that he is not Dunham on the part of scores of persons who knew the latter well is, of course, an impossibility. The prosecuting attorney ought to dismiss the matter and restore to freedom a man who has probably been grossly misused.

Converting the Heathen.

The missionary incentive is evidently not confined to religious propaganda. A woman, Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson, has just sailed from this city with the avowed intention of preaching to the people of Asia the special doctrine of temperance promulgated by the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Stevenson is a representative of the "World Department" of the organization, and as such it is her duty to carry her glad tidings into all lands, spreading her gospel of total abstinence among all sorts and conditions of men, seeking to convert them to full realization of the Solomonian aphorism that wine is a mocker and that strong drink is raging.

Mrs. Stevenson will probably find Asia a rather barren field in which to sow the seed of her dogma. Drunkenness is very rare among the Oriental nations; wine-bibbing is occasional rather than habitual; and while the rule of abstemiousness and extreme moderation is very generally observed, there is also a settled belief in the minds of those with whom Mrs. Stevenson will come in contact that every man is a law unto himself in this matter, and that any advice concerning his habits of drinking is as superfluous as similar advice concerning his habit of eating or sleeping. Even the Mohammedan, whose Koran expressly prohibits the use of wine as a tippie, will resent Mrs. Stevenson's effort to reinforce with a Christian propaganda what has been sufficiently inculcated by a prophet inspired of Allah. The millions of followers of Buddha and Confucius, both of whom were temperance advocates when the ancestors of the W. C. T. U. were consistent worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus, will be sure to urge this fact in debate with Mrs. Stevenson, with the intention of convincing her, if possible, that the really fruitful field for her endeavor is in her own country, where the drink habit is more prevalent, more disastrous to the person over-indulging, and more amenable to drastic remedy than it is in countries where the principles underlying the personal liberty of the individual are better understood.

The Christian religious missionary has been laboring in his neighbor's vineyard many years, and with little result compared with the effort he has put forth. Centuries of time and millions of money have been expended by these missionaries in the endeavor to convince the Oriental nations that their religions and philosophies are fallacious; that their civilization is a hollow mockery; and that their only salvation is in the acceptance of a doctrine whose operative plan is not retroactive and can not include in its scheme the ancestors of the generation to whom it is offered. Moreover, it is very apparent to those whom the missionaries would proselyte to the Christian cult that the Christians themselves are not wholly agreed upon the basic ideas of their religion. Yet these missionaries would break up the vast religions of Asia and scatter the fragments among the two-and-seventy jarring sects of Christianity. The proposition is seemingly absurd in the view of a cultured Japanese, a philosophical Chinese, a bigoted Mohammedan, or an intellectual Hindu of the Brahman caste.

As a result, the only appreciable gain in the Christian missionary field of Asia is among the ignorant, poverty-stricken coolie class. These people, in China, are called "rice Christians," because the majority of the Chinese believe that they are "converts" in response to the demands of their stomachs rather than by conviction of the truth of what they are taught by the missionaries. In Japan the missionaries are tolerated because they do not interfere in the slightest degree with the State religion of Shintoism and are making no material inroad upon the popular religion of Buddhism.

That the Chinese, especially, are wedded to their idols, as the missionaries insist upon designating the symbolical formulæ of non-Christian folk, is demon-

strated in the long resistance they have made against very powerful and frequently violent influences seeking to "civilize" them by the methods commonly adopted by nations civilized under the various codes of Christian jurisprudence. In spite of wars that have wrested vast territories from the Chinese empire; in defiance of the palpable fact that the God of the Christians permits these aggressions and robberies; notwithstanding the constant iteration by the missionaries that these Christian invaders and land grabbers are all believers in the Christian theory of peace on earth and good will to men, and potentially guided in all their actions by the precepts of the Golden Rule; in the face of all this power and prestige, the Chinese persist in their close adherence to the teachings of Confucius, the religion of Buddha, and the radical materialism of Lao-tsze. Evidently these doctrines fit the mental and spiritual requirements of the Chinese, and it is also equally evident that nothing else appeals to the Chinese understanding. He is not "stiff-necked"; he is merely convinced that he knows what is best for himself. And the same opinion prevails among all the peoples of Asia.

We fear that Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson has unwittingly undertaken a contract of magnitude, not only because those whom she proposes to "convert" are in no condition to respond to her philanthropic intention; but also because they imagine that they understand their own needs, bodily and spiritually, better than she does.

The Hetch Hetchy Project.

Not even with the passing of the presidential and local political campaigns are we free from the burden and the agitation involved in elections; for, be it remembered, on the 12th instant—next Thursday—San Francisco is to vote at a special election upon a bonding proposal connected with the Hetch Hetchy water project. Our reform administration, the same administration that is treating the public so handsomely in the matter of the Sutter-and-Market-Street contention, wants the little sum of \$600,000 to inaugurate the Hetch Hetchy project by buying up certain land and water rights in the Hetch Hetchy region. This demand for \$600,000 is, of course, only a beginning. Mr. Phelan's experts estimate that the ultimate cost will be \$40,000,000, which is only another way of saying that the ultimate demand will be in the neighborhood of \$80,000,000 or upwards. The money now wanted is for the purpose of acquiring rights, of clinching the bargain so to speak, and of committing the city to a colossal scheme for the benefit of the next generation.

The *Argonaut* has not been able to sift to its own satisfaction all the considerations involved in this stupendous project. It does not know whether the experts hired by Mr. Phelan and his associates, and who have declared that there is abundant water available in the Tuolumne, are intelligent and candid or not. It does not know whether those other experts hired by other interests, who have declared that there is not water enough in the Tuolumne, are intelligent and candid or not. The mind of the *Argonaut* is disturbed and confused amid the conflict of testimonies, and the one clear idea that it brings out of the mess is that experts can commonly be had for or against any engineering project if one will only pay the price. We have no doubt that for a round fee any desired opinion concerning Hetch Hetchy can be obtained upon the basis of names of high repute in the engineering world. All of which is to say that engineers, like other men, are likely to be affected by motives of self-interest, partisanship, etc.

But this we do know—presuming the supply of water available under the Hetch Hetchy scheme to be adequate, and assuming that there are no prior claims on the part of the Modesto farmers, and assuming that Mr. James D. Phelan has no private interest to be served, and assuming that the lowest estimates of Mr. Phelan's experts are adequate—that it will take at least \$40,000,000 in money and at least fifteen years' time to give San Francisco water from Hetch Hetchy. We know further that San Francisco suffered only two years and a half ago the most terrible disaster ever sustained by any community since Sodom and Gomorrah—or possibly Pompeii. We do know that a tremendous sum must be expended before the work of rehabilitation, public and private, shall be complete. We do know that however carefully we may manage our finances, property in San Francisco must pay a very stiff tax for many years to come. We do know that San Francisco has gotten on very well this fifty years past with its present water supply and that

the same supply can be had on reasonable terms indefinitely. We do know that it would be the height of stupidity and folly for San Francisco at this time to mortgage itself for the lifetime of a generation in acceptance of a scheme doubtful at many points and certain only in the amazing vastness of its cost.

Furthermore, the *Argonaut* knows that in the view of many citizens competent at the points of character and discretion the Hetch Hetchy project stands discredited by the men behind it. It does not seek to probe to its bottom the story that Mr. Phelan has somewhere in this matter a large private interest; it finds it only too easy to believe that Mr. Phelan's motives are interested and secret, because that is Mr. Phelan's way in all things. We find it easy to believe that Mr. Phelan seeks to make money out of this project, and easier still to believe that by it he hopes to satisfy his political ambitions or his private resentments and hatreds, or all together.

On the whole, we believe that the best thing to do at this special election is to vote against the bond proposal. We can provide ourselves with water either by an easy working arrangement with the Spring Valley Company or by purchase of its system upon our own terms. Let us proceed upon this basis for a while, reserving our credit for more immediate necessities and making ourselves sure that we are right before going ahead. By all means, vote No on the bonding proposal.

Editorial Notes.

The main trouble in the pending Ruef trial—if it may be called a trial—is that neither side wants to be fair, neither proceeds legitimately or honestly. The aim of the law is trial by a jury of disinterested and unbiased citizens. In this case the aim both on the part of prosecution and defense is by hook or by crook to get a prejudiced and partisan jury. If there were fair spirit on both sides, if there were willingness to submit the case to an unprejudiced body of citizens, the jury box would be filled in a day. In the meantime Abraham Ruef, the culprit, freely walks the streets of San Francisco and enjoys his grossly acquired wealth, while ten citizens who have been "caught" as jurymen remain in the custody of the sheriff, practically imprisoned. From being a weariness, the case has become a reproach and a scandal.

The country is waiting with a good deal of interest for explanations of the up-set given to Tom Johnson's municipal street railway schemes in the Cleveland election of October 25. Johnson's schemes were embodied in a proposal styled the "Security Traction Franchise," which was described during the campaign by the mayor himself as vital to the success of his plans. His prediction was that this proposal would be accepted by a majority of not less than 9000, whereas in fact the vote went 605 the other way. In the absence of more explicit statements covering this slump, we may accept tentatively the telegraphed report that the result is due to dissatisfaction with the service rendered by the Municipal Traction Company. Whatever ultimate explanations may be, this result will be taken the country over as suggestive of a "black eye" for the municipalized street-car idea. It has been tried at Cleveland under circumstances of special advantage, and manifestly it has failed to satisfy the people.

FALL LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tanes of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain a number of special articles, literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and the East. In addition it will contain the usual departments and miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy toned paper and will consist of 32 pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers will do well to send their orders in advance.

Professor Metchnikoff, who has been invited to Russia by the official medical board of St. Petersburg to help fight the cholera epidemic, is assistant director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and has been probably the most distinguished scientist of that city since the death of Pasteur in 1895. He is a Russian. Five years ago he published a book, "The Nature of Man," which attracted wide attention. He holds that civilized man should live to be 130 or more years old. Professor Metchnikoff says cholera can be avoided.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

No one ever supposed that the Crown Prince of Serbia was capable of a patriotic sentiment or that there was wit enough in his simian mind to put such a sentiment into resonant phrases. Moreover, any one who would have predicted a year ago that Prince George would be enthusiastically acclaimed by cheering crowds in the streets of Belgrade would have been properly regarded as mentally deficient. But these things have actually happened. Speaking to a concourse of demonstrators outside the royal palace, the crown prince made an impassioned speech and he concluded by saying, "May he die who wishes to live, and may he live who wishes to die. Long live the nation." Whether impromptu or not, it was fine, and the young man's sins, which were many, seemed to drop from him like a mantle of shame.

And yet a few months ago Prince George of Serbia appeared to be an incarnation of human infamy. The stories of his malignant and impish wickedness almost pass belief. His father, "Black" Peter Karageorgewitch, himself by no means a saint, yet dreaded the day when his son must take his place, and would have confined him in an asylum had he dared to face the disclosures that would have been the inevitable reprisal. It was Prince George who passed many an idle hour by burying cats up to their necks in the ground and then crushing their beads with his bootheel. It was Prince George who compelled a sentry to eat a living mouse, who filled the palace with the most sodden of the *demi monde*, and who took a fiendish delight in shooting at country people from the palace windows with an air gun. Incessantly drunk, the noise of his brutal carnivals filled the palace day and night, and even the hardened soldiery shrank in terror from his frenzied insults and his brutal assaults. Upon one occasion, boasting that he could shoot the cigarette from the mouth of a sentry, he blew the man's jaw away, and there was, in fact, no frightful excess and no unnatural debauchery that was not among the daily relaxations of this boy monster with his pale face and aristocratic poise. But a lofty sentiment at a psychological moment carries it all down to oblivion, and the war-crazed people of Belgrade acclaim him as though he were one of the fabled heroes of deliverance. And under the same blind impulse they would have stoned the prophets.

We may well wonder if King Peter sees the hand of doom first in the frightful scourge of his son and now in the war clouds gathering upon his frontiers, or whether the ghost of the murdered Alexander stands more visibly than usual by his bedside. The royal palace of Belgrade must veritably smell of blood. It is said that King Peter descends nightly into a perfect bell of terror as his dreams are haunted by the crime that crowned him. No one says openly that King Peter of Serbia instigated the murder of Alexander and of Draga, but he at least profited by it. He already had his foot upon the lower step of the throne, and before the outraged bodies of the king and queen were cold he was seated and proclaimed. It is an ill deed to profit by crime, and by such a crime as that. Even though he had no hand in the plot, the hideous picture must be before him all the time, the vision of the king and queen mercilessly butchered in their night attire and thrown from the palace windows to lie till morning upon the flagstones of the courtyard. When the hacked and disfigured bodies were roughly thrown into coffins, that of the king was found to be too short and an officer stamped upon the corpse with his heavy boots so that the lid might be crushed into its place. The people of Serbia have forgotten that, but if the hour of disaster shall arrive, if Serbia shall throw herself helplessly against the iron circle of her foes, there will not be wanting those who will see in her overthrow the unstaying, unbending judgments of God.

The late Alphonse Allais had an admirable scheme for the settlement of the vexed questions of the Balkans and of the passage of the Dardanelles. He had found, he said, by careful calculation that the Balkans were of just the same size as the Dardanelles. Why not, then, take the Balkans and drop them into the Dardanelles, where there would be enough water to peacefully submerge them, while the navigation of the Dardanelles would then cease to be a practical question. But the proposal never met with the attention it deserved.

That labor troubles in England have reached a phase even more acute than here is shown by the ultimatum issued by Sir Christopher Furness as head of the great shipbuilding yards of Barrow in Furness. Sir Christopher announces that either the strikes must cease or the yards.

There is certainly justification for such a decision. The company finds that it is useless to make contracts involving either time or price. No reliance can be placed upon agreements, and there is therefore no basis upon which estimates can be found. Strikes have been nearly continuous in spite of every effort to meet the demands of the union, and the situation has now become so impossible that the business must come to an end.

But Sir Christopher makes a proposition, and its nature is so interesting that his own words may well be quoted. He says:

Firstly, the trade unions being the capable, organized, powerful bodies I have described, why should they not go into the business on their own account? They have got the capital, they have got the organizing capacity—why not? We hear much to the effect that the day of the capitalist is over, that there is now no need for capitalist-employers, that the hour has arrived for substantial experiments in labor co-partnership in its extreme form—that is to say, in direct production by labor, without the intervention or participation of people who are not directly representative of labor. Well, why not try their hands here? I offer to your unions, either singly or in combination, to hand over to them our shipyards at this port as going concerns for such sum or sums as may be determined by a recognized firm of assessors, appointed by joint nomination. My company would not be exacting while you were in the preliminary stages—for part of the purchase money we would allow you ample time in which to turn round, and myself and my representatives would readily convey to you all the information at our command and such suggestions as might prove of service.

The offer was made in all seriousness and to representatives of the unions specially convened to hear it, and it need hardly be said that it was rejected almost without consideration. The labor union without a grievance and without the prospective luxury of a strike would be like a fish out of water.

But Sir Christopher went even further. If the unions were unprepared thus to divert their energies from destructive to constructive channels, he offered an alternative proposal, as follows:

I invite you to become limited co-partners in these shipbuilding yards. The initial condition is that the employee partners should prove their good faith by becoming holders of special shares, to be called employee's shares, in the capital of the shipbuilding company owning the Middleton shipbuilding yard at Hartlepool and the harbor dock-yard at West Hartlepool, under my chairmanship, paying for such shares by agreeing to a deduction of 5 per cent from their earnings until the total amount of their shares is covered. For the 5 per cent deduction so invested in the special shares I have named, you would receive—whether the company divided any surplus profit or not—1 per cent per annum as fixed interest. Such an arrangement would not interfere in the slightest degree with a workman's freedom of action, while a workman leaving the service of the company would be able to sell his shares to one or more of his fellow-employees at an assessed, or it may be, an arbitrated value, based on the market price of the day.

This second proposition is still under discussion, but if it should fail it is very certain that the company will adhere to its resolution, disperse its plant, and withdraw from a struggle that has become hopeless.

The historic mystery as to the communication that actually passed between the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina bids fair for a moment to be surpassed in public interest by the speech delivered to the House of Commons by that dauntless woman, Mrs. Travers Symons. This is presumably the first occasion when that august assembly has been withered under the spell of female oratory, and for a time the excitement was so great that the actual terms of the speech were in danger of being lost. But Mrs. Symons has come to the rescue of the reporter, as greater speakers than she have done. She tells us precisely what she said during the all too brief opportunity afforded her by a male tyranny momentarily masquerading as a policeman. She said: "Leave off talking about the children; attend to the bearers of the children." And now she complains that she herself was attended to with a promptness and dispatch that left no chance for further eloquence.

We are almost sorry that Mrs. Symons has thus immortalized her utterance. Addressed as it was to some six hundred gentlemen, many of them unmarried, it seems a little indelicate. If this is the kind of speech that the suffragette intends to make when she secures legitimate admission to Parliament, the morals of that chaste assembly will need some legislative guardianship. Male virtue will have to be protected against such clamorous demands for attention on the part of lady members, and we can hardly expect the wives of legislators to sit quietly at home, as has been their wont, while their lords are thus importunately assailed upon the very floor of the House.

But, seriously, the incident is disappointing. The suffragettes had announced that they would make a descent upon Parliament, and 50,000 people were there to see that they did it, while 5000 policemen were there to see that they did not do it. Now the suffragettes complain that Parliament, composed wholly of hase men, spend their time in deliberating male affairs, and are wholly oblivious of those more tender and more sacred subjects to which women would give a sorely needed attention. Now, at the very moment when Mrs. Symonds made her triumphal entry, the House of Commons was engaged with a bill to prevent children from smoking cigarettes. From the suffragette point of view, the House was immersed in the very odor of sanctity. It was intent upon the peculiarly feminine panacea for all human ills, that is to say, it was passing a law to forbid some one from doing something. But its piety availed it not at all. It had fallen short by a jot or a tittle and it was therefore guilty of the whole. It should have been talking about women. Instead of discussing children, it should have gone to the fountain head and discussed women, for if there were no women how could there be any children?

Readers of "The Golden Butterfly" will remember how the American millionaire, Gilead P. Beck, routed the English suffragette. That aggressive lady demanded that women should be accorded the rights that alone would enable her to evolve. "Why," she asked, "have women never produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Homer." And then Mr. Beck immortalized himself by the grave and crushing reply: "They have, madame. They have produced all our greatest men."

Hans Knudsen, a Danish electrical engineer, at the Hotel Cecil in London recently gave proof of his power to make a typewriter work by means of wireless telegraphy from an office situated any distance away from it. Not only can a typewriter be operated, but a linotype composing machine; and although the machines demonstrated with are in a more or less experimental stage, they work with sufficient accuracy to justify the vista of almost magic writing opened up by the Danish inventor's claims. The office clerk of the future will perhaps have his typewriter under a glass case, and from time to time the tap-tap of the machine will be heard, actuated by invisible means and producing typewritten letters dictated by another office hundreds of miles away.

Not only did lottery selling furnish the means for early road-building, but for church building as well, and for the establishment of schools and endowment of colleges; indeed, even State debts were paid in that manner. In the little State of Rhode Island alone, in the year 1826, the sale of lottery tickets exceeded the sum of one million six hundred thousand dollars.

FEMINISM IN POLITICS.

Assaults upon the exclusive right to what man is believed to consider his highest privilege—the right to vote—continue all along the line. In England the assaults are not confined to words, though demands, assertions, and arguments are increasingly plentiful. The suffragettes are determined in their cause and have won many partisans from the ranks of their oppressors. One of these, W. M. Lightbody, in a recent issue of the *Westminster Review*, writes entertainingly if not convincingly upon the woman's suffrage idea. Some of his periods seem rather in detraction of men than the glorification of women, but they are not without foundation, and to be considered with tolerance at least in the light of recent events in this country. Education, in man, and naturally in women, it is observed, does not fit its possessor for civic duties:

At the outset we are impressed with the difficulty of assigning any great force to education. Today, we have a large number of intelligent young men educated at Oxford who see in tariff reform the only salvation for their country, and almost as large a number of intelligent young men educated at Oxford who believe tariff reform to be a quick and infallible road to destruction. Education enables men to expound and defend their views with greater cogency, but appears to have little effect in determining what those principles are; and it is interesting to note that during the political struggles of the nineteenth century in England the educated classes were generally to be found on the wrong side, not, certainly, because they were educated, but because they belonged to the comfortable classes who found the existing state of affairs quite tolerable. In this case education wholly failed to overcome the influence of individual or class interests. Some day, perhaps, a historian will undertake to write a political history of Oxford and Cambridge, and show the very ignoble part played in our history by these centres of learning.

Having proved, by an elaboration of this view, that the power to reason is of no ethical value in politics, the writer does not shrink from the conclusion that is unavoidable:

If, then, feminism means the introduction into politics of wholly new forces, that would substitute feeling for conviction, enthusiasm for argument, we need not dread any revolution; no other state of affairs has ever existed. We may make a show of logic, entrench ourselves deep in statistics and jurisprudence, like Mr. Gradgrind, we may don the bard and glittering panoply of "facts," but reason plays a small part in shaping our conduct, either as individuals or as members of a State. To vary the metaphor, we are but flabby molluscs of sentiment, shaped and painted to look like brittle crustaceans wrapped in the shell of reason.

The revolution will not be directly in political methods, but in women themselves. The widening of their mental horizon, the sense of civic responsibility, can not but raise the moral level of women; and this change again must in time be reflected in the general tone of civic life. We do not realize the influence that the degradation of women exerts on the moral progress of a nation. It is from women that we acquire our first conceptions of life, of its aims, its meaning, and they can not reach what they have never learned. From ignorant and narrow-minded mothers we must not look for children imbued with wide sympathies or high notions of what they owe to the state. The family should be the seminary of the social affections, of duty, and the spirit of sacrifice; too often it serves but to generate egoism, or that domestic narrowness that is distinctly anti-social. From the lower type of mother the son learns to value comfort, to check his generous impulses; he learns that the most important thing in life is "to get on," that material prosperity is the first condition of well-being. For women, though prone to superstition and pietism, are at the same time strongly materialistic in practice.

And, again, to complete his circle, Mr. Lightbody seems to desire suffrage for woman as an educating, uplifting influence. The topic has its difficulties, even for the serious and profound contributors to the reviews.

The mulberry, "wisest of trees," as Pliny termed it, really "likes London," and fruits profusely even in the grounds of the Charterhouse, at murky Smithfield. London mulberry trees are mainly derived from a fad of James I, who wanted to found a silk-growing industry. With the proverbial folly of a pedant, the British Solomon introduced the black mulberry, disliked by silkworms, instead of the white variety, which forms their food. The black mulberry had been planted by Cardinal Pole at Lambeth in 1555, and there were still older specimens in the garden of Syon House. According to a pretty Greek legend, all mulberries were originally white; but a mulberry-tree was growing beside "Ninny's tomb" when Pyramus and Thisbe died there, and the blood of the lovers turned the fruit to its present color.

There are five rare metals in the so-called platinum group—rhodium, osmium, palladium, iridium, and ruthenium. Rhodium resists the action of chemicals remarkably, acids that dissolve gold and platinum having no effect upon it. It is used for crucibles. Osmium is the heaviest of the metals, one-sixth heavier than gold. Iridium is one of the hardest of metals and is extensively used in the making of points for gold pens. All these rare and costly metals are obtained merely as by-products in the refining of platinum, and the world-supply is controlled by one firm in London.

The ancient Greeks already recommended the use of sterilized water. Rufus of Ephesus in the first century of this era taught that "all water from rivers and ponds is bad, except that from the Nile. Water from rivers which flow through unhealthy soil, stagnant water, and that which flows near public bathing places is harmful. The best water is that which has been boiled in baked earthenware vessels, cooled and then heated a second time before drinking."

In the mountain regions of Cuba there are many ridges and valleys of extremely fertile land, nearly all untouched, and existing practically as they did before the time of the Spaniards.

MME. CHAMINADE AT THE PIANO.

First Appearance in America of the Famous French Composer, Who Happens to Be a Woman.

French music and French composers are well set in the foreground at present. It is not so long since we had the venerable Saint-Saëns, directing his own work. Charpentier's "Louise" and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" are still fresh in memory, with prospects of renewed acquaintance, in the opera season at hand. Last and not least in interest is the visit of Mme. Cécile Chaminade, the woman of all others living who is known as a great composer. Two or three times in the ten years past it has been announced that the famous Frenchwoman was about to make the acquaintance of some of her many admirers in this country, but something has always occurred to disturb her plans until the present time. Mme. Chaminade is here, and last Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall she was introduced to an audience that filled the big concert-room completely. To say that her piano playing is wonderful or that her artistic interpretation achieved a triumph would be more than extravagant, yet her reception was notable for its spontaneous quality and its warmth, and the applause that succeeded her every effort was enthusiastic and prolonged.

There was nothing in the programme but Chaminade compositions—piano solos and songs for mezzo-soprano and baritone—and this, of itself, induced an effect of unvarying charm. It was a feast of confectionery, a draught of lemonade in which the sugar was more noticeable than the citric acid. But the young ladies who dote on Ethelbert Nevin's piano songs, and have discovered a similarity in some of the best-known of the Chaminade works, were simply carried away on a flood of sentimental appreciation. Incipient and mildly ambitious concert singers were no less charmed with the offerings, quite suited to their understanding, and they eagerly embraced the opportunity to manifest their joy. Should each of the fourteen concerts to follow be marked by such fervor of approval, Mme. Chaminade will return to France well established in the belief that her music is commandingly in vogue here and that she is herself especially beloved in America. And there is little doubt that all this will come to pass, and much to our credit. We are as wealthy in approbation as in commercial tokens, and probably as discriminating in the outlay of one as of the other. We are not all musical critics, fortunately, and we know what we like. It is related that one interested young person recently asked, with serious solicitude, to be told the exact difference between a Chaminade and a serenade. Which illustrates the sad difficulty with some personal names when the attempt is made to attach them to achievements. We can say, a Titian, or a Millet, but there are probabilities of misapprehension when we speak of a Bach, or even of a De Koven.

In appearance Mme. Chaminade is what one might expect. She is slight and not tall, with a softly rounded face, big, expressive brown eyes, and curling dark hair, worn short and parted at the side. At the piano she gives one the impression of poetic, picturesque art, with no suggestion of force or even restrained power. Her music is always delicate and charming, fanciful without broad effects, yet thorough in technic and finish. There is no reason to question her claim to first place among woman composers. The list is not a long one. But Mme. Chaminade does not even pretend to be a great performer. Undoubtedly there are many who could bring out more vividly the color that is in all her compositions. Of her selections, the "Pastorale" and the "Valse Romantique" seemed particularly suited to her easy, graceful manner.

Two English singers assisted Mme. Chaminade. They were Edward Groom, who has a pleasing baritone organ, not distinctive, and Mlle. de St. Andre, a mezzo-soprano of capability, expression, and good taste, and, in addition, of rare personal beauty. The songs were well chosen, regarding the composer's popularity here, and were given in a manner which, if not eminently notable, went far toward justifying the applause of the audience. Mme. Chaminade played the accompaniments, and in this was remarkably effective.

It seems a little odd that the composer herself should have been satisfied with the specimen productions. She has written orchestral suites and symphonic poems which display a comprehensive grasp of her art, and her partisans are not inclined to accept gratefully the somewhat condescending notices that most of the critics have given her concert. They are eager to invite comparison of Mme. Chaminade's published compositions with those of Augusta Holmes, Liza Lehmann, and Mrs. Beach, who have certainly done well in the slighter forms of music. But it is as well, perhaps, as it is. Our fair visitor may have builded better than she knows. Her songs, "L'Anneau d'Argent" and "Mon Cœur Chante," are likely to continue the especial favorites of the greater part of her audiences here, and to serve to place their maker permanently among the immortals. It is certainly an accomplishment that has not been equaled, for a woman to write music of international interest and accepted value, and to find her welcome and appreciation in another land due less to the fact of her femininity than to the superior merit of her compositions.

Fifteen appearances are scheduled for the American tour of the composer. She will be heard in the Eastern cities and in the Middle West, but will not go farther toward the setting sun than St. Louis this time. When at home, Mme. Chaminade studies and writes in her

retreat at Vesinet, near Paris, or in her house at Tamaris, near Toulon. That she is forty-seven years old and a widow, is to be discovered easily from the reference books. Her husband was M. Carbonnel, a music publisher in Marseilles, who died two years ago. Since his death the composer has chosen to use her family name in place of the more imposing Mme. Cécile Louise Stéphanie Chaminade-Carbonnel to which she is entitled. Her visit here will no doubt increase wonderfully the number of her admirers and the sale of her compositions.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Guerdon.

Soothed by the fountain's drowsy murmuring—
Or was it by the west wind's indolent wing?—
The grim court-poet fell asleep one day
In the lord's chamber, when chance brought that way
The Princess Margaret with a merry train
Of damozels and ladies—flippant, vain
Court-butterflies—midst whom fair Margaret
Swayed like a rathe and slender lily set
In rustling leaves, for all her drapery
Was green and gold, and lovely as could he.
Midway in hall the fountain rose and fell,
Filling a listless Naiad's outstretched shell,
And weaving rainbows in the shifting light.
Upon the carved friezes, left and right,
Was pictured Pan asleep beside his reed.
In this place all things seemed asleep, indeed—
The hook-billed parrot on his pendant ring,
Sitting high-shouldered, half forgot to swing;
The wind scarce stirred the hangings at the door,
And from the silken arras evermore
Yawned drowsy dwarfs with satyr's face and hoof.
A forest of gold pillars propped the roof,
And, like one slim gold pillar overthrown,
The sunlight through a great stained window shone
And lay across the body of Alain.
You would have thought, perchance, the man was slain;
As if the checkered column in its fall
Had caught and crushed him, he lay dead to all.
The parrot's gray head eye as good as said,
Unclosing viciously, "The clown is dead."
A dragon-fly in narrowing circles neared,
And lit, secure, upon the dead man's head,
Then spread its iris vans in quick dismay,
And into the blue summer sped away!
Little was his of outward grace to win
The eyes of maids, but white the soul within.
Misshaped, and hideous to look upon
Was this man, dreaming in the noontide sun.
With sunken eyes and winter-whitened hair,
And sallow cheeks deep seamed with thought and care,
And so the laughing ladies of the court,
Coming upon him suddenly, stopped short,
And shrunk together with a nameless dread;
Some, hut fear held them, would have turned and fled,
Seeing the uncouth figure lying there.
But Princess Margaret, with her heavy hair
From out its diamond fillet rippling down,
Slipped from the group, and plucking back her gown
With white left hand, stole softly to his side—
The fair court gossip tittering, curious-eyed,
Half mockingly, "A little while she stood,
Finger on lip; then, with the agile blood
Climbing her cheek, and silken lashes wet—
She scarce knew what vague pity or regret
Wet them—she stooped, and for a moment's space
Her golden tresses touched the sleeper's face.
Then she stood straight, as lily on its stem;
But hearing her ladies titter, turned on them
Her great queen's eyes, grown black with scornful frown—
Great eyes that looked the shallow women down.
"Nay, not for love"—one rosy palm she laid
Softly against her bosom—"as I'm a maid!
Full well I know what cruel things you say
Of this and that, but hold your peace today.
I pray you think no evil thing of this.
Nay, not for love's sake did I give the kiss,
Not for his beauty who's not fair nor young,
But for the songs which those mute lips have sung!"
That was a right brave princess; one, I hold,
Worthy to wear a crown of beaten gold.—T. B. Aldrich.

Joachimstahl, near Carlsbad, where radium baths are to be established next year, is already historic as the birthplace of the original dollar. An authority in the *London Chronicle* says this was the silver gulden-groschen, coined in 1519 by order of Count Schlick from the metal of a recently opened mine, and it became known as the Joachimstahler, or "thaler" alone for short. Before 1600 the nimble English language had already made "dollar" of this. Thereafter this name was loosely used of all manner of coins varying in value from three to five shillings, and belonging to all manner of countries, from Sweden to Japan. It was from the prevalence of the Spanish "dollar" in the British American colonies at the time of their revolt that the modern almighty dollar was derived, while in England very modern slang has given the name to the crown piece.

Jasper W. Thompson has at his home in Danville, Indiana, what he says is the only cultivated pawpaw orchard in the United States. The trees were planted by Judge John V. Hadley, now on the State supreme bench, fifteen years ago, when he lived in the house occupied by Mr. Thompson. The judge was a great lover of the fruit and conceived the idea of raising his own pawpaws or Indiana bananas, instead of scouring the woods for them. He planted seeds from choice fruit and kept the little trees protected from the sun for three years by putting barrels over them. They have now been bearing for several years, and not only is the product of an exceptional size, but the quality is finer than that which grows wild in the woods.

Rudyard Kipling recently attracted attention by eulogizing the medical profession in an address. He said that physicians made up a "permanently mobilized army, which always is in action, always is under fire against death."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Victorien Sardou last summer caught a severe cold and it is this which has developed into bronchitis that now threatens his life. Sardou is at his country seat near Marly, and has been constantly under the care of the physicians, who had hoped to be able to have him taken to Biarritz shortly.

David Jayne Hill, American ambassador to Germany, is receiving special social courtesies from Emperor William, Prince Henry, and others of court circles, apart from his diplomatic relations. At the wedding of Prince August William and Princess Alexandra and at the opera Dr. Hill was given signal attention.

Professor Schiaparelli, the head of the Italian expedition in Egypt, is making headway in his investigations of the necropolis of Azini. Some two hundred Egyptians are at work and a great number of funeral objects are being constantly brought to light, besides many inscriptions which are of great interest in connection with the early Egyptian history. In each burying place the explorers have found an effigy of the defunct carved in wood.

Charlemagne Tower, who was succeeded by Dr. David Jayne Hill as ambassador to Germany, has arrived from Europe with his wife and two daughters, Helen and Gertrude, declaring that he had had his share of diplomatic service and that he intended to go back to Philadelphia and enter actively into a business that he has been nominally connected with during the last eleven years. All the talk about it being necessary to be a multimillionaire and a lavish entertainer to be welcomed in the diplomatic circles of Berlin, Mr. Tower said, was nonsense.

Lady Wilfrid Laurier, wife of the premier of Canada, reported in a recent speech to club women that quite a number of women had recently gained recognition in the higher institutions of learning in Canada. Among the women lecturers who were giving special satisfaction by their college work she mentioned one woman lecturer of McGill University and several in the Royal Victoria College for Women. Also, she said that Canada had social reason to be proud of her women farmers. During the last year more than 15,000 women made a success as farmers in the Dominion.

Wilbur Wright, the American flying-machine inventor who has been successful in France, has received a check for \$50,000, which represents the first installment of the award promised in his contract with M. Weiller. When M. Weiller informed him that he was entitled to the \$100,000, Mr. Wright simply said "Thanks," and started to whistle, as usual. Mr. Wright's laconic habits have become famous at Le Mans. It is quite possible that within the near future Mr. Wright will receive the cross of the Legion of Honor. A Paris paper, in proposing the matter, says that the government, by conferring this distinction on Mr. Wright, will meet with the approval of the entire country.

Princess Rostopschine, one of the best-known women of European aristocracy, is coming to America to deliver a series of lectures on historical subjects in which members of her own family have been more or less directly connected. One of the lectures will be on the burning of Moscow, which was executed under the commands of Governor Rostopschine, of whom the princess is a direct descendant. The interest of her lectures and of her personality is, however, not entirely due to her historical research, for Princess Rostopschine is familiar with the present court of Russia and also with the other courts of Europe. Her sister is the Countess Hornielli, whose husband was, until his recent death, Italian ambassador in Paris.

M. Gaston Thomson, the French minister of marine, has resigned as a result of a vote in the Chamber of Deputies deploring the negligence in his department as indicated by the *Iena* disaster. M. Thomson was appointed minister of marine January 23, 1905. During the past two years there have been a large number of serious accidents to French warships, the most terrible of which was the blowing up of the battleship *Iena* on March 12, 1907, at Toulon, more than a hundred officers and men being killed. Since the beginning of 1907 the disasters and accidents number at least thirty. Recent dispatches from Paris indicate a strong feeling, as expressed in the French newspapers, that something drastic must be done to put an end to these accidents, which since April, 1906, have cost the lives of 130 men through explosions alone.

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, is not enthusiastic about American art. Though born in Idaho, he has been called a worshiper of foreign art idols. Perhaps it was a misfortune for him to have a thorough cosmopolitan artistic training. He has dealt specifically with American types of character and incident in his arts, sculpture and painting. But he has presumed to see through the hole in the millstone of art in America. He is more concerned over the conditions of art in America than in the production of American art. He finds us lacking in "reverence, sincerity, and individuality"; too much devoted to the machine-made in sculpture and architecture, too much given to slavish imitation of European models. In calling Saint Gaudens a man without imagination and then praising in another section the "Farragut," it may be said, however, that Mr. Borglum is not exactly logical.

THE SHORT WORD.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXVIII.

Lest the officers of the law might interfere, no time was lost by the seconds in arranging the details of the duel. Colquhoun and DeKay represented Tower, while Holton and McCarren acted for Burke. The four envoys met in a private room of the Oriental to discuss the preliminaries.

"Now, gentlemen," began Holton briskly, "I presume that any attempt to call off this meeting would be merely a waste of time."

"I am regretfully forced to say, general," replied Colquhoun suavely, "that you are right."

"None the less, it is our duty to make the attempt," said McCarren.

"Very true, and our principal left the way open to an adjustment, but the door has been shut by Senator Burke's side even more closely than it was before," remarked DeKay. "Are we to understand that you consider all attempts at a settlement absolutely without hope of success?"

"Absolutely so, colonel," replied Holton. "My principal has nothing to withdraw, and has so stated."

"Then, gentlemen," said McCarren with a resigned air, "we may as well assume that everything done is in accordance with courtesy, with a due regard for the best sentiment of the community, and according to the code of honor."

There was a perceptible sense of relief apparent about all four of the seconds as they dismissed this annoying ethical question of whether two men should pistol one another for a word. Remained to settle, how they should pistol one another. Drawing up to the table, the seconds commenced the discussion of this more practical matter.

"Now, gentlemen," began Holton, "as Senator Burke is the challenged party and therefore entitled to choice of weapons, place, and time, I shall read you a memorandum covering those matters, trusting that it may accord with your views. If not, we shall discuss it—without prejudice, however, to my principal's rights. Paragraph One reads thus:

"Principals to be attended by two seconds and a surgeon each. A person to load the weapons is permitted to attend each principal. The drivers of vehicles not excluded. If other parties intrude upon the meeting, time and place may be changed at the instance of either party."

Holton paused a moment, then said: "How say you, gentlemen? Is the first article acceptable?"

"I see no objection," responded Colquhoun. "Of course the provision concerning the attendance of a person to load the weapons permits them to be loaded by the seconds if they desire?"

"Naturally," replied Holton. "The matter is purely optional. It has of late been customary at hostile meeting in this State to have a professional armorer in attendance, but the seconds may use their own discretion. We will therefore consider that Paragraph One is agreeable to both parties. I will read Paragraph Two:

"The meeting to take place on the Laguna Merced farm. About a mile from the Lake Haus, turning to the left, the road leads to a farm-house on the upper end of the lake, occupied by William Biggins, a dairy farmer. The precise spot to be determined on the morning of the meeting."

Again Holton paused. "Is this paragraph agreeable to you, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Quite so," replied Colquhoun, and DeKay also signified his assent.

"The third paragraph," continued Holton, "reads simply, 'weapons, dueling pistols.' I presume that this is not open to discussion, as it has been understood that rifles should not be used."

"Although we will not discuss the question," observed Colquhoun, "it is notorious that your principal, Senator Burke, is an expert with the pistol, is noted for accuracy and quickness, is a practiced duelist, and a dead shot. Now, our man never had a dueling pistol in his hand; Judge Tower never fought but one duel, and that with a rifle. However, we are quite well aware that your principal will not consent to meet ours with the rifle, and you are also probably aware that our principal will meet yours with the pistol rather than not at all. Therefore, discussion is useless, and we will pass Paragraph Three."

There had been some slight bristling as Colquhoun began, but as he closed, all present nodded their heads without further comment, and Holton went on:

"The fourth paragraph reads as follows:

"Distance, ten paces; parties facing each other; pistols to be held with the muzzles vertically downward."

"Is there any objection to this paragraph, gentlemen?" he asked.

"None," replied DeKay.

"Ten paces is not a very long pistol-shot," commented Colquhoun grimly, "but as our principal once offered to fight at five, we have no objection."

"With your permission, gentlemen," resumed Holton, "I will read the next four paragraphs rapidly—as they are all according to the usual routine—pausing after each one. I scarcely imagine there will be much discussion concerning them:

"Paragraph Five: The weapons to be loaded an

the ground by or in the presence of the seconds of each party.

"Paragraph Six: Choice of position and the giving of the word to be determined by the throwing of a coin as usual.

"Paragraph Seven: Choice of the two weapons to be determined by chance as in number six.

"Paragraph Eight: Choice of the respective weapons of parties to be determined on the ground by throwing up a coin as usual; that is, each party to bring their own dueling pistols and the choice to be determined by chance as in number seven.

"Paragraph Nine: Time, Monday at half-past five o'clock a. m."

"Is there any objection to these five articles?" asked McCarren, as Holton stopped for breath.

After a moment's whispered conference with DeKay, his colleague, Colquhoun, replied, "We have no objection."

As Holton prepared to read the next paragraph he exchanged glances with McCarren. It was evident from their demeanor that they expected some objection. He began:

"The final article of the memorandum, gentlemen, concerns the giving of the word. I will read:

"Paragraph Ten: The word to be given as follows, to-wit: Inquiry shall first be made of the principals, 'GENTLEMEN, ARE YOU READY?' Upon each gentleman replying 'READY,' the word 'FIRE' shall be given, to be followed by the words 'ONE—TWO.' Neither party to be permitted to raise his pistol before the word 'FIRE,' nor to discharge it after the word 'TWO.' The interval between the words 'FIRE—ONE—TWO' shall be set forth orally by a second of the party calling the word as nearly as may be."

McCarren was watchfully regarding Tower's seconds as they closely followed Holton's words. "What say you, gentlemen," he asked, when Holton paused, "is Paragraph Ten agreeable to you?"

"Without consulting my colleague," Colquhoun quickly exclaimed, "it is my opinion that the word as set forth in Paragraph Ten is unusual and unwarrantable, and I do not approve of it."

"And I, also on my own initiative," added DeKay, "am impelled to state that to give the word in this extraordinary manner, stopping short of the usual 'Three' is not only unusual and unwarrantable, but that it is unfair."

"In what way can it be considered unfair?" asked McCarren. "It is the same for both."

"For this reason," retorted DeKay. "It is notorious that Senator Burke is one of the most expert pistol-shots in this State, if not the most expert. He is renowned for the quickness with which he can fire, either from the shoulder, or from the hip, or wheeling. Our principal, on the contrary, is utterly unused to the dueling pistol. Therefore he is entitled to fully as much time for firing at the word as is required by duelists familiar with the dueling pistol."

"I fully agree with my colleague, Colonel DeKay," concurred Colquhoun. "And I wish to supplement what he has said by declaring that if this extraordinary and unusual form of the word is insisted on, I shall consider it my duty as a loyal friend, and as one not unused to the requirements of the code, to urge my principal to refuse a meeting on such terms."

Holton conferred briefly for a few moments with McCarren. At last the latter said: "We are of the opinion, gentlemen, that there is nothing unwarrantable in the fixing of the word as we have indicated it. We fail utterly to see how it gives the advantage to either principal."

"Do I understand that you insist upon this condition?" queried Colquhoun.

Again Holton and McCarren conferred in whispers. At the close of their consultation Holton spoke:

"Before replying," said he, "we would prefer that you put your question in full, and covering exactly the points to which you object or to which you desire an answer."

A conference followed between DeKay and Colquhoun, who made some notes. Looking at his memorandum, Colquhoun read:

"We object to Paragraph Ten because the word 'Three' is not to be called as the word after which neither is to fire. We therefore demand to know whether that condition is essential to this meeting, and request a categorical answer in writing."

This, as before, was followed by a conference between Holton and McCarren. When it was ended Holton, also looking at his notes, spoke:

"After consultation with my colleague, this is our reply: As seconds of Senator Burke, we have asked nothing to which our principal is not entitled. As the terms in Paragraph Ten do not subject his adversary to any disadvantage, the request for a categorical answer in writing is deemed improper."

"I may add," remarked McCarren, "that it is now quite open to the seconds of Judge Tower to accept or decline the terms proposed."

There was an air of subdued triumph about Burke's seconds, as their opponents withdrew to the opposite end of the room and engaged in earnest discussion. And there was, correspondingly, a certain air of discomfiture on the faces of DeKay and Colquhoun.

"I'm afraid, colonel," said the latter, in a subdued tone, "that they have caught us napping."

"Yes," assented DeKay, "we've either got to accept the short word or decline the meeting."

"And Tower would never stand that."

"No," admitted DeKay.

"Well, we might as well take our medicine," said Colquhoun ruefully. And the two defeated diplomats rejoined their adversaries.

"Gentlemen," began Colquhoun, "my colleague and myself object most vigorously to the paragraph numbered ten. But we are so sure that our principal is bent on this meeting that it is useless for us to attempt to set it aside. Rather than fail in meeting your principal, he will accept the terms."

"Yes," concurred DeKay. "Besides, we four have agreed upon every paragraph except this one, and we are convinced you will not recede from your standpoint regarding it. As we are certain our principal will accept it rather than be disappointed in this meeting, we are obliged to accept it, but only under protest."

"And we must have our protest on the record," interrupted Colquhoun. "We must exact that copies in writing of these conditions be exchanged with us. Thus we shall hope to stand absolved in the eyes of the community of any neglect of our principal's rights."

It was agreed that the written transcript should be exchanged, and the four envoys parted, not to meet again until they placed their principals in position with their pistols at ten paces apart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Song of the Miner.

Thus the drill to the breast of ore
In the depths of the fissure vein:

"Tho' I pierce to your bosom's core
(tap-tap) Tho' my four sharp teeth bite deep,
Life and action I bring—I end your age-long sleep.
The world and its cities I sing, the stars and the wide seas sweep."

Thus the ore to the Burleigh drill
In the tunnels under the hill:

"E'er the cities you sing had birth,
I rushed from the depths of the earth;
While the hot lands heaved in twain, from the nether fires I poured,
I rolled in white-hot pain, but I guarded my golden hoard."

Thus the giant before the blast,
While the sputtering fuse burned fast:

"The strength of the weak am I,
(Brrroom!) with a terrible voice I cry;
I rend, I crush, and I rive. From your rock-walled vein go forth!
At man's command I strive. To the mill to prove your worth!"

Thus the mill to the broken ore,
As it drops from the crowded bins:

"Now yield of thy golden store
To the uttermost shining grain.
Hear my batteries roar! They must not grind in vain—
Over and over and o'er they sing their Song of Gain!"

Thus the man to the golden spoil,
The fruit of his thought and toil;

"Alone of all earth's gold
This yellow bar I hold
Is free from the stain of guilt—for you no lies were told,
For you no blood was spilt, for you come to me, clean, from the mold."
March 8, 1906. ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

Samuel Armistead, a negro and former slave, who was secretary of state of Louisiana for sixty days with a white man, John Wharton, as his assistant, is dead at Shreveport, Louisiana, at the age of 104 years. He was born in West Virginia, in slavery, and was the property of Dr. William Ball. He went to Louisiana with his master in 1858. In 1872, when reconstruction was making slow headway in Louisiana and there were fifteen parties and factions in the field, Armistead was nominated secretary of state to represent the negro Democrats and the liberal Republican negro element. John McEnery of Ouachita Parish led the ticket as the candidate for governor. After exciting incidents, the fusion ticket was fairly elected by a large majority, but the opposition administration refused to surrender the reins of government and both parties were in office two months. The McEnery government was finally counted out by the "midnight order" of the famous Durell. Of late years Armistead won a reputation as the "marrying parson," having united 600 negro couples in the bonds of wedlock.

The Hedjaz Railway, among other things, will contain a carriage fitted up as a mosque, where pilgrims will be able to perform their devotions during the journey to the sacred cities. Externally the praying carriage is only distinguishable from the other carriages by a minaret six feet high. The interior is luxuriously fitted. The floor is covered with the richest of Persian carpets, while around the sides are verses from the Koran appropriate to the pilgrimage and in letters of gold. A chart indicates the direction of Mecca at one end, and at the other are placed four vessels for holding water for the ritual ablutions. Most of the carriages are of foreign make, but the "wagon mosque" was built in Constantinople.

Arthur Jermy Mountney Jephson, the last survivor of the leaders in the Emin Pasha relief expedition under Henry M. Stanley in 1887-90, died in London October 22. Jephson, who was a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles, came back from the relief expedition with credit to himself, but some of the officers were charged with great cruelty. His health was broken down by African fever and he came to California to recuperate. In 1895 he was appointed a queen's messenger, and retained the position under King Edward.

AN EASY-GOING CHRONICLE.

E. V. Lucas Writes a Distinctive Novel With a Literary Man as Hero.

In no mere conventional sense it may be said that the author has written an exquisite book, a novel that deserves to be read and to be applauded by the culture of the English-speaking world. "Over Bemerton's" is a noteworthy book because it is a chapter from the life of an intellectual man into whose character love comes not as the foundation, but as the capping-stone. We are not merely told that Mr. Kent Falconer is a man of culture, as is the way with the modern writer, who feels that the mental graces ought not to be entirely excluded from fiction, but who dreads the dangerous waters of their depiction. We are allowed to live his life with him for a time, to rejoice in his literary finds, to lounge with him through London, to read over his shoulder, and to exult with him in the embarrassment of intellectual riches only to be enjoyed to the full by those acquainted with the grief of deprivation. Mr. Lucas reminds us of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the nearest parallel to Mr. Falconer is The Autocrat.

We do not make the hero's acquaintance before he is at the point of middle age, but he is so delightfully human that we discern no incongruity when he falls in love with Naomi, who is only twenty-nine. That there is indeed no incongruity we are convinced, if we needed to be convinced, by that delightful old lady, Miss Gold, who has secretly endowed a newspaper and done many other admirable things. Miss Gold tells the self-depreciating lover that Naomi doesn't love him "because of anything." She merely loves him, and that is enough. "She doesn't care whether you are handsome or ugly, or old or young, or cruel or kind, or strong or weak, . . . or have nothing in the bank—those things are beside the mark, because she loves."

Kent Falconer has spent the first part of his life in South America. He returns to London intent upon a life of studious retirement and ready to find his highest joys in a leisure intellectually employed. With the help of Naomi, he finds rooms "Over Bemerton's," the immediate proximity of that famous second-hand book store being a powerful ally to the obvious comforts of the accommodation offered overhead by Mrs. Duckie.

And so we are gradually introduced first to the narrow circle of relatives, and then to the casual acquaintances involved in a residence over Bemerton's, but somehow Naomi is always in the background unobtrusively helpful and then indispensable. Mr. Dabney is perhaps the most striking of the acquaintances. He is the editor of *The Balance*, and he has views and individuality, and inasmuch as *The Balance* carries no advertisements and is endowed, he is able to express them.

Mr. Dabney says that in London plain living and high thinking are discredited and high living and low thinking have it all to themselves:

"But to what," I asked him, "do you attribute this effect?" "To too long a period of prosperity; to peace; and"—he almost spat the words from him—"to the modern press. The new journalism may not have produced it, but it has fostered it. Since you left England there has sprung up a totally new press—a press that does not dictate, but flatters; that finds out what the mob wants and gives it them. A press without any mind—nothing but an infernal instinct for success. A press in the hands of young men in a hurry, without knowledge, experience, or conviction. Opportunists, improvisers, cynics."

"But surely there are good papers too?" "One or two. But it is those others that have the public ear. They are the true organs of the democracy."

"And yet," I said, "at the last general election did not these popular papers lose almost every seat?"

"Ah!" he said, "that is so. But that is not, I fear, any proof of their want of influence generally. Political changes are deeper than that. The mob is moved politically never by opinions, but always by personality. We don't in England vote for Liberals or Conservatives: we vote for men. Sentiment controls us. We vote for one man because we are sorry for him; for another, because we once met him somewhere and he was very pleasant; for another, because his father's horse won the Derby; for another, because his opponent is So-and-so, whom we detest. In England we never accept any one as a simple fellow-creature: we must always fix not only an adjective upon him, but some personal feeling. That is why papers lose their influence when elections are on. But at other times they can be steadily operative for good or bad; they can vulgarize all they touch or dignify it. The new press vulgarizes. Its gods are false. It knows no shame. When found out, it slanders. When chastised, it says, How charmingly you use the whip."

Mr. Dabney believes that nothing can save the country but war. No matter should the country go under—"then we should begin again in a new spirit." It would be a dreadful form of cure, but "a nation fighting for its life makes for me a finer spectacle than a nation overeating at a banquet." Mr. Dabney is in every way a remarkable character, and we are glad to know him. As a journalist he is perhaps a little too intense, for we are told that when he was introduced to the twins he inspected them "with a most admirable how of interest, although at any moment I felt he might remark that one or the other was too long and would be better with twenty lines cut off."

Then there is Trist, the cynic and the dilettante, but of a sympathetic kindness beyond praise. Trist does nothing, he is never in a hurry, he is never late, and his cigarette case is always full. Here is Trist's philosophy of life, or at least some of it:

"The art of life," says Trist, "is the pigeon-holing of women." True enough of Englishmen, at any rate, who want women only when they want them (and then they must have); but no Frenchman would say it.

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to say the same things to everybody. To differentiate one's treatment of people may be interesting, but it leads to complications."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to assume that no one else has any feelings."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is the use and not abuse of alcohol. A wise *apéritif* can make a bad dinner almost good, and a bad partner almost negligible."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to be so well known at a good restaurant that you can pay by cheque."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to make your tailor come to you."

"The art of life," says Trist, who hates gossip, "is never to see two unrelated people together; but if you must,—and it can't be helped very easily,—never to mention it again. Three-quarters of the ills of life proceed from the report that So-and-so has been seen with So-and-so. There is too much talk. A wise autocrat would cut out the tongue of every baby. A silent society would probably be a happy one; because it would be largely without scandal." That seemed to me, I said, too drastic, and I recommended instead the example (from my Chinese book) of Hsin Shao, of the second and third century A. D., "who is now chiefly remembered in connection with his practice of devoting the first day of every month to criticism of his neighbors and their conduct."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is never to be out of small change."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to keep down acquaintances. One's friends one can manage, but one's acquaintances can be the devil."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to show your hand. There is no diplomacy like candor. You may lose by it now and then, but it will be a loss well gained if you do. Nothing is so boring as having to keep up a deception."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to live near a postoffice, but never to go there one's self."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is never to think you know what other people are feeling about you. You are sure to be wrong."

"The art of life," says Trist, "is to be thought odd. Everything will then be permitted to you. The best way to be thought odd is to return a cheque now and then on a conscientious scruple. There is no such investment."

Trist, too, is a man to be numbered henceforth among our friends.

Mrs. Duckie has a son and a daughter—also a husband. The daughter is dresser to that celebrated actress, Miss Azure Verity, and being thus connected indirectly with the stage, she prefers to be known as Miss Lestrangle. Mrs. Duckie's son also is on the stage, and has made a great hit with his new song with the following striking chorus:

Mr. Right! Mr. Right!
He may not have knocked just yet;
But cheer up, girls, he's putting on his boots,
And he'll soon be here, you bet.

Mr. Duckie is known to the music hall world as Alf Pinto, which is considered to be a felicitous cognomen, as indeed it is when we consider its resemblance to "alf pint-o." Mr. Falconer makes Mr. Pinto's acquaintance upon one occasion when that gentleman is visiting his mother and some instructive conversation ensues:

I told him that I had heard him at the Frivoli, and he seemed to be as gratified as any other kind of artist would be. "But I've got a better song than any of those," he assured me, and forthwith sang it. I suppose that to be as assured as that is half-way towards the conquest of the world; but for my part I could as easily undress in a crowded drawing-room as sing an unaccompanied song. He fixed me with his bold, roguish eye throughout three long coarse verses and three inane choruses. And without any shame, too; but indeed how could he have shame, for there was none over: I had it all. I had no notion where to look until he had done.

"That's a clinker, isn't it?" he said, and his words once more convinced me how needlessly we can suffer for others, for they proved him utterly oblivious to any confusion or want of appreciation on my part.

I temporized. "With proper costume and a full band it ought to go very well," I said; and I suppose it would, for the thing was as ugly and tawdry as the people want. Another exposure of marriage. The awakening after the raptures of courtship to the disenchantment of wedded life: the horror of crying twins and a bad-tempered wife and all the rest of it. The cruelty, the hateful ugliness, of this tireless delight in the ruin of the happiest of all human hopes!

"Why," I said, "do you always sing this kind of thing? Why is there no song about a happy marriage with some love and trust in it?"

"Where's the joke?" he asked.

"But surely," I said, "it could be made humorous or amusing enough. Surely there are families that have cheerfulness and gaiety as well as quarrels and poverty and drink. Look at your own father and mother."

"Not worth singing about," he said. "No fun in it."

Mr. Pinto sometimes receives a dozen songs a day, "none of them any good at all." Music-hall singing, it seems, is not so easy as it looks. It is not easy, but it is essential to get "movement all the time." It is not enough to have a voice, "but you've got to drive every word home too, and also keep it going."

Kent Falconer soon gets into the good graces of Mr. Bemerton, who gives him the freedom of his shop. Upon one occasion he is even allowed to take care of the establishment for a whole forenoon when both Mr. Bremerton and his niece, Miss Wagstaff, are unavoidably absent. Then he finds that the care of a bookshop is not wholly the studious occupation that he had supposed. Miss Wagstaff initiates him into his duties:

"The prices," she said, "are marked just inside. They are all net, but if any one bought several books you might knock something off. Don't ever knock anything off a cheap book."

"Be very careful," she said, "with people who look at the illustrations. Sometimes they pinch the plates."

"Whatever you do," she said, "don't buy any books."

"Keep an eye," she said, "on the outside shelves."

"Don't let any one slip one book into their pocket while they buy another," she said.

"Watch them," she said, "to see that they don't rub out our price and put in another themselves."

That, I think, was her very last counsel. I sank down in a chair in a kind of stupor. I had not been prepared for such revelations of perfidy. I had thought of a second-hand bookshop as being of the main stream of human frailty and temptation; and behold it was the resort of the most abandoned! Is there no natural honesty? I wished that Mr. Bemerton would return and liberate me to walk upstairs out of life again and get on with my make-believe.

The ordeal was safely survived, and by the time Mr. Falconer had summoned up courage enough to inform an inquirer that "we never bought last year's Whittaker's Almanack," he felt himself equal to anything.

Among Mr. Falconer's relatives, Miss Drusilla Wynne is perhaps the most interesting. Drusilla is a

suffragette and many other curious things. She has pronounced ideas upon most of the subjects of the day and she expresses them with a certain lofty condescension peculiar to the young woman who is just beginning to feel her mental feet. But the path of reform is not always strewn with roses, and poor Drusilla discovers this to her cost. Mr. Falconer receives a frenzied pencil note from Naomi which says, "Do come at once. Drusilla has been arrested." And sure enough Drusilla is in durance vile with several others for obtruding their ideas with unnecessary persistence upon a reluctant prime minister. Mr. Falconer flies to the rescue and ineffectually tries to persuade Drusilla's brother to be a brother and to hurry to the police court:

I did, however, add, "Instead of ranting about your own reputation as a cricketer, you ought to be hurrying as fast as you can to the police court, to bail her out—if she will let you, which I doubt—and be rather proud to think that you have so determined and plucky a sister. I will come with you if you like."

Lionel, I regret to say, replied briefly that he would be damned if he did anything of the kind, and so I went alone, as Naomi could not leave her mother.

What nice people the police are! To the well-to-do and law-abiding they have a quiet, gentle, paternal way that soothes and reassures. They write things in books like recording angels. They hold out hope.

"Miss Drusilla Wynne? Oh, yes," said the officer in charge. "Taken into custody for creating a disturbance in Downing Street with other females. The magistrate will hear the case in about half an hour. A special sitting."

Yes, he added, I might see her; but they were all very excited, and had been singing their war-song.

A policeman led me to Drusilla's cell and told me the story on the way. It seemed that the prime minister had made an announcement unpalatable to the sisterhood, whose knife, the officer added, had been in him for some time, and certain picked heroines among them had paid him a call of protest.

"No harm in that," said A-27, "but they wouldn't go away when told, and created a disturbance, so we had to bring them to the station. Very violent they were, too, some of them; but not your young lady, I hope. Let me see, what did you say her name was?"

I told him.

"Oh, yes, Wynne," he said (and my thoughts flew instantly to poor Wragg in Arnold's preface), "Wynne. No, she was all right—went like a lamb. In point of fact, I apprehended her myself. A pretty little piece in green and terra-cotta. Seemed to me she was doing what she was told, more than what she wanted to."

Poor Drusilla—if she could have heard that! Nothing so enraging as truth.

I was allowed to talk to her in the presence of the constable, who, with his helmet off, had quite the air of a man and a brother—a far more sympathetic brother than Lionel, indeed.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but I can't pay the fine. None of the others will, and I'm not going to desert them."

"Does that mean Holloway?" I asked the policeman.

"That's right," he said, "Holloway."

"In Black Maria?" I asked.

"That's right: Black Maria," he said.

"How long do you think it will be?" I asked.

"A week or ten days for the first offenders," he said; "a fortnight for the old parliamentary hands."

I told Drusilla about her mother; but it did not move her. "It is mother's battle we are fighting as well as our own," she replied. "Women should hang together."

"Not hang," I said: "it's not as bad as that."

A-27 laughed, and Drusilla turned on him furiously. "Why should policemen be men?" she cried. "That's another injustice. If women have to be arrested, they ought to be arrested by their own sex."

"I quite agree with you, miss," said the constable. "And so would all my mates, very heartily. Yes, and all our missuses too. It's no bean-feast taking a woman to the station, I can tell you. The police have their feelings as well as any one else, and they never feel so little like men as they do when they're apprehending a female offender. Now you, miss, as I was telling this gentleman here, came along quiet and peaceable; but do you think I was proud of having my hand on you? Not a bit of it. I could have sunk into the earth for shame. Votes for women I don't believe in, and never shall; but police-women for women I would plump for."

This perhaps is the first time that we have heard the view of a long-suffering police force and of that force's "missuses" on the arrest of suffragettes. It contains suggestions worthy of some attention.

To give an idea of all the good things in "Over Bemerton's" would be to reproduce the book, because it is all good and so full of a gentle, wise, and humorous philosophy that its perpetual place on the book shelf should be within arm's reach of the easy chair. A book so sane, so balanced, and so refreshing marks a literary epoch.

"Over Bemerton's," by E. V. Lucas. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

On the west coast of India is found a species of oyster, *Placuna placenta*, whose shell consists of a pair of roughly circular plates about six inches in diameter, thin and white. At present these oysters are collected for the pearls which they often contain, although few are fit for the use of the jeweler. But in the early days of English rule in India the shells were employed for window panes. Cut into little squares, they produced a very pretty effect, admitting light like frosted glass. When the Bombay Cathedral was built, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, its windows were paned with these oyster shells. In Goa they are still thus employed.

Next year an American exhibition is to be held in the heart of London, on the Earl's Court site, the scene of numerous successful exhibitions. Sir Alfred Bateman, Sir Percy Sanderson, and the lord mayor of London are important names on the committee, which also includes many representatives of American manufacturing firms.

Sir William Richmond, who is recognized as one of England's greatest artists, has aroused widespread comment by declaring that the cardinal defect of the English schools is failure to teach aesthetics or the elements of good taste. Sir William says: "It is the ineptitude of imagination that is at fault in every great period."

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

By Frank Bailey Millard.

When the stage "went light" they ran out the small buckboard; but when there were more than four passengers the big mud-wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with ten thousand dollars in the newest of new tens and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the postoffice—where he took on a very flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter-writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so loosely to the "lines"; that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth.

"Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore," was what he had said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; "can't git no decent job nowadays. Nothin' ter heh by prospectin'—tried that time an' agin; ef I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulch, but it's a derned long way off, an' me 'n' Sue an' the kids hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue hev ter git that rheumatiz jes now, when we's so hard up, an' afore she weaned the baby? It's a darned shame. Why can't Bill git somethin' ter do?—great, big, lunk-headed cuss. Ef I hed a brother, poorer'n a crow, d'ye think I'd go an' live on him, till thar warn't nuthin' ter eat in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blamed fool. Bill hain't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gettin' his leg broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's onlucky. Been tryin' fur a month ter git a job, an' can't git in nowhere. He's willin' ter work. He'd stan' crotch-deep in the creek all day long washin' out tainin's, ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it fer six weeks, an' didn't git enough to buy a pair o' gum-boots. Whoa, Buckskin! Damn that one-eyed crow-hait! he'd jam right inter the station platform ef yer didn't saw his teeth out."

And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not to Zach Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and saved the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty-mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hiring of the express company, and why should that smooth-jowled agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion?

"They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold that I need to be preached to every time I go out now with a full box. Darned stoop-shouldered, desk-settin' hounds! I'd like ter see one on 'em handlin' the ribbons when thar's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar'l-head. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in! The sweet-scented, calfskin booted young ladies! Thar aint a man among 'em."

Zach Springer's indignation was now in more complete possession of him than had been his feeling of blueness a little earlier. What he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would have said had he voiced his true sentiments with reference to the express agent's lecture. In between the words ran the thought, that "they" had suspected him of having a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to him before in what he called a "left-handed" way, and he had had other outbursts of righteous indignation, but none in which the upheaval was so great as that of the present. Had that been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was. It was too blamed mean for a lot of swine, like these people, to come it so high-handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. Wouldn't it serve them just right, if—

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoofs in little puffs and sprays of it, powdery fine, followed the turn of the wheels half-way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—ten thousand! What would the people down in Mexico or Guatemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had dumped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it after a few days—maybe a week? It would have to be a dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the day-time and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's

sec. would it? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, then—perhaps two months. But it would have to be well-hidden.

And the thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red Canyon, his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for the wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those five little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had thus far managed to clutch; and, as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over if he dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear-cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a question of "nerve."

Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the high, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sage-brush atop, came so near to the buckboard. It could be thrown over there—anywhere—into the sage-brush. It would be as well-concealed as though hurried in six feet of earth. The buckboard had reached the top of a long down-grade. Zach put on the brake and twisted the reins about the brake-handle. As if about to take a plunge into ice-cold water, he reached down for the box. But wait a bit. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then flashing out his six-shooter, he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head. Though it had been hot enough when he started out from Thimble Spring, there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that he would have to concoct, even though he showed them the hole in the hat-brim? What would he care whether they did or not? They already suspected him. If he had the name, he might as well have the game. He looked at a spot, where the sage-brush clustered thickest, and made a mental throw or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance."

Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. Lord, how heavy it was! Could it be tossed over there, after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Via Thimble Spring Stage Line." What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was now closed, for he was about to—

"God, kaint they trust you—you, Zach Springer. Kaint they trust Old Zach?" he burst out, hoarsely. "Yes, but why don't they do as any other decent minin' comp'ny does—turn their stuff into the bank at 'Frisco arter it's minted? What in hell do they want on it up thar?"

Well, after all, that was their business. But he couldn't he trusted. What would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that—for, of course, he would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamboozle her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late, and had been over to Johnson's a good deal, drinking and playing cards with the boys. That would not do. Bill must be looked after. He was only a young fellow—a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a mustache lately. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to hurt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high-chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks which fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him now hurt him just as badly—worse, perhaps, than they did Brother Bill. What would Bill say?

He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sage-brush—as safe as if—

"Git up thar, damn ye! Git, Buckskin! Git, old Gage! Ye lazy critters. G'lang!" And down came the long lash upon the dust-covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran, making the dust fly in the cañon as it never flew before. For Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of iron, and both his big cowhide boots were planted firmly on the box.

"This 'ere is what I call goin' helly-ty split!" he said, ten minutes later, as they were still flying down the grade. "But I lost some time with a blamed-fool notion that I orter a ben licked for ever thinkin' on a minit. Wal, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin' up fer it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll git to the half-way house in quarter of an hour, and then I'll take a good horn. I feel kinder nervous yit. Thet 'ere box is a derned heavy load on a man's mind. I s'pose the sup'intendent up to Gold Butte is worryin' about it, too. Never mind, ol' feller, you'll see that stuff stowed away in yer safe afore sundown.

"What's this? A hold-up, sure as shootin'!"

Out from behind a tall rock, a man, with a piece of dark calico over his face and a very large Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the sparks fly. The mustangs came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester.

"I reckon you've got ther drop on me, stranger," the driver coolly made remark. "Stick up my hands? In course I will, ef you insist on it; but I tell yer these 'ere mustangs is mighty skittish, an' it's on ther down-grade. So yer needn't shoot ef they start up, fur it'll be yer own fault. I s'pose yer arter this 'ere box. Throw it out? It's too hamed heavy ter that. Ye'll hev ter give us a lift."

The man with the gun had said nothing; but the subtleties of the holding-up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held up before. He of the calico mask did not step forward at once. In this suggestion that he should assist in taking off the box he seemed to suspect some trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanging the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver.

"Thanks, stranger," said Zach, with forced merriment. "I never like to hev one o' them air long-barreled things p'inted at me. They shoot too durn straight. Now, here ye are."

With his foot he shoved the box along until it was near the edge of the wagon.

"Thar it is, help yourself; but ye'll find it a blamed heavy load ter pack, ef yer goin' far—over forty pound."

The robber's fingers grasped the box nervously.

"A green un at the biz," thought Zach; "mebbe thar'll be an openin' here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box, but it would not budge, for it was caught on a nail-head in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and out he whipped his bright-barreled pistol.

"Got the dead drop, stranger! It's no go!" he shouted. "Put that weepin' down, you fool!"—for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't? Then take that."

A flash, a report, and back fell the robber without a moan. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust.

The driver shoved his pistol into his holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It had been a close shave for the box and a closer shave for him.

"Takes a purty keen un ter git erway with Ol' Zach, arter all," he chuckled, springing lightly from the buckboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big raise from ther stage comp'ny an' a hundred er two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's 'bout right arter this. Hooray fur hooray! My stock's riz! It's way up ter a hundred an' fifty. Whoop-e-e! Haw-haw-haw!"

He stooped down over the dead man and lifted the bit of cloth from his face.

"Almighty God! It's Bill!"

If few people like caviare, those who like it at all like it very much indeed. Bismarck was probably its most famous devotee. One gathers from Busch that the Iron Chancellor was prepared to talk caviare to any extent if the subject came up, treating of its varieties and merits with minute knowledge. And twice it comes out that one of his principal grievances against "fat Borek, the holder of the king's private purse," was concerning caviare. Bismarck had sent forty pounds of a choice variety to King William as a present, and was astonished to get no present nor even a thank-you in return. But some friend, dropping into Borek's room, saw a barrel of caviare there with a spoon standing in it, and told Bismarck. The chancellor could not forget or forgive Borek's interception of his gift to the king.

The Vanderbilt Cup was this year, for the first time, won by a car designed and built in America by an American and of American materials. Moreover the driver is an American. The winning car is a 120-horsepower Locomobile, and the driver is George Robertson. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who was one of the first Americans to become interested in automobiling and who himself drove cars in several of the big European road races, offered the now world-famous trophy in January, 1904. The cup was deeded to the American Automobile Association. It has always been won by French cars in the preceding events.

A little more than seventy years ago there was no such thing as a brass band in existence. The very first band entirely of brass dates, in fact, no further back than 1835. Prior to that time even our military music was produced almost entirely from instruments of wood, and as recently as 1873 a full regimental band consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Glad Day.

I have not thought of sorrow
The whole day long, nor now.
I wandered out, and, oh, what winds
Laid kisses on my brow!

And all the world was kind to me,
Each spear of grass was gay;
The brown brooks had a mind to me
And sang me on my way.

I conquered many a climbing road,
And always at the crest
The winds of all the world abode,
And shadows stopped to rest.

The hills like lazing gods of old
With sleepy shoulders lay,
And all the soaring vault upheld
Of all the high blue day.

Far, far below the village spire
Pricked sharply to the sky.
"Strong pagan hills of my desire!
Frail house of God!" thought I.

Far, far below the river erept;
The willow leaves made stir
Of blowing silver, touched and swept
By wind, wild lute-player.

(The river wind a minstrel is
A minstrel deft and blind:
The willows know his finger's kiss
'As strings the player's mind.)

The sweet shorn fields, the fairy fern,
The roadside's gypsy bloom,
Young goldenrod—oh, every turn
Was blithe with green and gloom!

I did not meet a single face
That would not smile at me.
Perhaps the sun's vast golden grace
Set love and laughter free.

The gravestones by the poplar tree
Full carelessly I passed.
I thought that Death himself must see
How sweet was Life, at last.

And I came home at evening time,
And still my heart doth sing,—
So have I wrought this wavering rhyme
For my remembering.

I have not thought of sorrow
The whole day long, nor now.
Good night, fair world! and oh, what stars
Weave splendor round my brow!
—Fannie Stearns Davis, in *Century Magazine*.

The Old Gate Made of Pickets.

There was moonlight in the garden and the chirp
and chirp of crickets;
There was scent of pink and peony and deep
syringa thickets,
When a-down the pathway whitely,
Where the firefly glimmered brightly,
She came stepping, oh, so lightly!
To the old gate made of pickets.

There were dew and musk and murmur, and a
voice that hummed low snatches
Of a song, while there she hurried, through the
moonlight's silvery patches,
To the rose-grown gate, above her
And her softly-singing lover,
With its blossom-tangled cover
And its weight and wooden latches.

Whom she met there, whom she kissed there, 'mid
the moonlight and the roses,
With his arms who there enclosed her, as a tiger
lily closes
Some white moth that frailly settles
On its gold and crimson petals,
Where the garden runs to nettles—
No one knows now or supposes.

Years have passed since that last meeting; loves
have come and loves departed.
Still the garden blooms unchanging, there is nothing
broken-hearted
In its beauty, where the hours
Lounge with sun and moon and showers,
'Mid the perfume and the flowers,
As in days when these two parted.

Yet the garden and the flowers and the cheerily
chirring crickets
And the moonlight and the fragrance, and the
wind that waves the thickets—
They remember what was spoken,
And the rose that was a token,
And the gentle heart there broken
By the old gate made of pickets.
—Madison Cowein, in *Smart Set*.

The Sea Hate.

Soft it sings in shining ripples, glad beneath the
golden day,
With a laugh among the dune grass, as it flings
its jewel spray;
But I hate its smiles and whispers, for beneath
the white, curled crests
Lies the great black heart of terror and the wrath
that never rests.

Hidden from the blessed daylight, in its caves it
heaves and throbs,
With a dreadful choking gurgle and a sound of
dying sob:
And the long dark trailing seaweed, lifted on its
ebb and flow,
Is like hair of drowned women whelmed within
the undertow.

Through the pale green dusks of twilight, from
the rolling mystic line,
Comes a chant of fear and beauty, calling sweet
to me and mine.
But I flee the siren music of the cruel luring
flood,
For 'tis doom is in its message and the answer
in my blood.
—F. O'Neill Gallagher, in *London News*.

Clothes make the man, and want of them
Salomé.—*Life*.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Mr. John Erskine's letter to the New York *Evening Post* on "Literature in Colleges" has aroused an interesting discussion. He summarizes his contention by saying: "The average young person today seems to have no recourse to that selected and stored-up wisdom of the race which, until our day, has been a chief means and effect of culture." How far this may be due to the colleges and how far to a general environment unsympathetic with humanism, remains to be discovered if any one cares enough to discover it. That the condition exists can be proved by five minutes' conversation with the average college "young person," who is not only ignorant but insolently ignorant and vulgarly scornful of those who are not ignorant.

It is easy to blame the college, but the college is only a reflection of the home, and culture, from the point of view of the home, is no longer an essential acquisition. The guiding principle of the home is all too often the devotion of every duty that can be devolved with the general understanding that "success" in its lowest meaning is to be the object in view. Devolving everything else we also devolve blame, and so the college, the daily newspaper, and a dozen other agencies are visited with a censure that should be placed elsewhere.

The Book of the Pearl, by George Frederick Kunz, A. M., Ph. D., and Charles Hugh Stevenson, LL. M., D. C. L. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$12.50.

A cursory examination of this sumptuous book leaves us in doubt whether we should the more admire the art of the bookmaker or the minute care with which this unique mass of information has been collected. The authors tell us that they have been engaged upon their task for many years. They have consulted every available manuscript and rare volume and have ransacked the records of the past for whatever would aid them in their work. But not the least useful factor in their success is their own expert knowledge of their subject.

The result is an impressive volume of over five hundred large pages. It is divided into seventeen sections, and an enumeration of these will best show its scope. They are: "Pearls Among the Ancients," "Medieval and Modern History of Pearls," "Origin of Pearls," "Structure and Forms of Pearls," "Sources of Pearls," "The Pearl Fisheries of the Persian Gulf," "East African Pearl Fisheries," "Pearl Fisheries of the British Isles," "Pearl Fisheries of the South Sea Islands," "Pearl Fisheries of Venezuela," "Pearl Culture and Pearl Farming," "Mystical and Medicinal Properties of Pearls," "Values and Commerce of Pearls," "Treatment and Care of Pearls," "Pearls as Used in Ornament and Decoration," "Famous Pearls and Collections," "The Aboriginal Use of Pearls, and Their Discovery in Mounds and Graves." An introduction, a bibliography, and an index complete the volume.

No point of possible interest seems to have been omitted. Beginning with the earliest known use of the pearl, we see the gradual changes and development in fashions, its decorative value at all ages, together with theories and facts of origin, growth, and structure. We are told the proper care and treatment of the pearl and the history and methods of the various fisheries throughout the world. It is preëminently a book for those who own pearls and for those who love pearls and for those who want to know anything that can be known about pearls. There are one hundred full-page plates—three photogravures, seventeen pages in full color, and eighty in tint and black—all showing some rare and rich or unusual phase of pearl life or romance. Among the portraits of famous women wearing pearl ornaments is that of the Empress of Russia, the Queen of England, the Dowager Queen of Italy, Señora Diaz, and Mrs. George J. Gould. The book itself has embossed blue and gold, pearl-studded covers, and heavy broad-margined pages. As a Christmas present "The Book of the Pearl" could hardly be surpassed.

Health and Happiness, by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL. D. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

This is an explanation of the philosophy of healing adopted at St. Paul's Church, Chicago. It is stated broadly and tolerantly and the evidences that it advances are indisputable.

It would seem that mental healing, having enough vitality to survive ridicule and persecution from both religion and science, is about to be adopted by both of them. The part of average common sense is to recognize that thought and imagination are natural forces equally capable of killing or curing and of a potency in no way affected by religious formulas, creeds, or incantations. However great may be the physical benefits resulting from a change of thought-habit, they are just as much at the disposal of the Buddhist or the Shintoist as of the follower of any other faith. But if there are some who find that the use of a natural force is unacceptable to them until it shall have been first blessed and

labeled by a religious creed with which it has no more special relation than with electricity, it is fortunate that this piece of venerable knowledge now called mental healing should be available under almost any form that may be selected. But it is precisely the same under them all. While fully conceding that "wonderful results have already been accomplished through prayer," etc., we may well wish for a more speedy recognition that the one essential is a change of thought and therefore of life and that this is within reach of the unaided human will.

Romance of Roman Villas, by Elizabeth W. Champney. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It is not strange that the villas of ancient Rome should whisper strange stories to discerning ears, and perhaps the present volume could have been ten times larger without exhausting a storehouse of comedy, tragedy, and romance. The work already done by the author encourages us to hope for yet other good things in the future. Her "Romance of Italian Villas" was a pure delight, as was also the "Romance of the Feudal Château." Now we have another volume in which historical fact is so gently touched by imagination as to be unimpaired.

The task of selecting, not the villas, but the stories, must indeed have been a hard one where so many romances compete for the place of honor. Hardly one of these ancient houses is without its many-layered atmosphere of gentle and terrible deeds, without its records of sentiment and achievement worthy of rescue from the pages of unappreciative and unimaginative history. There is Madama, and Aldobrandini, and d'Este, and Borghese, and Mondragone, and many others that we hope have a place in the author's intentions. Our gratitude for what she has given us takes the form of a confident hopefulness that she will not yet weary in well doing.

There are nine stories in the present volume. They are told of the Villas Belvedere, Farnesina, Madama, Aldobrandini, d'Este, Borghese, Mondragone, Medici, Hadrian, Albani, the Colonna Palace, and the Castle of Palliano. They are all marked by complete knowledge, a delicate touch, and the sympathy that brings wisdom and comprehension. Over fifty illustrations, many of them in photogravure, add a charm of their own to a delightful book, the sixth, but not, let us hope, the last that has come from a gifted pen.

The Island Pharisees, by John Galsworthy. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author would have been better advised to preach his rather dreary sermon through the medium of the essay rather than through that of the novel. His somewhat inanimate hero is John Shelton, rich, a pet of fortune, and engaged to a beautiful and not wholly unintelligent girl. Shelton discovers that he is living in a world of humbug, a world wherein a vast majority are in a state of stolid and conservative complacency, recognizing no other god, no other morality than things as they are, and owning no allegiance except to the conventional. The minority are the rebels, the unconventional, those upon whom society frowns as undesirable and innovators. As a result he drifts into a state of perplexed pessimism and breaks his engagement with the fair Antonia on discovering that she, too, is a part of the social landscape.

The story would be better if it were less of a twentieth century "Pilgrim's Progress" and if Shelton's successive discoveries of the hollowness of things were arranged in a sequence less carefully planned. Indeed, he seems a little invertebrate. In his case we should have tried the effect of continuous and good-humored badinage upon his very conventional circle. We should also try some well advertised liver remedy and we should have married Antonia and tried to instill a little sense into her pretty head. But instead of that "he let his forehead drop lower and lower to the table," which is a thing no man should ever do.

Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly, by L. Allen Harker. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is a story of two exquisite old people, Miss Esperance and her scholarly lodger, Mr. Wycherly. To them come Miss Esperance's two orphaned nephews, and we read with delight of the welcome that they get and how the invasion brings a lovely revolution into the staid and quiet home. Never before has Mr. Wycherly's ignorance been so brought home to him as when he realizes that he can not make a rabbit out of a handkerchief, an educational omission that is rectified by the aid of the Presbyterian minister. The author has written a story showing the beauties of human life, and that is something of an achievement nowadays.

On the Open Road, by Ralph Waldo Trine. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 50 cents.

Those who know Mr. Trine will be prepared to welcome this little volume of sane and wholesome philosophy for daily life. Mr. Trine's keynote is that the better pays and that it will exact obedience.

New Publications.

The name of John Kendrick Bangs is a sufficient indication of the sort of humor to be found upon every page of "The Genial Idiot," published by Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.25.

Children, as well as self-respecting grown people, will rejoice in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll, just published by Duffield & Co., New York. The type is large and clear, while the colored illustrations by Millicent Sowerley are of special excellence. Price, \$1.25.

The 1908 volume of "Chatterbox" is fully the equal of its predecessors. It contains 416 large pages, with over 250 illustrations, besides six colored plates. We are inclined to agree with the publishers, Dana Estes & Co., Boston, when they say that it is "the best and most popular book for children in the world." Price, \$1.25.

"The Wide Awake Girls," by Katharine Ruth Ellis, is the first of a series that should

be popular among young people if the standard of excellence be maintained. For girls of twelve to sixteen or seventeen years nothing could be better. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Joseph Conrad is hardly at his best in "The Point of Honor," published by the McClure Company, New York. It is the story of two officers of Napoleon's army who quarrel over an absurd point of etiquette and maintain the feud until the restoration. There are plenty of duels, a smattering of good, wholesome sentiment, and a general air of vigor, but the chief characters are somewhat forced.

A good gift book for children, and especially for Pacific Coast children, is "Old Man Coyote," by Clara Kern Bayliss. These legends are a part of genuine Indian tradition and they remind us somewhat of our old friend Br'er Rabbit. The coyote is by no means without his humorous virtues when you come to know him. The publishers are Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In regard to Colonel Harvey's "Women, Etc.," which the Harpers publish, it is said one woman asked another what was meant by "Etc.," and the other replied: "I suppose he meant Men."

In a recent issue of the *New York Times Saturday Review*, the editor says of R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr), now almost forgotten: ". . . one of the best of all the American humorists, a man whose inventiveness fell little short of genius, and who lacked only the qualities of industry and perseverance, and some share of the much-abused but very necessary commercial spirit to make for himself a larger reputation in American letters." In this connection it would be interesting to know how many readers of this day have ever seen Newell's novel, "Avery Glibun," which was the precursor of the many present-day works with punning names for their characters.

Walter M. Chandler has written "The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint." It will be in two volumes, the first dealing with the Hebrew trial before the Sanhedrin, the second, with the Roman trials before Pontius Pilate and Herod.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's little romance, "Marjorie Daw," which is just published in a splendid holiday edition by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, has had an interesting history. It was written in the winter of 1872-73, at Elmwood, the Cambridge home of James Russell Lowell, which Aldrich had leased during the absence of its owner in Europe. There is a legend of doubtful authenticity that the letters from the different characters were written in different rooms, on different paper, and in different colored inks. Whatever the truth of this legend, the fact stands that in "Marjorie Daw" Aldrich created what is practically a new type of short story, dealing with characters that have lived in readers' memories for a third of a century, with an airy yet vivid life. The story first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1873. Its success was immediate and widespread. It was translated into several foreign tongues and was even republished in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the fall of 1873, it was issued in book form, with a group of other stories, as "Marjorie Daw, and Other People," and its author, hitherto chiefly known as an exquisite lyric poet, took rank at once as an international humorist.

R. A. Peddie librarian of the St. Bride Foundation, in London, has begun to publish, in the *Library World*, what will undoubtedly prove to be a valuable tool for the student of ancient and mediæval literature as well as for the student and collector of early typography, namely a short title author index to fifteenth-century books. He gives for each work a chronological list of editions (preceded by those without date), and for each edition references to bibliographies containing full descriptions, and also to facsimile reproductions.

The November number of *Scribner's Magazine* presents, among other attractions, five of the finest specimens of drawings printed in colors that have been shown in the periodical press. The pictures illustrate the leading article, entitled "On the Old Boston Post Road," written by Stanley M. Arthurs, and were drawn by the author. Also to be mentioned with praise is the concluding paper on Richard Mansfield, by Paul Wilstach, which is intimate yet discriminating in its appreciation. It is accompanied with portraits from photographs.

Mrs. John Maxwell, famous throughout the English-speaking world as M. E. Braddon, celebrated her seventy-first birthday a few days ago at Lichfield House, Kingston-on-Thames. The years have passed lightly by her, though nearly half a century has gone since "Lady Audley's Secret" was written in hot haste and went straight to the hearts of thousands of mid-Victorian ladies who reveled in its respectable sensationalism and in its now old-fashioned sentiment. Those thousands of readers were multiplied into millions, and though the magazine in which it first appeared—*Robin Goodfellow*—has long been forgotten, the story itself is still being sold on the book-stalls. For nearly half a century novels flowed unceasingly from Mrs. Maxwell's pen.

The loss of an English scholar of rare critical ability, an educator of varied and honorable achievement, a lecturer of power and of charm, and a promoter in general of what is sound and wholesome in the world of letters, is that of Professor J. Churton Collins, who was found dead in the fens of East Anglia. Well read and of pronounced opinions in his chosen department of English literature, he did not confine his activities within its bounds. Among his later activities may be noted his establishment of a school of journalism for graduates in arts and science. So diligent was he in every work to which he put his hand that it is thought he undermined his health by excessive industry. Rarely did he take more than six hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, and often less.

Personally he was of great courtesy in his hearing, and he left many friends.

In "The Ladies' Pageant," published by the Macmillan Company, E. V. Lucas marches out nearly all the female characters of English literature, and in the original garb given them by their creators, the poets and novelists. The fair creatures are classified; under the head of "The Tyrants" Lady Holland finds her place, which Thomas Creevey assigns to her in the following manner:

I met Lady Holland again on Thursday at Lord Sefton's. She began by complaining of the slipperiness of the courtyard, and of the danger of her horses falling; to which Sefton replied that it should be graveled the next time she did him the honor of dining there. She then began to sniff, and, turning her eyes to various pots filled with beautiful roses and all kinds of flowers, she said: "Lord Sefton, I must beg of you to have those flowers taken out of the room, they are so much too powerful for me." Sefton and his valet Paoli actually carried the table and all its contents out of the room. Then poor dear little Ly Sefton, who has always a posy as large as life at her breast when she is dressed, took it out in the humblest manner and said: "Perhaps, Lady Holland, this nosegay is too much for you." But the other was pleased to allow her to keep it, tho' by no means in a very gracious manner. Then when candles were lighted at the close of dinner, she would have three of them put out, as being too much or too near her. Was there ever?

Charles Eliot Norton.

Charles Eliot Norton died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 21. Mr. Norton had long been associated with Harvard University, as he was professor there of the history of art from 1875 to 1898, but his influence as a teacher, critic, and moralist was not confined within the walls of a college or even to the country of his birth. The *Boston Transcript* says of his life:

The passing of Charles Eliot Norton removes from the world of Harvard University and Cambridge one who was, after President Eliot, its dominant figure for a third of a century. It was a life with many striking and some unique features. Not many men of literary distinction begin their after-graduation careers by engaging in commerce. Few men whose greatest fame is found in the classroom essay a professorship for the first time at the age of forty-seven. Few professors have the liberty of such a wide range of topics in their lectures. But in whatever field he engaged, he left the impress of a cultivated mind, a gracious personality, and a kind heart. Like many others of his years and environment, the course of this nation in the past decade fretted him, but despite his drastic utterances there was in all he said a most patriotic intent and there glowed a deep love for his country. Cambridge and Harvard can not again be the same place. He was the last of his literary line and a new order will now engage the youth and in them mould leaders.

Charles Eliot Norton was born in Cambridge November 16, 1827. He entered Harvard at the age of fifteen and was graduated four years later. He went into a commercial house in Boston at first, but found his literary bent too decided and left business to make tours of Europe and to write as well as study. He met Ruskin on one of those journeys abroad and their friendship continued. He wrote two books in those earlier years, "Historical Studies of Church Buildings in the Middle Ages" and "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy." In 1862 he was married and in the same year undertook the editorship of the *North American Review*. Six years afterward he gave up this position and he was about this time largely instrumental in the founding of the *Nation*. The success of the latter publication was often credited to his efforts in its behalf and he was proud of his connection with the paper. The *New York Evening Post* says:

His literary friendships were among the most notable in the history of letters. With Emerson and Lowell, with Carlyle and Ruskin, his relations were marked by an intimacy which did not prevent him from editing their correspondence with rare skill and the detachment of perfect taste. It was frequently said that he was steeped in pessimism. This only meant that he would not call foul fair, nor gloze over the socially hideous or the morally repulsive. At bottom, he ever clutched the unconquerable hope. Truth and justice he expected to prevail upon the earth. In one of his letters to Mr. Godkin, he spoke of "the good old cause of civilization—the cause which is always defeated, but always after defeat taking more advanced position than before." No misnomer could be more glaring than to call the author of that sentiment a pessimist.

Last year at Cambridge the eightieth anniversary of the venerable teacher was celebrated, and at that time the published recognition of his work and public services was gathered and noted. He knew that his labors were appreciated. He leaves a widow, three daughters, and three sons.

Puccini, in giving an account of his forthcoming opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," says that the libretto differs only from Belasco's play where it is necessary to intensify the dramatic effect. "I am not going to write an unnecessary note of music," said the composer. "There will be no overture, no prelude. We start right away on the opera and the story is one of sufficient grip to hold the attention throughout the three acts. I have only just finished the first act and I don't anticipate completion of the work until early next year. No composer, if he wants to do his best, can be hurried. Music is not machinery."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Runs of two weeks and more are becoming quite the thing at a majority of the city theatres. In the announcements for the coming week continuing attractions are noted at the Van Ness and the Princess. Neither limited in numbers nor sparing in appreciation is the latter-day amusement-seeking public.

Sedley Brown's picturesque society melodrama, "A Navajo's Love," will round out a successful week at the Valencia Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday afternoon the farcical comedy, "Glittering Gloria," will be presented. The play has its opening scene in a great Bond-Street jewelry house, and there on display is a diamond necklace which furnishes the motive that is followed through the succeeding scenes. There are a number of amusing characterizations in the piece, and the complications are rapidly developed, twisted, and untwisted. Robert Warwick will have a comedy part in Jack James, a young married man who buys the necklace as a present for a comic-opera star, and will display his versatility in the rôle. Willette Kershaw will be Glittering Gloria, and in this dashing winning part will make her farewell appearances here. Others of the company, who have proved their capability, will be appropriately placed. The scenic possibilities of the drama will be fully lived up to by the management, as usual, and the new orchestra leader, Herman Heller, will continue to add materially to the enjoyment of the audiences with artistic selections well played. The critical competitions, which have aroused numerous writers, will be continued on Sunday afternoons.

Kohl and Dill are said to be breaking all records at the Princess Theatre, as they are drawing large houses regularly. "Playing the Ponies" is certain to have a long and prosperous run, as no announcement is made of its successor. Orders from the country for seats come in by mail, and the management no less than the comedians have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the production. Maud Lambert and Billy Clifford continue to hold their place in the popular favor that they won on the opening night.

At the Van Ness Theatre this week "The Clansman" (reviewed at length on another page) has drawn with the power anticipated. It will be continued all next week. Impressive situations and a big cast are important features of this striking melodrama.

The Orpheum never fails to have novel and entertaining features to announce for its weekly change of bill. Beginning at the matinee performance Sunday afternoon, the Millman Trio of artists on the wire will be prominent. Bird Millman, of this company, is said to be an especially clever, daring, and graceful performer. Henry Horton, lately the star of "Ehen Holden," will, with the assistance of Louise Hardenburgh, an attractive actress, present a one-act play entitled "Uncle Lem's Dilemma," which the Eastern critics have called "The Old Homestead" of vaudeville. May and Flora Hengler, two handsome girls, well known here as in the East, will be a feature of the coming programme. Mr. and Mrs. Allison, styled "The Swede Girl and the Fellow Who Sings," will appear in a skit founded on "What Happened to Jones," which affords Mrs. Allison opportunity to display her ability as a Swedish dialect comedian and gives Mr. Allison a chance as a singer. Next week will be the last of Alfred Keley, who will be seen in a new one-act play, entitled "Uncle Phineas," also of the Four Nightons, and the famous Barnum and Bailey clown, "Slivers," in his baseball travesty. George Primrose and his Dancing Boys will say farewell in "Dancers of the Past and Present."

The next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre will be Rose Stahl in James Forbes's comedy, "The Chorus Lady." The character assumed by Miss Stahl in this notable success is that of Patricia O'Brien, a member of the chorus who speaks slang with amazing fluency. The chorus girl type, as portrayed by Miss Stahl, is one of the most original characterizations that has ever been attempted by an American actress, and the star is credited with having scored a most emphatic success. The entire New York production comes to the Van Ness.

Arthur Cunningham, for years well known as a favorite singer and actor, will begin his starring season at the Valencia Theatre Sunday afternoon, November 15, in a revival of Joseph Murphy's success, "Kerry Gow," which will be staged under the personal direction of Mr. Murphy. Cunningham, as Dan O'Hara, will have a most versatile time making love, making horseshoes, shoeing a horse, and thrashing a villain. His engagement is limited to two weeks. Among the many Irish songs he will sing in "Kerry Gow" will be "Nora Acushla," "An Irishman's Toast," "Molly Bawn," and "The Minstrel Boy."

E. H. Sothern is announced as one of the early attractions at the Van Ness Theatre.

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BLACK AND RED DRAMAS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Clansman" is a curious combination of sleep-inducing talkiness and melodramatic strength. It is full of crude fervor, but, after all, it is not a play, but rather what Alan Dale calls a diatribe. The point upon which the diatribe is hung is, as every one knows, the impossibility of political and social equality between the whites and the negroes.

The action of the play is supposed to transpire in the late sixties, when the hapless South was struggling in the throes of the reconstruction period. None but resident Southerners know or knew the justifiable bitterness that then prevailed, and if any one feels a passing curiosity they will find, in Judge Turgée's once widely read "Bricks Without Straw," and other books by the same author, a graphic picture of the state of things then prevailing. And in Southern novels of the present day one occasionally runs across one containing an interesting reminiscence of that troublous period. It is unquestionably a good dramatic subject, since a historical background of tragic truth lends weight and dignity to any theme.

Unfortunately, Thomas Dixon, Jr., is not a writer of sufficient polish and power to wonderfully enhance the sombre strength of his subject. There is much that is puerile in the play, which is cast in melodramatic form, and the diction of which contains bolts and bolts of fustian. In order to hammer in his political points, the author dulls many scenes. A tedious collection of unintelligible stage negroes confuse and distract by the ultra profusion of the darkey dialect, and a collection of weedy girl actresses with feeble, untrained voices make one feel that histrionic art is at a discount in the production.

Yet, in spite of all this, when the white child is killed, and the Ku Klux Klan, mounted on white horses and strangely costumed in disguising white draperies, rushes across the shadowy background of the stage in pursuit of the murderer, one feels the thrills down one's spine that record a mark to the author's credit.

The thrill is even more successfully produced in a later scene, the principal one of the play, in which is represented the midnight meeting of the Klan in a secret cave, for purposes of vengeance. They have their significant rites and ceremonial, and a strange and not wholly comprehensible scene is enacted in which the negro murderer is compelled through the influence of mesmeric power to rehearse his crime.

One dimly realizes, while witnessing this scene, the secret horrors of magic and voodoo that sometimes underlie the outward seeming of the lives of these happy, irresponsible beings, whose ignorance and but partially tamed animalism made them peculiarly the prey of secret license and guilefully fanned superstition, and induced them to meddle dangerously with the darker mysteries of the mind and the will.

What frightful scenes, what appalling tragedies, have been enacted in those flowery lands where dwell two antipathetic races in ever-growing aversion! We shall never hear the half of those tales told, but sometimes faint echoes reach us from the pages of some novel written by a Southerner whose relatives have related to him all the peculiar chronicles of a community of which we in California know practically nothing.

The South has been, and still is, the romance of our intensely practical nation. The old slave days, as a theme for fiction or drama, are practically an exhausted subject. A newer, darker theme has risen, and troublous times may yet result in the settlement of the racial problems of the South. But we have had our romance, and the negro has no cause to blush for more than one of the types of simple-hearted fidelity that was evolved in the days of slavery.

Mr. Dixon exhibits two of the faithful in the person of Nelse, and of Eve, his shrewish wife. This old black mammy was manifestly the heroine of the piece, since no one cared a twopenny for either the charms or the sorrows of Elsie, the sweetheart of the Clansman, and the audience rather delighted in Maude Durand's portrait of Eve in her rôle of husband-tamer.

The Clansman himself was played in good, hearty, melodramatic style by Franklin Ritchie, who did not make the mistake of trying repression in a rôle that called for melodramatic vehemence. Charles J. Wilson was well placed in the rôle of the designing

mulatto who was lieutenant-governor, and George M. De Vere made a good traditional darkey in the rôle of the sheriff.

Indian characters seem to be rather crowding the drama lately. With Strongheart and Nat-U-Ritch fresh in our memory, and with one or two novels containing Indian heroes rising to the mind, it begins to look as if the college-educated Indian, with his inevitable demands upon his American mates for social and intellectual equality, would be a distinct factor in our future fiction and drama.

"A Navajo's Love," the attraction for the week at the Valencia Theatre, rather boulevardizes one's ideas of the educated Indian up to date. We have become familiarized with the idea of his being an athlete and a wooer of white women. The latter result, of course, is inevitable. Love is a plant of nature's growth, and that reckless, irresponsible beladame never pays the slightest attention to social or racial fitness when she is assiduously engaged in fertilizing the growth of the tender passion.

So the handsome, sombre young Indian in picturesque language of symbolical phraseology woos a New York belle, and we further discover, to our amazement, that he is a Wall-Street plunger, is worth a mint of money, is an able and shrewd financier, able to control the market, and, in fact, is a big catch in the matrimonial scramble.

This slightly takes away one's breath, but as there are several cheerful improbabilities in the play, one finally banishes all thoughts of realism, and settles down to enjoying a good, melodramatic feast.

The old romantic idea of an Indian's vindictiveness toward an enemy and gratitude toward a benefactor is brought into play, and serves as the motive of the principal scene in the play, in which the Indian financier, suddenly discovering that the rival he is ruining is the unknown friend who had saved his life in boyhood, foregoes his revenge, and renounces his love.

The scene, although interesting and interestingly acted, was marred by the improbabilities consequent on the loquacity of the crushed enemy of the Navajo, who relates a particularly long and circuitous dream to an unsympathetic and heartily hating listener, and then tops that off by unreeling a long yarn, which, though it had to be told to precipitate the dénouement, was an action not made entirely plausible, since a man facing suicide is scarcely likely to pause for the purpose of relating irrelevant even if interesting incidents.

I should judge that Mr. Sedley Brown, the author of the piece, is a cheerful man, who loves his little joke. So he brightens up the sombreness of the Navajo's love tale with a side-show love-story concerning a determined doctor-woman who flutters around a proposal (from herself to the loved male) for four acts, and finally, to the satisfaction of a deeply sympathetic audience, does the deed and nabs her man.

Everybody is much relieved when she succeeds, for we like the medico (very neatly acted by Arleen Hackett), and her man as well, who, by the way, was played with a good deal of quiet humor by Charles Dow Clark.

Mr. Warwick put much impressive dignity into the character of Julian Navajo, and he actually represented a firewater jag (inspired by the hase enemy) without making him really lose his dignity. The concentric curves described by the actor's legs during this process were really masterly, and yet we didn't laugh at him. We really took the thing seriously, and wanted badly to have the Indian come out of his stupor and get the best of his manœuvring rival.

They have, by the way, in Herman Heller an enthusiastic orchestra leader at the Valencia, who has a very pretty taste in music, and gives particularly acceptable music programmes. He can play his bow right daintily, and is playing this week the ever beautiful berceuse from "Jocelyn" with delicacy and the dreamy quality requisite to the sentiment of the music.

There were worse errors than the matinee hat for the man who sat behind a lady in the seventeenth century theatre, as recalled by the London Chronicle. At least, we may suppose so from Mr. Peppy's experience on January 28, 1861, when he saw "The Lost Lady" for the second time. Nine days earlier that play had not pleased him much—partly, perhaps, because he was "troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown box, and I in the 1s 6d." But on the second occasion the play did "please me better than before; and here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake not seeing me." However, it was all right; for, "after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all."

The Valencia Theatre is greatly in demand by fraternal, society, and other organizations, for the month of November. On Monday evening the Woman's Auxiliary of the California Prison Commission will have a benefit at the new playhouse; on Saturday night the final performance of "Glittering Gloria" will be given with the students of the University of California in attendance after the football game.

Gottschalk and His Gypsying.

Gottschalk is not a name one is likely to see on the programme of a piano recital today, yet in his day the American, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, was one of the most popular players and composers. Much interesting information regarding his romantic life and his works is contained in the October number of the *Musician*. Most artists have bohemian proclivities, but few ever knew how to go a-gypsying as Gottschalk did. In his "Notes of a Pianist," he wrote, concerning his sojourn in the West Indies:

Six years madly squandered, scattered to the winds, as if life were infinite and youth eternal. Six years in the space of which I have wandered at random beneath the blue skies of the tropics, yielding myself up indolently to the caprice of fortune, giving a concert wherever I happened to find a piano, sleeping wherever night overtook me—on the green grass of the savannah, or under the palm-leaved roof of the vaquero, who shared with me his corn-tortilla, coffee, and bananas. When at last I became weary of the same horizon, I crossed an arm of the sea and landed on some neighboring isle or on the Spanish main. Thus in succession I have visited all the Antilles, the Guianas, and the coasts of Para. At times, having become the idol of some obscure pueblo, I would pitch my tent for five, six, eight months, deferring my departure from day to day until finally I began seriously to entertain the idea of remaining there forevermore. Abandoning myself to such influences, I lived without care, oblivious of the past, reckless of the future, and sowed both my heart and my purse with the ardor of a husbandman. The result of my prodigality was that one fine morning I found myself bankrupt at heart, with my purse at ebb tide. Suddenly disgusted with the world and myself, weary, discouraged, mistrusting men (aye, and women, too), I fled to a desert on the extinct volcano of M., where for several months I lived the life of a cenobite, with no companion but a poor lunatic who had attached himself to me. It was at this period that Strakosch wrote to me offering an engagement for a tour of concerts throughout the United States. I hesitated an instant, one sad look was cast upon banished days, I breathed a regret, and sighed. The dream was over. I was saved.

It is told of Gottschalk that in Boston he chose to interchange on his programme a bagatelle by Beethoven and a thing of his own, with the sad result that a prominent musical critic fell into the trap and appreciated the Beethoven while not liking the Gottschalk. Naturally, when he found out his mistake he was not pleased.

Ada Rehan, who has been abroad several months for her health, recently returned from Europe. She said she felt much better than before she left New York, but she was not in perfect health. "I may perhaps look better than I feel," said Miss Rehan, "but because of the uncertainty of my health I shall never act again. It is now about five years since I appeared on the stage. I shall divide my time between London and New York, spending six months in each place every year. The methods of acting now are changed and the plays are much different from the time when I began my stage career. There has been a great public demand for plays of a new sort in recent years, and it has brought about a creation of ephemeral plays that I hardly think will last. I believe the plays of Pinero and Sardou will last, regardless of the change of taste."

Heretofore the official address of the naval station has been "Guam, Ladron Islands." It is now, by official order, "Guam, Marianne Islands." "Ladron" is Spanish for robber, and the inhabitants naturally felt that such a suggestive name did them an injustice. Several months ago, when the special service squadron, consisting of the battleships *Maine* and *Alabama*, visited Guam the sentiments of the islanders were made known to Captain Giles B. Harber, commanding the squadron, and he recommended that the Navy Department change the official title. Several years ago the National Board of Geographic Names, which is the final court, decided that the proper name for the islands was Marianne Islands.

On November 10 Professor Charles Mills Gayley will begin a series of five lectures on "Days in Italy," in the Gymnasium Hall of the Hamilton School. The first lecture, at 3:30 p. m., will be devoted to "Dante and His Italy," and this will be followed on successive Tuesday afternoons by "In the Footsteps of Savonarola," "Michael Angelo and His Florence," "The Brownings in Italy," and "Poetic Glimpses in Italian Towns." Tickets for the course, \$3.00. Single tickets, 75 cents.

Creston Clarke is to play the part of Manson in the new company to present "The Servant in the House" on tour. Clay Clement will have the rôle of the Drain Man, in which Tyrone Power gives such a notable display of force and finesse. Winona Shannon will play the part of the daughter.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Cornwallis West, better known as Lady Randolph Churchill, is quick to enter the lists in defense of society from the attack of Mrs. Astor. She has nothing startlingly new to say. She dismisses "smart sets" from all consideration on the ground that they do not belong to society and she asks us not to judge a caste or a class from the antics of a few people who would like to belong to it, but who do not actually find themselves within the charmed circle. Society, the true society, is made up of very exclusive and very cultured people, who detest seeing their names in print and frown severely upon whatever smacks of publicity.

But Mrs. Cornwallis West has something to say in the way of gentle stricture. She does not like the various social "sets," each one being a law unto itself and looking down upon all others as inferior. Then, again, she thinks that American society women should take an interest in politics and serious occupations of that kind.

It is said that exclusiveness is peculiarly necessary to American society if it is not to be quite overrun by the *parvenu*, and to this Mrs. Cornwallis West says:

Perhaps if they opened their doors a little wider their influence, not to say example, might be felt. In England society is easier of access than in any other place in the world, being built on broader and more solid foundations, and a long-established order of things has made people less apprehensive of having their privileges encroached upon or their position shaken, and they can afford to receive whom they please.

English society being less exclusive, "individual merit is more appreciated than rank or fortune," and "beauty and charm in a woman and brains and good-fellowship in a man take them where dull duchesses and rich bores seek in vain to enter."

A comment by the Philadelphia *Ledger* on a social indiscretion imputed to Ambassador White calls forth an amusing letter from a correspondent on "Manners at Court," from which some amusing extracts may be taken:

Conkling said that Grant sent one man to Paris "not to expose his French, but to conceal his English." One of our ambassadors not only drew up a chair, uninvited, and sat down, at a private audience, but turned his back also to the "concentrated majesty" of a realm, by leading the way into dinner. Another ambassador, whose environment in the United States roll their "r's" and say "yep" for yes, intimated clearly that Americans are good enough for "soup kitchens," but that he himself preferred the society of the nobility.

It is well known that one of our ministers, speaking at a public dinner, "soberly" advised his fair compatriots not to marry the money-hunting, disreputable men of the nation to which he was accredited; that another took advantage of a drawing room to hand round his card, saying at the time, "This saves me the trouble of calling"; that a third, in answer to an invitation to dinner from the British minister, sent the following gem: "Old Fel. Can't come. Mrs. sick. Doc. says 'tisn't catching. Yours, etc.;" that the wife of a fourth remained seated in the presence of royalty and condescendingly remarked to her majesty, "How's your husband?"

Are the American people to be put in the predicament of Frederick II, who, having sent, in spite, a remarkably stupid man as ambassador to England, said to Sir Hugh Elliott: "And what do the English think of Baron —?" "Sire," replied Sir Hugh, "that he is a most fitting representative of your majesty."

The men and the women of New York are quarreling about their respective hats and exchanging epithets the reverse of complimentary. The charge against the feminine headgear is simply that it is a public nuisance and incompatible with overcrowded civilization. To this the women reply—a little weakly, it must be confessed—that men who wear green hats are not entitled to express, or even to possess, any opinion upon any subject under the sun. Although why the simple fact that some men's hats are of an undesirable color should disqualify in this way is not very clear. Only a small number of men are wearing the green hats, and even a green hat is of no different size or shape to one that is black or brown. Whereas the hats of the women tend to make street locomotion impossible, they are an intolerable discomfort in public conveyances, they are actually dangerous when they are made of a stiff material, and they are hideous to the last degree. Now a green hat may be hideous—it probably is—but this charge does not come gracefully from women, who, in matters of costume, seem to have no sense of beauty whatever, nor a desire for it.

There are some women who would like to rebel if they could. Just as it is impossible to indict a nation, so also is it impossible to indict a sex, because there are always some who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Witness, for example, the agonized woman who writes to the New York *Times* under the imposing pseudonym of "A Woman Who Will Not Be Made a Freak." She points out that the so-called "Directoire" hat was first introduced at a time when the average woman did not wear a hat at all and the few who adopted the broad-brimmed headgear wore it only in their coaches. She then continues:

And can not you say a word to the dealers? I spent an hour in one of the best millinery par-

lors of the city last week, tried on every specimen presented to me, and came home hatless and disgusted. It was not price that interfered with a purchase. I told the saleswoman that I could not afford to go to and from my daily business in a cab; I must use the public conveyances, and, as I pay only one fare, I could not take up so much room as her hats would require. She looked amazed and, I have no doubt, thought me something less than idiotic. I was told that unless I took one I would not be "modishly" attired. My business and surroundings require that I dress well. Can you see my dilemma? When I gave an order to have one specially made I was greeted with a smile of pity for my ignorance. Help us out; keep at it, if it takes all winter. Some of us are sensible.

We are saddened, but not surprised, by learning that a well-known woman's tailor in New York has committed suicide. It is easy to believe that an unknown hereafter could hold no such terrors as the realities by which this wretched man must have been surrounded. There is, indeed, no greater mystery in life than the strange force that impels some men to be women's tailors when they might occupy the dignified position of waiter in a cheap restaurant or hotel tout at a railway station. But some things are past finding out.

This unfortunate tailor was hurried to his rash act by the vexations of his business. He could have endured twins with equanimity and he would have smiled at the rigors of a financial panic, but the vagaries of his customers were more than flesh and blood could stand. Death itself was a welcome alternative.

With this tragedy before us there is an irresistible temptation to philosophize upon the trials incidental to the life of the ladies' tailor. Why, we may ask, was not this poor unfortunate content to minister to his own sex? Even then he would have been but the ninth part of a man. By what system of arithmetical depreciation shall we assess the value in manhood of the poor worm who grovels under the caprice of woman when woman is, of all other times, the most capricious, who is willing even for the wealth of Midas to reconcile the prevailing mode with bodily forms that were intended to be divine, but that now are scarcely human? Compared with such an one, the man's tailor assumes a godlike dignity and an imposing self-respect.

The duty of the man's tailor is not difficult. When the cloth and the general style have been selected—a matter of a few minutes at most—the question of fit is left to the tailor. If he is satisfied, so is the customer. Very few men will ever dispute such a matter as this. The trying-on process is for the guidance of the tailor, and as a rule the purchaser has nothing to say. He has put himself in the hands of an expert, and would no more think of challenging his opinion than he would that of the chemist who compounded a prescription for him.

But this is not the case with the woman. Alterations are indispensable parts of the programme, and, however perfect the fit, no woman would be satisfied to omit a delightful preliminary to acceptance. That is one reason why women's costumes cost so much more than men's. The price must allow for their being made over two or three times, inasmuch as the majority of women would rather have a change for the worse than no change at all.

A rather foolish story has been telegraphed from Scotland to the effect that King Edward has put a public slight upon the people of Edinburgh because he was hissed on the streets of that historic city forty years ago. The story goes that the provost and corporation waited at the station to greet the king on his way to Balmoral and that when he was informed of this fact he sent word to say that he could not see them. He himself could be seen through the saloon car window smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper, but as for the provost and the corporation they might just as well have never existed.

It is perfectly true that forty years ago the king, then the Prince of Wales, received a hostile demonstration in Edinburgh. It was at the conclusion of the Mordaunt divorce suit. The prince was a witness, and it was the general opinion that he "lied like a gentleman." Such a spectacle was too much for the unco guid of the Scotch capital—where illegitimate births, it is said, are extraordinarily numerous—and a strict crowd tried to emphasize its own virtue by an insult to the prince.

All that may be true enough, but that the king cherishes a resentment against a new generation is grotesquely absurd. He is not that kind of a man at all. A lack of dignity or of ceremonial courtesy is not among his failings, nor has he ever sought to be revenged on those who rebuked the follies of his early life. Such a rebuke was once administered by Mr. Gladstone, who in a public essay took occasion to lament an apparent tendency on the part of the prince to follow in the footsteps of King George of unsavory memory. Queen Victoria was said to be very much incensed at this public reproof, and her annoyance was intensified when the veteran statesman subsequently included this very essay in a presentation of his own works to his sovereign. But the prince himself showed no annoyance whatever. On the contrary, he

took an early opportunity to pay a friendly visit to Mr. Gladstone and to emphasize the cordiality that he felt toward him. It was commonly believed that the counsel of Mr. Gladstone was not only received but actually invoked by the younger man, and that his influence was not without its effect in the formation of a character from which, however, a courteous dignity was never lacking. That the king should now show a pettish ill humor at the memory of an incident forty years old is therefore not only improbable on its face, but in direct contradiction to precedent.

A New York diner-out complains of the inordinate size of the restaurant bill of fare. He felt that it was a personal affront to offer him a pasteboard placard measuring 11 inches by 8 inches and containing the names of 277 dishes. Not having the whole evening at his disposal, he was disinclined to spend an hour or so in a perusal of the *menu*, and he suggests that if 200 of these dishes were chopped off there would still be sufficient variety for the most exacting, while the money that would be saved by a greater simplicity might well be applied to an improvement in quality.

He finds, too, that the prices are curiously inconsistent. Why should he pay 50 cents for a "good cut of roast beef, bread and butter and polite attention," and then be asked for 40 cents additional because he fancies a little soup; or 30 cents additional for a little plate of rice pudding? He naturally asks "why

such prices on the minor and incidental dishes?"

The day of the pet toy dog, an authority on feminine modes asserts, is over. The reason is not far to seek.

The toy dog, the æsthetic mind gravely explains, is out of harmony with the long, graceful lines of the Directoire gowns. When his mistress wore a skirt of walking length Fido was no inconvenience, as she could then bestow all her care on him. But now the long sweeping tight skirt demands all her attention, so the little dog is a pleasure with which she must dispense.

What is worse, the tiny dog is completely out of the picture with a large umbrella hat. What fancy will take the place of the toy dog seems unsettled, but in Hyde Park there are just now more bulldogs than any other breed to be seen abroad in charge of smart women.

The rage for gambling at White's and Almack's clubs in London in other days led to most outrageous betting, as to which Walpole tells what he calls a good tale: A man dropped down in a fit before the door and was carried inside; the club instantly made bets as to whether he would die or not, and when a doctor was called in to attend him his ministrations were interfered with by the members, because, they said, these would affect the fairness of the bets.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before herself, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come; this is no amateur performance."

The British artilleryman, as he swelled his chest with pride and pointed to a small bronze cannon, remarked: "And this, sir, is a gun we captured at Bunker 'll." "Yes," blandly replied the American tourist, "you got the gun and we got the hill."

Thomas Riley, a former attorney of Boston, was famous for his wit and powers of repartee. Once in trying a case, he found himself opposed by a lawyer named Lowe. Matters had not gone far before Riley became impatient, and, turning to the jury, said: "Gentlemen, I have heard of Lo, the poor Indian, but who ever heard of Lowe, the poor lawyer?"

One day, an old gentleman who found the Java village at the World's Fair very absorbing, at length confided in a young man standing near. "It's powerful nice to watch," he said, "but I may say I should be better on't if I was a trifle better posted. My jography's a leetle rusty, and it's truth and fact that I don't jestly know where Java is. Now where is it?" "Oh," said the young man, with the assured quiet of one who knows, "just a little way from Mocha!"

Lord Lyveden is an ardent peerage reformer, and tells an anecdote in this connection for whose authenticity he pledges himself. This narrates how a famous statesman of the nineteenth century was called upon to visit his son in prison. He bitterly reproached him, remarking: "Here am I, having worked my way up from a middle-class home to a great position, and when I die you will be the greatest blackguard in the peerage." The son listened quietly, and then replied with terrible irony, "Yes—when you die."

Mr. Lowry is a man with a moderate income and one child, a boy of eleven or twelve years, whom he is already sending to a French master, who is accustomed to be paid every Monday. Recently Mr. Lowry sent Henry to his lesson without the usual bank-note. That evening the father did as he always does—looked over the boy's exercise, and this is what he found Henry doing his best to put into Parisian French: "I have no money. The week is up. Have you no money? Has your father no money? I need money. What is the day of the week? The day of the week is Monday. Does your father know the day of the week?"

Fanny Kemble once spent the summer at a small country town in Massachusetts. While there she engaged a neighbor, a plain farmer, to drive her around. The farmer, desiring to entertain his guest, expatiated freely upon the state of the crops and the neighborhood gossip, until Miss Kemble remarked somewhat testily: "Sir, I engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me." The farmer said no more. When Miss Kemble was ready to leave town she sent for the man and asked for her bill. One of the items therein she could not understand and asked for an explanation. "That?" said the farmer; "oh, that's 'Sass, \$5.' I don't very often take it, but when I do I charge."

Colonel Gilbert Pierce, the late minister to Portugal, once picked up in his arms a young lady who stood hesitating at the corner of a street in an Indiana village, unable to cross it, because a shower had filled it with a rushing torrent of water. The young lady submitted without protest while the colonel strode gallantly through the torrent until he deposited his fair charge on the opposite sidewalk, with dry feet. "Sir!" she then said, indignantly, "are you aware that you have insulted me?" "I was not aware of it," replied the colonel; "but seeing that you are right, I beg to make amends." So saying, he picked up the protesting damsel and restored her to the point where he had first made her acquaintance.

At the time of the fabulous success of Lamartine's "History of the Girondins," M. Buloz, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, begged the poet to contribute something in prose for his periodical. Lamartine consented, making a condition, however, of an advance payment of four thousand francs. On receiving the money, he handed the publisher a copy of verses, saying that he could print them if he liked as an earnest of his promised articles. Then came the revolution of 1848. One day Lamartine, then minister of foreign affairs, received a call from Buloz, now his bitter enemy. "I have come," said the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "to ask you to pay me the four thousand francs I lent you." "Certainly, with pleasure," answered Lamartine, taking four crisp thousand-franc notes out of a drawer of his writing-table. Buloz, quite unprepared for this prompt way of transacting business, faltered, "But, then, I

owe you something for those verses." "Oh, that is of no consequence; do not mention that," said Lamartine, carelessly. "Excuse me, M. le Ministre, but the *Revue des Deux Mondes* prefers not to be under obligation," said the editor, very stiffly. "Ah! then the matter is very easily adjusted; let us call it four thousand francs," and Lamartine replaced the notes in his drawer, locking it up carefully.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, at a luncheon in New York, narrated her impressions of the great city that she had not seen for twenty years. "New York has now taken her place among the world's capitals," she said. "New York is no longer young and unsophisticated. She has now all the weariness and vice of Paris, London, and Rome. They who still speak of New York as young, childish, innocent, speak very foolishly. They remind me of Lord Exe of the Carlton. Lord Exe at seventy tried to lead the life of a youth of twenty-five. He dyed his hair, wore a corset, and frequented the music halls, Piccadilly Circus, and the Burlington Arcade. One afternoon, as he drove from the Carlton in his brougham, a member said, smiling: 'There goes Exe. He told me over a whisky and soda just now that he felt as fresh as a two-year-old.' Another member sneered: 'He probably meant a two-year-old egg,' he murmured."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Wheeze.

A gent of extraction Slavonic, When told that he needed a tonic, Growing suddenly frisky, Cried, "Never-soff-whiski!" Which in Russian is very laconic. —Life.

Poor Mr Hobson.

"If you kiss me I'll call mother!" Said the maiden fair to see; "That is all the good 'twill do her, I'm no Hobson," answered he. —Smart Set.

A Cheap Blowout.

A canny old Scotchman, MacDougal, Who, like all of his people, was frugal, Whene'er he felt fine, 'Stead of ordering wine Would go blow himself on a bugle! —Success.

On a Certain Spot.

Willie played at hunting redskins, Tore his clothes but captured none; When he went home, with her slipper Mother gave him one. —Boston Transcript.

Minute but Merry.

A little widow now and then Plays havoc with the single men. She smites our hearts with glances bright. Beware, O men, the widow's smite. —Houston Post.

A Royal Revenge.

There was once a king of the Cannibal Isles Acquired the typewriter habit. Though far from the centre of fashions and styles, Without any access to newspaper files, 'Twas a caution the way he would stab it, A-knocking out messages wordy and long, On every conceivable subject and wrong: "The Rights of Humanity," "How to Get Strong," "And 'What Can We Learn from the Rabbit?'" "Here, take this!" he'd cry to his runners—"Skiddoo!" And read it to every one down in 'Who's Who!'"

The runners set out with their burdens, perforce, For fear they'd be roasted and branded: They'd stop everybody they happened across Who seemed anybody, and read what the boss Had written, advised and commanded: "Be good and you'll prosper." "Look out and not in,"

"No man can be happy who's living in sin," "Be sure that you're right, then determine to win"—

And other receipts second-handed— For a while the inhabitants listened in quiet, Then suddenly made him a part of their diet.

I speak of the king whom they cooked to your taste Apportioning then with a sabre: "In this way," they argued, "we're saving the waste.

We swallow direct and with praiseworthy haste The whole of our late royal neighbor: No more need we labor, interpret and strive To understand all that he meant while alive, His wisdom we now will digest at one dive, "And save him the typewriting labor!" Alas! he continued to disagree still, As e'er with his subjects, and made them all ill. —William Wallace Whitelock, in *New York Sun*.

Returning from his visit to the East the Kansas City man related with much complacency this story: "A man from this town, having large financial interests in New York, declined a dinner while there from a New York financier, on the ground that he was going to hear the 'Meistersinger' that evening. 'Meistersinger?' asked the New York innumerable. 'What's that?' The man from this Western 'Prairie Dog City' looked at him a moment and then said: 'You're a barbarian.'"

A. Hirschman

For fine jewelry and silverware. 1641-1643 Van Ness Avenue.

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French Savings Bank

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Paid-up Capital\$ 600,000
Total Assets 4,270,800
Strictly a Savings Bank. Open Saturday Evening from 7 to 8:30
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The French-American Bank is located in the same building.

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526 California St., San Francisco
Guaranteed Capital\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash, 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds, 1,453,983.62
Deposits June 30, 1908..... 34,474,554.23
Total Assets 37,055,263.31
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MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only.

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CAPITAL - - - \$2,500,000
SURPLUS - - - 620,000
Sig Greenebaum, H. Flieshacker,
President Vice-President and Mgr.
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Berkeley, Cal.
Combined Resources over \$5,500,000.00
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Berkeley, Cal.
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Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,118,394
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Manager Pacific Department
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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

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MT. TAMALPAIS AND MUIR WOODS VIA SAUSALITO FERRY FOOT OF MARKET ST. LEGAL HOLIDAYS—SUNGOY TIME

Lv. San Francisco		Lv. Muir Woods		Lv. Tamalpais	
WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY
9:45 A.	17:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.	1:40 P.
1:45 P.	19:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	9:45 A.	2:45 P.	4:40 P.	8:14 P.	1:40 P.
DAY	11:15 A.	4:40 P.	5:45 P.	DAY	3:10 P.
Tamal- pais only	1:45 P.	7:40 P.	9:50 P.	ONLY	6:40 P.
14:45 P.	3:45 P.	Muir Woods only	14:45 P.	8:15 P.	

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Never in the social annals of San Francisco has there been more gaiety thus early in the season and all indications point to a continuance of the charming entertaining which goes on so merrily day after day. Nearly all of the pretty, dainty little debutantes, that being the type that prevails this winter, will be presented within a fortnight, and any number of affairs are planned in their honor.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mercedes Huffman, daughter of Mrs. C. H. Huffman, to Lieutenant George E. Nelson, Third Cavalry, U. S. A. The wedding will take place late in December.

The wedding of Miss Constance de Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, to Mr. Joseph Oliver Tobin will take place on November 18 at high noon at St. Mary's Cathedral.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, to Mr. Baldwin Wood took place on Monday last at the home of the bride's mother on Fillmore Street near Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was celebrated at five o'clock by the Rev. Charles Ramm of St. Mary's Cathedral. Miss Helen Dean was the maid of honor and Mr. Thomas Eastland was the best man. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Wood will occupy Mrs. Hyde-Smith's home for the winter.

The wedding of Miss Mary Eldred Hamlin to Lieutenant Hensley Lacy, U. S. N., took place on Thursday of last week in Christ Church, Coronado. The ceremony was celebrated at noon by Bishop Johnson, assisted by the Rev. Charles Spalding. Miss Josephine Smith, the bride's cousin, was maid of honor and Lieutenant Potet, U. S. N., was the best man. The ushers were Lieutenant-Commander Lorimer, U. S. N., Lieutenant Jensen, U. S. N., Lieutenant Holmes, U. S. N., Lieutenant Lamson, U. S. N., Lieutenant Gatewood, U. S. N., and Surgeon Field, U. S. N. Lieutenant and Mrs. Lacy will spend a month in California and will then leave for New York.

The wedding of Miss Maude Welch, daughter of Mrs. James Miller Welch of Stockton, to Mr. Frank Cushing Dutton took place on Thursday, October 22, at the bride's home in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins entertained at a ball on November 24 at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mrs. John McMullin will entertain at a tea on Saturday, November 21, at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her debutante granddaughter, Miss Anna Weller.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of her cousin, Miss Innes Keeney. The guests were Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Maud Wil-

son, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Harriett Alexander, and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. Hall McAllister will be the hostess at a tea on Thursday next in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Ethel McAllister.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson will entertain at a tea on Tuesday next at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Maud Lane Wilson.

Miss Alyce Sullivan will entertain at a tea on Thursday next in honor of Miss Asleigh Turner.

Miss Florence Breckinridge will be the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday next at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick and Miss Clara Allen.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway was the host at a dance last night (Friday) at the Fairmont in celebration of his birthday.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood entertained at a ball on Friday evening of last week at Century Hall in honor of her debutante granddaughters, Miss Dorothy Chapman and Miss Avis Sherwood.

Miss Frances Reed was the hostess at an informal dance last night (Friday) at the home of her mother, Mrs. Henry C. Campbell, in Sausalito.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of her debutante sister, Miss Alice Oge.

Mrs. William H. Babcock entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week at the Francesca Club in honor of Miss Kate Brigham.

Miss Sidney Davis was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Vera de Sabla. Her guests were Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Jones, and Miss Dolly MacGavin.

Mrs. Cullen F. Welty entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening last at the Fairmont in honor of her brother, Mr. Baldwin Wood, and his fiancée, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney entertained at a tea on Saturday afternoon last at the Century Club in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Innes Keeney. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. George Page, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. William Gwin, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. James Pollis, Mrs. James M. Allen, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. James Keeney, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Elizabeth Parran Simpson, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Lolita Burling, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Josephine Elliott, the Misses Newhall, Miss Maud Wilson, the Misses du Bois, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Eliza McMullin, and Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Mrs. George Kellam was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Hill of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Orville C. Pratt was the hostess at an informal tea on Friday afternoon of last week at her home on California Street.

Miss Helen Baker entertained at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon last at her apartments at the Hillcrest in honor of Miss Louise Boyd. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Boswell King, Miss Elizabeth Simpson, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Eleanor Cushing, and Miss Dolly MacGavin.

Mrs. George Rodman Shreve was the hostess at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Munson.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin will leave shortly for New York to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge came up last week from their Menlo Park home for a stay at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, who spent the summer in Ross Valley, have taken a house on Franklin Street near Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will occupy the Broadway home of the George K. Armsbys for the winter.

Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd left this week for the East, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sara Coffin, who have been at their Ross Valley home since their return from the East, will spend the winter in town, occupying the P. B. Cornwall residence on Pacific Avenue and Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dahlgren and Miss Katharine Martin have come up from their Santa Cruz home and are in an apartment on Hyde Street for the winter months.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool left this week for the East, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins will close their Menlo Park

home for the winter and will occupy a house on Vallejo and Scott Streets.

Mrs. William Kohl and Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl left New York this week for California and will spend the winter in San Mateo.

Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low, who have been at Del Monte for some months past, will leave about December 1 for Santa Barbara for the winter.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and Miss Louisa Breeze have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone spent the week-end in Ross Valley as the guests of Mrs. J. G. Kittle.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Marian Miller, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, and Mr. Henry E. Bothin have returned from a motor trip to Southern California.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding arrived this week from New York.

Miss Merritt Reid is the guest of Miss Jeannette von Schroeder in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. Haskett Derby has returned to San Francisco, after spending the summer in Boston and Bar Harbor.

Mrs. Flora Dean Magee and Miss Ethel Dean have gone to their ranch in Nevada for a stay of several weeks.

Miss Kate Brigham has left for Annapolis, where she will join her mother, who is the guest of Lieutenant Clarence S. Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff (formerly Miss Alice Brigham).

Miss Christine Pomeroy has been visiting in Ross Valley as the guest of Miss Natalie Coffin.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum, who have been in Ross Valley during the summer, are at their home on Broadway.

At the Hotels.

Registrations at Hotel Argonaut include: Mr. P. Durel, New Orleans; Colonel Thomas Wilhelm, U. S. A.; Mr. C. T. Harman, Minneapolis; Mr. H. Neumann, St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gerlach, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wood, Detroit; Mr. W. C. Roelop, Cleveland; Mr. H. V. Brue, Gila, Ariz.; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Wyatt, Hutchinson, Kan.; Mr. H. J. Cunningham, London.

Among registrations at the Hotel St. Francis are the following: Mr. M. Lawrence; Mr. H. O. Comstock; Major and Mrs. William Stephenson; Mr. James Roscovar and Mr. Charles B. Strecker, Boston; Mrs. James Wilder, Honolulu; Mr. S. R. Curzon, Sacramento; Mr. Henry E. Bothin, Ross Valley; Mr. A. R. Goring-Thomas, England; Mr. John Partridge, Menlo Park; Mr. J. M. Monbray, Rhodesia; Lieutenant-Commander H. G. Baker, U. S. N.; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Danaher; Mrs. Coleman and Miss Cross, Honolulu; Mr. E. Bosshart, Yokohama; Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Jackson, U. S. A.; Lieutenant F. W. Osburn, U. S. N.; Mr. E. S. Moulton, Riverside.

Recent registrations at the Fairmont Hotel include: Mrs. W. M. Littlepage, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Stegman; Mrs. Louis Sloss; Dr. W. A. McEnery; Miss McEnery; Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Sage; Mr. and Mrs. George William Hooper and Miss Emily Meyer; Mr. John G. Johnston, Mr. Adolph Fleishman, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wahi, Mr. R. de G. Treen, Mrs. M. H. Robinson, Pasadena; Mrs. C. W. Pennoyer, Mr. Luther G. Brown, Los Angeles; Mr. William Graham, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gardner, Dr. and Miss Watery, Mr. De Putron Glidden, England; Mr. and Mrs. James J. Hanover, Mr. J. H. Colburn, Mr. K. Wolf, Mr. John E. Melville, New York; Mr. Alfred Alderice, Mr. W. B. Peck, New York; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Gilman, Boston; Mrs. John Havens Dayton, Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. George L. Fish.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Whitley, Mr. George A. W. Hinkkel, Rev. A. Jaquet, Mrs. L. A. Gould.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mr. Wilson Meyer, Mrs. Vera Meyer, Miss I. Meyer, Mr. C. S. Scott, Miss Hazel Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Russell, Mrs. Nellie Harris, Dr. and Mrs. E. Elliston.

Among recent San Francisco registrations at Hotel del Monte are: Mrs. Byron G. Mantle, Mr. L. D. Maxwell, Mr. R. Weinstock, Mr. Robert Reinhart, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McCarthy, Colonel W. R. Smedberg, Major T. K. Stater, Mr. Charles F. Fee, Mr. L. O. Covison, Mr. Charles Fletcher Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wirtner, Mr. E. T. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Miss Dorothy K. Fries, Mr. Will Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Wilshire and party, Miss Agnes Tobin, Mr. J. K. Steele, Mr. Arnold Genthe, Miss Heynemann, Miss Hope Hemsted, Mr. J. P. Piazzoni.

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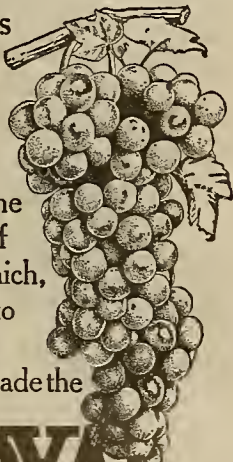
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No Alum; No Lime Phosphates

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., has assumed command of the Department of California.

Colonel William A. Simpson, adjutant-general, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as inspector of small arms, Department of California, Lieutenant A. La Rue Christie, aide-de-camp, U. S. A., having assumed the duties of that office.

Colonel Walter S. Schuyler, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was at the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, for duty, has been granted leave of absence for twenty days, which took effect on October 31.

Colonel Robert H. Patterson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Banks, Massachusetts, and will assume command of the Artillery District of Boston. Colonel Patterson has been in command at Fort Screven, Georgia.

Colonel Garland N. Whistler, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Worden, Washington, to assume command of that post and of the Artillery District of Puget Sound.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel J. Walker Benet, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., Major Frank R. Keefer, Medical Department, U. S. A., Major Samuel W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Major George E. Pickett, paymaster, U. S. A., Captain Charles Crawford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary, U. S. A., Captain Frederick W. Stopford, commissary, U. S. A., Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Arthur E. Ahrends, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Matthew Demmer, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., were relieved on October 31 from further duty at the Camp of Instruction, Atascadero, and have proceeded to the stations from which they were ordered to the maneuvers.

Major Thomas Wilhelm, U. S. A., retired, on duty with the organized militia, State of California, has been designated to make the annual inspection of the organized militia of California.

Major William G. Haan, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Wadsworth, New York, to assume command of that post.

Major Daniel W. Ketcham, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been promoted to his present rank, dating from October 10. He will remain on duty at his present station, the Presidio of San Francisco.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Shafter, H. T., has been designated to make the annual inspection of the organized militia of Hawaii Territory.

Major Edward R. Schreiner, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, was ordered to report to the commanding officer, One Hundred and Sixtieth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, for duty, and accompanied that command en route to Fort Stevens, Oregon. Upon the completion of that duty he will return to his proper station.

Captain Percy M. Kessler, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Captain Granville Sevier, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., are relieved from duty at Fort Hamilton, New York, and ordered to proceed to Fort Hancock, New Jersey, for station in connection with the establishment of headquarters of the Southern Artillery District of New York at that port.

Captain Frederic H. Sargent, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted thirty days' leave of absence.

Captain James D. Fife, Medical Corps, U. S. A., was relieved from duty at Fort Slocum, New York, and sailed on Thursday on the transport leaving this port for the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant-Colonel D. L. Brainard, deputy commissary-general, U. S. A., chief commissary, Department of California, returned on Wednesday of last week from Atascadero, where he has been on duty at the manoeuvre camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry H. Ludlow, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Caswell, North Carolina, to assume command of that post and of the Artillery District of Cape Fear.

Lieutenant Guy G. B. Hanna, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service and will proceed to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and report in person to the commanding officer of the recruiting depot at that post for instruction for a period of ten days in the method of examining recruits. At the expiration of that period he will proceed to Louisville, Kentucky, and enter upon recruiting duty at that place.

Lieutenant Edward H. Andres, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month.

Lieutenant A. La Rue Christie, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been announced as aide-

de-camp to Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., commanding officer, Department of California.

Lieutenant Augustus B. Van Wormer, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is designated for detail in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States with station at Cloverdale, California.

Lieutenant Frank S. Bowen, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence in view of exceptional circumstances existing.

Lieutenant James M. Petty, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take effect on or about December 1.

"Come Into the Game."

On Saturday, November 7, the much discussed event "Tag Day," benefit of Children's Hospital, will take place; in case of very bad weather, Tag Day will be postponed until the following Saturday. It is the desire of the committee that the general public have a chance to help the good cause in its own modest way; just through the small but willingly given sum of ten cents per tag, those classes whose children occupy the free beds at the hospital are enabled to give material and moral support to the work of the institution. General headquarters for Tag Day are at Hotel St. Francis. The committee will be there on Friday, the 6th, from nine a. m. until five p. m., for the purpose of distribution; and on Saturday, the 7th, and Monday, the 9th, for collection. All participants are requested to turn in their receipts at the earliest possible date. The committee comprises Mrs. Helen Hecht, general chairman; Mesdames Henry Payot, J. E. Botkin, Bertha G. Lilienthal, Isaac N. Walter, R. V. Watt, and Kerr. A special committee will visit all the grammar schools and personally instruct the 16,000 enlisted school children as to their duties.

The De Gogorza Concerts.

Emilio de Gogorza, the famous baritone, gives the first of a series of three concerts here next Sunday afternoon at 2:30, November 8, at Christian Science Hall. His programme is a varied and interesting one, with no less than fifteen numbers for himself alone, including selections from Handel, Gluck, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, Caldara, Alvarez, Sidney Homer, H. Tours, Howard Brockway, and Horatio Parker. Signor Gogorza will be assisted by Henry C. Whittemore, the pianist, who will play as solos selections from Chopin, Mendelssohn-Liszt, and Forgnes.

The same programme will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland Friday afternoon, November 13.

Signor Gogorza's second concert here will be Thursday evening next, November 12, and at his farewell appearance, Sunday afternoon, November 15, a special request programme will be given.

Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for the concerts in this city, and for Oakland the tickets will be on sale Monday at the box office of Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The New York Grand Opera Season.

Oscar Hammerstein announces the repertoire of the opening week of the Manhattan Opera House. The third season begins on Monday evening, November 9. "Tosca" will be the introductory opera, arrangements having been made whereby Mr. Hammerstein shall hereafter have the right to produce this and all other operas by Puccini. The first night of the season will be the occasion of the American debut of the Contessa Maria Labia. The French baritone, Maurice Renaud, will be the Baron Scarpia of the cast. Signor Zenatello, Mr. Hammerstein's principal Italian tenor, will be heard as Cavaradossi.

The Metropolitan Opera will open its Greater New York season in Brooklyn with "Faust," November 14. Caruso and Farrar are to sing the chief rôles. The regular season is to begin at the Metropolitan, November 16, with "Aida," Destinn and Caruso as the stars.

American National Red Cross.

The president and secretary announce that the annual meeting of the California branch, American National Red Cross, will be held in Century Hall, southwest corner of Franklin and Sutter Streets, on Monday, November 9, 1908, at 2 p. m. An appropriate programme has been arranged and those interested are cordially invited to be present.

At last, Puccini's opera, "La Bobème," is to be sung at the Royal Opera in Berlin, after all the rest of the world has heard it many times. The emperor, it seems, disliked the moral tone of the text and of Murger's book, whence it came. Now he has withdrawn his paternal objection and "La Bohème" will have a place in the repertory beside the innocent "Salomé," for example.

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Strauss's "Elektra"

Richard Strauss's new opera, "Elektra," which is nearing completion, is already arousing a great deal of comment. Strange to say, the Italian papers seem to know more about it than the German. In dramatic power, in polyphonic boldness, in originality of instrumental combinations which reveal the highest inspiration, "Elektra" is said to far outdistance "Salomé." Now and then there are bizarre effects, but the work produces new and sensational impressions, and contains psychological moments of wonderful power, and it grips the listener in a way that compels and convinces him. The entire opera is condensed into the part of Elektra. The other persons, not excepting Orestes, have small rôles only. Strauss and his friends are somewhat concerned about the difficulties with which the artists who sing the part of Elektra will have to contend. How many will succeed in it? Surely very few. The rôle of Elektra is far more taxing than that of Salomé. Aside from ordinary difficulties, the whole scheme of the part makes it doubly difficult. Strauss ignores traditions and often forgets even the natural limitations of the human voice. The rôle of Orestes is written in the bass clef, and is to be sung by a baritone with a dark-colored voice. This part, too, is exceedingly difficult, but it is short, and the others are shorter still. The opera is in only one act and will last an hour and forty-five minutes. The première of "Elektra" will occur at the Dresden Royal Opera February 1, while the second performance will be in Berlin February 15. Both the performances will be given under the personal direction of the composer. The publisher of "Elektra" has received requests from all countries for the rights of performance. The Italian theatres are especially zealous in their demands. The Costanzi Theatre, at Rome, offered 18,500 lire for the first Italian performance, but La Scala outbid Rome with 20,000 lire, so the Italian première will take place at Milan.

After asking why it is that Mrs. Kendal no longer occupies her old dominant position on the London stage, a writer in the London *World* replies to his own question by saying: "I think the reason lies partly in the broad meaning of her style, which began when she toured the United States 'with phenomenal success in 1889 and following years. I remember seeing her after she came back, and noticing how the huge American theatres and the American love of emphasis had coarsened the delicate texture of her art. Unfortunately, it has never quite recovered. Seeing that she has spent her time chiefly in playing indifferent parts for long periods before provincial audiences, it was hardly to be expected that it should recover." The American theatres have nothing to do with it, says the Boston *Transcript*, in comment. Mrs. Kendal, now sixty years old, has lost much of her youthful zeal and inspiration, and has been acting, moreover, for many years, in one groove, to a particular audience. Long ago she began to contract mannerisms, which her admirers accepted as fresh beauties, and these have been growing upon her until her acting has become labored and artificial.

The Webster homestead is still standing at New Haven, and the window where Noah Webster sat for upward of forty years while he compiled and rewrote his dictionary overlooks part of Yale College. Diagonally across the street from the window is the old Grove-Street Cemetery, where he was buried. He was born October 16, 1758. In his youth he had money troubles, like many another author. He brought up a family of eight on the proceeds of his spelling book. In later years he never tired of telling how his father started him out in the world to make his fortune with \$8 of Continental money in his pocket, amounting in reality to barely \$4 in currency.

An ingenious New Yorker makes a bobby of writing missives to actresses, criticising their gowns. The ladies of the stage reply with really delightful rancor. The critic assumes no eminence by this procedure, and the autograph letters have no great intrinsic value. In order to market them among the magazines, he would have to change them over into testimonials to cosmetics.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to begin her season in her new John Luther Long play in Washington during the first week of December.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How did he lose his money?" "His father-in-law failed."—*Illustrated Bits.*

"I can see Maude's finish!" "So?" "She's on the third lap now."—*Chicago Record.*

Mrs. Knicker—Where do you keep your auto? *Mrs. Newrich*—In a mirage, of course.—*New York Sun.*

"Are you a benedict?" "No; I'd like to be a lodge, but my wife objects."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Caller—Is the lady of the house in? *Waitress (who has been given notice)*—She's in, but she's no lady!—*Life.*

Knicker—You know that speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts. *Broker*—Well, penmanship does it even better.—*New York Sun.*

"Of course you play bridge only for fun?" "Of course. But it isn't any fun unless you are playing for money."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

First Farmer—H'lo, Hiram! Where he you goin'? *Second Farmer*—Goin' to taown to git drunk, an' gawsh haow I dread it!—*Boston Transcript.*

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs." "I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"—*Washington Star.*

"I hear your son is something of an aviator, Mrs. Comeup." "Well, to tell the truth, he was a bit that way, but he's taken the pledge."—*Baltimore American.*

"Fine looking old gentleman." "Yes, but he was never known to give a man his word that he didn't break it." "Dishonest, eh?" "Nope, stutters."—*Hauston Post.*

She—I believe there are times when every man deceives his wife. *He*—Sure. How else could he ever get her to marry him in the first place?—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday-school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?" "Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full-grown angel with gray whiskers."—*Philadelphia Press.*

First Servant Girl (with just pride)—We have matings at our church. *Second Servant Girl (even with more pride)*—Well, we've a fine strip of linoleum up the aisle, and the vicar burns insects every Sunday.—*The Tattler.*

"I suppose, Bridget," said Miss Woody to the new maid, "you think it strange that one who plays the piano so perfectly as I do should practice so much." "Yis, mum," replied Bridget, "shure, if 'twas me, I'd give up in disgust."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Your family seem to enjoy going to Europe." "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls have observed that I am weak on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make any intelligent inquiries as to the expense."—*Washington Star.*

"No, I can't stick it any longer. I'm off tomorrow." "Why, the shootin's good enough, isn't it?" "Oh, the shootin's all right. It's the management's so rotten. One expects to rough it a hit—luncheon without a hand, and so forth—but today!—drinkin' champagne out

of claret glasses! Well, hang it all, there's a limit!"—*Punch.*

"Ah, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform, and so many decorations!" "Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a hand at his funeral."—*Wahre Jacob.*

"I had half the young men in town for rivals when I was doing a courtship stunt," said the sad-eyed passenger. "And did you land the prize?" queried the hardware drummer. "Well, I never looked at it in that light," replied he of the sad eyes, "but I married the girl."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"You didn't seem to enjoy your dinner." "No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I confess I was wondering about how much I ought to give the waiter. You see, if you give a waiter too little he snubs you and if you give him too much he knows you are a stranger in the place and scorns you anyhow."—*Washington Star.*

The famous surgeon, Velpeau, was visited one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his closeness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent, and that the fee would amount to four thousand francs. At this the marquis made a wry face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hospital de la Charité, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry, it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg Saint Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your *excuse*; that is, you will have to sign a check for ten thousand francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor; "but if you refuse all Paris will know tomorrow that the Marquis de D— adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.

Once a denizen of the up-State regions, where whiskers grow in plenty and umbrellas bulge at will, decided to visit New York. But he decided to visit the bewildering metropolis quite as a man of the world—not to be taken in by the wicked men, who, as he understood, made a business of deceiving the guileless up-stater. Hence he arrived at the Grand Central looking very, very wise, and proceeded, first of all, to visit the collection of wax figures at the Eden Musee. He was engaged in looking critically at one of the most life-like groups on exhibition there, when a policeman suddenly plucked him by the sleeve. The up-stater turned. "You mustn't smoke in here," said the policeman, severely. A look of wisdom beyond the power of words to describe came over that up-stater's face. Continuing brazenly to smoke, he remarked: "Tut, tut. Go away. Don't you think I know that you're made of wax?"

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Bryan and the Democratic Party.

It is safe to assume that Mr. Bryan's career as a presidential aspirant has reached its climax. Even if he could find the temerity—and temerity, be it remembered, is one of his many specialties—again to pose as a candidate, it is unthinkable that his party should again try to win under his leadership. None the less Mr. Bryan is likely to remain an important figure in the

national Democratic councils. His personal acquaintance is wider than that of any other man in the party; he has winning personal virtues and a most impressive dignity and geniality. He is a fine organizer and an incomparable speaker. On top of all he has relative youth and unimpaired energy. He likes the political game and he now has a special and personal motive for desiring party influence in his resentment against Mr. Hearst. Unquestionably we shall keep on hearing from Mr. Bryan for a long time to come; unquestionably he will have something to say as to the general policies of his party and as to the men who are to be its champions.

The American people know Mr. Bryan well, and in many ways like him. He has those personal qualities which unfailingly command popular good-will. Wherein Mr. Bryan has failed is not at the point of personal respect, but at the point of public confidence. While everybody likes and in a way admires him, nobody regards him as a consistent or safe counselor or as a judicious leader. He is believed to be lacking in those qualities of judgment and consistency essential in a wise administrator. He is one whom his fellow-countrymen are more willing to hear than to heed—one whose powers are those of agitation rather than authority.

Just what is to be the future of the Democratic party it is not easy to foretell. It was beaten twelve years ago in its protest against the policies enforced in its name by President Cleveland. It was beaten again eight years ago in its alliance with Populism. It was beaten still again when, four years ago, it swung back to a relative conservatism. Now it has been overwhelmingly beaten under a policy directly at odds to that implied in the candidacy of Judge Parker in 1904. It is easy enough now to see what might have been—to see that a skillful use of the Rooseveltian policies, combined with a moderate tariff reform scheme and with appeal to the spirit of old-time conservatism, might have carried the party to success. But while Democracy dallied with opportunities, studiously sought the line of expediency, and forgot principles, Republicanism captured its battle cries and bereft it of its opportunity. Today the Republican party has made its own all those potentialities of moral appeal which might have belonged to the Democratic party if it had had the wisdom to seize upon them when time and tide served. The underlying weakness of the Democratic party is three-fold: First, it has been so long a mere party of opposition, so long a protestor against the policies of its rival, as to have lost the guidance of fixed and definite principles. Second, it has been so long associated with the idea of defeat, of failure, of incompetence, of internal dissension, that it has lost the confidence of the country. Third, it has been so long out of power that it is weak on the score of personality. It has had no opportunity, outside of the South, to train up a new generation of leaders and prophets; and since in the present posture of our affairs Southern leadership is out of the question, it has nobody fit to command political forces. Bryan has been accepted as a leader and he may continue to serve as a leader because there is no other man within the party qualified by acquaintance or standing to command respect or attention.

One demonstration of the campaign just ended is this, namely, that Democracy can not win before the American people in its present alliance with that system of political notions and purposes which, for want of a more definite name, the country has come to call Bryanism. Before Democracy can come again into power it must find a new and better creed, based upon principles, and competent by its powers of appeal to command the respect of the country. The American people will not turn over the responsibilities of government to a party of shifting ideas and policies, lacking the assurance afforded by fixed principles and habits, and whose success would be nothing less than a menace to the business prospects of the country.

In the late campaign Democracy picked up a false issue and a vicious affiliation. The bargain made at Denver with the leaders of organized labor is simply one more burden which the Democratic party must carry if it can not find the resolution to thrust it aside. Republicanism is now definitely pledged in support of the principles which lie back of industrial freedom; Democracy, if not pledged to the schemes of the labor leaders, has at least been smirched in its reputation by association with laborism in its most objectionable phases. A danger which now threatens the Democratic party is that it will not find the courage to cast away the false issues of Gompersism and to establish itself upon those unyielding principles of justice and equity which must ultimately prevail if we are to sustain the heritage which came to us from our fathers.

The character and course of political parties is more the result of temperament, tendencies, and unforeseen occurrences than of studied calculation. The future of Democracy must grow out of a compound of history, character, tendencies, and opportunities. The hope of Democratic success is not promising or immediate. True wisdom should aim rather to build up the party character than to win victories, leaving the future to take care of itself. If the Democratic party will do this; if it will stand upon definite principles, eliminate that body of false issues which has been engrafted upon it, cut itself off from evil associations, decline concession to a mere opportunism, cultivate and promote its men of character and talent, time will do for it that which it has not been able to do for itself. The Republican party, unchecked by a strong opposition, rent as it is bound to be by the tariff complication, bound to suffer through the jealousies of its leaders—the Republican party, successful, but face to face with difficulties, is bound at some points some time to go wrong. And when it does go wrong, then will be the opportunity of reorganized Democracy if Democracy shall have so commended itself as to stand in public respect and confidence.

National Affairs.

The termination of the presidential campaign with its assurance of the continuation of Republican policies in national affairs has been signalized by a somewhat spectacular boom in industrial and financial quarters. The prices of securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange have gone a-soaring, and the week has witnessed an almost universal movement towards industrial revival. Much of this, no doubt, is due to the spirit of exhilaration, but something of it is based upon logical and work-a-day causes. Times have been steadily getting better this past half-year; money has been easier and the spirit of enterprise has been revived. But there has been a season of waiting to see how the presidential campaign would turn out. Much of the activity in the industrial world noted from day to day has been overdue for weeks past in the natural order of things. There is every reason to believe that the business affairs of the country are returning to the prosperous level where they stood before the panic of last year.

Mr. Taft's one utterance of importance since his election has been a wholesome stimulant to business activity. "Every business man who is obeying the law," said the President-elect to the Cincinnati Commercial Club last week, "may go ahead with all the energy in his possession. Every enterprise which is within the statutes may proceed without fear of interference from the administration when acting legally. All interests within the jurisdiction of the Federal government may expect a rigid enforcement of the laws against dishonest methods." This has been taken by the country to mean that while there will be no cessation in the work of prosecuting illegitimate agencies and methods, there will be none of that shouting from the housetops—and from without the canebrakes—that

has so served during the past two years to infect the country with uncertainty and alarm.

The new administration stands pledged to revision of the tariff, and for this purpose it is universally believed that a special session of Congress will be called immediately after Mr. Taft's inauguration. This is the only uncertainty which now clouds the business horizon. Everybody excepting the extreme stand-pat element recognizes the necessity for revision of the tariff, and yet nobody proposes any easy means by which it may be done. How to do it, and at the same time how not to blight the business of the country—here is a problem for which nobody offers a solution, a problem which may well serve to keep Mr. Taft awake o' nights between now and next March.

Tariff revision in any adequate and effective shape is going to be made difficult by that powerful element in the Republican party which is affiliated with protected interests and which openly and bitterly resents any and every proposal for change. This element will have powerful support alike in the Senate and in the House. Probably it will be strong enough in conjunction with other influences to reestablish Mr. Cannon in the speakership, and thus to present a serious bar to reformatory action. There is bound to be a strenuous, a bitter, and probably a protracted struggle which will try both the powers and the patience of the new President and which will surely have a profound influence upon the future politics of the country.

The *Argonaut* believes that not only the interests of equity, but the integrity and fortunes of the Republican party rest upon this issue. We believe those who are preparing to resist revision to be regardless not only of equity and justice, but false to the political interest with which they stand affiliated. The Republican party stands pledged to a substantial and thorough-going revision, and if the party shall fail to find within itself the virtue to keep its pledges, it may not fairly complain if four years from now the country shall seek another political agency to forward its fixed purpose. Today the Republican party stands at the very height of a successful career; but we believe that the tariff issue has within it the possibilities of a colossal party upheaval. It is, we believe, the duty of every man who respects and values the Republican party as an agency in the political life of the country, as well as the duty of every citizen who respects equity and justice, to support the President-elect in the struggle which lies before him.

The newspapers are full of Cabinet gossip, most of which undoubtedly is developed through journalistic imagination or by fourth-rate politicians between the fourth and subsequent cocktails. It is hardly possible that Mr. Taft has thus early come to any conclusion with respect to the organization of his official family. The *Argonaut* will be glad to see Mr. Taft return to the old practice of putting into the various Cabinet posts not merely his personal friends, private secretaries, and representatives of historic names, but men of established national standing. In recent years this rule has been more regarded in the breach than in the observance, and we think that the practice has tended to diminish the dignities associated with government. We should like to see President Taft's Cabinet made up of men of real distinction, men whose fitness for high responsibilities have been illustrated by high public careers. We are tired of the spectacle of a Cabinet made up of two or three leading figures and pieced out with an array of personal favorites, clerical subordinates, and representatives of historical names. To be entirely plain about it, we would like to see the Cortelyous, the Garfields, and the Bonapartes give place to men of higher qualities and larger calibre, reflective not so much of the associations and vanities of the President as of the responsible political judgment and confidence of the country. A principle in the selection of Cabinet ministers which was good enough for Washington and Lincoln is worth preservation.

The Latest Outbreak at Stanford.

The *Argonaut* is grieved to note the revival at Stanford University of the troubles between the student body and the faculty which made so painful a scandal last spring. It appears that the spirit of insubordination which was thought to have been exorcised still dominates many of the students. Evidences of it have been manifested locally from time to time, and on one notable occasion President Jordan was publicly treated by a considerable body of students with marked disrespect.

Within the week disgruntled students have illustrated

their spleen in connection with the annual plug-ugly farce. A poster gotten out in advertisement of this entertainment has given offense by the vulgar liberty it has taken with certain members of the faculty; and it is furthermore regarded as a violation of pledges made by certain students at the time when last spring's troubles were nominally settled. Seven students associated with the offensive publication have been suspended by authority of that faculty committee which sits in judgment upon student affairs, and President Jordan, sustaining the action of the committee, has declared that no open and offensive ridiculing of members of the faculty will be tolerated. All this has made a great hubbub among the boisterous elements of the student body, which have found a mouthpiece in the *Palo Alto*, a semi-official college paper edited by a group of students, three of whose names appear in the list of suspensions. The *Palo Alto's* comments are studiously guarded, but their animus is none the less very plain. It believes, says its leading editorial, that for all the trouble at Stanford the blame is more with the administration of the university than with the students. "There is," it says, "something the matter with Stanford internally."

There is, indeed, something the matter with Stanford internally. Something has been the matter a long time, and it has grown out of an unwise policy designed to give students a species of training through initiative and responsibility. From its beginning the policy of Stanford has been liberal, in that it has allowed students an unusual measure of authority in relation to affairs which in older universities are commonly regulated by the faculty. It appears that the innovation has not worked well; that the youths who go to Stanford lack the knowledge, poise, and self-control essential to the measure of authority which has been allowed them. Conditions grew steadily worse until last spring there broke out a species of hoodlumism more in keeping with the traditions and standards of the Barbary Coast of San Francisco than of a seat of scholarship and culture. It is not necessary to go over the scandalous and tragic story. The facts are sufficiently well remembered and they abundantly justified the repressive measures which were enforced by the president of the university, backed by its board of trustees. It was hoped that the lesson of last spring's dismissals and suspensions would sink deep enough to prevent recurrence of that gross hoodlumism which styles itself the "Stanford spirit." But not so; there still abides in the student body a deep sense of resentment and hatred, an unwillingness to accept in good part the adjustment to which all parties acceded in the settlement which followed the original disturbance.

It seems to be the idea of the lads at Stanford—and of some of the girls as well—that the student body is the whole thing at the university and that its ideas and judgments should make the law of the institution. They take the high tone that without their presence the university would be a nullity and that they are, therefore, entitled to make and declare their own rules within the university, and to conduct themselves with absolute license outside of its jurisdiction. They resent regulations made by the faculty designed to sustain social order and to carry forward the purposes for which the university was established. They seem wholly regardless of the seniority of the faculty as compared with the student body and wholly without that sort of respect which everywhere except at Stanford is accorded as a matter of course to the directors and teachers of youth. In brief, the spirit of the Stanford student body is that of the licensed smart-alec, and the public and private manners which it has fostered are in entire conformity with smart-alec standards.

Stanford University was founded for the nurture and culture of the youth of California. Its great endowment rests in the hands of a board of trustees who are absolutely responsible under general terms set forth by the late Senator Stanford. To abandon the administration of the university to the student body would be a shameful abdication of a sacred trust. It would furthermore be to turn the beneficent intent of Mr. Stanford to mockery and contempt. In the founding of Stanford there was no purpose to provide a training school or an asylum for ruffianism and hoodlumism, no matter under what high names these degeneracies may masquerade.

The youths who imagine that they have the fortunes of the university in their hands would do well to pause and consider this fact, namely, that nobody would be hurt if every mother's son of them were to pack his valise and abandon Stanford forever. No young man

of university age who has not learned and is unwilling to learn the common precepts of respect for teachers and elders is of the slightest use to any institution of learning. The best thing that could happen to Stanford University would be the elimination of every youth who resents the discipline which the faculty and trustees in their experience and wisdom have devised. The greater the number of protestors and recalcitrants to go, the better. Stanford would better have a hundred or fifty or even ten serious-minded students in harmony with the discipline of the institution, and reflecting the spirit of its foundation, than five thousand bad-tempered and ill-mannered youths clamoring for "rights" which do not belong to them and shaming the name and cause of higher education by their inanity and their delinquencies.

It would be a fine thing for Stanford University if its authorities should seize upon the present trouble as an opportunity for purging the institution of the whole system of false notions and false practice that has grown up within it. It would be a fine thing if they would throw out every boy and every girl who declines decently and in good spirit to accept the rules made for the maintenance of social propriety and the promotion of scholarship. Those who are left will represent all that is worthy in the student body, and in the end they will reflect more credit upon the institution and be of greater use to the world than a larger but contaminated group. Incidentally it may be added that the decimation of the student body now at Palo Alto would eliminate some of the financial problems of the institution. It would give money for the creation of buildings and for other essential purposes. It would be a benefit all round, and if it is found necessary in the interest of discipline to dismiss the whole group of recalcitrants and their sympathizers, there ought not to be a moment's hesitation on the part of the authorities.

Parents of the wiser and better sort have no sympathy with the "spirit" which has so demoralized Stanford. Nothing so commends a university in those quarters where friendship and good-will have value as the strict enforcement of a legitimate and proper discipline. Let the authorities of Stanford enforce the rules which they have defined, no matter what the immediate cost at the point of reduction in the number of students may be, and in the end they will find themselves more than justified not only in the higher tone, but in the enlarged prosperity of the institution. They will find, as did Ann Arbor twenty or more years ago, that for every hoodlum dismissed there will come an earnest and devoted student. The larger fortunes of Ann Arbor were made by standing fast to principle and by sustaining discipline in a crisis precisely similar to that which now exists at Stanford.

Religious Opinion and Political Life.

President Roosevelt's letter to a citizen of Ohio with respect to Mr. Taft's religious opinions adds nothing to a discussion which began before he was born and will persist after he is dead. Mr. President merely repeats commonplaces familiar to all who take any interest in religious discussions, spicing them with a few of those phrases which unflinchingly mark the Rooseveltian literary style. It is really too bad that Mr. Roosevelt can not discuss any question with anybody without calling his protagonist either a liar or a slanderer. In matters of this kind heat and epithets serve only to mar the dignity of discussion and to render it futile, if not, indeed, something very much worse.

In spite of all the talk heard from time to time about religion and politics, there is very little discrimination or none at all in this country on the score of religious opinion. A man's religious ideas have now hardly a more important bearing upon his political life than the color of his hair. Witness the fact that everywhere in American public life there are Christians of various sects, "non-professors," Jews, Catholics, and what not. How many citizens of California know or care anything about the religious opinions of Governor Gillett? Who cares that one congressman is a Methodist, another a Jew, and another a "True Lifer"—whatever that may be. The truth is that in this country we have so far gotten away from old superstitions and bigotries as to care nothing at all, as indeed scarcely to inquire into the religious ideas of candidates for public office. When the times and the man coördinate, religion practically cuts no figure.

If the President were a man of nicer sensibilities he would have left Mr. Taft to speak for himself with respect to his religious opinions. He surely ought to know that by his letter to Mr. Martin he tends to

emphasize a criticism which in many minds is not to Mr. Taft's credit and which does not lighten the burdens of his position. A keener and surer sense of propriety would have prompted the President to a policy of reserve. There will be times in plenty when he may air his ideas about church and state and other matters without appearing to do it as the guide, philosopher, and special keeper of the President-elect.

"What Organized Labor Wants."

It is a curious fact that among those who assume to speak for organized labor not one has ever in a straightforward, judicial, and truthful way presented in concrete form the precise things which organized labor wants. Whenever there is pretense of discussing the matter, the "appeal of labor" is so involved in misstatement, half-statement, half-truth, and no-truth, as to command neither comprehension nor respect.

For example, in *McClure's Magazine* for November Mr. Samuel Gompers, employing the handy device of a formal "interview," undertakes to define "what organized labor wants"; but before he gets through his opening phrases he falls into manifest and stupid falsehood. He declares as fundamental the "rights of association," of "free speech," to "work for whom you please," to "stop work when you please for any reason you please or for no reason." Mr. Gompers knows as well as anybody that this is not the creed of organized labor and he knows that he is pettifogging and lying when he so declares. When, let us ask, has organized labor ever stood for the right "to work for whom you please"? The *Argonaut* could cite a thousand instances where the representatives of organized labor have stood aggressively and violently for the very reverse of this principle.

We have had some experience with the practical operations of organized labor in San Francisco—in the teamsters' strike of six or eight years ago, when the champions of organized labor broke the arms, smashed in the skulls, gouged out the eyes, and murdered in cold blood certain citizens who chose to work for whom they pleased. The case is by no means an isolated one. In every instance of a general strike in San Francisco the agents of organized labor have denied absolutely and violently the primary right of the citizen to work for whom he pleases. Only a little more than a year ago no less than twenty men were cruelly murdered in the streets of San Francisco for working for whom they pleased in a business so useful and innocent as that of operating a street-car. And the record in San Francisco has been duplicated over and over again in every American community. In the face of these facts, how dares this insolent liar to pretend that organized labor stands for a principle which universal experience proves that it does not stand for—a principle which it violently opposes in every industrial crisis?

What organized labor does stand for is the demand that it be allowed absolute monopoly of labor. It stands for the presumption that labor of any and every kind "belongs" to organized labor. It would enforce a rule that would starve to death every workman who does not choose to enlist in the ranks of organized labor and submit to its dictation. Furthermore, in demanding for itself absolute monopoly of labor it declines to make itself even in the slightest degree responsible under the law. It would set up within the social body a selfish class authority apart from and above the law, with power to write the rules of industry and of life in general, to impose taxes, to lay penalties, to penalize, and to execute—and all without any sort of regulation or restraint and free from any sort of responsibility.

Further on in Mr. Gompers's article we have a suggestion of the political morality of this precious alien. "I have been compelled," he says, "to make our demands for recognition on the national political parties; the Republican convention repulsed us; the Democrats made us liberal concessions." "In the coming election," he proceeds, "I believe the organized workmen will remember their friends and their enemies when they come to vote." Here we have an unblushing statement of the policy under which organized labor, in so far as it may be controlled by its leaders, is seeking to sell its vote to the highest bidder. It will, Mr. Gompers thinks, "remember its friends and its enemies." In other words, it will, if Mr. Gompers can control it, put to one side the proprieties, moralities, and decencies implied in the political franchise and pay with support at the polls for such "concessions" as have been made to it.

There is accumulative evidence to the effect that the rank and file of organized labor have a higher conception of political privilege and responsibility than Mr. Gompers supposes. But the virtue is with the rank and file and not with Mr. Gompers. He confesses himself not merely a class partisan, but one willing and eager to lead the workmen of the United States into such practice of political corruption as could have but one end, namely, that of disrupting our system, of undoing the work of our fathers, and of creating a situation which would unfailingly be an invitation to some man on horseback.

Editorial Notes.

If Mrs. Taft really said what she is said to have said about women and politics at Hot Springs, Virginia, last week, she has less reserve than might be desired in a President's wife. The idea that women should have the privilege of voting without the responsibilities which go along with voting is only a little less naïve than that women should have the right to vote without the privilege of declaring their opinions and tendering their persuasions to others—of electioneering, in other words. Mrs. Taft's notion of woman in politics appears to be a sort of compound of the voting privilege with "ladylike" standards of social deportment. All of which simply goes to demonstrate that Mrs. Taft has no comprehension of the subject, therefore no right to any opinions about it, and yet is without the prudence to avoid discussing it. The wife of a President of the United States holds a very important relationship to the social life of the country, not by any official right, but by universal courtesy. She may make herself greatly admired, as Mrs. Roosevelt has done, for example, or she may make herself a popular joke, as in some other instances which it would be ungracious to specify. Public discussions of social and political questions would better be avoided by the mistress of the White House, since to violate this rule is likely to involve not only the lady herself, but her husband, in perpetual hot water. The best way for Mr. Taft to endear himself to the American people is to maintain a strict reserve and above all things to keep out of the newspapers.

The retirement of Dr. Eliot from the presidency of Harvard College is in the order of nature and, therefore, a thing to be accepted without serious regret. President Eliot has had a long career and has done a magnificent work, and it is well that he should give over the activities of his great position before the heaviness of age has left its mark upon his mind. The great work of President Eliot at Harvard has been to separate that institution from its theological and clerical traditions without a jar to its internal mechanism and without sacrifice of its unique prestige. It was a work calling for clear vision, a noble self-confidence, and a firm hand, and it has been achieved with a completeness which even Dr. Eliot himself, we imagine, could hardly have conceived to be possible. In doing what he has done for Harvard, Dr. Eliot has had an influence upon the American educational system not second in its importance to that of any one man in the history of the country. The wisdom which enabled Dr. Eliot to see what Harvard needed forty years ago now enables him to see the necessity for further reform in educational practice. He sees plainly the tendencies which are turning our schools of higher culture into seminaries of fashionable observance and of a coarse athleticism. He has sounded the alarm and he has withdrawn Harvard from certain aggressive forms of "sport." But he lacks the youth and the vitality to lead the new movement which is essential to the preservation of the higher culture in its integrity, and passes it on to younger men. Dr. Eliot has honorably earned the period of repose, and let us hope that he may have length of years to enjoy it.

It will not be easy for the trustees of Harvard College to find a successor to President Eliot. Scholars there are and wise men and administrators and men of light and leading; but where is the man neither too young nor too old with the combination of knowledge, culture, practical insight, intellectual and spiritual power, administrative discretion, combined with gifts of expression, to sit in the chair which Dr. Eliot vacates? The times, with all their aids to personal development, produce few such men. It will not be sufficient for the man who is to succeed Dr. Eliot merely to carry on the work which Dr. Eliot has begun. The future president of Harvard must be to the times which are before us what Dr. Eliot has been to the

times which are behind us. He must deal with our times in a spirit as large and with a wisdom as profound as Dr. Eliot dealt with his times. The problems are not the same, but they are as great as those which Dr. Eliot encountered when he entered upon his high duties forty years ago. The requirement is great, very great indeed.

Mr. James J. Hill of St. Paul is quoted as mildly discrediting the post-election industrial boom by the remark that "Politics don't make business." This remark is rather more striking than profound, be it said with all due respect to Mr. Hill. Good politics does, indeed, "make business" by supplying the elements of stability and confidence upon which commercial and industrial activity is based. And, by the same token, bad politics has a definite relation to business by creating distrust and alarm, discouraging enterprise, and limiting those operations which are carried on upon the basis of confidence and credit.

It is a maxim of law, we believe, that he who pleads equity must come into court with clean hands. It should be a maxim of politics that they who ask for the defeat of an unworthy man on moral grounds should present as an alternative candidate a man of clean character. This is one of the many lessons of our late election.

THE CRITIC'S DUTY AND DIFFICULTY.

In the November number of *Putnam's and the Reader* is a readable paper by Eugene Wendell Harter, entitled "A Plea for Critics." It is not certain that critics as a class especially desire to have their profession defended, but few will resent the use of the arguments and illustrations used in this instance. Mr. Harter is apparently fair in stating his case:

A man who has a passionate love for literature, one who has been vouchsafed many talents but who has somehow missed the last supreme gift, that of creative genius, is to be pitied when he has put forth his every endeavor—and has failed. The very keenness of his appreciation of his own failure should increase his ability as a critic, enabling him often to do full justice to the point of view of a writer. No one who has that final spark, the ability to create, to produce the highest kind of literature, would doom himself to play perpetually the part of major-domo in the world of letters.

This is a suggestive paragraph on the qualifications and usefulness of the much-abused yet indispensable guide:

The critic is born, then made. He must by birth and heritage be endowed with the gift of keen observation and appreciation. We have heard a pupil of Leschetizky say that it was torture for her to listen to music as a rule because of her too exquisite appreciation of the inadequacy of the usual interpretation. It is something of this sensibility which a critic must possess. Then the education of the critic must be the broadest. Henry James declares that a novelist must know everything. How much more essential is this in the case of an adequate critic. Some would go so far as to declare that no one can attempt an appreciation of Dickens unless he is an authority on the picaresque novelists, or venture to criticize George Ade or Mr. Dooley with authority unless he is conversant with the wit of Aristophanes and can compare modern essays in-slang with the *argot* of the Athenian of the age of Pericles. The doctrine of "the continuity of ancient and modern literature" is receiving a new impetus in England at present. One prominent English journal says: "To instance one or two famous efforts of literary imagination—who can fully appreciate More's Utopia or Gulliver's Travels without reference to Plato or Lucian? Who could omit Greek philosophy from the influences that color Wordsworth or Shelley, or Homer, Virgil, and Theocritus from a classical appreciation of Tennyson?"

Concerning the difficulties of the critic there is much to be said. Something more than universal knowledge and unflinching appreciation are required to make him thoroughly and always satisfactory:

The list of qualities which we demand of a critic is certainly a comprehensive one. With a keen, penetrating intellect he must remain as impressionable as a child. He must feel the perfect joy that the *juste mot* gives and be ready to do full justice to any Sentimental Tommy who is willing to forfeit the prize if he but find it at last. He must be ready to say with de Senancour, "Pour moi, je ne pretends pas vivre, mais seulement regarder la vie." In his bird's-eye view of the world's literature, present and past, he must be quick to detect similarities and to announce anything which has about it anything unique or even novel. He must widen the view of his audience and show them that because mutton is good, a dinner should not consist entirely of courses of mutton variously served. With all his breadth of view, he must not fail in definiteness or in incisiveness. He must delight in the whimsical mood of a Lewis Carroll, and not miss a point of the preciosity of a Browning.

Thankless as is the critic's task, he will continue his application, and it is well, for without him there would be no literature. In the last analysis there is little of the printed word worthy of preservation that is not a criticism of life or of manners.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES.

The comments of the New York press on the national election bear no marks of the midnight oil nor of the feverish haste with which editorial reference to anxiously awaited news is sometimes prepared. Upon the contrary, there is every evidence of leisure, as though the solons of the newspaper world had written in advance about a foregone conclusion and had awaited only the definite announcement from the polls to empty the editorial pigeonholes and to give their contents to the world.

The Springfield Republican indulges in historical philosophizing and asks in some perplexity what these things mean. Within less than ten years after Lee's surrender the Democrats carried the national House in spite of the record of the Southern wing in waging Civil War. But in this year of grace, with no memories of treason actually alive, they can carry practically nothing:

It seems preposterous to rank in gravity the free-silver movement of the Democracy of 1894-1896, with the Civil War record of that party; yet the party has had greater difficulty in regaining public confidence after its free-silver campaign than it had after being cut to pieces by secession and the prolonged, desperate effort to destroy the Union.

Is the inference to be drawn that the American people today resent more bitterly a presumed menace to their business prosperity—that is to say, their facility in making money—than they did an actual assault with gunfire upon the national territorial integrity, which cost a million lives?

Such facts can be satisfactorily explained, perhaps, only on the assumption that the Democratic party is about to die.

The disposition of the labor vote is the subject of general comment. Editorial references are usually brief and terse, as though prepared at the last moment, and we may infer that Mr. Gompers's ability to swing the labor organization was regarded with some uncertainty, if not apprehension. The New York Sun says:

Perhaps it would be wrong to assume that Mr. Taft got the entire labor vote, much as it looks that way; but it is evidently proper to pay to labor the deserved compliment of saying that it has vindicated itself from the charge that it could be "delivered" by Mr. Gompers or by any other demagogue. The result speaks volumes for labor's independence and good sense, and justifies the belief that the Sun has so often expressed that in politics no one can lead it by the nose.

The New York Globe is rather more bitter. Gompers would have played the rôle of a political Moses, but unluckily for him there was no host to follow him. Bryan alone was deluded:

Not even Bryan is so completely discredited as Samuel Gompers. Only his utter failure saves a remnant. Had his frantic effort to drag "labor" into politics not ended in fiasco the American Federation would have had cause for deep resentment against the man who misled them. Fortunately for its members, and for him, the common sense and self-respect of its members saved the organization from disaster and left him a victim merely to ridicule.

The American workman has shown once more that he can form his own opinions and exercise his own reasoning faculties. If the Federation is to extend its utility it must be under new leadership, while Gompers "retires to complete his functions as an elusive glimmer in the land of will-o'-wisp's."

The Outlook considers that four elements have contributed to win the election, and of these the third is:

The frank discussion of the so-called labor question before so-called labor audiences. The last man in America to want special favors is the workingman. The last men to respond to special appeals are the really industrious classes. That Mr. Taft has carried Greater New York, that he has an exceptionally heavy vote in other great labor centres, all confirm the truth of this statement.

The New York Post says that the frustration of the hopes that Bryan pinned to the labor vote was "not the least gratifying of the features" of the election. People express surprise that the labor vote was not delivered by Gompers, "but when was it ever delivered?"

The uniform history of attempts to make or break candidates at the word of command by labor leaders shows that the thing can not be done. Rival leaders always jealously spring up to contest the right to speak for the organization; the members suspect personal motives or pecuniary corruption; divisions and recriminations ensue, and the whole affair breaks down. Gompers ought to know, for he has tried the same thing before, against Mr. Littlefield and other congressmen, and abjectly failed. His pitch of arrogance this year was only preliminary to the deepest humiliation he has yet experienced. He led Mr. Bryan to think that 80 per cent of the labor vote would go to the Democratic candidate. No precise figures can be had, but judging by this city, 10 per cent went to Bryan. All of his groveling before organized labor profited him nothing. Judge Taft's manly stand was both better morals and better politics.

The Springfield Republican says that the failure of the political labor movement was so complete that we have probably seen the end of labor as a political power for some time to come:

There is but one explanation of Mr. Gompers's fizzle in trying to elect a President. His million of followers refused to follow; that is to say, it was impossible to consolidate them in the ranks of one party, and this proves that labor in America has reached no such condition of solidarity as is necessary to make it a truly formidable force in political affairs. There was never a more vivid illustration of the old taunt that the "labor vote" was always seen to be a myth when the votes were counted.

There is plenty of plain speaking upon the general issue. The New York World reminds its readers with some unnecessaryunction that on the morning after Mr. Taft's nomination it declared without reservation that "Bryan's nomination means Taft's election." But a willful party had its way. Bryan received the nomination, and a party more united than it has been since 1892 loyally supported him. But even a united party "could not overcome the handicap of Bryan's political record." It was not so much the party that was weak as its leader:

Mr. Bryan's overwhelming defeat is made the more significant by reason of Mr. Taft's vulnerability. The Republican candidate had to bear the burden of general hard times; of a million men out of employment; of business interests complain-

ing and dissatisfied; of a steadily increased cost of living; of an unparalleled disaffection of labor leaders; of an unparalleled disaffection of the negro vote; of Republican factional fights in the great pivotal States of New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; of a reactionary platform which he was obliged to modify in his speech of acceptance; of an insidious use of religious prejudice and bigotry against Mr. Taft's liberal and advanced belief; of a popular resentment against Mr. Roosevelt's determination to name his successor and a proxy.

The World believes that the country is tired of "cowboy administration." It wants the presidency restored to the dignity of the fathers, it wants no proxy in the executive and no more personal government, and herein "lies Mr. Taft's greatest opportunity of service to his fellow-countrymen."

The New York Sun points out that everything was in favor of Bryan except Bryan himself. There was influence upon his side and there was money:

Under these helpful conditions he has signally failed to receive the approval of his fellow-citizens, although he has put forth almost superhuman efforts in his own behalf, neglecting no expedient or subterfuge to turn the tide of public opinion in his favor. His appeal has been made to all classes; he has sounded every depth of sentiment; he has cultivated every prejudice; he has led a forlorn hope with undeniable adroitness; and again he stands condemned as an unsafe guide, as a man unfit to be President.

But the Sun feels with equal bitterness toward Mr. Roosevelt. The nation, indeed, can never be the same again. Mr. Roosevelt has risen to great heights, but it has been at the expense of the people who trusted him:

At the same time we must admit that if Mr. Roosevelt had conformed to our ideas of the duties and the opportunities of his great office he would today be much less of a figure in the world than he is. He has risen to great heights, he has filled the eyes of the young, not alone of his own country, but of the world; and he has had reason, indeed, to exult over the extent and the variety of his achievement. If the nation had any part or share in it, it would be another thing; but it has been all effected at great cost to the American people. We shall never be quite the same again. A people never retrieves its false steps. Great events, convulsive changes, may obliterate them; and even efface the memory of them; but the old surface can not be restored.

The Sun sees nothing but good before Mr. Taft "if he will use his power to enforce our laws instead of to dispense them, inculcate the spirit of unity and good-will and cultivate the sense of national solidarity and equality among all the people."

The New York Times sees nothing for Bryan but annihilation, and "the crushing defeat of ambition evokes not one spark of pity." The people have pinned their faith to a statesman proved to be "capable, just, firm, fair, courageous, and wise":

Under the conditions of a popular ballot this decision is the record of some seven million individual judgments. Men vote alone, they do not think alone. The majority millions who yesterday elected Mr. Taft President of the United States were moved by a just sense, common to them all, of the public weal, by a common desire, a common purpose to put into safe and competent hands the executive control of the nation's affairs. Their judgment was unerring, their decision was given with an emphasis that reflects the soundness of their understanding, and the firm convictions of their minds. In a sense it is astonishing, but we expect the American people, when their enlightenment is appealed to, to behave in just that way. No finer triumph of Republican institutions and of the Republican theory of government was ever recorded.

The New York Post sees dangers ahead for Mr. Taft, and the danger must indeed be a very small one to escape the eagle and prophetic eye of the Post. Mr. Taft has carried a good deal of driftwood along with him to victory. Cannon and Dalzell, Payne and Gardner are liable to think that his triumph is one for reaction in general and that they have carte blanche to break all party pledges and to eat, drink, and be merry. But the Post will throw upon these delinquents the cold shadow of its watchful disapproval:

Nothing is more certain than that President-elect Taft will have his ears filled with the cry that the tariff must not be touched. If prosperity rapidly returns, it will be said that any attempt at tariff revision will throw everything into uncertainty again. If, on the other hand, recovery lags, it will be alleged that the country is waiting till the terrible portent of tariff reduction is out of its path. Judge Taft will need all his firmness and every particle of his courage to keep his word on this subject, and to insist that his party also stand to its pledged faith. The question of stanchness and consistency in this matter of the solemn promises of the Republican party to reduce the tariff immediately after the fourth of March, will be the very article of a standing or falling presidency. This Mr. Taft must well know; but he may not yet be aware of the combined and formidable efforts that will be put forth in order to make him swerve.

The New York Globe holds that the Republican victory means the triumph of middle courses. We are not likely to see so much impatience of legal and traditional restraint, nor such intemperate language, and there will be a greater heedfulness of facts and consequences and less reliance upon emotional sympathies:

The victory of Taft is to be interpreted as the victory of intelligent, discriminating progressiveness. As such it is a triumph neither for the reactionaries who consider all change a crime nor for the lusty-lunged who believe in government by shouting. It is not the extreme Tory right that has won nor the extreme revolutionary left, but the middle. The mandate is to go ahead, but to go ahead cautiously, remembering at all times that there is a State to preserve as well as to regenerate. Davy Crockett's aphorism still expresses the prevailing mood of the American people.

The Outlook says that the presidential issue was primarily between three men, Debs, Bryan, Taft:

Mr. Debs, the agitator, a man who feels the wrongs of his class, but can formulate no plan to cure them; Mr. Bryan, the popular orator, too fragmentary in his thinking to be called a statesman; Mr. Taft, the administrator, more interested in the maintenance of justice than in plans for the reconstruction of society. The American people have listened with curiosity to the agitator and with applause to the orator, but they have elected the administrator.

Among the side issues may be classed the momentary extinction of Mr. Hearst, and here the New York Post allows itself positively to chortle in its glee:

Mr. Hearst is now definitely deprived of his martyr's crown, for which he has substituted a fool's cap. He can not even claim to have defeated Bryan and Chanler; for the little fringe of votes which his personally conducted independence

party cast was absolutely negligible in the large result. This is a terrible blow not only to an impudent charlatan, but to all his boasting about the irresistible political power of his newspapers. He and his hirelings have talked as if, when the Journal spoke, 5,000,000 readers said amen, and 1,000,000 voters rushed to record their approval at the polls. That humbug is now exploded. When even the most blatant journalism sets itself against the popular stream, it is swept away with other rotten vegetables. The true comment on Hearst's further political pretensions can best be conveyed to him in language of the kind he uses, and which has been heard within the past few weeks from hundreds of his former followers: "Hearst? Aw, be's a dead one."

The reflection of Hughes to the governorship of New York and of Cannon to the Sixty-First Congress also receive wide editorial mention. With regard to Hughes, there is hardly a difference of opinion and the congratulatory chorus is nearly unbroken. And even the Speaker has his friends quite outside the ranks of those who naturally sympathize with a man who is made the special target of sectional arrows. The New York Sun says that Cannon's triumph in his home district, assuring his continued usefulness in the exalted office he now holds, "is one of the results of the voting yesterday that gratifies us most." The Sun recognizes that Cannon is a tyrant, but the peculiarity of his tyranny is that "Ego is not in it." Well, well, well!

Foreign comment is unanimous as far as it goes. The London bankers express themselves as gratified. The London Evening Standard says that America owes her international position largely to Taft. The Westminster Gazette believes that the "safe, sbrewd, and resourceful" candidate has been chosen, and continues:

Bryan never recovered in the popular esteem from sowing his wild oats on the silver question. We have yet to see what would happen in the United States if a really powerful man were to appeal boldly to the radical instincts of the masses against the domination of the wealthy men in the Eastern States. Mr. Hearst reserves that rôle to himself.

Curiously enough, the London Globe takes the same view, and expresses the opinion that Bryan's defeat has cleared the way for Hearst, who doubtless holds the same belief and will be gratified to find that he is thus in a minority of three instead of one, as he might reasonably have supposed. The Globe believes that Hearst may obtain the nomination in 1912, either from the Democrats or "some more extreme and more powerful organization springing from the ruins of the Democracy." Reports from Rome speak of a "general satisfaction." The result of the election is "popular" in St. Petersburg, the Parisians anticipate a "new era of prosperity" for America, while from Japan comes an assurance that the news was received with the "liveliest interest."

Photographs taken from airships or balloons have long been considered a practical method of learning the whereabouts of an enemy's forces or fortifications in time of war, but snapshots by a camera attached to a pigeon are an altogether new idea. This minute photographic apparatus is the invention of a German, Dr. Neubronner, and has just been patented. The officials at the German Patent Office were disposed to ridicule the invention at first, but their opinions changed after proofs of its practicability had been furnished. The German War Office recognized its strategic value, and they believe that photographing pigeons can render much assistance to a besieging army. The miniature camera weighs only two and one-half ounces, and that is considered the maximum weight which a homing pigeon could carry in a flight of not more than one hundred miles. As many as thirty snapshots may be taken automatically, and the instant of exposure can be so timed that the desired views will be obtained. By this means objects may be photographed from no greater height than 150 to 300 feet, an impossible feat for an airship or balloon.

Dr. Helen Bouchier, an English suffragette who has served a short term in prison, throws some light on the psychology of the released convict. Sometimes a convict, after a long term of confinement, comes to prefer the cell to the clash of the outside world, to which all his faculties have become strangers. Many ex-convicts never regain their ability to cope with life. "I found," says Dr. Bouchier, "even that short term of imprisonment in some subtle way affecting my mind. The trivial incidents of the prison life, that at first I had known and found to be absolutely unimportant, began to loom larger and larger before my mental vision, and I found myself losing all sense of proportion. . . . But the fact which showed me most startlingly the effect produced on my mind by the unnatural conditions of seclusion, silence, and monotony which prevailed in Holloway was the growth of a strange feeling of apprehension, of shrinking from the outside world."

There was almost a score of candidates at the first election held to choose a governor under the new constitution of Massachusetts in 1780. James Bowdoin and John Hancock, both eminent Bostonians, were the two men most in the public eye and estimation for the position. Altogether the total poll was about or less than 13,000. Hancock received more than 11,000. Bowdoin something over 1000 and the remaining ballots were distributed among fifteen or sixteen other candidates.

The remarkable dearth of marriageable young women in some of the most populous industrial districts of Alsace-Lorraine is causing the authorities some anxiety. Throughout these provinces there are, on an average, three men to every woman, and in the small town of Kneuttingen 1500 single women have 5000 men from whom to choose their husbands.

THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR.

New York Has Lost a Society Leader and a Woman of Broad Mental Capacity.

By the death of Mrs. William Astor New York loses a chief whose reign has been undisputed for over thirty years and whose influence was never lacking on the side of a broad enlightenment and the encouragement of intellectual and moral values. Mrs. Astor was among those who saw visions and dreamed dreams, she belonged to the few who knew the traditions of polite life, and if she was unable wholly to enforce her will for the creation of an aristocracy depending upon culture rather than upon wealth and pedigree, her influence was none the less a restraint both upon the ultra exclusiveness of the few who would preserve and upon the vulgarity of the many who would encroach.

Mrs. Astor attained her social supremacy over three decades ago, when she gave the first great ball that was to become at once an institution. Upon one side of her hospitable door was the great outside world whose blood was of any and every color except blue. Upon the other side were the elect, those who were "in society," who were to be recognized as belonging to American aristocracy. There was no other possible passport into the light of the social world than an invitation from Mrs. Astor, and Mrs. Astor dispensed her favors according to her own sense of the fitness of things, and none dared to make her afraid. Such ascendancy as this is not to be accounted for upon fortuitous grounds. It bespeaks a force of character, a power to formulate standards and ideals, and a faculty for government that are just as rare in the social world as in the more effective realms of politics and world affairs. Mrs. Astor was of course wealthy, but not extraordinarily so as judged by later standards. Her birth was unquestionable, but not more unquestionable than that of some others. She had none of the characteristics that are usually supposed to govern that much abused word "success." The determined enemy of the climber, she held herself far removed from every kind of social intrigue. So far was she from self-assertion that she was modest and unassuming. There is no explanation of the easy dominance that she exercised except by that subtle force of character that so easily compels obedience and that is independent of the devices of those who have no other weapon than device in the armory of their social weapons.

Mrs. Astor was born on September 22, 1830. She was therefore seventy-eight years of age at her death. Her father was Abraham Schermerhorn, a lawyer of New York, who was descended from Jacob Jansse Schermerhorn, who came to New Netherland in 1636, amassed wealth somewhat rapidly, got himself into trouble with Governor Stuyvesant upon a charge of selling powder to the turbulent Indians, and subsequently lost most of his property. In the family line of his descendants we find many of the old Dutch names, such as Van der Bogart, Beekman, Ten Eyck, and Buren. Mrs. Astor's mother was Helen White, belonging to the Yonkers branch of the Van Cortlandts. In 1853 Mrs. Astor married William Astor, whose grandfather was the first John Jacob Astor. Her husband, who was the same age as herself, died in 1892, leaving four children, and of these four children three survive their mother—Mrs. George Ogilvy Haig, Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, and Colonel John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Wilson was with Mrs. Astor at the moment of her death, but Colonel Astor had gone to his own house for rest, after a long vigil.

Mrs. Astor practically withdrew from society life some four years ago. Her last ball was given in 1904, and even the quarterly dinner parties were discontinued at about the same time. For over a year she has received no visitors except her daughter. Even her son was not admitted to her immediate apartments. She has, in fact, lived as a recluse, and the dread of publicity that was always a characteristic of the deceased lady became almost morbid. She would not even approach the windows, for fear of being seen by some of the inquisitive tourists who came on a kind of pilgrimage to worship the exterior of a house containing the great society leader, and for many years she never left her doors without a little parasol designed to check the ardor of the impertinent photographer. It was the same desire to avoid publicity that created a sort of dread of bright light. She hated to be recognized and to be stared at. At the opera she always carried a veil arranged upon a frame, and this she interposed between her face and the gaze of the curious, and she even had her box disconnected from the general electric current, so that its occupants might sit in semi-obscurity. All these things were described as eccentricities by a generation that could never get close enough to the searchlight for its own satisfaction. Perhaps in later years they did become eccentricities, but their basis was the natural refinement and reticence of a lady.

Mrs. Astor was always liberal in the social distinction that she was able to confer. She was an autocrat, but her rule was suave and benevolent. Presumably, we shall never get a glimpse at the contents of her mail bag or at the begging, pleading letters from social aspirants that reached her day by day. Their cry was always the same—"Let me in. Let me in," and while their publication would have a sort of interest for the cynic, it would certainly not elevate our views of human nature. Many years ago there were only four hundred names in the list of the exclusive society of New York, and we almost began to believe that the number had been fixed by Providence, and that, like the laws of

the Medes and Persians, it could never change. But it was suddenly discovered that Mrs. Astor was issuing as many as six hundred invitations, and the walls of New York society forthwith expanded. In later years they had to expand again to accommodate eight hundred, and even a thousand. Mrs. Astor set the old credentials upon one side with an inflexible hand. She had her own standards and to a certain extent she enforced them. Her home life was always of the simplest description. Breakfast was never later than eight, and her day was mapped out with business-like precision and with a proper heed to the domestic duties which sometimes and elsewhere are more honored in the breach than in the observance. By the death of Mrs. Astor New York has lost not only a society leader, but a woman of broad and liberal type and of a large-minded capacity.

NEW YORK, November 7, 1908.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

Solomon and Balkis.

Solomon, King of the Jews, and the Queen of Sheba, Balkis, Talk on the ivory throne, and we well may conjecture their talk is

Solely of things sublime: why else has she sought Mount Zion, Climbed the six golden steps, and sat betwixt lion and lion?

She proves him with hard questions: before she has reached the middle

He smiling supplies the end, straight solves them riddle by riddle;

Until, dead-heaten at last, there is left no spirit in her, And thus would she close the game whereof she was first beginner:

"O wisest thou of the wise, world's marvel and well-nigh monster,

One crabb'd question more to construe or *vulgo* conster! Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of perfect wisdom Should open to, when they knock at *spheteron do*—that's, his dome?"

The King makes tart reply: "Whom else hut the wise his equals

Should he welcome with heart and voice?—since, king though he be, such weak walls

Of circumstance—power and pomp—divide souls each from other

That whose proves kingly in craft I needs must acknowledge my brother.

"Come poet, come painter, come sculptor, come huilder—whate'er his condition,

Is he prime in his art? We are peers! My insight has pierced the partition

And halls—for the poem, the picture, the statue, the building—my fellow!

Gold's gold though dim in the dust: court-polish soon turns it yellow.

"But tell me in turn, O thou to thy weakling sex superior, That for knowledge hast traveled so far yet seemest no whit the wearier—

Who are those, of all mankind, a queen like thyself, consummate

In wisdom, should call to her side with an affable 'Up hither, come, mate'?"

"The Good are my mates—how else? Why doubt it?" the Queen upriddled:

"Sure even above the Wise—or in travel my eyes have idled—I see the Good stand plain: he they rich, poor, shrewd, or simple,

If Good they only are. . . . Permit me to drop my wimple!"

And, in that hashful jerk of her body, she—peace, thou scoffer!

Jostled the King's right hand stretched courteously help to proffer,

And so disclosed a portent: all unaware the Prince eyed The Ring which bore the Name—turned outside from inside!

The truth-compelling Name—and at once, "I greet the Wise—oh,

Certainly welcome such to my court—with this proviso: The building must be my temple, my person stand forth the statue,

The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my praise—you cat, you!"

But Solomon nonplused? Nay! "Be truthful in turn!" so had he:

"See the Name, obey its hest!" And at once subjoins the lady—

"Provided the Good are the young, men strong and tall and proper,

Such servants I straightway enlist—which means" . . . But the hushes stop her.

"Ah, Soul," the Monarch sighed, "that would'st soar, yet ever crawl'st,

How comes it thou canst discern the greatest, yet choose the smallest,

Unless because heaven is far, where wings find fit expansion, While creeping on all-fours suits, suffices the earthly mansion?"

"Aspire to the Best! But which? There are Bests and Bests so many,

With a *habitat* each for each, earth's Best as much Best as any!

On Lebanon roots the cedar—soil lofty, yet stony and sandy—While hyssop, of worth in its way, on the wall grows low but handy.

"Above may the Soul spread wing, spurn body and sense beneath her;

Below she must condescend to plodding unbuoyed by ether. In heaven I yearn for knowledge, account all else inanity;

On earth I confess an itch for the praise of fools—that's Vanity.

"It is naught, it will go, it can never presume above to trouble me;

But here—why, it toys and tickles and teases, how'er I redouble me

In a doggedest of endeavors to play the indifferent. Therefore,

Suppose we resume discourse? Thou hast traveled thus far; hut wherefore?"

"Solely for Solomon's sake, to see whom the earth styles Sagest?"

Through her blushes laughed the Queen: "For the sake of a Sage? The gay jest!

On high, he communion with Mind—there, Body concerns not Balkis:

Down here—do I make too hold? Sage Solomon—one fool's small kiss!"—Robert Browning.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Lord Methuen recently announced at Durban that he had received a mandate from Mr. Haldane to withdraw every British soldier from South Africa.

M. Alfred Picard has been appointed French minister of marine in succession to M. Thomson. He is sixty-four years of age, and was the organizer of the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Princesse Helene d'Orleans, Duchesse d'Aosta, the second daughter of the Comtesse de Paris, and sister of the Duc d'Orleans, has returned from her trip to Uganda, whither she went on a hunting and camping trip after her sister's wedding, last November, greatly benefited in health by her experience.

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, the author and playwright and pastor of Old Trinity Episcopal Church, in Toledo, Ohio, recently created surprise when he announced from the pulpit that because the Toledo church was not under the canon laws he would be forced to resign, and that he had decided to accept the call of the St. George Episcopal Church at Kansas City.

Professor Shailer Matthews, dean of the University of Chicago and editor of the magazine *The World Today*, is giving a lecture course at Brown University. Of routine educators Mr. Matthews recently said: "The trouble with teachers is that they become accustomed to dealing with untrained minds, and do not grow. They get a sort of professional attitude toward the world which is suicidal so far as their individual life is concerned."

Nicholas Tchaykovsky, under arrest in Russia on charges based on acts alleged to have been committed thirty years ago, has been in prison without trial for nearly a year. It is doubtful if he could survive another winter of confinement, for he is an old man. The Russian government has announced its willingness to release him on bail and has fixed the bail at \$25,000. Half of this amount has already been raised in England. It is proposed to raise the balance in this country.

Gifford Pinchot graduated from Yale in 1889. He studied forestry in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. He began the first systematic forest work in the United States at Biltmore, North Carolina, in January, 1892. He is a member of the National Forest Commission and chief of the Forest Service, in the United States Department of Agriculture. He is a member of the Commission on the Organization of Government Scientific Work. In 1903 he was appointed commissioner of public lands.

Prince Henry of Prussia recently spent several hours in the air as the guest of Count Zeppelin, who made an ascension in his remodeled airship. Not only did the prince thoroughly enjoy his experience, but he sat at the steering wheel for many miles of the flight, guiding the movements of the craft and making it execute all kinds of complicated manoeuvres. Prince Henry's satisfaction was unbounded and prompted him to send this telegram to the emperor: "Under Zeppelin's guidance I felt just as safe as on my own flagship."

Captain Anzalono, the inventor of a new system of wireless telephony by which it is rumored that Genoa has succeeded in speaking to Buenos Ayres, is an officer in the Italian army. He has been carrying on experiments for a long time, but refuses to reveal his methods beyond saying that the system consists in confining microphone currents, which themselves are very weak, to the care of massive electric waves, which gather them up and speed them along for indefinite distances. His system has been successfully tested across the Straits of Messina and is now being tried on the transatlantic cables to the United States and South America.

Lord Curzon and his children are receiving \$68,000 a year from the Levi Z. Leiter estate, besides the income from \$1,700,000 placed in trust. Joseph Leiter receives \$4500 a month from the estate. When he dropped \$9,000,000 in the wheat pit his father came to his rescue and assumed \$7,000,000 of the burden. The father, however, at his death, charged each one of the children up with the money they had received from him. Therefore, Joseph has to pay interest on \$2,000,000 that he lost in the wheat pit. Lady Suffolk, who was Miss Daisy Leiter, receives an income of \$125,000 a year, as does her sister, Mrs. Colin Campbell, formerly Miss Nancy Leiter.

Goldwin Smith, the scholar, historian, critic, and publicist, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and he acted for some time as tutor in University College, of which he was elected a Fellow in 1847. In 1858 he was appointed regius professor of modern history at Oxford, and his tenure of that chair, which terminated in 1866, was distinguished by the delivery of lectures which attracted the widest attention. On the opening of Cornell University, in 1868, having accepted the invitation tendered to him, he settled in the United States as professor of English and constitutional history in that institution. In 1871 he exchanged his post for that of a non-resident professorship. Among his works are "Irish History and Irish Character," "Lectures on Modern History," "Three English Statesmen—Cromwell, Pitt, and Pym," and "The United Kingdom"—a political history of England down to 18—

THE TRICK OF THE TRIGGER.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XXXIX.

Monday's dawn saw a raw and misty morning. Out near the Laguna Merced, where the breakers boomed on the narrow strip of sand between ocean and lake, some surprised farmers noted numbers of men, mounted or in vehicles, restlessly patrolling sand-dunes and beach. Further back, where the shifting dunes had become fixed and were clad with a scanty growth of grass, other groups of investigators roamed over the cow-pastures. And the spot around which they seemed continually to circle was Biggins's dairy-farm.

By five o'clock some four-score men had drawn up on the roadside overlooking Biggins's cow-yard. Like flakes in a pool or motes in a sunbeam, these human atoms attracted each other over the hummocks and through the salty fog. No man seemed certain of the place of meeting, but soon all were assembled by Biggins's. The morning milking was in progress—not conducted by pink-and-white milkmaids, but by unkempt men in grimy garments and cowhide boots, smoking matinal pipes. In the centre of the cow-yard was a large tin funnel, from which a pipe ran to the dairy, or "milk-house"; into this funnel the milkmen emptied their unskimmed pails, and the dingy fluid poured through the pipe into the dairy.

The on-lookers gazed listlessly at the early workers, but their thoughts were elsewhere. The talk ran only on the coming duel. It was rumored that during Saturday night and all of Sunday there had been attempts to bring about a peaceful settlement. Friends of both principals had attempted to intervene. But it was generally believed in this early roadside gathering that Burke's seconds and his intimate friends refused to listen to talk of peace.

These rumors led Major Stevens to confidential condemnation of the Burke seconds to his friend Colonel Ruffe, another old Southerner.

"Those Burke men seem bent on killing their man," said the major. "They think he is so good a pistol-shot that he is certain sure to bring down Tower. Ah, but they forget that a dueling ground isn't a pistol-gallery. When you're in a pistol-gallery you're shooting at a mark. When you're in a duel you're shooting at another fellow who's shooting back at you."

"I reckon you're right, major," replied Ruffe. "And even if Tower isn't so expert a pistol-shot as Burke, they seem to forget that the judge is a man of iron nerves. Did I ever tell you about that affair he had up in Tuolumne some years ago? No? Well, it never came off, but it was this-a-way. He had a dispute in court with a fellow named Welton. Tower slapped Welton's face and Welton challenged him. What do you think Tower did? He knew Welton wouldn't fight with rifles, so he chose pistols at five paces. Good Gad, Major! Two big men, both over six feet, holding out two-foot dueling pistols at each other at five paces! Why, the muzzles would almost touch! When Welton's seconds told their principal, he got an acute attack of cold feet, and refused to fight."

"How did Tower ever come to exact such extraordinary terms?"

"He told me at the time that Welton was an excellent pistol-shot, and he himself was not. 'But,' says Tower, 'if I can't hit Welton at fifteen paces, I know I can at five. Welton can hit me at fifteen paces, but he can't at five. He can't hold his pistol steady when it's so close.' That's the kind of a man Judge Tower is."

"And that's the way it'll be today, colonel—Tower's hand'll be steady, and Burke's won't."

"Then if the Burke men are gambling on Tower's not being able to shoot straight, I reckon they're mistaken. He may not be able to shoot as quick as Burke, but he shoots awful steady and awful straight. Burke had better get in his quick-trigger business mighty quick, or the judge will bore him," closed Ruffe.

Quickness on the trigger was the principal topic in both groups—for already the gathering had begun to divide, with occasional stragglers like Eugene Yarrow floating from one to the other. Colonel Ruffe left the "Chivalry" group and sallied forth to learn what he could on the outskirts of a Burke circle. There the conversation showed that a possible peaceable settlement had been discussed and rejected; it was not believed that the seconds could succeed in compromising the matter. In the senatorial circle the most absorbing topic was Burke's quickness on the trigger. His achievements in the pistol-galleries were well known, and his friends were confident that his expertness with the hair-trigger dueling pistol could lead to but one outcome.

Much comfort was given to the Burke faction by a remark made by the senator the day before to his intimate friend Fox, which was thus reported: "Don't you worry, judge—I can shoot twice to Tower's once. I will kill him before he pulls his trigger."

And when Colonel Corkle heard this, he said with much deliberation:

"Gentlemen, I tried my best to arrange this misunderstanding without a hostile meeting. But it wasn't any use. The fight had got to come, and this is the time for it. Senator Burke never had a better chance, and he is not going to get hurt. He can hit a spot the size of a ten-cent piece nine times out of ten. These Chivs have been bullying us Northern Democrats long enough. It's got to stop. They've found a man they can't back down."

Colonel Ruffe discovered that overweening confi-

dence was the general tone of the Burke followers. Returning with his hook-handled cane hanging across his arm, he related his discoveries to Major Stevens. He told the major what he had just heard concerning the confidence of the Burke crowd in the quickness of their leader's trigger-finger.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the major. "To hear them talk they must think Tower is scared. His seconds advised him not to accept the terms of Burke's seconds, as they demanded a short word to suit Burke's quick trigger. But Tower said he would meet him on any terms."

"I reckon he would, too," responded Ruffe confidently. "And the Burke side mustn't forget what we were talking about just now—that this morning it isn't so much a question of quickness as of nerve. A few minutes ago I met a man just from McCarren's house, where Burke spent the night; he tells me Burke couldn't sleep, and is very shaky. I don't mean that he's flunking for he's no coward. But he is engaged in a hot political campaign, and suffers from a chronic malady. I reckon his nerves are all of a frazzle."

"That's not the way for a man to come on the dueling ground, colonel—particularly when the other man has nerves of steel."

"Right you are, suh! But look. Here comes Tower's party."

As he spoke there appeared two carriages, from one of which descended Tower, accompanied by his seconds, Colquhoun and DeKay; from the other, Tower's surgeon, Dr. Porter, accompanied by his intimate friend, Dr. Hamlin. Almost at the same moment, as if they had been waiting, there drove over a ridge, on the ocean side of the little valley, two other carriages, containing Burke and his seconds, Holton and McCarren, his surgeon, Dr. Lehrter, and an armorer known as Lagarde. Dr. Lehrter was editor of a German newspaper, and a heated supporter of Burke. His schläger-scarred countenance bore witness that he had figured in many student duels.

"Rather a queer choice for a surgeon," murmured Colonel Quirk, a Wyley man, to Milton, an enemy of Burke.

"Rather. He always was more of a politician than a physician."

"Yes, and he has been writing Burke editorials for so many years that he seems scarcely suited for delicate surgical operations—if they are needed," added Quirk, significantly.

The murmur and buzz of talk died away as the four seconds advanced and met in the centre of the little glade. They lifted their hats, bowed formally, and after conferring for a few minutes in low tones, one tossed a coin. As they stooped and scrutinized the coin half buried in the sand, the spectators heard the remark, "Tower wins."

"Aha! That means the judge has won the choice of weapons," said Colonel Ruffe to his friend the major. "He has got the pistols Dan Hallet owns—the ones that killed Vic Douglas in that duel on the island."

"I've heard that one of them is a little lighter on the trigger than the other," replied the major.

"According to his friends' boasts, Burke is said to be very quick on the trigger," commented the colonel, with a slight sneer. "The quick-trigger pistol ought to suit him exactly."

But the talking ceased—the seconds were tossing again. Again they stooped over the coin; this time the crowd heard "Burke wins." It meant that Burke had won the choice of ground and the giving of the word. The sun was just rising, and it was evident that Burke's seconds would place him with his back to the east. This they showed their intention of doing by taking their ground at the eastern end of the glade, so that the sun would shine in their adversary's eyes.

The two principals were standing some distance apart, and had not yet taken their stations at the points indicated by their seconds. Tower, who was closely scanning Burke, scarcely took from his opponent his cold, steel-gray eyes. Burke looked but once at Tower, and then averted his glance.

The two surgeons who had accompanied Tower took no part while the ground was being selected and the seconds were measuring it off; they bowed to the members of the other party, and then each cast his short cloak on the ground, and reclined upon it in a position where they could see everything and yet be out of sight. Burke's surgeon persisted in walking up and down and talking to his principal. Probably the least agreeable companion to a man about to fight a duel is a surgeon. However that may be, the accessories which Dr. Lehrter bore were not calculated to inspire cheer in the mind of a man going into mortal combat. Hanging from the surgeon's arm was a green bag full of instruments; these clanked as he walked, and out of the bag's mouth protruded a saw. It was difficult for some of Burke's friends among the spectators to refrain from bidding the German surgeon make himself less conspicuous. Burke's seconds were too busy to notice this occurrence.

When the seconds had paced off the ground, they invited the principals to take their stations. The sun had just risen over the hills. Burke's seconds placed him at the head of the glade with his back to the sun. Tower was necessarily placed facing the sun. Both men took off their overcoats; they were similarly clad, completely in black, with frock coats buttoned across the breast, concealing the white shirts; without shirt collars; with no white showing at the wrists; and with soft black felt hats. Again the seconds met in the centre of the ground and conferred for a moment; the spectators could see that Colquhoun was apparently

explaining something and running his hand over his breast. After all had seemingly acquiesced, Colquhoun walked toward Burke, while McCarren went toward Tower.

"The seconds are going to feel of their coats," muttered Colonel Ruffe to his friend.

"What for? They surely don't think that either of them wears chain armor, do they?"

"Oh no, of course not. But don't you remember when Burke fought his duel with Baldy Williams that the watch in his waistcoat pocket stopped a bullet? It saved his life. It's happened lots of times—there are various things that can stop a bullet—even your pocket Bible might do it, major," he added with a chuckle.

The colonel was right. The two seconds advanced, each toward his principal's adversary. McCarren stopped in front of Tower, bowed, spoke to him in a low tone, and moved his fingers over Tower's tightly buttoned coat in a formal and perfunctory way. Again he spoke to Tower, who beckoned, and his second DeKay came at once to his side. Tower handed DeKay his watch, and a handful of gold and silver from his pocket. DeKay put Tower's watch in his own pocket, and with a dramatic gesture cast the gold and silver from him on the ground.

McCarren bowed formally, and fell back.

Colquhoun was neither so respectful nor so perfunctory. He was very deliberate; he carefully inspected Burke's pockets, ran his hand over the front of Burke's coat, and generally displayed so much keenness and pertinacity in his quest for some hidden defense that Burke bit his lip and showed signs of vexation, while a murmur of resentment came from the Burke group. When he had finished Colquhoun bowed, wheeled, and walked back in a straight line directly to his principal, to whom he whispered something, holding his hand to Tower's ear. A grim smile appeared on Tower's face, and he nodded.

"Did you notice how Colquhoun dug his heel in the sand as he went along?" said Colonel Corkle to Eugene Yarrow, who stood beside him.

"Yes. What was it for?"

"Why, to give Tower a chance to make a good line shot, don't you see?" replied Corkle.

"I don't see," murmured Colonel Ruffe to the major. "I reckon it's just as easy for Burke to make a line shot on the heel-marks as it is for Tower."

Again the faces of the spectators became set as they saw the seconds bring the pistols to their principals. Burke's pistol had been loaded by the armourer, Lagarde. Tower's pistol had been loaded by DeKay. The men were placed and their pistols given them, with instructions as to how the weapons should be held and lifted. When they had taken their positions it was noticed that Burke seemed to experience some difficulty in adjusting the pistol-butt to his hand. Several times he spanned it with his hand, fitted his fingers to it, examined it, and held it pointing down. He seemed dissatisfied with the way the weapon fitted his hand. But in reply to a whispered question from his second, he at last nodded his head, but hesitatingly. When Tower was given his pistol he grasped it firmly, looked at it, and then rested it across the hollow of his left arm until he took position.

"What did I tell you, major?" asked Ruffe, triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you Burke's nerves were all askew? Look at him! And then look at Tower—he stands like a rock!"

When ordered by the seconds to take position, Tower at once placed himself. His soft black hat was pushed back on his head, revealing his eyes plainly. He stood erect, and firmly planted on his feet; his body was adjusted with accuracy, sidewise to his opponent; his right arm hung naturally and easily by his side; his pistol was exactly vertical. He looked the embodiment of strength, courage, and determination.

When Burke's seconds directed him to take position, his manner was exactly the reverse. His face was pale, and there were deep shadows under his eyes, betokening a sleepless night. His black slouch hat was already well forward, and as he took position he pulled it further forward over his eyes. The nervous strain under which he was laboring was evidenced by the stiffness of his movements and the tenseness of his muscles.

When the seconds asked each man if he was ready, Tower quickly answered in a firm voice, "I am ready." For some moments Burke did not reply, and when he did, he uttered the word "yes," following it a moment later with a nod.

The moment Burke spoke, Colquhoun started forward crying: "Stop!" When asked the reason he volubly replied, pointing out that Burke was not holding his pistol vertically, as the terms required, but that it was pointing outward at an obtuse angle. This could not be controverted. Burke's seconds hastened to his side in order to remedy this unconscious infringement. So great was the tension of Burke's muscles that it was only with an effort that he could force his pistol-hand into the proper position, and permit the pistol to point downward. In doing so his muscles were so tense that he wrenched his body a little out of the perpendicular, and threw his left side slightly forward; thus his chest presented a larger mark to Tower's pistol. His seconds did not notice this departure from the position in which they had so carefully placed him. Nor did he—he was smarting under the conduct of Colquhoun.

As Burke's side had won the word, Holton was the one chosen to give it. Before doing so, he proceeded to exemplify the word and the time between its syllables, as set forth in the agreement, in order that the

principals might clearly understand it. This he did deliberately and with exceeding care. As the brief interval between the syllables "Fire—one—two" was noted, little undulations ran through the spectators, as they kept time with their bodies.

"Good God! That's awful short firing time," said Corkle doubtfully. "Or so it seems to me. How does it strike you, Yarrow?"

"It means pretty quick firing," admitted Yarrow. "But I suppose it's long enough. It sounds to me like the striking of a cathedral clock."

When Holton was sure that both principals thoroughly understood the way he gave the word, the seconds took their places. The spectators could no longer restrain themselves—a kind of hoarse murmur arose from the two groups of excited men. Colquhoun warningly waved his hand to them to be quiet.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked Holton.

"Ready," instantly replied Tower.

"Yes," slowly answered Burke.

Pausing, and looking first to one and then to the other, Holton said, slowly and deliberately:

"Fire—one—two."

As the word "One" fell from Holton's lips, Burke fired. It would be more exact to say that his pistol went off. He had partly elevated his weapon, but it was discharged before it reached a level line. His bullet entered the ground some nine feet from where he stood, making a line shot.

Just before the word "Two," the crack of Tower's pistol came. Exactly as Tower fired a patch of dust spattered out near the left lapel of Burke's black coat.

As Tower's pistol sounded, Burke's right arm, which was still extended, was flung up in the air almost perpendicularly. In his right hand he still grasped the pistol. A shuddering began in the chest, running out to his extremities; the fingers relaxed, the hand trembled, the pistol dropped to the ground. The shuddering grew heavier—through the tall stalwart frame there ran what now seemed convulsions. His head drooped; his left knee gave way first, and then both knees doubled under him; his body sank slowly; he strove to prop himself up with his left arm, but he had not the strength, and in a moment his limp body was lying on the ground. His seconds rushed to his side, and beckoned to his surgeon, Dr. Lehrter. But it was soon evident that the situation was too much for him, and he was obliged to call for assistance from the surgeons on the other side.

Tower remained standing in his place with folded arms, his pistol-barrel resting across his left elbow. When his seconds came to him he remarked:

"I suppose we had better remain until we learn whether a second shot will be demanded by the other side."

Colquhoun shook his head. "Burke will never fire another shot, judge," he said. "His wound is mortal."

"I do not think so," replied Tower. "I hit him too far out for a mortal wound. I think the ball only crashed through the ribs. It is not a dangerous wound."

But news soon came from the other side, through DeKay, who had been there to make inquiries. He informed Tower that Burke had been shot through the lungs.

"There is no hope for him," he said. "The three surgeons are unanimously of the opinion that his death is near at hand."

"If that be so," rejoined Colquhoun gravely, "let us make haste. In view of possible trouble if the adherents of Burke should attempt to assault our friend, let us leave the ground immediately."

There was no opposition and as the party moved toward their carriages, DeKay added:

"Yes, and we would be wise to get a boat and leave the peninsula without passing through the city. The courts are run by Burke's political followers, and it would be dangerous for our friend here to fall into the hands of the Burke judges."

Burke's seconds and a circle of intimate friends were gathered around him as he lay upon the ground. His utterance was difficult, for the blood was welling up in his throat. But as they stooped over him they heard him mutter faintly:

"Slaveholders' plot..... kill me..... because I opposed slavery..... make this a slave State."

Biggins, the dairy farmer, had arrived on the ground just as Holton was giving the word, and was a silent and wondering witness. As he heard Burke's last words, and saw the Tower party about to enter their carriages, he shouted loudly:

"By God, this is murder!"

Up to this time everything had been conducted in an ordinary tone. This was the first loud speech. The spectators stared at him.

"This is murder, I say!" he shouted again. "I'll arrest that man if it's the last act of my life!" And he started after Tower.

"Hold on, you fool!" cried Keller roughly.

But Biggins did not heed him. With a curse Keller struck him over the head with a loaded cane. Biggins fell forward on his face and lay unconscious on the ground.

"Sorry I had to do it," explained Keller to the crowd, "but every man here is armed. That well-meaning fanatic in ten seconds more would have started a bloody battle between the friends of Burke and the friends of Tower."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE FRENCH NOVEL.

"St. Martin" Asks for a Measure of Justice and for a Deliverance from Cant.

The French novel carries with it a significance not wholly enviable, and although many early prejudices have worn thin, it still has the reputation for a candor undesirable from Anglo-Saxon standpoints. We need not ask how much of the existing prejudice is a matter of mere hypocrisy. Certainly a good deal, if we may judge from the wide circulation enjoyed by recent American novels that leave nothing to be desired, or rather to be dreaded, in the way of free speech. But comparisons are odious, and certainly they will not help my plea for a better appreciation of the excellencies of the French products.

So much depends upon the point of view, and nothing is so hard as to admire an approach to an ideal that does not happen to be ours. Putting upon one side a French proneness to speak plainly and even pictorially of the things at which we only hint, the fact remains that the French conception of a good novel differs fundamentally from ours. The search for novelty is no part of the stock in trade of the French writer. He regards it as neither desirable nor artistic, whereas if we may judge from the published demands of American publishers it is novelty that constitutes their main demand. Their readers want to be introduced to new worlds, to be plunged into activities of which they now know little or nothing, to be confronted with problems outside the range of their ordinary experience. The dweller in New York asks for vivid descriptions of the California gold mines, or of the Chicago stock yards, while the dweller by the Pacific yearns for the untasted fever of Wall Street or the mysterious life of the metropolitan detective. And both East and West are captivated by stories of how the wealth of Midas has been acquired by audacity or by mental subtlety. There must be novelty, more novelty, and always novelty.

Now to all of this, or to most of this, the French novel is diametrically opposed. Its dissimilarity to our own is not a matter of capacity, but of taste. When the American writer has found his plot, his task is more than half done, and originality of scene covers a multitude of structural sins. But the French writer is never embarrassed for a plot, because novelty is not a desideratum. For him the plot is but a loose framework, necessary indeed as a support, but of which the shape and form do not greatly matter, seeing that they will be wholly hidden by a superstructure of pathos, of sentiment, and of romantic analysis. It is upon this that his skill is concentrated, and the more simple and the more domestic his theme, the greater is his opportunity to triumph. He will delight in artistic detail and in the construction of a sentimental mosaic of feeling, of emotion, and of passion in which the perfect harmonies of color and of light will be preserved. Events, which are supreme in the modern American novel, are used by the French writer as mere accessories to a psychological or sentimental analysis.

Take, for instance, the new novel, "Ciel Rouge," by Claude Ferval. The distinguished author, already crowned by the French Academy, would no doubt listen complacently to a charge of being commonplace or of having selected a plot that is almost indistinguishable from that of a hundred other novels. The heroine, Laurence, has been given in marriage to a man who is as conventional and as stupid as she is original and *spirituelle*. The inevitable happens when the right man, in this case a poet, appears upon the scene. We know all about the story at once. We can find its parallel, so far as plot is concerned, upon every book-stall in France, and, for the matter of that, throughout the world. But no sympathizer with the French novel will condemn it upon that account. The author was not looking for a new plot, but for a new and more intense handling of the passion to be found in an old one. Here, he seems to say, is a story as old as the hills. Now see with what new force I will tell it to you. Here is a landscape upon which every human eye has rested. Now see with what new suggestiveness I can paint it for you. Is it not from the commonplace that the true artist obtains his best inspirations?

Perhaps the passion for events has been overdone in American fiction. Certainly the concentration upon events carries no immortality with it. The stories of Chicago stock yards and of Wall Street, however much they may fever our blood now, can be no more than museum curiosities in days to come unless they depict in some new way the passions that do not grow old. As a more or less dramatic presentation of events they will have their little day and cease to be. But "Camille Frison," by André Vernières, will live not because it is original and pyrotechnic—for it is neither—but because it champions the cause of the working girls of France and marvelously portrays the pathos, the heroism, and the moral triumph of their lives. Other novels of this type are "Florise Bonheur," by Adolphe Brisson, and "L'Apprentie," by Gustave Geffroy. They introduce us not to the new, but to the old. Their invitation is not to wander upon untrodden paths, but rather upon the paths most familiar to the greatest number, the home paths that are full of the commonplaces of life and of their undeveloped and unsuspected beauties. Herein lies the great appeal of the French novel and its claim to immortality. It will live because it tells of the things that time can not touch.

Let us above all else clear our minds of cant—the

supreme crime of the Anglo-Saxon mind—when dealing with the French novel. Let us realize that an undue insistence upon illicit passion is by no means the most mischievous trait that a novel may possess. How easy it would be to find a score of popular novels in America and England wholly free from the sex taint and yet possessing no single character worthy of an hour's remembrance, no touch of pathos or of pity, no single throb of honest human sentiment. Let us remember how often we are asked to admire a hero whose character is that of a shark, or of a heroine so trivial and so heartless as to shame her sex. Let us remember how often our novelists have summoned us to worship a rapacious and conscienceless "success" that knows no law of God or man, no restraint but opportunity, no limitations but those of appetite and capacity. And then let us ask whether even the typical French novel, which as a rule would scorn the money motive, can compare with it in an insidious destructiveness or in an inevitable deterioration of national character. We have no warrant to rearrange the Ten Commandments in a new order of precedence or to place the seventh in a supremacy that does not belong to it. So long as our novels raise altars to competition in its most cruel and corroding form, so long as they ask us, and especially the young among us, to worship a ruthless success, so long we can hardly afford to throw stones at the French novel for an ungloried handling of human transgressions deplorable and inexorable, but primitive and elemental. We can at least try to understand why our claim to a superior fiction is not granted by the more thoughtful among French critics, who maintain that their own is not only the higher art, but more conducive to moral sanity and to the development of a salutary sentiment.

PARIS, October 27, 1908.

ST. MARTIN.

Lord Herries, father of the present Duchess of Norfolk, who died last month, belonged to one of the historic Roman Catholic families of Scotland. There are many ancestral treasures at Everingham Park, his stately Yorkshire residence; but it is said that the most prized of all is an old-world, faded lady's cloak with an extraordinary history. William, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, one of the earl's ancestors, joined the Stuarts in the famous rebellion of 1715, was taken prisoner at Preston, lodged in the Tower and sentenced to death. On the day before that fixed for the earl's execution, his devoted wife gained access to him in the Tower, and, disguising him as a servant-maid with cloak and hood and painted cheeks, enabled him to accompany her and pass the sentries unchallenged. The cloak, preserved to this day, is that which covered the Jacobite earl as he passed forth in humble disguise.

The tenth annual chrysanthemum show is now in progress at the New York Central Park greenhouses, where the more than 6500 plants exhibited comprise the choicest specimens of 250 varieties of the chrysanthemum. The smallest chrysanthemum shown was the "Golden Chain," less than half an inch in diameter. From this there were blossoms of every size and color up to the brilliant yellow "Rider Haggards" and the dark pink "Reginal Vallis." The exhibition of pure white "William Jennings Bryans" was the finest in the collection. It is the largest white chrysanthemum grown and is perfect in color.

Slot machine typewriters are to be placed in the rooms of the leading hotels so that guests can attend to their own correspondence without being compelled to submit to the semi-publicity of the hotel stenographers. The machines are the result of a new invention by which a ten-cent piece dropped into a slot allows the machine to be used for half an hour. The money falls into a small aluminum box attached to the machine, and loosens a lever which unlocks the machine, and at the same time starts a clock which is in the box.

New York is usually thought of as being directly west from London. It is, however, despite its far more rigorous climate, 900 miles nearer the equator than is the British capital. The bleak coast of Labrador is directly west of London. The same line passes the southern part of Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg. On the other side of the continent it touches the southern extremity of Alaska and continues through the centre of the Isthmus of Kamchatka and Siberia and Russia to Homburg.

The yellow desert stretching eastward from Lüderitz Bay in German Southwest Africa has become a great attraction, though a few months ago its monotonous sand dunes were hateful and depressing. Diamonds have been found there and a new mining fever is raging. Men are thronging where till now wild beasts have held undisputed sway.

The Spanish Main meant the circular bank of islands forming the northern and eastern boundaries of the Caribbean Sea, beginning from Mosquito, near the Isthmus, and including Jamaica, St. Domingo, the Leeward Islands, and the Windward Islands, to the coast of Venezuela, in South America.

Nelson's flagship *Victory*, almost the last relic of the great naval wars, is to be rigged, repainted, and as nearly as possible restored to the condition in which she gloriously led the port column of the British fleet into battle at Trafalgar.

A FASCINATING AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Lady Randolph Churchill's Reminiscences Give a Glimpse of Political and Society Life Throughout Europe.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West, better known as Lady Randolph Churchill, begins her reminiscences at the beginning. She tells us that Italy colored her first impressions, her father, Leonard Jerome, being American consul at Trieste, although she was born in Brooklyn. Of the Civil War she remembers nothing, except that every little Southern girl at the dancing class was a "wicked rebel," to be pinched and persecuted accordingly. In 1867 Mrs. Jerome went with her daughter to Paris in search of special medical treatment, little supposing that she would remain in Europe for ten years and that she would return married. Her reminiscences proper begin with her arrival as a young girl in Paris, and they are not only among the most vivacious and fascinating that have ever been given to the world, but their value from the social and historical points of view is of a high order. The empire was at its height. The Empress Eugénie was still the handsomest woman in Europe, while the Princess Metternich, Mme. de Canes, and the Duchesse de Mouchy were among the familiar figures of the French capital. Of the Franco-Prussian war we are told a good deal and we are even introduced to some favorable opinions of the emperor. Combatting the somewhat cruel letter of General de Palikao, who wrote, "La mort de l'Empereur à Sedan sauvait et la France et son fils, la capitulation a tout perdu," we are reminded of the more weighty opinion of General Changarnier, who said, "And he has been called 'coward'! When I remember that this man, tortured by a horrible disease, remained on horseback at Sedan an entire day, watching disappear the prestige of France, his throne, his dynasty, and all the glory reaped at Sebastopol and in Lombardy, I can not control myself."

The siege of Paris preventing a return to that city, Mrs. Jerome and her daughter migrated to London in October, 1870. Visiting Cowes, they were introduced to the present king and queen, received a visit from the French emperor, then living at Chislehurst, and made the acquaintance of Lord Randolph Churchill.

We have a great many stories of society life as it then existed in England. The masked ball, the author tells us, was ill suited to the English temperament—in fact, the English are too dull witted:

Generally speaking, there is no doubt that English people are dull-witted at a masked ball, and do not understand or enter into the spirit of intrigue which is all important on such occasions. One reason may be that both sexes are masked in England—whereas abroad this is not the practice, nor would it be understood. The license a man might take if his identity were to remain unknown would never be tolerated. Besides, it stands to reason that unless one of the two remains unmasked there can not be much mystifying. Some women refuse to say anything but "yes" and "no" in a falsetto voice, and think they have had a glorious time as long as their identity is not discovered. "You don't know me. You don't know me," was the parrot cry of one lady. "And I don't want to," said Lord Charles Beresford, fleeing from her, "if you've nothing else to say."

Thought-reading at that time was a fashionable amusement, and we have an amusing story of the literal way in which Lord Randolph obeyed the injunction to follow faithfully the impulse of the moment:

Thought-reading was the fashionable amusement of the moment, and one evening Lady de Clifford, a very pretty and attractive woman, insisted on making Randolph, who was reading peacefully in a corner, join in the game. Having duly blindfolded him, she led him into the middle of the room and made various passes with her hands, saying, "Don't resist any thought which comes into your head; do exactly what you feel like doing. I am willing you." Without a moment's hesitation, Randolph threw his arms around the lady, and embraced her before the whole company. To her cries and indignant remonstrances he merely replied, "You told me to do what I felt like doing—so I did."

A plunge into English politics followed, of course, upon Miss Jerome's marriage. The Duke of Marlborough had opposed the match until his son was in Parliament, where his abilities quickly carried him into prominence. Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, often dined with them:

On one occasion Randolph and I were discussing the evening, after our guests had departed, and he commented on Mr. Disraeli's flowery and exaggerated language, saying, "When I offered him more wine, he replied, 'My dear Randolph, I have sipped your excellent champagne, I have drunk your good claret, I have tasted your delicious port, I will have no more.'" This I found amusing, as having sat next to him at dinner I had particularly noticed that he drank nothing but a little weak brandy and water.

But Mr. Disraeli had small patience with folly. At an evening party a lady whose antics were often a source of amusement ambled up to him and tapping him archly with her fan made some foolish remark. Turning a stony stare on her, he said in an audible voice to his neighbor, "Who is that little ape?" Here, too, are some good stories of Sir Alexander Cockburn, lord chief justice:

A delightful man who came to stay at Blenheim was Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England. But he was dangerous! One day out shooting, while I was walking with him from one covert to another, he let his gun off by accident. Luckily the shot went over my head. "I must be careful," he said placidly. I fed. I remember asking him what had been the most amusing experience of his legal career. In reply he told me the story of a young barrister who came into court late, having evidently, from his appearance, dined well but not wisely, the night before. Sir Alexander reprimanded him, asking what excuse he could offer. "None," retorted the culprit, "unless it is that I had the honor of dining with your lordship last night, and bad wine tells on an empty stomach." This anecdote may not be original, but Sir Alexander Cockburn told it to me as such.

When one night the snipe, which abound at Blenheim, ran short, the lord chief justice, to his annoyance, was given only half of one. On leaving, he wrote in the Visitors' Book some

lines to the effect that he would share almost everything in life, even his wife (he not having one), but *not* a snipe!

Stories of the great statesmen of the day are so numerous that selections must be made almost at random. Antagonism between members of the rival parties was confined to the arena and was seldom allowed to curtail social amenities. We are told that Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Chamberlain, all of them pronounced radicals, jocularly begged Lady Randolph to paint their portraits. "Where," they asked, "can you find more attractive or noble models?" But the artist was inexorable. "Impossible. I should fail; I could never paint you black enough":

Of all the statesmen I have met, I think the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were the pleasantest companions at dinner. Both had the happy knack of seeming vastly interested in one's conversation, whatever the subject, or however frivolous. There was no condescension or "tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb" about it. At the same time, I must own that any feeling of elation for having had, as one considered, a success was speedily destroyed; for the next woman, whoever she might be, who had the privilege of sitting beside either of these great men, would receive exactly the same courteous attention. As for Mr. Gladstone, having once started him on his subject, an intelligent "yes" or "no" was all that was required. But if you ventured a remark (to which he listened in grave silence), he had a disconcerting way of turning sharply round, his piercing eye fixed inquiringly upon you, and his hand to his ear, with the gesture so well known in the House of Commons. His old-world manner was very attractive, and his urbanity outside the House remarkable. On one occasion I had been at the House hearing Randolph make a fiery attack on him, which he answered with equal heat and indignation. The hour was late, and Randolph and I had just time to rush home and dress to dine at Spencer House with Lord and Lady Spencer. The first person I met as I went in was Mr. Gladstone, who at once came up and said: "I hope Lord Randolph is not too tired



From "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." Copyright 1908 by the Century Company.

after his magnificent effort." What an object lesson to those foreign politicians who would look upon it as an insult to be asked to meet in the same house!

We have a few good stories of the queen. Lady Randolph was told that she could have the Order of the Crown of India if her husband would give the necessary recommendation, but Lord Randolph refused to do this in favor of his wife. But a few months later the coveted decoration was offered by the queen:

The queen, with one of the princesses and a lady-in-waiting, received me in a small room. She stood with her back to the window, wearing a long white veil which made an aureole round her against the light. Addressing a few kind words to me, to which in my embarrassment I made some inaudible answer, she proceeded to pin the order on my left shoulder. I remember that my black velvet dress was thickly embroidered with jet, so much so that the pin could find no hold, and unwittingly the queen stuck it straight into me. Although like the Spartan boy, I tried to hide what I felt, I suppose I gave a start, and the queen, realizing what she had done, was much concerned. Eventually the pin was put right and I courtesied myself out of the royal presence. As I reached the door, her majesty suddenly stepped forward, saying with a smile, "Oh! you have forgotten the case," holding it out to me at the same time. This little touch of nature relieved an otherwise somewhat formal ceremony. Remarking afterward to the lady-in-waiting that I was afraid I had been awkward, and nervous, "You need not be troubled," she answered: "I know the queen felt more shy than you did."

Lord Randolph's political downfall was a matter of chagrin to his wife, who missed not only the glory attendant upon the position of cabinet minister, but also the salary, as the young statesman was by no means wealthy. But Lord Randolph would do nothing to avoid the blow. "Politics and money do not go together," he would say, "so put the thought away."

Visits to the Continent were productive of many interesting interviews. Bismarck made a deep impression upon Lady Randolph, and the man of blood and iron seems even to have attempted a compliment:

Speaking of the country and the long walks he took daily, Bismarck said he loved nature, but the amount of life he saw

awed him, and that it took a great deal of faith to believe that an "all-seeing eye" could notice every living atom when one realized what that meant. "Have you ever sat on the grass and examined it closely? There is enough life in one square yard to appal you," he said. When we were about to leave, his great dog fixed his fierce eyes on mine in so persistent a manner that I became alarmed and thought he was going to spring upon me; but the prince reassured me, saying, "He is looking at your eyes, because he has not seen any like them." This was said in a grave voice and without a smile, leaving it doubtful if he intended to pay me a compliment.

Lady Randolph has made many appearances on the musical stage, and she tells us much of the great musical geniuses whom she has met. Here is a remarkable experience that befell her in London:

On another occasion I was brought to confusion, but this time not through my own fault. It was at a concert in the city given at the Mansion House before a large audience. Mile. _____ and I were to play a Polonaise of Chopin on two pianos. As our turn came mademoiselle, who was a professional of some experience and execution, said hurriedly to me, "At the eleventh bar on the sixth page, when I make you a sign stop, as I mean to put in a little cadenza of my own." Before I could remonstrate or point out that it would be an unnecessary addition to one of Chopin's masterpieces, the lady had seated herself at the piano, and perforce I had to follow suit. When she arrived at the eleventh bar of the sixth page, she nodded violently to me, and then proceeded to dazzle the company with arpeggios, runs, and trills, until I began to wonder if I should ever find the propitious moment to reënter. I finally did, and had the pleasure of hearing from the occupants of the front row as I went out, "Poor Lady Randolph, what a pity she lost her place for so long!"

We have further interesting chapters on the tour round the world, with special references to California and Japan. We are told a great deal about Lord and Lady Curzon, Lord Rosebery, Mrs. Craigie, Lord Morley, Lord Salisbury, Cecil Rhodes, Bernard Shaw, Lord Roberts and the South African war. There is, indeed, hardly a notable person or event untouched by this brilliant author, whose high position and ingratiating personality were passports to every one worth knowing and to everything worth seeing. She has, indeed, given to us a book without its peer as a witty and discriminating view of her day, a day that is not yet on the wane, but that has been extraordinarily full of great events in the history of Europe. Mrs. Cornwallis West has lost none of her charm, nor of her popularity. She is still a figure in the political life of England and likely to leave her mark upon the questions of the day that are yet pending. After reading her book it is easy to understand an influence that has been both real and wholesome and that is likely to be permanent.

"The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. With seventy illustrations. Published by the Century Company, New York.

The German fire-eaters are said to have been somewhat dashed by a bulletin issued by the general staff, on the authority of General Wilhelm von Blume, as to the cost of a modern European war. Germany, according to General von Blume, would be able to put 4,750,000 troops in the field; and to maintain this army in a contest with any European power would require \$1,500,000,000 a year. This reckoning does not include the results of financial depression and the paralysis of industry. General von Blume believes that the loss of life would be heavier than in the war between Russia and Japan, in which 20 per cent of the Japanese armies in the field were killed or wounded. If this proportion were to hold, Germany would lose, say, at least 900,000 in killed and wounded in the same length of time. These are staggering figures, but the course of recent wars makes them highly probable. For the German militarists and the English jingoes, who are constantly talking as if a clash between the two countries is unavoidable, the estimates of General von Blume would afford food for sober thought, were these bellicose gentry capable of such exercise.

"We passed many icebergs coming home from Europe," said a Philadelphian, "and on one of them a garden bloomed. It was a beautiful sight. The great berg shone like an enormous emerald in the sun, and in one level recess, fenced in by pale green peaks, a yellow garden gleamed. The captain said that iceberg gardens are not uncommon. Moss, it seems, is brought on to the bergs by animals' feet. The moss grows, it decays, it forms a soil for the pollen of buttercups and dandelions that is blown through the air during the brief arctic summer. Soon the incredible spectacle presents itself of a great, cold berg adrift in the salt sea with yellow flowers springing from the hard, cold ice."

When the city fathers of some of the towns in Ceylon caused trees to be planted in the streets to shelter perspiring humanity from the pitiless rays of the Indian sun they did not know that in attempting to lessen one discomfort they would actually create another. So it turned out, however. The trees grew up and afforded grateful shelter from the sun, but they also became the home of a certain green caterpillar which besides destroying the foliage acquired the habit of dropping down upon passers-by and darting into them a proboscis as penetrating as the point of a needle and almost as venomous as the sting of a wasp.

A paper entirely for the benefit of rheumatic sufferers is published in Germany, and in it rheumatic patients discuss their symptoms and tell of anything that has proved a relief to their pains, while medical men contribute articles to it on the different phases symptoms, and species of the disease and the progress which the cure of rheumatism is making.

BY THE FRIEND OF ACTORS.

William Winter's Book of Recollections of Stars of the Stage.

Only one of the great actors pictured with appreciation, knowledge, sympathy, and delicacy in William Winter's volume, "Other Days," is still alive, but there are unnumbered playgoers who cherish memories of nearly all in his list. Mr. Winter is better qualified to write of the stage and its impressive figures than any other American. He acquired an enthusiasm for the theatre at an early age and has retained it through a long career of opportunity and achievement. He has known intimately most of those who have been conspicuous in the dramatic field, he has seen nearly every theatrical production of value during the past half-century, and he has recorded, while his impressions were fresh, critical descriptions of plays and players of the day for readers whose intelligence and fairness he held in high regard. That he has been the dramatic critic on the staff of a great New York daily paper for many years, and is widely known as the dean of his profession, might be stated as evidence conclusive of his ability to write understandingly and entertainingly, but there are differing sorts of critics. Mr. Winter would rather discover excellence than demerit, and when he points out a fault that might be repaired he tempers his reproof with kindness. He is never facetious at the expense of his subject. He respects his vocation and its interests.

Biography is as alluring to the writer as to the reader, yet it presents many difficulties. Mr. Winter well says: "Observation, intuition, and sympathy, while perhaps discerning much, can not discern all, and therefore the testimony of the biographer remains imperfect." In the life stories of actors, whose thoughts and activities are almost inseparably connected with a world of illusions, there are many things that test the historian's judgment. The public can not be admitted behind the scenes of a theatre without great danger to entertainers and entertained. To preserve the pleasing portrait that may not be the true one must be the effort of the artist who is loyal to the reputation of the admired artist. Mr. Winter had no greater difficulty than the fact that he was the companion and friend of nearly every one of those whose names and fame fill the bulk of his work. That difficulty he has overcome with seeming ease. This is from the author's preface:

Some of them have been comrades of mine; intimate friends; daily associates; accustomed to tell me of their joys and sorrows, and to ask and to follow my counsel in the conduct of their professional lives. Their rivalries and the contests of their coteries have surged around me; their triumphs have engaged my pen; their defects have elicited my sympathy; and—as it is a happiness to remember—their finer achievements have, in many instances, been recorded and celebrated, in such a way as to gratify, cheer, and help them, by my literary zeal and industry. I have observed them closely and I have found them exceedingly interesting; sometimes humorous; sometimes pathetic; always sensitive; often sweet and gentle; still more frequently unconventional, hopeful, and gay, and therefore charming companions.

Fitting, as a real introduction to the individual histories, is Mr. Winter's opening chapter, headed "A Royal Line." It takes a rapid survey of the stage from the beginning of the nineteenth century, and briefly places John Philip Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Thomas Cooper, Macready, Forrest, and the elder Booth. Then comes a delightful chapter on the greatest of American comedians, and the best loved if not the most eminent of our actors:

Jefferson came of a stage lineage, was born to be an actor, and possessed extraordinary natural advantages. His figure was slender; his features were regular; he had dark hair, gray-blue eyes, and magnificent eyebrows. His voice was clear and sympathetic, and its winning tones were equally expressive of tenderness and genial mirth. His acting was marked by the delightful quality of repose, and its art was so absolutely veiled that it seemed not acting, but living, and so created a perfect illusion. Therein consisted his supremacy. He was not a declaimer; he was an impersonator. His performance of Rip Van Winkle appeared to be completely spontaneous; it was universally recognized and designated as "natural"; yet, in fact, it was—and rightly so—the product of scrupulous art; the result of an intellectual, premeditated, steadily supervised design, formed with laborious thought, and executed, as to even the most minutest detail, in accordance with a definite artistic purpose. It seemed as carelessly fluent as the loveliest poetic cadence of Herrick or Darley; as lawless as a drifting cloud; as free and fleeting as the idle, wayward wind that whispers in the fragrant pine or sports with the whitecaps of the sea; it was, in reality, an elaborately constructed mosaic of beauties, born of imagination, made with consummate ingenuity, but illumined with such a glow of genius as fused all its fibres of mechanism into one golden stream of light, and turned all its art to nature.

So recent is the removal of Joseph Jefferson from the stage that even the younger generation of playgoers are not entirely dependent upon the words of others for testimony as to his powers. Mr. Winter strives to show that they were beyond the realm of the descriptive phrase:

Discovery of the charm of Jefferson's acting was not difficult to those who saw him act. Designation of it was never easy. Few of his auditors ever tried to put it into words. It can not be stated in an epigram. Examination of the characters of Rip and Acres—in which two parts he fully revealed himself—with analysis of his interpretation and expression of them, would arrive at the result, disclosing and defining an exceptionally rich and various nature, combined with great felicity of dramatic art. Those parts he, literally, created; for Rip, as Jefferson displayed him, never existed until he made him manifest; and the Acres that he embodied was a higher and finer type of man than the Acres drawn by Sheridan, a far more exquisite fabric of whimsical humor; and in remarking that character the comedian refashioned and improved the comedy for practical purposes.

It is almost thirty-five years since the greatest of American tragediennes left the boards. Only the vet-

erans among devotees of the theatre can remember her in character. Mr. Winter knew her well:

Charlotte Cushman, like Henry Irving, grandly illustrated the truth of Shakespeare's saying, "In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men"; for she left nothing to chance, and she made impotent the caprice of all observers. You might resent her dominance, and shrink from it, calling it "masculine"; you could not doubt her massive reality or escape the spell of her imperial power. She was a tall woman, of large person and of commanding aspect, and in her demeanor, when she was thoroughly aroused, there was an innate grandeur of authority that no sensitive soul could resist.

A meeting of two commanding personalities, yet of widely varying quality and outlook, is thus described by Mr. Winter. It gives incidentally the opinion of a great editor of that time on the interests of the stage:

Mr. Greeley arrived early, and seated himself on a sofa, confronting a throng of admirers. Miss Cushman presently came, and, after the ripples of greeting had subsided, she occupied a chair opposite to the philosopher. The lions viewed each other with curiosity, and both were affable. They had lived in Rome, and, of course, they did not lack for themes of conversation. Little was said about the stage, though I remember that there was mention of the celestial privilege enjoyed by an actor, when occupied in the interpretation of the Immortal Bard. To me that encounter was not without its droll side, for I knew that the sage was comparatively ignorant of the theatre, and practically indifferent to it. Early in 1865, when I was employed to write about the stage for his paper, the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley said to me: "I don't care for the the-ay-ter" (so he pronounced it); "I sometimes go into Wallack's the-ay-ter, but I don't see much in it"; and I remember that once, on a busy night in the newspaper, when I presented an article about a play, his self-illuminative answer was: "Oh, that'll do any time." He was "a self-made man"; and one peculiarity of men so constructed is that they look with a kind of bland toleration upon the arts. But Horace Greeley was a man of brains; he could appreciate a splendid character; and he appreciated Charlotte Cushman.

Here are specimens of the comparatively few references to living actors in the critic's volume:

The contemporary American stage is fortunate, as to actresses, in the romantic loveliness of Miss Julia Marlowe, the



Frontispiece from "A Grand Army Man." Copyright 1908 by the Century Company.

intellectual force and striking originality of Mrs. Fiske, the gentle beauty and profound devotion of Miss Viola Allen, the abundant passion and exquisite vocalism of Mrs. Carter, and the wild, dashing, picturesque abandonment of Miss Blanche Bates; but no woman in the theatre of this period shows the inspirational fire, the opulent intellect, the dominant character, and the abounding genius—rising to great heights and satisfying the utmost demand of great occasions—that were victorious and imperial in Charlotte Cushman.

The elder Sothern, a famous character actor of his day, is described with thorough acquaintance and fidelity in one of the most entertaining chapters:

He was the most whimsical of actors; but beneath his whimsicality there was a fine intelligence. He possessed a keen perception of character, a quick sense of humor, and a potent faculty of imitation, combined with ample knowledge of human nature and of the social world. His natural qualifications for the vocation of acting were of exceptional and decisive authenticity; a fine figure, a symmetrical head, which, somewhat early in his life, was crowned with gleaming silvery hair; a handsome face—the features regular, the complexion fair and fresh; the eyes large and of a positive, brilliant, grayish blue; a distinguished manner; a loud, clear, expressive voice; an alert mind, and much sensibility of temperament. He was an attentive observer of manners and a careful student of dramatic art, and he had developed his powers, and become expert and proficient, through a long ordeal of professional experience. He made the character of Lord Dunderbary, and with that character, a fabric of humorous eccentricity, he acquired fame and fortune. Superficial observers might have supposed that he was a mere farcical buffoon. The eye of experience discerned that he was far from being a trifler.

Many a reader of this volume will find his emotion stirred by the tribute Mr. Winter pays to John McCullough, "the noblest Roman of them all":

I knew him for many years. I saw him under many and various circumstances. I remember him as a man of essentially noble nature; and, in reviewing his career, I perceive him as a remarkable example of potential character, lofty ambition, gentle patience, integrity of purpose, and beneficent achievement. He was a tragic actor of fine natural talents, thoughtfully, carefully, and thoroughly cultivated. He was a man of liberal mind, tender heart, sensitive temperament, generous disposition, natural dignity, and simple manners. His service to the stage, and therefore to society, consisted in the steadfast maintenance of the highest standard of art. He exemplified, in acting, the attribute of puissance—an attribute

of which, in the American theatre, Edwin Forrest had been the leading representative; but he exalted and beautified that attribute by adding to it an intellectual refinement and grace such as Forrest never displayed. He was on the stage for twenty-seven years. His customary repertory included thirty characters. His artistic success was extraordinary. Poor, unknown, and without social advantages, he rose by intrinsic merit, to splendid renown. His personal success was the acquisition of that love which is more than fame. No one of our actors was ever more affectionately prized by the members of the dramatic profession. With the bluntest as with the highest, to think of John McCullough was to think of the comrade and the friend, and the public thought of him was genial with a kindred feeling. He did not possess an electrical, fiery genius, like that of Edwin Booth. "I will always gladly be second to Edwin," he once said to me, with the fervor of heart-felt admiration. He did not, as Jefferson did, carry the talisman of serio-comic humor. But he possessed elemental dramatic power and rare personal charm. He met the world upon the broad and general field of human sympathy; he shone with a benignant lustre; he suggested Shakespeare's "great sea-mark, standing every flaw"; he was magnanimity incarnate; he was the embodiment of manly tenderness; he was the vital, sympathetic symbol of sincerity, goodness, and truth: and as such he conquered.

A new setting-up of old standards is noted in this extract from the chapter on McCullough. It is explicit in showing where the tragedian and the critic planted them:

"They have been telling me," he said, "that Walt Whitman is a poet, and they have been reading some of the spavined stuff that he has written. It is a profanation to talk of such a writer as a poet." Then, blazing with emotion, he launched into a panegyric of poetry and a description of the poetic province—the ministry of beauty; the interpretation of nature; the alluring revelation of high ideals; the exaltation of the human soul. "A catalogue is not a poem," he said: "there is no such thing as poetry in mere animal life. The name of Poet is the grandest name that can be applied to any human being. Shakespeare was a poet. Shelley was a poet." He rose as he spoke, and he repeated, with amazing fluency and delicious modulation, many passages of Shelley's "Epsychidion." Art could do no more. "That is poetry," he said; and all that he thus said is true.

The fads that hurt their little day; but, sooner or later, the world comes back to the right standard—to beauty, purity, simplicity, truth. In McCullough's day there was no thought of devoting the theatre to the exposition of physical disease or to the analysis of morbid emotion and degenerate physical propensities. His breezy laugh would have blown the Ibsen hubble from the stage. He would have set the heel of amused contempt on all such sickly humbugs as Maeterlinck, Sudermann, and Shaw. His acting was of the heroic strain, and was best in parts that are emblematic of noble manhood and lofty and tender feeling; parts that implicate splendid deeds, fidelity to duty, self-sacrifice for love or honor; parts that move in the realm of the affections.

This must suffice to show the quality of Mr. Winter's biographic notes. In addition to the subjects referred to, there are chapters devoted to John Brougham, Dion Bouicault, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, Adelaide Neilson, and in the notes appended there is much of permanent value in references to Mrs. Marshall, Edwin Booth, and Henry Irving. Comprehensive, as the studies are, they may well serve as a history of the stage to carry on the theme from the times treated in the earlier works of William Dunlap, William B. Wood, F. C. Wemys, and Joseph N. Ireland.

Concerning the present outlook, Mr. Winter is plain-spoken in condemnation of some influences now potent in dramatic affairs, and yet he is not altogether hopeless:

With the stage, as with everything else, the tide rises and the tide falls. History shows that the movements of nations have been like the movements of the waves. There are thinkers, in this epoch, who believe that the great republic of America is repeating, more or less exactly, the experience of the great republic of Rome. It is certain that, in the development of the arts and the adjustment of them to society, there have been alternate periods of rise and fall. In some of those arts—namely, sculpture, architecture, branches of painting, and English dramatic poetry—the supreme height of achievement was reached long ago; and now, although the tide continues to rise and to fall, it never rises as high as it once did. The English dramatic poetry of the time of Elizabeth and James I, which is the best dramatic poetry ever written, has never been equaled. There is also some reason to think that, in the art of acting, the tide reached its highest flood in the better days of Edwin Booth and Henry Irving, and that it will not again reach so high a mark. This, however, is not said in the spirit of the rueful veteran who can see no good in the present day. The immediate point is that the present day happens to be a day of theatrical decline. There has not been a time in the history of the American stage when the theatre received so much attention as it receives now, from the public and the press, and there has not been a time when the quality of its average presentations so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste. That condition is due to many causes, but the actor is not to blame for it; and it ought to be declared with emphasis that condemnation of the actor for the defects of the contemporary theatre is unjust.

It has passed from the hands that ought to control it—the hands either of actors who love and honor their art or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor and acquainted with his art and its needs—and, almost entirely, it has fallen into the clutches of sordid, money-grubbing tradesmen, who have degraded it into a bazaar. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States speculators have captured the industry that they call "the amusement business" and have made "a corner in theatricals." A "department store" administration of the theatre, dispensing dramatic performances precisely as vendors dispense vegetables, must, necessarily, vulgarize the vocation of the actor, dispelling its glamour of romance and making it mechanical and common.

To explain the omission of Richard Mansfield from the list of stars presented, Mr. Winter says that he is now preparing a life of that actor which will later be given to the public.

The present volume should be on the bookshelf of every lover of the drama. It is indispensable to one who would have an introduction to the best that may be said of our theatres. Its four hundred pages hold nothing that is not worthy of presentation. Sixteen fine portraits are among its embellishments and a complete index is an admirable adjunct.

"Other Days: Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage," by William Winter. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$3.00 net.

THE COURAGE OF JOSE BORGAS.

By Walter Adolf Roberts.

In sleepy Hermosillo the sunlight fell softly. It was early spring and therefore the most delicious season of all the year in the Happy Valley of Sonora. At the doorway of his adobe house sat José Borgas, the half-breed Papago Indian, and across the street was Maria Gloria, than whom José thought no sweeter maid had ever drawn breath in Mexico. She was straight and tall, with soft brown skin and flashing eyes. Her every movement surely it was like a note of music; and pursuing up his lips José whistled a few bars. Could he not picture her, as he had seen her often, swaying to each lilt of the gay bolero tune! They would soon be married and have a little home of their own, but before that there was much to be done. He must work. Times were bad and he had not had employment for close on three months. How could a man take a wife when he did not even have the means to feed himself!

José half closed his eyes and drowsily watched Maria Gloria. She was busy making *tortillos*, but she could nevertheless spare the time to coquette with her lover. Many was the flash from under the long eyelashes that reached him, and many a shrug of the shoulders or turn of the plump arms that made his pulses tingle with joy. But the afternoon was languid and the scent of the orange blossoms a heavy perfume, and it happened that his head sunk on to his breast and he went to sleep.

There was nothing stirring down the street, except in the distance the figure of a man that the dust blurred. Presently, however, he emerged and came swinging along towards the dwelling of José Borgas. He was an American, hot and tired, and withal aggressively out of place in the quiet mañana land of Hermosillo. His hair was red and his clean-shaven face tried to be red and beefy also through the coat of dust that lay upon it. His nose was pug-shaped and his rather hard mouth was that of a hustler. He glanced contemptuously to right and left and then his eyes fell upon José. "Say!" he shouted stridently. "Want to work?"

José awoke with a start and as the question was repeated, he smiled amiably and shook his head. "No comprendo," he said.

"Oh, you no sabe Ingles!" cried the American. "I said, wantee *trabajo*? Sabe, work for Ferro-Carril. I, man catcher. You go to Nogales with me, plenty *trabajo*."

Like many another gringo invader of the land of Montezuma, the labor agent thought that a little pidgin English and a stray Spanish word made any sentence perfectly intelligible to a Mexican. José understood two words of his jargon—"trabajo" and "Nogales." Of course he wanted to work. So he sat up and nodded his head vigorously. "Si, si!" he exclaimed.

"That means 'yes,' doesn't it? Well, all right. But you want to know how much you will get, don't you? Sabe, *dinero, dos pesos, cincuenta centavos*. Two dollars, four bits a day." And the labor agent held up two fingers and then four. "Easy *trabajo*. Dobe house to live in. Free fare on Ferro-Carril."

José Borgas stared blankly and endeavored to make sense out of what had been said to him. This American was offering him work and he had spoken of two pesos and a half. That must be the daily wage. He had never before earned more than one peso a day and was overwhelmed by the liberality of the offer. But Nogales, that was very far away. Would he have to leave his father's house and Maria Gloria and go to the cold bare hills near the border! He was slow in replying and the labor agent lost his temper.

"Well, you Greasers make me tired!" he shouted. "Isn't that good pay? Think of it! *Dos pesos, cincuenta centavos*. Workee for Ferro-Carril, so Ferro-Carril will take you there free. One, two months you save up *mucho dinero*."

His vehemence startled José. He did not understand a quarter of what had been said, but he feared that the gringo was angry and would refuse to give him the job. So he jumped briskly to his feet. "Esta bueno," he said.

"Ah, *sto bueno!* Well you have sense. You go Nogales tomorrow. Sabe, depot, Ferro-Carril, *moñono, seis horas*." He spoke the Spanish words slowly and counted them off on the fingers of his left hand. In this way he thought the Mexican could not fail to catch his meaning. As José happened to understand and nodded his head gravely, the labor agent turned away.

After a few moments, however, he came back. "Say!" he cried, "Have you got a woman? *Tiene mujer?*"

"Mujer?" repeated José.

"Sure, *mujer* with you at Nogales. Like to have 'em. When you greasers have *mujer*, she cook for you and you no quit job."

The first part of the sentence was clear to José and suddenly a wild vision of happiness flashed across his mind. Two pesos and a half; that was quite enough to support a wife. If Maria Gloria would only consent they could be married that very evening and go together to Nogales. He would work then, ah! he would work so hard for months and months until he had saved up enough money to return and make a home for her in Hermosillo!

He made no reply to the labor agent, but darted across the street. He would ask Maria Gloria. What happiness if he could get her now instead of having to wait the weary months that had seemed the only way a few hours ago!

It was not long before he returned and his face was

wreathed in smiles. "Esta bueno," he said. Then he pointed proudly with his thumb to the house of Maria Gloria. "Mi mujer!"

At six o'clock the following morning José Borgas was at the depot and he was not alone. At his side stood Maria Gloria, now his wife, his own. They were going to the north, to Nogales on the American frontier, to seek their fortunes and they started with brave hearts. To José it did not seem possible that failure could attend them now that he had gained his heart's desire.

The train carried them through a desolate region, for, with the exception of the Hermosillo Valley, Sonora is a barren state. Maria Gloria drew close to her husband and thought a little wistfully of the beautiful land they had left behind. Hermosillo with its orange trees and countless flowers was surely to be regretted when one looked upon the flat sand plains sprinkled with cacti, and the hills and mesas rich only in minerals and unpleasing to the eye.

José Borgas was one of forty laborers whom the labor agent had rounded up in Hermosillo. They had been herded together into a third-class coach. Those who had women folk had brought them, while in a corner their belongings were piled in an irregular heap. No baggage-master would undertake to check those wondrously dirty bed rolls, so in they had gone along with their owners.

As guardian and leader of this motley troop stood the labor agent, armed with a pass which called for the free transportation of a given number of Mexicans. After he and the conductor, however, had counted heads he considered himself free to seek the luxury of the first-class coach. At mid-day he made no provision for the feeding of his men, and those who had not brought food went hungry. It is the way in Mexico. If the peon does not look out for himself he will cer-



George Wharton James, Author of "Through Ramona's Country." Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

tainly find no one to do it for him, and all that is expected of a labor agent is that he shall get his men to their destination without losing any on the way.

This the red-headed hustler did successfully. The train arrived at Nogales late in the evening, but he bundled them at once into waiting wagons and started them out to the railroad camp ten miles away. They arrived faint with hunger, but as they had not worked they could not be fed. It was not until noon the following day, when they had half a day's time to their credit, that they were given supplies from the commissary. For that also is what the Mexican peon has to expect, and José learned early that a wage of two pesos and a half goes most of it back into the pockets of the railroad company when one has two to support.

The grading camp was not a very enticing place. It straggled over about two acres of ground in a hollow of the bare hills. It was a little village of tents and the inhabitants were a community unto themselves. Laborers came and went, it is true, but there were at least fifty or sixty families who had kept together for months. They had moved with the camp a dozen times, following the grade in the manner of all true railroaders. After the sleepy ways of Hermosillo, José and Maria Gloria were not happy at first. They were assigned to a tent which no less than four other families shared and both had to play a strenuous part in the daily life of the camp.

José was roused at five o'clock every morning by the clanging of the bell, and at half-past five had to be on the grade. For ten long hours he worked under the eye of a restless Irish foreman whose sole idea in life was cubic yards of excavation. He knew how to keep the Mexicans to the point and he did it. For at headquarters a record was kept and a foreman who showed the best results was likely to be remembered when promotion time came round.

In camp Maria Gloria was not less busy. She cooked and washed all day, not only for her husband but for a certain number of those laborers who had no women

folk. For her services to outsiders the white bosses saw to it that she was paid, but she got very little more than what the food actually cost in the company's store.

So the days slipped by, and after a while José Borgas and his bride found the life not unpleasant. They almost froze to death at night and in the cold, clear mornings, it is true, and they saved no money. However, they had plenty to eat and on Sunday they had a whole day to themselves. But there was a storm brewing and at last it broke, swiftly and suddenly.

Late one night a rifle cracked in the hills and an American foreman, who was sitting in front of his tent, toppled over with a bullet in his brain. Instantly the camp was a scene of wild excitement. Americans and Mexicans produced an almost unbelievable number of weapons and fired aimlessly into the dark. They probably missed their enemy, and as no answering shots came back, they soon ceased and contented themselves with posting several watchmen for the remainder of that night.

Early the next morning a troop of Mexican *ruroles* arrived, summoned by the camp foreman. As enforcers of the law they could not be called imposing. Their uniform consisted of a ragged shirt, blue overalls, and a straw hat with a cone-shaped crown. But at their head rode the celebrated Coscolitzky, a Polish adventurer who had formerly been in the United States army and who had made his name feared in Sonora.

He addressed the foreman in excellent English. "Have you reason to suspect any one of the killing?" The other scratched his head. "Why, no. Red McGregor was a sober man and he had no quarrel with no one, as I knows of."

Coscolitzky thought long and deeply. "It must have been the Yaquis," he said at length. "We must get them all out of the State, or more murders will occur. By the way, have you any Yaquis working for you? You know the law of Mexico. A Yaqui Indian is an outlaw and must be arrested on sight. We make a round-up of Yaquis this week and will send them all to Yucatan. My men will search the camp. Perhaps in that way we will catch the murderer."

The foreman bit his lip. He well knew what that decision meant. Every Indian would be taken and the camp demoralized, for they were his best workers. "Go ahead!" he said.

No man in camp had done the shooting, but in the greasers' own country what advantage was to be gained from arguing with an officer.

From his tent José Borgas watched the *ruroles* at work. They pounced on men, women, and children, taking a Yaqui here and there, but for the most part seizing poor peons who had no connection with the outlaw tribe. If they were a little darker than the average and if their hair was straight and coarse, it was sufficient. Coscolitzky ordered them made prisoners with a nod of his head.

In the course of a couple of hours fifteen families had been arrested and in impotent rage the foreman saw the pick of the camp marshaled for the march to the bull-pen in Nogales. It would have been better, he thought, if he had not reported the shooting.

"Have you got enough?" he asked bitterly.

"Why, yes," said the Pole, and then as he glanced round him his eyes fell on José.

"That man!" he cried sharply in Spanish. "He is a Yaqui."

A *rurole* darted forward and seized José by the arm, but the next moment he lay on his back, while Borgas stood with flashing eyes before Coscolitzky.

"A Yaqui!" he shouted; "I am a Mexican. Does the captain seek to insult me?"

"You are an Indian."

"My mother was a Papago, but does that make me a Yaqui?"

Coscolitzky laughed softly and signaled to the discomfited soldier, who had risen and covered José with his rifle.

"Do not shoot him," he said. "He is strong and will work well in the mines of Yucatan. He is an Indian, and as this is not the Papago country, he must be a Yaqui. Arrest him, search his tent, and take his woman also."

José struggled wildly in the grasp of three or four men, who proceeded to bind his arms behind his back. He was thinking no longer of himself, but of Maria Gloria. Must she, too, suffer the tortures of imprisonment and in the end rot in Yucatan. But he was one against many and there was no one to help him.

Coscolitzky sat his horse and smiled grimly. Perhaps he thought of the Russian tyrants who sent his own people to living death in Siberia. But he did not relent. Every man and woman arrested whom he could call a Yaqui aided his own record for vigilance, and this case was no worse than many he had witnessed.

When later the *rurales* rode out of camp there walked, closely guarded, a double line of prisoners. Among them were José Borgas and his bride. In the prison that night they slept with their companions on the hard ground and the sleepy valley of Hermosillo seemed very far away.

"Heart of my heart!" said José on the third night of horror, "shall we die? Would it not be better? They can not force us to eat."

Overhearing this, the Mexican sentry stopped at the grating and looked in. "Eat or not as you please," he said brutally. "The other Yaqui swine will be glad to get what you leave. And if you die, why we will bury you."

The blood surged in José's head. The Papagos are proud; they have furnished some of the best men in

Mexico; and the pride of his mother's race made the insult bitter to bear. Stooping down, he seized the nearest object, a bone at which some prisoner had gnawed, and hurled it at the sentry. The latter's face was pressed to the grating and the bone struck his cheek and wounded it.

"Caramba!" he yelled, and reaching through the bars he attempted to take revenge.

José retreated out of reach and jeered. He knew he would not be shot at, for that would endanger the lives of the other prisoners. Then the sentry lost his temper completely and did a foolish thing. He threw back the bolt, opened the door, and with a long pole tried to fell his troublesome prisoner. José dodged the blows nimbly, leaping from side to side and taking refuge behind his companions. With a curse the sentry dropped the pole and fingered the trigger of his rifle. He would have loved dearly to shoot, but did not dare to do so. Suddenly, however, an idea occurred to him.

"Well, swine, how do you like that?" he said, and he struck Maria Gloria, who was cowering near by, a heavy blow in the face.

A scream went up and almost instantly José Borgas was at the sentry's throat. The rifle exploded and another soldier came running; but he had barely reached the door before a man brushed by him and darted away into the night. It was José. He had thrown the first sentry to the ground and struck him three or four times in savage fury. Then he had seen the open door and instinctively had made a rush for it. The two soldiers were able to prevent the escape of the other prisoners, but José was free. The prison was on the outskirts of the town and, although shot after shot was sent after him in the dark, there was no one to stop his flight, and he soon gained the safety of the hills.

Free! José found it difficult to grasp the fact. That was well, but the struggle was not over yet. If he could not rescue Maria Gloria, of what value was freedom to him! At first he thought that this would be easy to accomplish. He would reveal himself to the people of Nogales and surely it would not be hard to find many volunteers to aid him in taking the prison by storm. But, alas for the confidence of the simple peon! It was not long before he discovered that two-thirds of the population were eagerly on the lookout for him. Coscolitzky and his *rurales* were certainly unpopular, but the presidente of the town thought it worth his while to announce a reward for José's capture and that was sufficient to raise up against him a hundred eager foes.

The following night José Borgas crouched in a hiding place in the hills overlooking the town. His heart was numb with despair. He pictured to himself the filthy prison with the sentry at the door, the sentry who had struck Maria Gloria and was only too likely to injure her still further now that he had escaped. His uneducated mind worked slowly and it was long before the situation was fully clear to him.

Why had he escaped? he asked himself. Had he not been a coward to go, when that meant leaving his bride behind? And now that he was free, was there any hope that he could save her also? There was none. Had he not watched the *rurales* searching the hills for him all day long? The prison was strong and there was no one to help him. He could not rescue her single-handed. At this point a great sob shook his body and he fell over on to his face.

Half an hour later the sentry heard approaching footsteps. His rifle went to his shoulder, but he might have spared himself the trouble. José Borgas walked quietly into the radius of lantern light and stood before him. "I have come back," he said, "to go to Yucatan."

The other stared at him in blank amazement. "But—you had escaped."

"She is in there still," and José pointed to the door of the prison. "Life is nothing to me without her."

The sentry's joy at the recapture was lost in his astonishment. Taking José by the arm he pushed him towards the door. "Go in, fool, and rot with the rest!" he said. Then he stopped abruptly and saluted.

A man had approached from behind the building and it was Coscolitzky. "What are you going to do with him?" asked the captain.

"Caballero, he is the prisoner who escaped last night, but he has returned. He gives himself up in order that he may go to Yucatan with his woman."

"Yes, I know, I heard what he said just now." In the flickering light the Pole's face wore a strange smile. He mused for a few moments and then, shrugging his shoulders, he turned to José.

"Don't you know," he asked, "what this means? An Indian in Yucatan does not live very long."

José drew himself up proudly. "Señor," he answered, "you would have sent Maria Gloria, my own, to die, even though I should not have returned—and I love her. We will die together."

"You love her," repeated Coscolitzky. "You are a brave man. I like a brave man; and love, well, perhaps you are wise." His voice had grown soft, but swiftly he straightened up and turned to the sentry. "This man is a Papago," he said sharply. "We made a mistake. He and his woman can go. But remember, we recaptured the prisoner who escaped. I, the captain, order that you release tonight two Papago Indians. See that you do not forget that in talking to your friends. Adios."

Genuine ruby glass owes its color to the presence of particles of gold too small to be seen without the aid of the strongest microscope.

LITERARY ENGLAND.

There Are No New Stars, but Some of the Old Ones Are Still Bright.

Most of the old familiar names are still to the front in English literature. Very few, perhaps none at all, are supremely great. It is only national crises that startle us out of mediocrity. At all other times we must be content with lesser lights, on the literary as well as on the political stage.

But the old familiar names are good. We are not at all tired of them. W. W. Jacobs can make us laugh as heartily as ever. Essentially a short-story writer, he has a happy facility for cementing together a number of short stories without spoiling the effect. He has done this in "Salthaven," a delightful and deft performance with all the savor of the sea and a full measure of real fun.

Then there is Conan Doyle. He is still at the old stand with an apparently inexhaustible fund of ingenious plot and a direct frankness in its unfolding that adds to our perplexity. "Round the Fire Stories" is his latest volume, and it should not be read by very young people immediately before bed. Charles Marriott is not yet so well known as he should be and as he certainly will be if he maintains the standard of "The Happy Medium," a collection of fourteen unusually clever stories. Rhoda Broughton, too, must not be overlooked. We have known her for forty years, but her literary hand has lost none of its cunning, as witness "Mamma." Miss Broughton's heart is still at sweet eighteen, and we may be sure now that it will never grow older. Sure of an audience, too, is Mrs. Mary Mann's book, "The Heart Smiter," although Mrs. Mann has done somewhat better in times past.

Upon no account to be overlooked is Clement Shorter's book about Charlotte Brontë. He says that her life was the "saddest in literature." In her home

clear by the authors in their fascinating book, opening up, as it does, an historical episode that has been somewhat neglected.

Mr. Swinburne has given us more than one proof during the last year of his abiding vitality, but none more conclusive than "The Age of Shakespeare." Perhaps it is misnamed, because it leads us to expect a complete review of a period, whereas we have but nine essays, devoted respectively to Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Heywood, Rowley, Middleton, Chapman, Tourneur, and Marston. There seems no reason for this particular selection, but then we must not be critical of the gifts of the gods.

Sometimes Mr. Swinburne reminds us of Dr. Johnson by the ease with which he translates a commonplace into the thunders of Jupiter. The temptation to quote one passage—no matter where from—is irresistible. He says:

Charity would suggest that it must have been written against time in a debtor's prison, under the influence of such liquor as Catherina Bountinall or Doll Tearsheet would have flung at the tapster's head with an accompaniment of such language as those eloquent and high-spirited ladies, under less offensive provocation, were wont to lavish on the officials of an oppressive law.

And elsewhere he tells us that "no poet is great as a poet whom no one could ever pretend to recognize as sublime." The versifiers of today, and their name is legion, might well have this dictum printed upon a large card and placed conspicuously upon their desks or wherever they sit when the divine afflatus, or more properly the *cacathes scribendi*, is upon them.

Ouida's novel "Helianthus" has, of course, attracted the attention usually bestowed upon genius dead and denied to genius alive. A few carping voices have been raised in protest against an uncompleted novel, but even they have the grace to see that there was only one alternative to publication, and no vandal has yet arisen to suggest that "Helianthus" should have been destroyed. Think, too, with what ingenuity we



Nocturne—finished state. From Otto N. Bacher's "With Whistler in Venice." Copyright 1908 by the Century Company.

was the "narrowest poverty" and her school life was a "prolonged tragedy." Many of Charlotte Brontë's letters, now given to us by Mr. Shorter, have never been published before. We wisely refrain from comment except to say that they reveal their author as of "an entirely good and honorable nature."

Some notable contributions have been made to history during the last few months. Allan Lea, in "The Flight of the King," tells with a graphic minuteness of the events immediately following the battle of Worcester and of the loyalty, resource, and purpose that combined to save the life of Charles II. It is an old story, but told with new detail and a surprising amount of it.

Perhaps the most fascinating of recent historical works is B. C. Hardy's "Princesse de Lamballe." Of her, indeed, we can never hear too much. Perhaps more tears have been shed for the Princesse de Lamballe than for all other victims of the French Revolution put together. Hers was the supreme tragedy of that holocaust, and the figure of the "little lady dressed in white" who stood watching the carnage of La Force before she herself was hacked and stabbed and mutilated is one that will not soon fade from popular imagination. Mr. Hardy has done his work exceedingly well. He leaves nothing unsaid and his book is an important acquisition to the student of the revolution.

But Mr. Hardy is not the only English recorder of French events. His story has a sentimental value peculiarly its own, but it is equaled in general importance by "Dumouriez and the Defense of England Against Napoleon," from the pens of J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley. It is generally known that when Dumouriez was exiled from France he came to England, but it is not so widely known that the English government enlisted his aid in its preparation for the French invasion under Napoleon. However much we may condemn this as an act of treachery toward France, we may remember that France had behaved with extraordinary ingratitude toward her greatest general and that an unconcealed malevolence existed between him and Napoleon. All this is made very

can complete the novel for ourselves and finish it in laughter or in tears, as the mood of the moment may be. Ouida, it is to be feared, intended the story to end unhappily, a crime to the novelist, although unhappy endings do sometimes happen to stories in real life.

Even the most cursory notice of the literature of today should not omit mention of two books about Rousseau, one from an English pen and the other a translation from the French. "Rousseau and the Women He Loved," by Francis Gribble, is not exactly an important work, but it is undeniably interesting, in spite of the fact that Rousseau never loved any one nor was he ever able to persuade any woman to love him. But there were relations between Rousseau and a good many women, and it is of these that Mr. Gribble tells us, and it may be said that he steers his way with considerable skill. It is strange that the man who is said to have given to the world a new way to make love should himself have been so infelicitous in his *affaires du cœur*. Perhaps it was not entirely his own fault that he could never distinguish between intrigue and romance. It may be due, as M. Lemaître says, to the "natural immodesty" of his mind, but the fact remains that his one enduring *liaison* was with a servant girl who could neither read nor write and who was presently to forsake him in favor of a groom.

So far as the lesser fiction of the day is concerned, we can hardly congratulate ourselves upon an improvement. The sex problem obtrudes itself as much as ever, and it seems to assume uglier forms day by day as though it would sicken us into attention. One might suppose that there was no other problem before the human race than this eternal one of the relations between the sexes, and we harp upon it as though it were a discovery of yesterday rather than the exclusive theme of a thousand years. Perhaps when the renaissance comes and the novelist of the new age looks abroad for fresh air to breathe, he will signalize his advent by relegating sex to its rightful position and so emancipate our fiction from a thralldom both exhausting and degrading.

LONDON, October 30, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

JOAN OF GARIOCH.

Albert Kinross's new novel is a distinct departure in fiction, inasmuch as it is saturated with the personality of a heroine who never appears at all upon the stage. We neither see Joan nor do we hear her voice, but she has all the reality of veritable flesh and blood. It is a distinct departure because it combines almost continuous incident and sensation with a character sketch of unusual skill. When we first make the acquaintance of Jim, and for some time thereafter, we judge him to be a somewhat commonplace example of the ardent lover who is prepared to venture everything for the girl he has lost. But Jim grows steadily from the commonplace into the heroic, and before we leave him to his heart's content we are glad to know and to remember a most gallant, fearless gentleman.

Returning from the South African war, Jim finds that his betrothed, Joan of Garioch, has been married to the Count de Jarnac, a Russian nobleman of whom no one knows much, except that he was willing to rescue Sir Alison from a financial disaster and to pay three hundred thousand pounds for the hand of his daughter. In Sir Alison's own words, "I have sold her—for three hundred thousand pounds. I have broken my word with you." De Jarnac and Joan have disappeared and have left no trace behind, but that Joan is faithful and will wait in confidence for the future is made plain by the letter that she leaves behind her.

Jim searches Europe for his lost love and at last finds himself in Russia on the eve of the revolution. On his second night in St. Petersburg he is visited by a police officer, who demands from him the passport that he has already surrendered in due form to the hotel clerk for transmission. The hotel clerk denies all knowledge of it, and although the plot to expel him from Russia is obvious enough, he has no choice but to submit:

The officer pulled out his watch.
"It is now eighteen minutes after six," he returned. "You will be free till half-past nine. You will be kept under observation, but you can go and come as you please. At ten o'clock a train leaves the Warsaw station for the frontier. You will be escorted to that train. You will either go quietly or offer resistance; that again is exactly as you please. I myself will be ready for you at nine-thirty. There will be a carriage and two men waiting for us. They will be armed. Without a passport one is not allowed to remain in Russia."

And so our hero is expelled for the obvious reason that in Russia he is too close to Joan.

But he comes back, and this time as the special correspondent of an English newspaper. Taken prisoner by a party of revolutionists, he is "rescued" by Cosacks, positively identified as the Nihilist Maxime, and sent forward for execution:

The general came towards me and looked me up and down.
"Is this a joke?" he asked.
"I obey Colonel Palkin's orders, your excellency," replied young Firks.
"This is not Maxime—no slightest resemblance," said the general; and addressing me, "Who are you?"
"I handed him my card."
"You will have an excellent story for your journal," said he.
"I could not have had a better," was my reply.

And then we have the most extraordinary story ever told of the Russian revolution, and it is told by one who knows. To invent such a situation would be impossible. We see the government playing with the revolution as a cat plays with a mouse, waiting until the discords within the uprising have done each other the maximum of injury, and then with relentless, inflexible cruelty extending the area of pacification by extermination. We see members of the imperial family seated at the table of the conspirators, and the conspirators, ablaze with decorations, in the ball-rooms of the aristocracy. We see the dreary march of the proscribed out to the sand hills of Riga and to the ready-made graves into which they fall after the fourth or fifth volley. It is a tremendous picture that the author draws, all the more tremendous for its half-cynical condensation.

But Jim's reappearance in Russia is the signal for the combined attack of his enemies, who are determined to remove him from Joan's vicinity at all costs. And his enemies are high officials who have the whole machinery of iniquity at their disposal. Count Bobroff tries first to bribe him with money and with women, and, failing, he resorts to threats:

"In that case it would be easier and simpler were you to disappear—you know how one disappears in Riga?"
"Perfectly," said I; "the whole town since your excellency's arrival is a model instance of the system."
"I have only to touch this bell," said he, "and you will never be seen again alive outside the castle."
"Your excellency must have a holy terror of death, and evidently credits me with the same superstition."

Bobroff invites him to supper, arrests him, and orders that he be thrown into the river that night, but he escapes by the aid of a revolutionary leader. But he will not leave Russia. His newspaper alone controls his movements, and the whole landscape of danger is obscured and blotted out by a point of duty.

Escaping once more from a plot of Bobroff's, he yet once more seeks an interview with him and deliberately puts his head into the lion's mouth:

"You believe, then, that in the end you will find your way to Miss Garioch?"
"Only in moments of despondency have I ever doubted it."
"Just now you are a prey to no such moment?"
"Rarely have I been more optimistic," I answered.
"He looked me over curiously. I was, no doubt, a new type, foreign to his experience and difficult to deal with or explain."

"You are very much like a Japanese," he said at last.
"They won their war," was my reply.
"You will run no risk of winning yours."

A final extract may be used to show the mettle of this newspaper correspondent who relies upon a performance of duty to bring him to his lady love. In the interests of his newspaper he interviews Prince Patiomkin, whom he knows to be his arch enemy standing behind Bobroff:

He greeted me very affably.
"So you have come here to take a look at Livonia and interview Orloff," he began; "yours must be a very enterprising newspaper."
I glanced about me. He had been reading a copy of *Country Life*, just like an English gentleman. . . . He was dressed by an English tailor.
"You have never been in this part of the world before," he pursued; "but the best time to visit us is in the summer."



New Portrait of Hamlin Garland, Author of "The Shadow World." Harper & Brothers.

"I looked deep into the eyes of this man. He was as good an actor as any I ever met; and I have met a few.
"I am hardly here for pleasure," was my reply, "or at my own convenience, and your highness surprises me by intimating that I may plan so far ahead."
"Bobroff is a bungler," he answered genially; "he did not even inform me that you were coming here."

Patiomkin finally dismisses him graciously, provides him with an escort, and secretly instructs the escort to blow a hole in Cremon Lake and throw him in. But once more he escapes.

The reader must resort to the obvious method to discover the end of this remarkable story. He will make the acquaintance of Arbusoff, prince of revolutionists, who, if he could but multiply himself by a hundred, would drive the Romanoffs into the sea. He will read of that terribly dramatic duel when Arbusoff's bullet, aimed at the heart of a traitor, is deflected



Illustration by Allen T. True for Randall Parrish's "The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel." A. C. McClurg & Co.

by the metal frame of Joan's picture. And he will learn for himself the identity of Joan's husband and of how the sun pierced the clouds, as the sun always does.
"Joan of Garioch" is one of the great novels of the day, a strong and wholesome story, one of the few stories that become permanent mental possessions.

"Joan of Garioch," by Albert Kinross. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Damascus and Mecca Railway, which is under construction by the Turkish government, has been completed to Medina, and its extension to Mecca is said to be assured. These are the two "holy cities" of the Mohammedans and have been visited by very few Christians, owing to the jealousy and opposition of the former, who regard all such visits as profanation.

TWO POETS.

Stephen Phillips, in his little volume of "New Poems" (published by the John Lane Company), gives us twenty-seven selections, including the one-act tragedy of "Iole," wherein the scene is laid at Corinth, at that time hotly besieged by the Spartans. Of the longer selections, "Endymion" claims attention for its poetic value and the mystical idea that confers at the same time inspiration and sorrow. Selene visits Endymion and gives him immortality by a kiss. How, he asks, can he ever live again in earthly fields, having tasted of Imagination's Heaven:

"So he it then. Dream on, Endymion,"
She answered, "and at deep of midnight I
Will lean and kiss thee: thou shalt feel my kiss
In deepest dream; and I shall bear thy lips
Distinct into the quiet say my name,
And yet, sweet boy, think not that in this dream
Thou shalt not suffer, for thy trance shall be
More quivering intense than waking hour.
Cities shall be in it, and like to clouds
White dynasties subsiding and rebuilt
In blue eternity: though closed thine eyes,
Never had mortal such deep sight as thine.
Though deaf thine ear, thunder shall be in it,
Trumpets, and sound of snow, and note of birds,
Lashed caverns and the earliest lip of habes;
Thou shalt with all rejoice and weep and die
Forever; though the dream hold on its course."

And so the poet sleeps on, "thrilled with all the arrows of mankind," and the goddess departs to her own throne and place:

And so she keeps her light and he his dream.

Another notable poem is "Midnight—The 31st of December, 1900." The poet is shown the things that shall be and the ultimate triumph of knowledge:

"Yet remember the ancient things, the things that have been,
And meekly inherit the earth
And or ever those days be ended, the veil shall be rent—
The veil upon nature's face.
The dead whom ye loved, ye shall walk with, and speak with
the lost.
The delusion of death shall pass:
The delusion of wounded earth, the apparent withdrawal.
The snare of sightlessness fade.
Ye shall shed your bodies, and upward shall flutter to freedom,
For a moment consent to the ground.
Lo, I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of barriers—
I am be that shall free," saith the Lord.

"For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending,
And victory followeth Me.
They set them in order of battle, they ranged them against
me—

Chaos and Anguish and Time
And Madness and Hunger and Sorrow and Night and the
Grave—

But victory followeth Me.
Lo, I come, I hasten, I set my procession in order,
In order of triumph I come;
At the wheels of my chariot pacing, like alien captives,
Anguish and Time and Death,
To a multitude out of the uttermost spheres assembled,
With a shout of delivered stars."

Another and not a dissimilar volume of verse comes to us from Grace Denio Litchfield, who has already proved her possession of an enviable measure of poetic grace. Her volume, "Narcissus and Other Poems," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, contains fifteen productions, all of them short except "Narcissus," a poem that deserves to be read and remembered for its fine conception and well-nigh faultless composition. There are plenty of passages that bear reproduction, all of them tense with nature passion and the joy of living:

Near and more near now came soft-stepping night
O'er neighboring hills of dusky malachite,
As dying day undid the eastern bars,
Her flying tresses braided with gold stars,
The rustle of her garment, loosely flowing,
Making a murmured music of her going,
Her languorous lids half closed, her slackening hand
Dropping down dreams, slow passed she o'er the land,
A perfume faint, miraculously sweet—
The breath of blossoms bruised beneath her feet—
Trailing like brume of incense after her;
And place and time became one wide deep blur.

As a good illustration of the author's shorter poems a stanza may be quoted from "Like a Garden of Marvelous Midsummer Blooms," which is distinctly striking in spite of a faulty concluding line:

Like a garden of marvelous midsummer blooms
In a tangle of twilights and sunfloods and glooms—
A riot of raptures in scarlet and blue
With blisses of purple and gold breaking through—
A temple to passion, with mossbanks for stairs,
And colors for anthems, and perfumes for prayers,
Where all longings, all dreams, all desires that be
Exhale in the breath of each blossoming tree,—
Such, O Love, is my heart's love—my heart's love for thee.

The little poem "Ennuui" is in a rather different vein and one that we feel to be not so desirable:

A wide bare field, neath 'blinding skies,
Where no tree grows, no shadow lies,
Where no wind stirs, where no bee flies.

A roadway, even, blank and white,
That swerves not left, that swerves not right,
That stretches, changeless, out of sight.

Footprints midway adown its dust;
Two lagging, leaden feet that just
Trail on and on, because they must.

Small volumes of verse are better than large, and especially when they show conscientious and unshaking work.

The first tunnel under a river ever constructed in France has just been completed in Paris. It runs under the Seine from the Place de la Concorde to the Chamber of Deputies, and it is part of the new Metropolitan Subway line, which will be opened probably by spring. This line will run from Montmartre to the Porte de Versailles.

A DEFENSE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Mr. Chesterton Appears as a Champion of the Church and Unfurls the Banner of Orthodoxy.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton advances, like a modern Paladin, to the defense of orthodox Christianity. We could have wished that he had been a little more explicit as to the precise nature of orthodoxy, but perhaps he steers intentionally from the perilous rocks of definition. It may, however, be gathered that his orthodox Christianity is among the most unorthodox of the divisions into which a distracted theology has been led. There is room under Mr. Chesterton's ample cloak of orthodoxy for all the deviations of the historic church and for all the recognized remnants of those deviations as they exist today. Mr. Chesterton is, in fact, broadly tolerant, and what can be more heterodox than toleration.

We need not follow this remarkable writer through his pilgrim's progress amid the "Paradoxes of Christianity." Where other men deduce weakness he deduces strength, and where other men argue against, he argues for. He was converted to Christianity by Huxley, Spencer, and Bradlaugh, and when he had finished Ingersoll he said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be Christian." That Christianity should be attacked for its pessimism as well as for its optimism, that it should be all things to all men, that it should inflame the blood of the soldier and chill the heart of the hermit, that it should be attacked for its "pairs of opposites" all down the line—all these things suggested to him a central stability worth the labor of discovery and a hold upon the human heart that must owe its tenacity to truth. And the truth of Christianity is in its duality, in the collision of stimulated extremes, in the mutual destructiveness of exaggerations.

What, we are asked, do we mean by making things better, a phrase coming glibly to the lips, but without, it would seem, much meaning. What is our standard and our ideal? Do you get it from nature? But there is no equality in nature, nor is there inequality, because nature has no standards. "Nature does not say that cats are more valuable than mice; nature makes no remark on the subject." We must get it from our own vision, but when we try to express it we are usually foolish.

And the huge blunder of our age is in not knowing how to use our vision of the ideal. Recognizing the lack of conformity between the world and the vision, we do not try to alter the world, but rather to change our vision:

Progress does mean (just now) that we are always changing the vision. It should mean that we are slow but sure in bringing justice and mercy among men; it does mean that we are very swift in doubting the desirability of justice and mercy: a wild page from any Prussian sophist makes men doubt it. Progress should mean that we are always walking toward the New Jerusalem. It does mean that the New Jerusalem is always walking away from us. We are not altering the real to suit the ideal. We are altering the ideal: it is easier.

We hear a great deal about the era for conservation and repose. This is indeed such an era, "because it is an age of complete unbelief." If we wish institutions to remain the same, then let beliefs change and pass away like the winds. New religions, fluctuating faiths, mean the stability of the old. Keep men mentally worried, fill their minds with theories, "illuminations," novelties, universal panaceas, and they will do nothing:

But the man we see every day—the worker in Mr. Gradgrind's factory, the little clerk in Mr. Gradgrind's office—he is too mentally worried to believe in freedom. He is kept quiet with revolutionary literature. He is calmed and kept in his place by a succession of wild philosophies. He is a Marxian one day, a Nietzscheite the next day, a Superman (probably) the next day; and a slave every day. The only thing that remains after all the philosophies is the factory. The only man who gains by all the philosophies is Gradgrind. It would be worth his while to keep his commercial helotry supplied with skeptical literature. And, now I come to think of it, of course, Gradgrind is famous for giving libraries. He shows his sense. All modern books are on his side. As long as the vision of heaven is always changing, the vision of earth will be exactly the same. No ideal will remain long enough to be realized, or even partly realized. The modern young man will never change his environment; for he will always change his mind.

Evidently our ideal must be fixed. The artist who asks his customer for twenty sittings will not produce much of a portrait if a new person sits every day. We must have a permanent ideal. "There must be something eternal if there is to be anything sudden":

It is necessary whether we wish the king's orders to be promptly executed or whether we only wish the king to be promptly executed. The favorite revolutionary argument finds its best answer in the axe. The evolutionist says, "Where do you draw the line?" The revolutionist answers, "I draw it here: exactly between your head and body." There must at any given moment be an abstract right and wrong if any blow is to be struck.

It is only orthodoxy that can revolt. Revolutions come only from a comparison between the present and some unchanging ideal. Christianity is that unchanging ideal. Man does not evolve. He simply looks his ideal straight in the face from time to time and resolves to be like that ideal. It is the eternal inner vision. The modern humanitarians say, for instance, that man is growing more and more humane, that he is evolving toward mercy and justice:

I am here following only the outlines of their argument, which consists in maintaining that man has been progressively more lenient, first to citizens, then to slaves, then to animals, and then (presumably) to plants. I think it wrong to sit on a man. Soon I shall think it wrong to sit on a horse. Eventually (I suppose) I shall think it wrong to sit on a chair. That is the drive of the argument. . . . This drift may be really evolutionary, because it is stupid.

Progress must be fixed and it must be composite. Christianity claims that it has truly a fixed ideal and that it is literally a picture, "for I know who painted it." Now there is a third necessity; we must be watchful, lest we fall from Eden. Conservatism is not what is wanted, because the ideal of conservatism is that if you leave things alone you leave them as they are. But if you leave things alone you subject them to a torrent of change. If you want a white post to remain white you must paint it again and again; "that is, you must be always having a revolution," or, in Mr. Chesterton's words, "if you want the old white post, you must have a new white post."

When a system becomes popular it is at the point of becoming most oppressive. England went mad with joy at the liberty given by Queen Elizabeth, and a few years later it had to cut off King Charles's head. We



The Author of (Anonymous) "The Cradle of the Rose." Harper & Brothers.

have hardly ceased to cheer for the liberty of the press when we find the press itself reclining in the iniquitous seat of the tyrant. Christianity tells us that we may talk as much as we like about progress. It is "original sin" that torments us, that makes us backslide; in other words—the Fall.

The author has listened to Socialists and Democrats "with a hideous fascination":

If these happy democrats could prove their case, they would strike democracy dead. If the poor are thus utterly demoralized, it may or may not be practical to raise them. But it is certainly quite practical to disfranchise them. If a man with a bad bedroom can not give a good vote, then the first and swiftest deduction is that he shall give no vote. The governing class may not unreasonably say: "It may take us some time to reform his bedroom. But if he is the brute you say, it will take him very little time to ruin our country. Therefore we will take your hint and not give him the chance." It fills me with horrible amusement to observe the way in



Frontispiece of "The Testing of Diana Mollory," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Brothers.

which the earnest Socialist industriously lays the foundation of all aristocracy, expatiating blandly upon the evident unfitness of the poor to rule. It is like listening to some one at an evening party apologizing for entering without evening dress, and explaining that he had recently been intoxicated, had a personal habit of taking off his clothes in the street, and bad, moreover, only just changed from prison uniform. At any moment, one feels, the host might say that really, if it was as bad as that, he need not come in at all. So it is when the ordinary Socialist, with a beaming face, proves that the poor, after their smashing experiences, can not be really trustworthy. At any moment the rich may say, "Very well, then, we won't trust them," and bang the door in his face.

Christianity alone is the remedy, the old historic Christianity, the "orthodox Christianity" and not the evolved or "higher" product. The minimum of the church would be a deadly ultimatum to the world:

For the whole modern world is absolutely based on the

assumption, not that the rich are necessary (which is tenable), but that the rich are trustworthy, which (for a Christian) is not tenable. You will hear everlastingly, in all discussions about newspapers, companies, aristocracies, or party politics, this argument, that the rich man can not be bribed. The fact is, of course, that the rich man is bribed: he has been bribed already. That is why he is a rich man. The whole case for Christianity is that a man who is dependent upon the luxuries of this life is a corrupt man, spiritually corrupt, politically corrupt, financially corrupt. There is one thing that Christ and all the Christian saints have said with a sort of savage monotony. They have said simply that to be rich is to be in peculiar danger of moral wreck. It is not demonstrably un-Christian to kill the rich as violators of definable justice. It is not demonstrably un-Christian to crown the rich as convenient rulers of society. It is not certainly un-Christian to rebel against the rich or to submit to the rich. But it is quite certainly un-Christian to trust the rich, to regard the rich as more safe than the poor.

Christianity, we are reminded, is the one force in the world which, if it has not put the rich man in the right place, has at least shown where that right place is. Look, for instance, at the castes of India, where aristocracy carries with it the aroma of spirituality. But no Christianity has ever suggested that a baronet is spiritually better than a butcher. No Christianity has ever suggested "that a duke would not be damned." In Christian society the gentleman is "a sort of joke," while "we in Europe never really and at the root of our souls took aristocracy seriously." And this is due to Christianity, but what, in the name of Heaven, does Mr. Chesterton mean by orthodox?

Mr. Chesterton denounces the foolish habit of regarding orthodoxy as "something heavy, humdrum, and safe." Never was there anything so perilous or so exciting. The church has swerved to left and right to avoid enormous obstacles. Arianism on the one hand, Orientalism on the other, have threatened to check her and to engulf her, but she has evaded the conflict and has pursued her path:

It is always easy to be a modernist; as it is easy to be a snob. To have fallen into any of those open traps of error and exaggeration which fashion after fashion and sect after sect set along the historic path of Christendom—that would indeed have been simple. It is always simple to fall; there are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. To have fallen into any one of the fads from Gnosticism to Christian Science would indeed have been obvious and tame. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull beresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect.

These are strange sayings and of a most unorthodox orthodox. What will the churches have to say to them? Will they welcome this wonderful new champion who would thrust the torch and the red flag into their hands, will they applaud this crusader who would crown them with the chaplet of revolution, will they accept the rôle that Mr. Chesterton would assign to them in history, and will they play the part that he presses upon them with such friendly hands? In other words, are the churches orthodox?

"Orthodoxy," by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The list of awards this year by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission is national in its scope, covering a territory from Maine to the Pacific Coast. Forty-eight heroes were rewarded for deeds of exceptional bravery, and in some cases the medals of honor were supplemented by gifts of cash. A hero in Georgia, whose exploit is not described, received \$1000 along with his medal to remove a burden of debt which weighed heavily upon him. Another man who had risked his life for the cause of humanity was awarded \$1000 to help him pay for a home. An act of heroism which the commission recognized as worthy of a cash prize of \$250 was that of a man in Cassville, New Jersey, who worked several hours in a well, in constant peril of death by asphyxiation from poisonous gases, to save the life of a well-digger who had been imprisoned by falling debris.

The selection of Augustus Thomas as president of the Society of American Dramatists is an evidence of wise discretion and due appreciation on the part of that, in the past, sometimes rather maligned organization. Two score years ago the very phrase "American dramatist" was wont to call forth a condescending smile on the lips of the listener. The American drama, speaking in general terms, had no existence, or, if it did, only as the timid offspring of a French or English parent. Sydney Smith's sneering imputation with regard to our native literature had been only partly refuted. American books, indeed, were read, but significant American plays faithfully representative of the spirit of our soil and the character of its people existed chiefly as a rosy dream on the part of most unflinching patriots.

The Rev. Joseph Leicester Lyne, popularly known as "Father Ignatius, the monk of Llanthony," who died in London a few days ago, had a long and remarkable career, and for nearly fifty years carried on a crusade in defense of the Holy Scriptures and orthodox Christianity against the opponents of orthodoxy within the Church of England. He was so remarkably orthodox that he was opposed to the attempts to convert Jews to Christianity, because, as he held, that would destroy the whole idea of Revelation, "through the medium of which God has declared that the Jews are to remain a separate people."

The army and navy regulations require their men to uncover and stand at attention when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, which answers the question as to which is considered the "national anthem."

WORK OF THE NOVELISTS.

Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Annabel Channice, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

This charmingly written story strikes us with a sense of unreality. Lady Channice, married to a man older than herself, succumbs to the fascination of a young artist and lives with him for a week before disillusion comes. Moved by her husband's forgiveness and his supposed magnanimity in accepting a child that can not be his, she lives a life of secluded expiation, devoting herself absolutely to the care of her son and worshiping the chivalry of a husband who protects her name by periodical visits. Then comes the second disillusion, when she finds that her husband has but made a virtue of necessity and that by his behavior toward herself he has cloaked his own misdemeanors, long continued and far more serious. The fine nobility of the boy and his devotion to his mother are exquisitely described, but it is not easy to appreciate the willing and life-long self-abasement of Lady Channice for a fault that might have been met by a lesser expiation.

Holy Orders, by Marie Corelli. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

In a special preface to American readers Miss Corelli asks to be taken seriously, but we do not understand why such a request should be necessary. She seems to suppose

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MARIE CORELLI

that her American audience relies wholly upon "London Correspondence" for its opinions, but it would perhaps be well if she looked within her own work for whatever adverse judgment has been rendered.

"Holy Orders" has all the literary virtues of intense sincerity. It is a burning arraignment of the drink traffic in rural England, a pitiable picture of mental and moral degradation of a kind wholly unknown in the village life of America. Even without personal experience we have no difficulty in believing the picture to be a true one. Civilization furnishes no parallel to the sodden squalor of the English village.

We need not examine at length the specimens furnished by the author. Chief among them is Dan Kiernan, a drunken rascal who practically beats his wife to death, and falls victim to Jacynth Miller, a wicked and beautiful village girl, who, in her turn, elopes with a vagabond artist. Kiernan shoots the parson's wife, against whom he has a grudge, and eventually meets a miserable death, as do Jacynth and her artist lover. It is a sordid and hideous tragedy told with alternate pathos and indignation, and back of it all is the sinister figure of Minchin the brewer, who behind a rampart of law and precedent debauches a country side with his poisonous liquors.

But artistically the story falls short at more than one point. If we are to have a bird's-eye view of the struggle between virtue and alcoholic debauchery in the English village, the representative of virtue should at least have a common-sense virility that would command our respect. With the best of intentions the Rev. Richard Everton is a singularly inadequate figure, indeed a ridiculous figure, saturated with the spirit of caste superiority and foolish dogmatism and only saved from a priestly insolence by a natural

benevolence. His wife is not only arrogant and contemptuous, but selfish and silly, a Dora Copperfield invested with social authority. Mr. and Mrs. Everton drink French wines at the vicarage and are amazed that the villagers should drink beer at the saloon, while as for the practice of a helpful and humble comradeship as a weapon of reform, and the only weapon, they simply have no conception of it. Miss Corelli's book does indeed suggest the suspicion that rural Eng-



Drawn by Lester Ralph for "The Circular Staircase." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

land will never be saved from the drink demon by a law-established church, and that both intemperance and subservience to "pastors and masters" are twin evils, for which some common cause may be sought. If the author had put a real man and a real woman in the place of Everton and his wife, her appeal would have gained immeasurably.

But in spite of this, in spite of an undue wordiness and excessive length, Miss Corelli has written a noteworthy book, a book whose sincerity of purpose is transparent and refreshing.

Thou Fool, by J. J. Bell. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

The story is presumably intended to show the futility of wealth acquired by a loss of the moral nature, and the lesson is conveyed unobtrusively and without preaching. We are introduced to Robert Barker as the assistant in a country grocery. Taking advantage of private information as to railroad intentions, we see him open a store of his own, ruin his old employer, and create a network of establishments by the usual ruthless methods of competition. And then gradually the chickens come home to roost. Barker is slowly ostracized by his former friends, while the girl with whom he is frantically in love, the niece of his first employer, will have nothing to do with him. The prophecy of old Duncan Glen comes true, "A' the riches in creation . . . neither wife, nor weans, nor a freside o' yer ain." "Thou Fool" is a good story and artistically told.

The Man Without a Head, by Tyler de Saix. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

We have here another piece of evidence that the detective novel is on the up-grade. In this story we have plenty of crime and of a bad kind, but the unpleasant impression is



Illustration by the Kinneys for H. Escott-Inman's "Without the Wanderer." A. C. McClurg & Co.

mitigated by some charming sentiment and the softer human touches. A greater condensation would have improved the story.

Japanese fairy stories are distinctly popular, and now we have an enticing collection from the pen of William Elliot Griffis, with illustrations in color. It is entitled "The Fire-Fly's Lovers," and it is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1.



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WORK OF THE NOVELISTS.

The Duke's Motto, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Mr. McCarthy takes an easy first among the historical romancers of the day. Nothing could be better than his work as an antidote to the unwholesome but more popular fiction that enjoys a greater currency. No other writer of his kind can surpass him in vigor of style, in directness of narrative, or in general accuracy of delineation.

"The Duke's Motto" is a story of Lagardère and of the days of Louis XIII freed at last from the paternal tyranny of Richelieu. There were three Louis—Louis the king, and Louis, Duke of Nevers, and Louis of Mantua, Prince of Gonzague. Louis de Gonzague loves the daughter of the wealthy Caylus and discovers all too late that she is already the wife of de Nevers and the mother of his child. Therefore he hires nine bravos to waylay de Nevers and to murder him.

Lagardère also has a quarrel with de Nevers, and while seeking to meet him he encounters the nine desperadoes and, moved by chivalry, decides to defend his enemy against assassination and to save his child, who, through a misunderstanding, has been placed in his arms. In the fierce fight that ensues de Nevers is treacherously stabbed by de Gonzague and dies, but Lagardère makes his escape with the child and protects her for seventeen years against the unceasing machinations of de Gonzague, who has married de Nevers's widow, but who can not inherit the estate so long as the child is not known to be dead. Lagardère eventually returns to France, appeals to the king on behalf of Gabrielle de Nevers, denounces de Gonzague and proves his crime, receiving the fitting reward of his gallant chivalry and devotion.

The picture of Lagardère is as impressive



Illustration by Thomas Fogarty for A. J. Eddy's "Gonton & Co." A. C. McClurg & Co.

as that of d'Artagnan. His splendid championship of de Nevers, his self-effacement in the protection of Gabrielle, his courage, his skill as a swordsman, and his wit combine to make a character not soon to be forgotten, a veritable *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The last page of "The Duke's Motto" leaves Lagardère alive and triumphant, and we shall expect to hear more about him.

The Silver Butterfly, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

The author is not at her best in this story. We miss the rugged and unconventional humanity that she knows so well how to depict and instead we find ourselves in a society and in the midst of events to which we could hardly find a parallel in real life.

Robert Hayden returns from South America the sole possessor of the secret of a lost mine. The mine has been worked, and apparently by a considerable force, immediately before the story opens, but plague has carried away most of the population, an earthquake has altered the lay of the land, and the whereabouts of the mine seem to be hopelessly lost. Then Hayden stumbles upon it by chance and returns to America to hargain with the heirs, if he can find them, for they also have disappeared. Then comes his introduction to Marcia Oldham under circumstances hardly consistent with maidenly behavior, and we prepare ourselves at once for the inevitable discovery that Marcia is the lost owner of the lost Mariposa mine. The idea is a good one, but why bury it in a jungle of unrealities? Marcia, for example, although without visible means of support, seems to live like a princess, and we are asked to believe that she provides the wherewithal by secretly making little articles of silver jewelry and selling them to her friends. The story would have been so much better if told simply, on a lower social plane, and without the introduction of society fortune tellers, costly dinners,

electric automobiles, and silver butterflies. It needed directness and a hearty human nature, and it has very little of either.

Colonel Greoheart, by H. C. Bailey. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This is a story of the Civil War in England, and all the great historic characters—Cromwell, Ireton, Fairfax, Essex, Harrison, etc.—are effectively introduced. Colonel Stow and Colonel Royston, sworn comrades through the continental wars, find themselves in England at the beginning of the trouble between king and Parliament, and knowing little, per-



From "Colonel Greoheart," by H. C. Bailey. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

haps caring less, of the rights of the quarrel, they offer their swords to the king. The woman in the case is the fair Lucinda Weston, who was Jerry Stow's boyhood flame, but who is now grown to woman's estate and whose vain fickleness leads to a rupture between the friends, so that Colonel Royston presently finds himself in the opposite camp and lending the weight of his reputation and the edge of his sword to the Parliament. It is a good story, full of stirring incident, while as a picture of the times it is full of accurate and instructive detail.

Amédée's Son, by Harry James Smith. Published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.50.

This first novel by a popular short-story writer will be welcomed not only as a humorous piece of work, but as a successful portrayal of life among the French inhabitants of Cape Breton. The author knows his subject intimately and his story of the orphan boy who grows up under the care of his grandfather is not only marked by much psychological insight, but makes strong appeal to sentiment and sympathy.

The Long Arm of Mannister, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is a story of the personal revenge exacted by Mannister on eight of his companions, who, for some unexplained reason, conspire to ruin him through the downfall of his wife. Returning to London, he ruthlessly pursues the plotters, and one by one accomplishes their overthrow with a resourceful ingenuity that reminds us of the Count of Monte Cristo. But the author is artist



Richard Burton, Author of "Three of a Kind." Little, Brown & Co.

enough to redeem his book from the undiluted atmosphere of revenge. One of his enemies is a woman, and he gives her good for evil, and he pardons his wife. But if a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, we need hardly waste much sympathy upon Mannister, for a more unsavory crew it would be hard to imagine.

The Mills of the Gods, by Elizabeth Robins. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

An unwholesome story of a woman who revenged herself upon her inconstant lover of former days by allowing him to marry her daughter without a warning that she was semi-idiotic. It is not easy to understand why such a repulsive story should be written.

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Carol Watson Rankin, Author of "The Adopting of Rosa Marie," a sequel to "Dandelion Cottage," Henry Holt & Co.

than dramatic) as well as the prose of the earlier Tudor age, and with changes in language and prosody to the days of Elizabeth.

First and Last Things, by H. G. Wells. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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Mr. Wells writes with the peculiar charm that comes from a careful sincerity. There are some sixty-five sections in his book—they can hardly be called chapters, and they seem to cover the whole mental gamut of an intelligent man. He tells us what he really believes on metaphysics, on the various aspects of religion, on general conduct, including the problems of war, of democracy, of justice, of sex, and of marriage, and he concludes with a section on "Some Personal Things," such as love, and life, and death, and failure. He says himself that he had no idea of making a book, and there is indeed no trace of an appeal to the gallery, nor of posing for applause or sensation. All the way through we find the same grave and measured consideration, the same careful and benevolent judgment of fact and motive. Mr. Wells has given us an intensely human book and one that prompts to intelligent self-examination.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath, by Ella Adelia Fletcher. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; \$1.

This seems to be an amplification of Mr. Rama Prasad's work, "Nature's Finer Forces," which in turn is a translation of a Hindu Tantric work on the rhythmic play of elemental forces through the universe and man. The work will doubtless be of value to those who need aid in the practical application and extension of the basic laws with

which Mr. Prasad professed to deal. But the present author seriously discounts the popularity of her book by the undue use of Sanskrit terms, which are sown thickly upon every page, necessitating incessant reference to the glossary. In the great majority of these terms there is an available English equivalent that should be used.

Principles of Physiology and Hygiene, by George Wells Fitz, M. D. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

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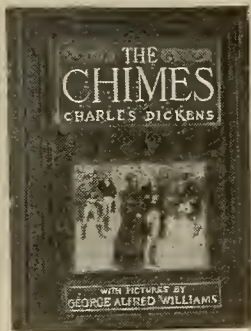
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ment is lofty and with an unmistakable ring of sincerity.

The preface is by Julius Hawthorne, but we can not think that it adds to the value of the book. Intemperate praise recoils and reacts, and unnecessary comparisons irritate. Mr. Creel's poem is quite able to stand upon its own merits, and it is an ill service, if not an absurdity, to range it by the side of Omar to the disadvantage of the latter. If Mr. Hawthorne thinks that Omar has discouraged "whatever remains of virility" in contemporary religious thought, he is, of course, welcome to his opinion, but there are some who will wish Mr. Hawthorne a better understanding of his Rubaiyat. Mr. Creel's poem will be enjoyed by those of kindred thought, and, indeed, by all who appreciate sincere and tuneful verse, but he will owe none of that appreciation to the eulogies of Mr. Hawthorne.

Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters, by H. Addington Bruce. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.25.

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lofty omniscience ill consonant with their subject. With an equipment of some half-dozen words such as subliminal, telepathic, and hypnotic, he airily disposes of phenomena that may be wholly subjective and illusionary, but that, if objective and real, are among the most complex of human problems. It does not seem to occur to him that the terms thus used so glibly are nothing more than words applied to groups of phenomena of which we know practically nothing or that there is any difference between giving a name to a fact and explaining it. The earnest student will find nothing in this book but a collection of interesting and historic ghost stories indifferently told, and he will be irritated by a trivial and pretentious use of nearly meaningless terms.

The Evolution of Modern Orchestration, by Louis Adolphe Coerne, Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$3.

The object of this work is to trace the evolution of the orchestra and of orchestration in connection with the history of music proper. The author divides his subject into five great stages of evolution—"The Cradle of Instrumental Music," "The Dawn of Independent Instrumentation," "The Beginnings of Orchestration," "The Classic Era," and "The Romantic Movement." An inclusive survey of the orchestral music of the world leads the author to a conclusion that the ideal mission of music is to reflect the loftiest sen-



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timents of the composer's soul and to awaken similar experiences in the mind of the auditor so as to inspire and uplift him. The musical illustrations, occupying about ninety pages, are a valuable part of the work. They include quotations from Monteverde, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Tschaiikowsky, Dvorák, and Strauss.



Charles Battell Loomis's *A HOLIDAY TOUCH*. The *New York Times Review* said that the author's delightful "Cheerful Americans" (already in its ninth printing) is "worthy of Frank Stockton." That authority—and a severe one on humor—the *New York Sun*, says the new book is "really amusing." Illustrated by Fogarty, Gruger, Newell, Loomis, "Hy" Mayer, H. G. Williamson and T. W. Adams. (\$1.25.)

Ramsay Benson's *A LORD OF LANDS* "does for the poor man what 'The Fat of the Land' did for the well-to-do," says the *Boston Transcript*. The *Independent* says, "It is an adventure in living more thrilling than an African jungle story." It tells how a man with \$50 a month wages and five children, in a big city, made his poverty spell comfort. (\$1.50.)

Edgar Wallace's *ANGEL ESQUIRE*. Mr. Wallace's dapper, cheerful detective is rapidly winning friends. The *New York Tribune* finds this "a detective story of inspiring originality," while the *Outlook* says "it will entertain with its comedy side, rare in this class of fiction. The plot is so novel as to be startling." (\$1.50.)

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SOME SERIOUS STUDIES.

Science and Immortality, by Sir Oliver Lodge, F. R. S. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$2.

Sir Oliver Lodge has become the spokesman of that advanced scientific thought that has completely broken away from the paralyzing web of materialism and has dared to push the frontier of conjecture into a realm hitherto labeled superstition.



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recognize the bearing upon religion of the nebulous theories regarding telepathy, the subconscious self, clairvoyance, prevision, inspiration, etc., that are scoffed at by the fool and cautiously examined by the wise man.

The author divides his work into four heads: "Science and Faith," "Corporate Worship and Service," "The Immortality of the Soul," and "Science and Christianity."

likely to fall into error by the assertion of our mental limitations than by their denial. The section on "The Immortality of the Soul" is particularly illuminating, based, as it is, upon the conception that the soul is not a vague human possession, but the man himself.

"If a man is shut up in a house, the transparency of the windows is an essential condition of his seeing the sky. But it would not be prudent to infer that, if he walked out of the house, he could not see the sky because there was no longer any glass through which he might see it."

Dr. Lodge is a pioneer in the realm of an unorthodox psychology, and some obloquy has therefore fallen to his share, but his latest work will not be overlooked by those who are unembarrassed with a conservative scientific dogmatism.

The World I Live In, by Helen Keller. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.20.

It is hard to approach this book without a feeling akin to awe, as though we were witnessing some soul power never manifested in the world before. Whereas the normal man or woman looks out upon the world through the dimmed windows of the senses, it would seem that this wonderful girl is independent of windows at all and that her sight is even more clear for the utter darkening of the avenues upon which the rest of humanity wholly depends.

and inclusive insight, but with a delicate choice of words that fully equipped experience might well envy.

In this little book Miss Kellar tells us of the world in which she lives. She need not envy us our world, because her own is a greater one and more sorrow-free.

Cloudless skies are ever fair, Night can never enter there.

She tries to show us something of the amazing developments of touch and smell, of the awakening from the state in which she had neither "will nor intellect," and of the slow unfolding of powers that she attempts with a gentle and skilled patience to explain.

Racial Contrasts, by Albert Gehring. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The task set for himself by the author is as novel as it is important. From a consideration of the differences between the arts of the Græco-Latin and the Germanic races he proceeds to a deduction of the essential differences in the mental natures of the peoples in question.



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almost a reductio ad absurdum, but it serves all the more vividly to illuminate the problem.

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success, the reader must judge for himself. He has at least given us an example of patient research and ingenious argument.

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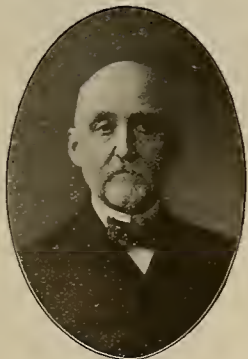
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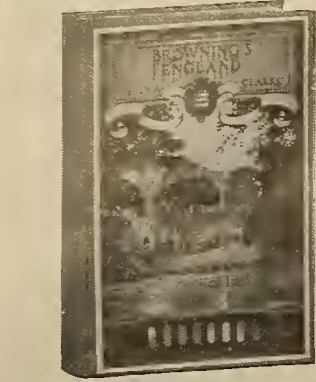
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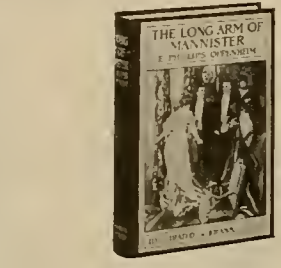
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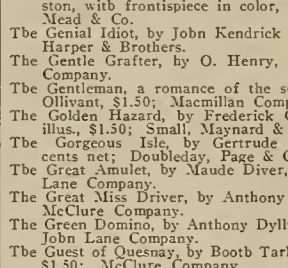
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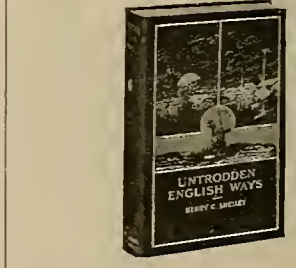
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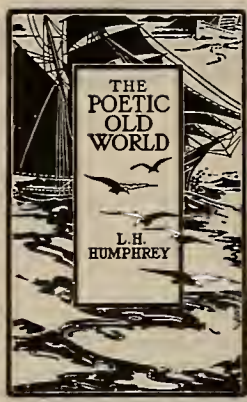
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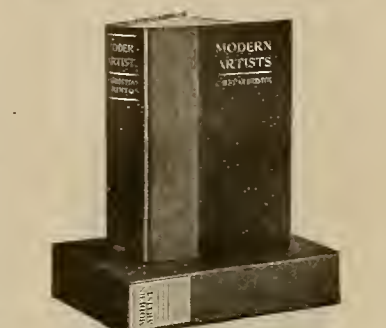
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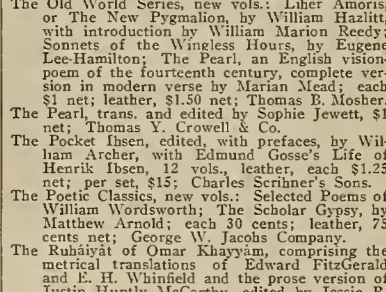
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Mrs. Lowenberg's Book Is a Telling Plea for Religious Toleration.

The charmed circle of San Francisco authors, past and present, will have no hesitation in admitting Mrs. Lowenberg to full membership. Her book, "The Irresistible Current," lately issued by the Broadway Publishing Company, New York, shows that she knows how to enlist the skill of the novelist in support of a high moral purpose and to support her plea for religious toleration by the weapons of pathos and humor, tragedy and comedy.

Religious toleration is, after all, one of those human rights that have been granted the most grudgingly, and granted theoretically rather than practically. We no longer burn each other at the stake for differences of opinion on the Thirty-Nine Articles or the Westminster Confession, but we feel nevertheless that heterodoxy—which is your doxy as opposed to mine—is a mark of spiritual degeneracy which ought to be followed by such pains and penalties as we can ingeniously inflict without a vulgar shedding of blood. There is probably no community throughout civilization that is free from religious intolerance, and how real this is, how tragic it is, how socially disintegrating it is, Mrs. Lowenberg helps us to understand.

"The Irresistible Current" introduces us to two Jewish families from Germany. Joseph Rheinberg is already in New York, and he is eager that his aged parents and his sister Ruth shall come likewise to the land "where labor is king" and where "every one has yet a chance to be rich." But the old people can not draw their roots from the home soil, and so Ruth waits until they die and then she too crosses the Atlantic and becomes a citizen of the free republic.

Their story is that of countless thousands of others. Ruth marries, as her brother has done, and the two families go to Missouri to one of the newer communities that are more or less insulated against the broader because more careless life of the great city. Then we see the extent to which religious differ-



Portrait of William J. Locke.

William J. Locke, Author of "Simple Septimus." John Lane Company.

ences insidiously interfere with the amalgam of races from which national greatness can alone come. Ruth's daughter, Grace, refuses to marry the man she loves because he will not become a Jew, and when Bernard Arnold lectures on Polar exploration the size of his audience is jeopardized by the fact of his Jewish faith. Creed has drawn subtly impalpable but impassable lines of demarcation between those of identical interests and of indistinguishable ethics, and we see the result in broken hearts and in humiliated lives.

It is well that such a book as this should be written. It is well that its characters should be every-day people in order that every-day people may the better realize the sin against the nation and against humanity that is implied when creed is allowed to raise a barrier between man and man. Mrs. Lowenberg's plea can not fail of success in its real and abiding sense, because it is in tune with "the irresistible current" of human enlightenment and because the evolutionary forces of human nature are behind the philosophy that it preaches. Dr. Montmartre's ideal of "a uniform belief in God and the immortality of the soul in conjunction with the precepts of Moses, Jesus, and other great teachers, so that all may dwell together in concord and so that no difference in creeds will exist to intervene and destroy human happiness," may seem a far-off vision, but "in future generations it will sweep all before it." It is "The Irresistible Current."

"Resurgam," by John Elliot, is a fine poem of optimism, full of deep feeling and of faultless expression. Its tone may be judged from the concluding stanza:

Peace to the earth, and all is well;
 For the heart knows all that the birds would sing;

For Love has broken the bonds of Hell,
 And—over the meadows walks the Spring.

The volume is published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.

George Cohan is at work on a new play which he has named "The Christmas Doll."



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Rose Stahl appeared at the Orpheum three or four years ago in a little sketch of theatrical life called "The Chorus Lady." Even in that field the actress and the sketch as well spelled distinction. James Forhes took the sketch and expanded it into a comedy of the usual length, and Miss Stahl, still as the central figure, not only retained the favor she had won in a twenty-minute effort, but, with added opportunities, made certain the judgment that she was especially gifted for such a characterization. And the Chorus Lady is a winning character. She speaks the breeziest sort of American, and she has little regard for conventionalities, but her wit is keen, her kindness is sincere, her courage is dauntless. The play is now in its third successful year and comes for the first time to San Francisco next Monday, opening at the Van Ness Theatre for a two weeks' engagement. Miss Stahl is supported by an excellent company, including such well-known people as Alice Leigh, Giles Shine, Eva Dennison, Annie Ives, Amy Lesser, Amy Lee, Margaret Wheeler, and Jean French. There is little doubt that the qualities which induced runs of a solid year in New York and four months in Chicago will be fully recognized by the playgoers here.

At the Valencia Theatre the stock company is giving a particularly pleasing production of the sparkling comedy, "Glittering Gloria." Its last performances will be on Saturday afternoon and evening of this week, and they also will be the farewell appearances of Willette Kershaw. Large audiences have deservedly rewarded this attractive farce.

Next Sunday afternoon Arthur Cunningham makes his first appearance in this city as a star in straight dramatic work, making his bow in Joseph Murphy's Irish play, "Kerry Gow." Mr. Cunningham is not merely well known to San Francisco theatre-goers, he is warmly admired as a singer and a comic-opera comedian. He may safely trust to an appreciative public for his welcome. His songs will be a feature of the play. Arleen Hackett, sister of James K. Hackett, will be the leading woman in the support of Mr. Cunningham, and in addition to the strength of the Valencia Theatre stock company, a group of graceful dancers, including Clara Coyne, Frances Doherty, Dan Cotter, and John P. Kelleher, will appear in Irish jigs and reels. Mr. Cunningham's engagement is for two weeks.

Kohl and Dill at the Princess Theatre have renewed their old popularity, won before the fire at Fischer's Theatre, and for nearly three weeks have been packing the Ellis-Street opera house to its capacity with their well-pleased admirers. "Playing the Ponies" seems to be just the thing for the dialect comedians, as well as for their patrons, and it will be continued another week. Maud Lamhart and Billy Clifford are able assistants in the entertainment, and the chorus continues to hold its place.

The programme at the Orpheum next week will introduce a number of novel acts. The head-line attraction will be the Musical Blacksmiths, with Cass William and Eva Staley. After making xylophonic music out of all the different articles in a blacksmith shop, a quick change presents the couple in a well-appointed drawing-room in full evening dress. Welch, Mealy and Montrose will present a comedy act which introduces the humorous side of the strife between the New York "Giants" and the Chicago "Cubs." Lew Hawkins, who has won the title of the Chesterfield of Minstrelsy, will amuse with a new lot of songs and stories. William Morrow, Verda Schellberg, and their company will appear in a little play of frontier life, entitled "Happy's Millions," which contains original humor and several very catchy songs. Next week will be the last of Henry Horton and company, the Hengler Sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Allison, "the Swede girl and the fellow who sings." The Millman Trio, of which Bird Millman is a feature, will also conclude their engagement with this programme.

The final performance of "The Clansman" will be given at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday night.

The De Gogorza Farewell Concert.

The farewell concert of Emilio de Gogorza, the Spanish haritone, will be given this Sunday afternoon at Christian Science Hall, and the programme is one that should attract every lover of song, especially as Señor de Gogorza is unquestionably one of the greatest interpreters of "lieder" the world has ever known.

His offerings will be "Plaisir d'Amour," Martini; "Where e'er You Walk," Handel; "De Noirs Presentiments," Gluck; "Lockruf," Ruckhauf; "Cecilia," Richard Strauss; aria, "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade," Massenet; "Au Claire de la Lune," Lulli; "Le Mariage des Roses," Casar Franck; "Malgre Moi," Pfeiffer; "Canto del Presidario" and "El Calesa," Alvarez; and a group of English songs, including "The Pretty Creature," by Strace; "The Complacent Lover," Horatio Parker, and by special request "Mother o'

Mine," "A Dream," and "Sing Me a Song," the three that roused the audience to such enthusiasm last Sunday. Manager Greenbaum promises that he will also repeat the aria from "Roi de Lahore," for which there have been many requests.

Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday afternoon at five, and after 10 a. m. Sunday at the hall.

Blanche Arral's Farewell Concert.

At the request of many music-lovers who could not attend the matinee concerts, Manager Will Greenbaum announces a farewell evening concert by Blanche Arral, to be given next Thursday night, November 19, at Christian Science Hall, on which occasion she will again be accompanied by Paul Steindorff's splendid orchestra.

The programme will be one of the greatest ever offered by a singer and will include such great arias as those from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Massenet's "Manon" (Au Cour la Reine), Maillart's "Le Dragon de Villars," and the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." By special request the artist will sing the "Micaela Air" from "Carmen" and repeat the "Polacca" from "Mignon," with which she electrified her audience at the first concert. Another special feature will be the rarely heard "Polonaise" from Verdi's "Jerusalem." In addition Mme. Arral will sing a group of English and Russian songs with piano accompaniment.

Seats will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores.



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A DE GOGORZA APPRECIATION.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Everybody who was present, some years ago, on the occasion of Emilio de Gogorza's first appearance before a San Francisco public as a concert singer, will have no difficulty recalling the attitude of the audience that as there assembled. Emma Eames, regally beautiful, as always, was in her most glacial mood, and sang with an icy brilliancy that left us all frozen stiff with admiration. Then Emilio de Gogorza came on the scene, and a pronounced spring thaw immediately ensued. The mercury in the emotional thermometer shot up a number of degrees, the immobile statues of ice in front became human again, and the Spanish baritone, through the charm of his temperament and the beauty of his art, won from the audience a warmth of acknowledgment that for the time being sent into the shade the magnificent soprano who reigns as one of the queens of the operatic stage.

On last Sunday afternoon Señor de Gogorza again confronted a San Francisco audience. During the interval he has won fresh laurels and no longer comes merely as a subsidiary interest to a greater star. He himself is now a star of great magnitude and one whose coming has been eagerly anticipated. People have not forgotten. They never do forget when the chords of the more grateful emotions have vibrated to a touch so unerring and so true.

It has been said of Señor de Gogorza that he feels no call to the operatic stage, because, to him, every number he sings is an opera in itself. And so it seems as one listens to a song. Operas have their dull passages, in which the inspiration of the composer has faded and paled. But there are no dull ones in Señor de Gogorza's programme. The Spanish baritone has a sure instinct for beautiful and appealing music, and a warmth, a passion, a tenderness, and a variety of expression that compels an irresistible response to every mood and sentiment which he seeks to interpret.

It would be a most difficult task to select from Sunday's programme those numbers which afforded the keenest pleasure. The programme was absolutely perfect, and so was the charm of the singer.

Señor de Gogorza's art has ripened since we heard him, and his power of expression, as is natural with a singer who never ceases studying to interpret most exquisitely that which is profoundly felt, has deepened and intensified. He now makes a broader, a more universal appeal to that fountain of feeling within us which responds with a gush of grateful joy to the call to experience profound and healing emotions.

His voice is most beautiful; round-toned, velvet-smooth, of virile fascination, and warmly colored with the glow of that marvellous temperament which makes of the simplest ballad he sings a message which finds its way to the inmost heart and soul of us.

And with all this, the singer is a fine linguist. He sang in French, English, Italian, German, and Spanish. The French listeners loved his French songs, and the Germans were profoundly appreciative of the delicacy of treatment with which he interpreted the group of Schumann, Grieg, and Brahms. When he sang in Italian it was difficult to believe that he was not singing in his native tongue. The Spanish number he gave, of course, *con amore*, glad to feel himself on his native path, and when he sang in English, no thought came to us that it was a foreigner, but a member of a Latin race at that, who was softening our hearts with the filial tenderness of "O Mother o' Mine," or reaching these wider spaces of untranslatable emotion with the calm, noble solemnity of "Requiem."

Both of these songs moved the audience to unusual demonstrations; many wept those who sang, refreshing, grateful tears which relieve the heart when some compelling influence has temporarily removed from us all the weight of our jaded, insistent, unescapable cares, and, for a little time, has steeped us in a luxury of self-forgetfulness.

It sounds like hyperbole, but all this magic was accomplished by this singer of songs because, aside from the beauty of his voice and the perfection of his method, he unites to an immense capacity for emotional feeling absolute sincerity and a marvelous facility in expressing it.

This singer has such versatility that he has no marked specialty. I thought, when I first heard him, before his art had deepened and broadened to its present compelling power, that he particularly excelled in the expression of graceful and tender love sentiment, as, indeed, he does. No one can easily forget his rendering of the yearning tenderness of Grieg's "Ich liebe dich," and the splendour of passion in Massenet's arioso from "Roi de Lahore" was as magnificently and tropically beautiful as Schumann's "Mondnacht" was delicately calm and pure.

In Handel's "Where'er you walk," the sentiment seemed Anglo-Saxon; deep, refined, sweet, and tender. One divined, while listening, with what felicitous charm the singer would express to us the tender longing of the lover in "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

The Spanish numbers had the fascinating Spanish rhythm, and Señor de Gogorza gave "Los ojos negros" with the effect of the irresistible gallantry of a gay Spanish cavalier.

With all these varieties of compositions, the singer demonstrated continually his perfect musicianship. In "Iphigénie en Tauride" and "Roi de Lahore" his voice soared to tenor-like heights, still retaining its pure and beautiful tone. In "The lark now leaves its wat'ry nest," flexible little runs were given perfectly, with a delicacy surprising in a voice of such volume, while his phrasing is at all times done with the perfect art that conceals art. The arias were models of superb technique and dramatic abandon, and at the close of the programme Figaro's song from "The Barber of Seville" was rendered with such a lightness and brilliancy, and such lightning-swift cascades of sunny Italian, as one would have sworn that only a native of Italy was capable of.

The popular recognition of De Gogorza's unusual gift for vocal expression will probably have a tendency to exalt the baritone voice to a higher rank than is ordinarily awarded it. One recalls Bispham's concerts here, and the intense pleasure he afforded us. The two renowned baritone singers are alike in their recognition of the immense resources of vocal expression that are yielded to the student. Culture tells. The results gained from the purely temperamental fervor of the ordinary singer are slight compared with those won by these two delvers, who search in a song for the last and least shade of meaning to be conveyed. The Spaniard, however, with his wonderful gift of temperament, touches the higher point, and almost wins one to the belief that a baritone should voice the deepest, the richest, and the most exalted emotions.

Mr. Henry C. Whittemore gave the piano accompaniments required on the programme with technical excellence, and in several numbers with brilliancy, but without any particular evidences of the glow and inspiration appropriate in accompanying such a singer, and which, in fact, were rather markedly absent from his solo numbers. He played Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol" particularly well, but the well-known Chopin nocturne (op. 37, No. 2) did not seem to be in his line. Perhaps he was thrown off his base by the demerits of a rather hard-toned piano, but the tone of dreamy speculation in the beautiful nocturne was conspicuously lacking, and the two voices which one loves to fancy are dreamily discussing, in a Beethoven-haunted twilight, problems of life and the soul, did not seem to unite as felicitously as usual in the periodic concords of sweet harmony.

Mr. Greenbaum's season of music has begun most auspiciously. Mme. Arral's success—for the Belgian songstress captured her audiences by the lyric charm of her brilliant soprano—and Emilio de Gogorza's remarkable sway over the hearts of his listeners, assure us

that the San Franciscans are consistent in their devotion to music. They love Sunday concerts, as was evidenced by a typical audience of well-groomed, well-dressed, and

well-moneyed people—if one may judge by outward evidences—who turned out on both occasions, and enjoyed the music both with enthusiasm and discrimination.



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A Social Culture Club has been started by the teachers and pupils of Vashon College, Washington, with the object of improving the table manners of the young people. Here are some of the fines imposed on members who broke what are called the "ordinary rules of good behavior":

Using toothpick in public, 2 cents; hand in pocket at table, 2 cents; scuffling under table, 2 cents; not sitting erect at table, 1 cent; tilting chair back, 2 cents; talking with mouth full, 2 cents; uncomplimentary remarks about food, 2 cents; placing another dish on plate, 2 cents; knife or fork misplaced, 1 cent; spoon left in cup, 1 cent; incorrect holding of knife or fork, 1 cent; arms or elbows on table, 2 cents; overreaching, 1 cent; eating from knife, 2 cents; buttering bread on tablecloth, 1 cent; talking across from table to table, 2 cents; spearing bread with fork, 2 cents.

It is a pity that this laudable movement should be confined to young people, seeing that their elders need it quite as much. Think of the princely revenue that might be derived from those who grasp the fork as though it were a shovel and who seem incapable of bringing both knife and fork into continuous and synchronous play. While as for the toothpick horror, surely nothing but a financial penalty will ever correct that.

English society is rejoicing in the absence of restraint that now marks the royal dinner parties. It was not ever so. The dinner party with Queen Victoria at the head of the table was not exactly a festive occasion, while the effort to preserve the artificial proprieties was not conducive to an enjoyment of the viands. The queen had her own opinion about people who took more than one or two glasses of wine, while guests who spoke without being addressed were her peculiar abhorrence. Persons of real distinction, whose conversational powers or intellectual brilliance were the cause of their invitation, were of course given a freer rein, but they were expected to scintillate all the time and to be on continuous tap.

The queen never forgot the occasion when Thomas Carlyle was her guest. Venturing to express a royal opinion upon one of the topics of the day, she was overwhelmed by a torrent of scornful condemnation as the sage of Chelsea poured forth his own vigorous and adverse opinion in a sublime forgetfulness of his surroundings. Certainly the queen had never before been so flatly and entirely contradicted, as she had never before encountered such a demonstration of intellectual tyranny. But she enjoyed it to the utmost and was accustomed to relate it with gusto. But she had a strong objection to the conversational methods of Mr. Gladstone when the national business was under discussion. She said that he talked to her as though she were a mass meeting.

But the dinner parties given by the king are a very different affair. Having selected his guests, there is no further social interference. Every one talks as he wishes, or keeps silent as he wishes, and no one is expected to sparkle or to be unnatural. In fact, the royal dinner parties nowadays are just about the same as dinner parties elsewhere. But no one knows better than the king how to punish an infringement. A wealthy tailor once remarked to the king that he did not intend to be present at a certain house party, as "the company was so mixed." The king's reply was prompt and effective: "Damn it, man, what would you have? We can't all be tailors."

A New York critic declares that women's objection to the green hat now favored by so many men is due to a fear lest the sterner sex shall enter into a competition of colors, and in such a case woman's supremacy of attractiveness would, of course, be gone. So long as man dresses himself in sober and colorless hues, fair femininity is without a rival, but what will become of her if man should imitate the example of other departments of the animal creation, if he should endeavor by art to add to the beauties with which nature has already so richly endowed him? Already we see a prospect of the extensions to which the green hat may lead. Why should we not have skin foods for male use, with the whole paraphernalia of cosmetics of which woman is now the sole patron. And if the male hat is to be colored, why not the male coat and trousers? Why should we not revert to the fashions of cavalier days, when the extreme of valor was compatible with scented love locks, lace ruffles, and gaudy velvet costumes liberally slashed with colored silks? Why not, indeed? Man already has the advantage in natural beauty. For this statement we have the warrant of some of the artists who were commissioned to select the many hundreds of actors who were needed for the great open-air historical pageants. Handsome men, well qualified to grace any rôle assigned to them, were to be found without difficulty. The trouble was to find handsome women, and, like the plums in mother's cake, they were very few and far between. It may, of course, seem ungallant that men should try to accutuate their natural superiority by a recourse to art, and this is, indeed, the only argument that can be urged against the green hat or the coming and colored resplendence of

coat and trousers. But women will not stave off the evil day by ridicule. An appeal to sentiment and to chivalry would be more effective.

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The young lady of the family had just returned from Paris, where she had studied under Marchesi, and Uncle Wash, who had served her folks "sence hefoh de wah," was invited into the parlor to hear her sing. When she concluded her first aria he remarked: "Miss Lucy, yo' sho equalizes a martingale."

Scientific knowledge is sometimes negligible. "My hoy," said the kindly English rector to the hohhledehoy of a youth who was picking mushrooms in the rectory fields, "heware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom; they are easy to confuse." "That he all roight, sur, that he," said the urchin, "us hain't a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves; they're goin' to market to he sold."

Dr. Walter C. Smith, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up thy hed and walk," by saying that the hed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I canna believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would he no miracle in walking away wi' a hit o' mat or rug on your hack."

An old lady was accosted in a London street by a well-dressed and refined-looking stranger, who effusively claimed her as a friend. "I really don't believe you remember me!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, and the old lady, never doubting that her memory was at fault, confessed that she could not quite recall the name. "Ah! hut I have changed it since you knew me," said her interlocutor, gayly, and after a few more lively speeches she passed on, having possessed herself meanwhile of the old lady's purse.

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford, Connecticut, *Press*, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the State by his vigorous appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing-room, and planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor; "hut I'd rather he shot than try to set any more of your copy."

Once a thrifty Scotch physician was called to a case where a woman had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her right. The woman asked how much was to pay. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought it too much. He, however, would not take less, and as the woman refused to give him the fee, he began to yawn. Yawning, as every one knows, is infectious. The young woman, in turn, yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, and the doctor triumphantly said: "Now, until you hand me over my fee, your jaw can remain as it is." Needless to say the money was promptly paid.

Patti was to sing on a certain date at Bucharest, hut at the last moment she declined to leave Vienna. It was too cold; snow everywhere; she would not risk catching her death of cold. M. Schürmann, the impresario, was in despair, until a brilliant inspiration came to him. Quickly he telegraphed to the advance agent in the Roumanian capital: "At whatever cost, Patti must receive an ovation at Bucharest Station from the Italian aristocracy. Send me by return the following wire: 'The members of the Italian and Roumanian nobility are preparing to give Mme. Patti a magnificent reception. The ministry will he represented. Processions, torches, and hands. Telegraph the hour of arrival.'" The advance agent carried out this instruction, and, when the telegram dic-

tated to him over the wires arrived in Vienna, it was handed to Patti with the desired effect. "How charming!" she murmured; "what time do we start?"

Professor and Mrs. Hadley were on a train bound for New York, where Yale's president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and twenty minutes he spent in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice, using his hands to emphasize certain passages. A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward, and, tapping Mrs. Hadley on the shoulder, said feelingly, "You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."

A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife met a load of hay in a very narrow road. The woman declared that the farmer must hack out, hut her husband contended that she was unreasonable. "But you can't hack the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. Besides, he should have seen us." The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road. "I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if I have to stay here all night." Her husband was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted: "Never mind, sir!" he exclaimed, with a sigh, "I'll try to hack out. I've got one just like her at home."

The refusal of the House of Commons to adjourn over Derby Day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first Reform Bill, after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make a certain motion, whereupon there arose from his noble colleagues a general cry of "Derby!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this, he explained that he would have to ask the forgiveness of their lordships, hut, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

"The gayest season San Francisco has known for years" is the universal decision in regard to this winter, and there are no signs of a cessation of the brilliant and enjoyable events that fill the days of both young and old. Nearly all the debutantes have been presented and there have been many large and elaborate teas, but few dances thus far. From now until Lent, however, the debutantes will have their fill of balls, and there are dinners, teas, receptions, luncheons, both announced and unannounced, in prospect.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Duncan and Mr. Richard Girvin will take place at the home of the bride in Illinois on December 15.

The wedding of Miss Helen de Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, to Mr. George Toland Cameron, will take place on December 2, at the home of the bride on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe will entertain at a ball on Monday evening next at the Fairmont in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham will entertain at an informal musicale on Thursday evening next at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John McMullin will entertain at a tea on Saturday afternoon next at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her debutante granddaughters, Miss Anna Weller and Miss Eliza McMullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson will entertain at a tea on Saturday afternoon next at their home on Duboce Avenue in honor of their daughter, Miss Fernanda Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francis Davis will entertain at a tea on November 25 in honor of Miss Elizabeth Murison.

Mrs. Andrew Welch will be the hostess at two luncheons, the first on Tuesday next and the second on the following Tuesday.

Miss Jeanne Galois will entertain at a luncheon on Monday next.

Mrs. James King Steele will entertain at a luncheon on Thursday of next week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont, their guests afterwards attending the Greenway ball. Those present were Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Lolita Burling, Mr. Haskett Derby, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. John M. Young, Mr. Bradley Wallace, and Mr. Horace Clifton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson entertained at a tea on Tuesday afternoon last at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Maud Lane Wilson. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. James Wilkins, Mrs. Edgar Neame, Mrs. John W. Mailliard, Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mrs. Edwin Newhall, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Miss Lucille Wilkins, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Jeanne Galois, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Dorothy Boericke, and Miss Ruth Boericke.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Allen and Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick entertained at a large tea on Thursday of last week at the Allen home on Washington Street, in honor of their debutante daughters, Miss Clara Allen and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Otis Burrage, Mrs. Lucius Allen, Mrs.

Harry Allen, Mrs. Bryant Grimwood, Mrs. Franklin Harwood, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Emily Du Bois, Miss Hanna Du Bois, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Joy Wilson, and Miss Olive Craig.

Mrs. M. Hall McAllister entertained at a tea on Thursday last at her home on Jackson Street, in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Ethel McAllister. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. James Otis, Sr., Mrs. James Otis, Jr., Mrs. William Peyton, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. William B. Tubbs, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Harry Benson, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Augusta Foute, the Misses Pennell, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Joy Wilson, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Anna Weller, and Miss Innes Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones entertained at a tea on Saturday of last week in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Helen Jones, at their home on Buchanan Street. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Laura Roe, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Lawrence Draper, Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. John Drum, Miss Ysabel Brewer, Miss Elena Miller, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Maud Wilson, and Miss Innes Keeney.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was the hostess at a bridge party on Saturday afternoon last.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor was the hostess at an informal luncheon and bridge party on Wednesday of last week at the Francisco Club.

Miss Lou Foster entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Frances and Miss Virginia Newhall.

Miss Vera de Sahla was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has returned to Paris, after a stay of several weeks at Aix-les-Bains.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have arrived in New York from Europe and will remain in the East for a month before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter and came over last week from their Belvedere home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Nichols have arrived from their home in Montana and are the guests of Mr. Nichols's parents, Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, at the Episcopal residence on Webster Street.

Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mr. Clarence Payne, and Mr. Arthur Payne have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss Julia Langhorne has returned to town, after a brief visit to the Misses Amie and Nora Brewer at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. George Boardman and Miss Dora Winn, who have been in the East for several weeks, are now visiting in Virginia.

Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt will arrive in the near future from her home in Chicago for a visit to friends and relatives.

Miss Helen Wheeler has been visiting at St. Helena as the guest of Miss Ida Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have returned from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Miss Gladys Brigham has come up from her home in Los Gatos and is spending several weeks here as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander.

Mrs. Simeon Wenban and her daughter, Mrs. Mills, have taken an apartment on Pine Street near Leavenworth for the winter.

Miss Aubrey Tallant has returned, after a sojourn of some months in New York.

Mr. Joseph L. Eastland has returned from a stay of some months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have returned, after a stay of some months in Europe, and are at the Fairmont for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid Gregg, and Miss Ethel Gregg have returned from Europe, where they spent the summer months, and are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. David Cohn and Miss Edith Cohn, who have been in Europe the past year, are sailing from Cherbourg on the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* and will arrive in San Francisco about December 1.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies left last week for the East, where she will visit relatives for several months, and may go abroad before her return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue (formerly Miss Maud Payne) have returned from their wed-

ding journey to Southern California and are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis have taken apartments at the Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wallace, after an absence of nearly two years, spent in travel abroad, left New York on Sunday, the 8th, via New Orleans, for California.

The Adele Verne Concerts.

Adele Verne, the brilliant young English pianiste, who made such a deep impression last season, will return, after duplicating her San Francisco success in the big cities of the East. She will give three concerts at Christian Science Hall, the first being Sunday afternoon, November 22. The second concert will be given Thursday evening, November 26, and the farewell concert will be Saturday afternoon, November 28, and will be the first matinee on a Saturday for many months. The sale of seats opens next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the complete programmes may be obtained.

On Friday afternoon, November 27, Miss Verne will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Mail orders will be carefully attended to if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

An Art Exhibit.

There will be a loan collection of paintings on exhibition at the Studio Building, 147 Presidio Avenue, open daily between ten and four, from Saturday, November 14, to Saturday, November 21. The pictures shown will include works by John S. Sargent, Claude Monet, Narcisse Diaz, Isabey, Copler, Gilbert Stuart, Carrière and others. The admission will be 25 cents and the proceeds will form the nucleus of a hospital fund for artists.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., was placed on duty at headquarters, Department of California, with station in San Francisco, from November 2, for the purpose of closing out all business connected with the manœuvres and the rendition of his final report as commanding officer, Camp of Instruction, Atascadero. Upon the completion of this duty, Colonel Maus will proceed to his station, Presidio of Monterey.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry B. Moon, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for four months, to take effect on December 1.

Major Harry S. Benson, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A. He has been assigned to the Second Squadron of that regiment, with station at Yellowstone Park.

Major H. S. Bishop is ordered transferred from the Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Major S. W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., returned on Tuesday last on the liner *Manchuria* to his station at Fort Shafter, Honolulu. He has been on duty as adjutant-general of the Camp of Instruction at Atascadero for several weeks.

Major Beecher Ray, paymaster, U. S. A., left on the *Manchuria* on Tuesday last for Manila to return to his station, after leave of absence spent in the United States.

Major George McK. Williamson, quartermaster, U. S. A., in addition to his other duties, has been ordered to assume charge under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army of the special repairs to the cantonment, the construction of Signal Corps stables and other repairs of a special character at the Presidio of San Francisco, relieving Captain Samuel V. Ham, Infantry, U. S. A. (major, Philippine Scouts).

Captain Rush S. Wells, Fourteenth Cavalry, Fort Yosemite, has been granted leave of absence for one month, to take effect about December 1.

Captain Edwin Bell, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., and Captain William H. H. Chapman, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., have been ordered to report to Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, at such time as he may designate for examination by the board.

Captain Campbell E. Bahcock, quartermaster, U. S. A., reported for duty to the general superintendent, Army Transport Service, at San Francisco, for duty as quartermaster of the U. S. A. transport *Sheridan*, with station at San Francisco, relieving Captain Frederick L. Dengler, U. S. A., of that duty. Captain Dengler, when relieved, reported in person to the general superintendent, Army Transport Service, for duty as his assistant.

Captain Thomas L. Rhoads, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to Major William D. Crosby, Medical Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board, at the Army Medical Museum Building, Washington, D. C., at such time as he may be required by the board, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant Herman Kobhe, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has reported at headquarters, Department of California, for temporary duty, until the sailing of the army transport on December 5, when he will sail for Manila, reporting for duty to the commanding general, Philippine Division.

Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from assignment to the Ninety-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and is placed on the unassigned list.

Lieutenant Stephen O. Fuqua, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., sailed on the transport leaving this port on November 5 for Manila and will rejoin his regiment in the Philippines.

Lieutenant Howard McC. Snyder, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, to take effect upon his arrival at Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming.

Contract Surgeon William O. Montgomery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Mason, and will report to the chief surgeon, Department of California, for annulment of contract.

Colonel Walter S. Schuyler, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., Major S. W. Dunning, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Major Fred W. Foster, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Charles C. Walcutt, Jr., Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Joseph C. Castner, quartermaster, U. S. A., Captain Moor N. Falls, quartermaster, U. S. A., and Captain Sanford H. Wadhams, Medical Corps, U. S. A., are appointed on a board to meet in the Hawaiian Islands at the call of the senior member of the board present in Hawaii, for the purpose of looking over the ground and making recommendations as to locating the buildings of a permanent garrison on the military reservation situated about twenty miles northwest of Honolulu on the Island of Oahu. The members of the board not stationed in Hawaii will proceed by the first available transport to Honolulu for duty, except Colonel Schuyler, who will assume his

duties as a member of the board on his arrival in Hawaii with the headquarters and troops of the Fifth Cavalry.

An important change of time took effect in the Santa Fé local train service November 8. The Bakersfield local, heretofore leaving at 8:45 a. m., now leaves at 8 a. m. A new train for Stockton, Riverbank, and Sierra Railway points leaves at 9:45 a. m.; returning, arrives at 2:50 p. m.

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Ashtitt—Do you believe in the theory of heredity? Noitt—Sure thing. My barber is the father of three little shavers.—Chicago News.

"A man learns to do by doing," remarked the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and also by being done."—Chicago Daily News.

Customer—What is the price of the duck? Little Girl—Please, mum, it's three shillings. But mother says, if you grumble, it's two-and-six!—Punch.

Scott—Wherever does Easty get the idea that his jokes are funny? Mott—Oh, he tells them to young women with pretty teeth.—Boston Transcript.

Office Boy—Say, the boss oughtn't to put a window in there? Carpenter—Why not? Office Boy—'Cause, now you can see he's in when he aint in.—Life.

The Inquirer—But what is it you men have struck for? The Striker—Well, I'm hiest if I know, gov'ner, but we aint goin' hack till we've got it.—The Sketch.

She—I'm going to give you back our engagement ring—I love another. He—Give me his name and address. She—Do you want to kill him? He—No, I want to sell him the ring.—Pick-Me-Up.

Reporter—Now, what was the worst money panic you ever saw? Great Financier—Last week, when a ten-cent piece rolled to the floor of a street-car and five women claimed it!—The X Ray.

Tired Traveler (to barber)—Spending the night in a sleeping-car doesn't improve one's beauty, does it? Barber—I don't know what you looked like when you started, but I guess you're right.—Harper's Bazar.

"Did your friend make a hit at the literary club?" "I guess he did. He pronounced 'Les Miserables' in a brand-new way, and then alluded to it as Victor Herbert's masterpiece."—Washington Herald.

"Sim, the town council is a little worried about this Salomé act you've hooked for the op'ry house." "Oh, I've cut out the objectionable features." "That's just it. We wuz afeard you would."—Kansas City Journal.

Daughter—This piano is really my very own, isn't it, pa? Pa—Yes, my dear. Daughter—And when I marry I can take it with me, can I? Pa—Certainly, my child. But don't tell any one; it might spoil your chances.—Penny Pictorial.

"So you are a great admirer of Shakespeare?" "Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "The man had more than genius.

It was prescience. Think of his being able, without having seen me act, to write parts that would fit me so admirably."—Washington Star.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Lady and the Chameleon.

How to do it—how to grow Thin and slim and slender—oh, That's the question, that's the rui! Will she stint herself in grub? Will she hant and will she take Exercise for Fashion's sake? Will she run and ride and row, Wring and wrestle, rake and hoe? Will she lace herself and pinch In each curvilinear inch? How will she, the fair, the fat, Make herself into a slat?

This I know not. But I vow She will do the trick somehow. She has changed her shape before, She can do it e'en once more. —New York Sun.

An Ultimatum.

You have treated me badly, though madly I've loved you for nearly a year; You've been turning me down with your ugliest frown, And I'm growing discouraged, I fear. You may think it amusing, refusing The offers I've made of my hand. I've been patient and meek, but at last I must speak— It is more than a fellow can stand.

It is hard to be doing this wooing So long when you never respond When the chance is so small you'll be in when I call—

It is hard to be faithful and fond; When you yawn through my visit, now is it A thing that a fellow would like? You must make up your mind pretty soon to be kind Or, I give you fair warning, I'll strike.

It's a strain on affection; rejection And snubbing's not easy to hear. When with others you flirt my hest feelings are hurt,

It seems almost a hopeless affair. It has spoiled my good humor, this rumor, I can't say that I like it a bit. If it's true you're engaged I shall be so enraged That I really believe I shall quit. —Chicago News.

Random Shots.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance. I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore that it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Emporia Gazette.

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S. S. Tenyo Maru.....Friday, Dec. 11, 1908

S. S. Nippon Maru (via Manila).....Saturday, Jan. 2, 1909

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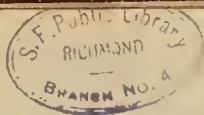
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The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS. C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery St., San Francisco. Phone Douglas 636



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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President-Elect and the Pacific Coast.

The Pacific Coast States have special cause for self-congratulation in Mr. Taft's curiously thorough acquaintance with Pacific Ocean conditions and interests. His service in the Philippine Islands, his personal relations with Japan and China, his frequent crossings of the Pacific—these have given to Mr. Taft a knowledge which no other President has had, the lack of which, in fact, has been unpleasantly manifest in more than one instance.

The immediate fortunes of the Pacific Coast States, and particularly of our greater ports, rest largely upon national policy in the rising world of the Pacific. Both political and commercial common sense demand that we shall dominate Pacific waters in the sense of maintaining therein an effective naval establishment and insisting upon conditions at least fair to our merchants and carriers. It is a case where, despite the dictum of Mr. James J. Hill of St. Paul, politics may make business by maintaining the conditions essential to the welfare of business. The President-elect understands

the situation thoroughly, more intimately and better perhaps than any other American, and his utterances on past occasions have given sufficient indication of his sympathies.

We know, for example, that he is devotedly attached to the Isthmian Canal project, and will consent to no halting or paltering in that great work. We know that he stands for policies in the Philippine Islands tending to productive and commercial development and to a closer business and social connection with the United States. We know that he stands for the open door in Oriental regions and for such principles in our dealings with the countries which border upon the Pacific as will sustain and increase American connections therewith. We know, furthermore, that he is acquainted with the great carrying problems of the Pacific Ocean, and that his sympathies and interest are assured for any and every project calculated to sustain American enterprise in the carrying trade.

Mr. Taft is by no means likely to leave the Pacific States out of his account when it shall come to making up his Cabinet. He has been again and again over every Pacific State, and his individual acquaintance with our public men is large. Quite accidentally some two years ago the editor of the *Argonaut* discovered that Mr. Taft's interest in Pacific Coast affairs and in Pacific Coast men was not only casual and timely, but historical. It was found that he has what is very rare in Eastern men—the same kind of detailed interest in Pacific Coast affairs and Pacific Coast men that intelligent men of the Pacific Coast have in Eastern affairs. For example, in the course of a somewhat extended conversation he introduced the names of pretty much every man of distinction in the Pacific States since the Civil War, having a definite and curiously intelligent estimate of the intellectual, political, and historical status of each.

From this kind of knowledge and judgment we may well cherish confident hopes. Mr. Taft will find a place in his Cabinet for a Pacific Coast man, and he will probably choose wisely. The newspapers up and down the Coast are already submitting a multitude of names to him. Among those mentioned we hear those of George Knight and General Otis of California prominently mentioned. The names of Judge Ballinger and ex-Senator John L. Wilson of Washington are more or less discussed. In Oregon Senator Fulton and Harvey W. Scott, the editor of the *Oregonian*, are regarded as possibilities. A Californian who in a legal sense has become a citizen of Massachusetts, John Hays Hammond, is among those regarded by the Eastern press as likely to find a place in the new Cabinet.

In the course of the famous "Dear Maria" letters President Roosevelt remarked that he didn't know of anybody on the Pacific Coast competent for a Cabinet position. He changed his mind later on, to be sure, but even this fact did not soothe the wounds of those who fancied themselves firmly established in Mr. Roosevelt's estimation. Mr. Taft, who knows the Pacific States much better than Mr. Roosevelt, will easily find abundance of Cabinet timber.

The Chinese Throne.

The death of the Emperor of China means no more than the disappearance of an imbecile hypochondriac, but that the empress also should die within a few hours is an event that may easily have the gravest results. China is honeycombed with disaffection toward the Manchu dynasty, and has been on the brink of revolution for many years. An outbreak was almost hopeless so long as this grim and terrible woman held the sceptre, but if the regent Chun, who also is a Manchu, should show the least lack of firmness or of ability to hold his own against fierce and resolute enemies, his regency will be a short one and both he and the young Emperor Pu Yi will walk the tragic and well-trodden road of those who fail. China without a successful ruler means a welter of stupid and cruel

savagery, and this in turn means a hardly more desirable intervention, with its attendant awakening of jealousies and rivalries. We have every reason to hope that Prince Chun will be equal to the occasion.

The late Empress Tzu-hsi was one of the most remarkable women that ever lived. For nearly sixty years she has ruled China with a rod of iron and without any kind of legal warranty. Originally a slave girl, she was selected as a secondary wife by the Emperor I-tchou, and she was already in full ascendancy when the French and English captured Peking in 1860. Indeed, she was the only one who kept her head upon that occasion, and when the emperor showed a disposition to assert himself he conveniently and rather mysteriously died, as have a great many others who dared to thwart this inflexible woman. The new emperor, Tsaitchaou, was a baby whose mother, Tsi An, should have been the regent, but Tzu-Hsi herself attended to the matter of the regency, and when the baby emperor presently died it was generally supposed that his demise had been aided by the ferocious old woman, who was well versed in the mysteries of Chinese poisons. This was in 1875, and almost before the news was known the dowager had placed her three-year-old nephew upon the throne and continued tranquilly in her position of actual ruler of China. The Emperor Kwang-hsu, who died last week, probably owed his immunity from poison to his weak mind, which prevented him from contesting the sovereignty with his aunt. Indeed, in 1900 she announced that in view of his weak health she would herself administer the affairs of China in her own name, and this she continued to do until her death.

The regent Chun has everything in his favor except the fact that he belongs to the Manchu dynasty. The danger comes from irreconcilable enemies of that dynasty. It would be rash to predict anything about the future of China, but in the course of a few weeks, as the news of the double death percolates through the country, we shall probably get some indications of what to expect. But the situation is not without its elements of serious danger.

Assault Upon Francis J. Heney.

A little past four o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th instant, a man entered Judge Lawlor's courtroom, where the trial of Abraham Ruef for bribery was pending, and, pushing his way inside the bar to a point within less than four feet of Special Prosecutor Francis J. Heney, discharged a pistol full into his side face. Though painfully wounded, Heney was not killed or even rendered insensible. The ball entered his face immediately in front of the ear, but was deflected downward by the cheek bones and lodged in the muscles at the base of the jaw. At this writing, five days after the shooting, Mr. Heney is happily out of danger. Already his wound is healing, and recovery is likely to be rapid—so rapid, indeed, that his physicians say that he will be able to appear in the streets within a fortnight or less time. The wonder is that he was not killed outright. The assailant was almost directly beside his victim, his weapon was a deadly one, he wished to kill, and he shot to kill. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a shot so delivered would have coursed through the brain, causing instant death; in this instance the fact that the assailant was standing, while his victim was sitting down, caused the missile to enter at a slight angle, with the result as above set forth.

The would-be assassin was overwhelmed by courtroom attendants, and later at the county prison he gave his name as Morris Haas and his occupation as that of a liquor merchant out of business. He was forty-eight years old, had a wife and four children, and lived in a rented house on McAllister Street. He talked freely, although incoherently at times, and attempted no reserve when Chief of Police Biggy, Detective W. J. Burns of the special prosecutor's staff, and others put him through

a drastic course of questioning. He said that he wanted to kill Heney because he (Heney) had ruined him in his business, disgraced and impoverished his family, and had compelled him (Haas) to hide away in shame from the sight of his fellow-men. He wished to destroy Heney, he said, and had been planning to do it for weeks. Questioned sharply to the end of finding out if others were associated with him in his crime, he denied that anybody had prompted him to it or had any share in it. One or two persons, he said, knowing of the incidents hack of his resentment against Heney, remarked to him that they would kill a man who should so use them. No other circumstance was developed by the probing process, nothing to contradict Haas's own repeated assertions that in attempting to kill Heney he acted from his own motives and purposes and upon his own initiative. On Saturday, the day after the assault, Haas was visited in jail by his wife, but the conference between them, if it can be so called, was futile, since both were too overwhelmed with grief and tears to say anything. Saturday evening at about eight o'clock—some twenty-eight hours after the assault in the court-room—guards who stood outside of Haas's cell heard the report of a pistol, and a moment later the man was found dead or dying on the prison floor. He had, it appears, concealed a small pistol in his shoe, doubtless with suicidal intent, and although officers of police, including Detective Burns, had searched him, it had escaped their scrutiny.

Haas's story is a pitiful one. In 1887, while employed as a drummer for a San Francisco cigar house, he was charged with embezzling \$275. He fled to Philadelphia, but was detected and brought back to California. Brought to trial, he pleaded guilty, and in May, 1888, he was sentenced to two years in San Quentin. In January, 1890, Haas was pardoned by Governor Waterman, and because of a good record as a prisoner he was restored to citizenship.

After his release from San Quentin Haas set up as the proprietor of a saloon and restaurant in San Francisco. He prospered moderately, married, and lived uneventfully with his family until the disaster of 1906. A few months after the fire he opened a wine store under the name of the Metropolitan Wine Company at 1816 Post Street. He was doing business in this new connection and was living with his family (wife, two boys aged fourteen and five, and two girls aged thirteen and ten), on McAllister Street when last April he was impeached as a juror in the second Ruef trial, known as the Parkside case.

Haas's name was drawn in Judge Lawlor's court on April 20. He asked the court to excuse him from jury service, but the request was denied, and he was taken in hand by Heney for the prosecution and Ach for the defense, and after a whole morning's examination he was passed by both attorneys and took his seat as the tenth juror. Four days later, and before the jury was complete, Heney challenged Haas in open court as an ex-convict and demanded that he be dismissed from the jury box. He exhibited a prison photograph of a man in stripes and "in an impressive and dramatic manner" forced Haas to acknowledge it as his own and to admit that his real name was not Haas, but Henley. Haas pleaded for a chance to explain and protested his innocence of the crime for which he was convicted twenty years ago. He declared that he had asked the court to be excused from jury service and pleaded with Heney for a chance to set himself right. After some further questioning, Heney's motion that Haas be dismissed from the jury box was sustained by the court. The incident naturally made a great stir and the daily papers of the next morning were full of it, reproducing the picture of Haas in prison garb, and making the utmost sensational use of its dramatically painful phases.

The later chapters in Haas's story are detailed in his own statement to Chief of Police Biggy and Detective Burns immediately after his assault upon Heney. His family, he said, was humiliated by the exposure of his record as an ex-convict. His business, he said, fell off to nothing, for people would have nothing to do with him. His children were jeered at by other children on account of their father's shame. He hid himself away from the sight of the people he had known, frequenting "nickelodeons" because it was dark there and people could not see him. It is a long drawn out and painful story of a man of infirm mental and moral make-up, tortured by shame, brooding over his sufferings, and throughout all developing the spirit of revenge, hatred, and murderous intent.

The effect of these shocking events upon the people of San Francisco is that which inevitably

follows upon such incidents. Differences of opinion with respect to Mr. Heney's career in San Francisco, intense and bitter as they are, have not served to limit the feeling of sympathy due to one assailed without warning by a murderous hand. Pity there is and must be for a poor creature driven by the torments of a mind diseased and goaded by suffering to murder and self-destruction, but justification or thought of justification there is none and can be none.

Not unnaturally, the attempt upon Heney's life tends to make support for his cause. A certain atmosphere of heroics easily associates itself with Heney's work under the conditions which now exist, and it will tend beyond a doubt to give to the immediate work of the prosecution popular sympathy and backing. Hopes of Ruef's conviction, which had well nigh failed under a tedious and acrimonious procedure in a case beginning so far back as last August, have been revived and are higher today than at any time this year or more.

Three lawyers of high capability and distinction, Messrs. Johnson, Sullivan, and Dwyer, came forward within an hour of the tragic event of last Friday and tendered their services in the Ruef case in behalf of the prosecution. All are familiar with the case in its history and hearings. Their entrance into it will give it the vitality of new blood and fresh energy, and at the same time relieve it from difficulties and embarrassments which have grown out of the personal contentions of the past two years.

Those away from San Francisco who may be inclined to charge up this shocking incident against the morality and civilization of our city should remember that Haas's crime is one which might have happened anywhere. San Francisco, it should be borne in mind, has no monopoly of degeneracy. Resentment, hatred, malice, and criminal intent—the whole brood of malignant passions—alas, have their habitat the universe over. They belong rather to the world of moral malignancy than to any particular locality, and are as likely to break out in one place as another.

It is to be regretted that a certain reckless emotionalism, proceeding upon the basis of no fact or reason, has conceived the idea that back of the assault upon Mr. Heney there was some sort of conspiracy. It is further to be regretted that a yellow press and a blind partisanship for the prosecution have accepted and are exploiting this theory. Fortunately for the good name and fame of San Francisco, it finds no leg of fact or circumstance to stand upon. All the evidence goes to sustain the dictum of Chief of Police Biggy and his assistants that Haas's act was what in police parlance is called a one-man crime. It was the work of a man of infirm nature, goaded out of self-control and beyond moral restraint by his own distempered fancies. Some suggestion, indeed, this poor creature may have imbibed from passionate discussions in and out of court during the past few months. There has been, let the truth be declared, far too many threats of violence, far too many exhibitions of anger and spleen. Men of sense and poise have known how to estimate these things, but a poor creature haunted by harrowing memories, tortured by shame and the sufferings of his family, all operating upon a weak and disordered mind, may easily have been less competent.

Leaders and Followers.

Some observation of the phenomena of social agitation, likewise some acquaintance with the thing called human nature, is essential to comprehension of recent events as they relate to the aims, purposes, and tendencies of organized labor in its subjection to the leadership of Samuel Gompers and others of his type and sort. We have seen the complete failure of an attempt on the part of Mr. Gompers to sell out the votes of labor union in a presidential campaign. Gompers haggard first with certain national Republican leaders, including the President, for concessions in the shape of special privilege for organized labor, but failed in the effort to secure ratification of the deal by the national party convention. He then made a trade with Mr. Bryan upon pretty much the same lines, and with Bryan's aid got the Democratic National Convention to accept it. Then he went up and down the country seeking to drive the membership of the labor unions into support at the polls of the Democratic candidate. In brief, he sold out the vote of labor unionism in so far as he could and made such efforts as he could duly to deliver it on the 3d of November.

The result of the voting illustrates the political attitude of unionism as a body as contrasted with that of the leaders of unionism. Nowhere in appreciable numbers were the votes of unionists cast in obedience to

the suggestions and pleadings of Mr. Gompers. Labor unionists, like other citizens, voted according to their own preferences and judgments, giving no heed to the engagements made by Gompers with Mr. Bryan. In the State of Indiana, where unionism is especially strong and where its local leaders took up the Gompers programme and attempted to enforce it upon the rank and file, the Republican party got almost its usual majority. In the Danville district of Illinois, where a tremendous effort was made by Gompers against the Hon. Joseph Cannon, the old veteran came out of the polls with his usual handsome majority. In brief, Mr. Gompers's political scheme came to a complete and ridiculous failure. If he succeeded in turning any considerable votes anywhere away from Taft and to Bryan, the election returns afford no evidence of it.

And yet at the annual meet of the labor unionists of the country held at Denver last week the same Samuel Gompers was the lion of the hour. His report, which, by the way, gave no account of his political failure, but was full of the spirit of future political designs, was received with high approval and Gompers himself was reelected as the official head of organized labor in the United States. While this convention was in session the President of the United States issued invitations to a conference at the White House for the discussion of labor questions between labor leaders on the one hand and a group of Federal judges on the other. All the conspicuous leaders of organized labor were invited with one exception. The name of Samuel Gompers alone did not appear in the list, this being the President's way of showing his resentment against Gompers for the part he had played in the presidential campaign. To be sure, the President's course was not very consistent, in view of his own relations to Gompers, but consistency is not the characteristic virtue of rulers, particularly of him who now sits in the presidential chair. The slight to Gompers, plain and intentional as it was, was as plainly and intentionally resented by his associates in the higher rank of labor leadership. John Mitchell and other conspicuous leaders who received the presidential favor considered among themselves and, acting in concert, declined to accept Mr. Roosevelt's invitation to dinner or to join in his conference. To make sure that there should be no misunderstanding about it, they gave out to the newspapers a careful statement of motives and reasons, making it plain that their declinations were due to the fact that Gompers had not been invited.

The general inconsistency involved in these various and seemingly contradictory occurrences is easily explained when we take into account two principles, namely (1) that of social agitation, the other (2) the characteristics of human nature. In social agitation the radicals, extremists, the self-seekers, and the blather-skites always come to the front. Your plain, quiet man of moderation and wisdom, purged of self, is no match in a popular meeting or conference with your noisy, dogmatic, radical, and uncompromising hothead. The type of man last named almost invariably takes the offices, holds the center of the stage, makes the reports, and represents before the public the movement to which he is attached. This is why organized labor, which has so much that is commendable in its aims, is commonly so intemperate in its proposals and efforts. Leaders like P. H. McCarthy in San Francisco, who win their way to the head of organized labor by sheer force of presumption and push, make its policies, even though they do not fairly represent the judgment and the aim of the rational and level-headed majority. They carry the banners of organized labor even though they may not command the individual approval of the masses in whose name they presume to act.

As the labor convention stood assembled at Denver, it was made up chiefly if not wholly of those radicals in unionism whom agitation always brings to the front as distinct from the sober rank and file whose claims as representative men are always overlooked. It is natural enough that a convention so organized should stand by Gompers in spite of his popular defeat; it is natural that the atmosphere of such a meeting should have prompted Mitchell and the other national leaders present to resent the slight imposed upon Gompers by the President of the United States.

In spite of the determination of the rank and file of labor unionism to keep out of politics, in the face of the popular rebuke given to politico-unionism at the polls, the leaders of organized labor will persist in the effort to ally unionism with partisan politics. Gompers gave the cue to his fellow-agitators when he declared at Denver that the defeat of his plans in the campaign of 1908 was "merely a lost battle," that there would be no let-up

in his plans and purposes, and that the movement to put unionism in politics should go steadily forward. There can be no doubt of Mr. Gompers's purposes; likewise, there can be no doubt that he will have the support of the leaders of unionism the country over. The rank and file of unionism, to be sure, has no stomach for politicalism, but when it comes to agitation the rank and file must ever give way to those who know how to maintain themselves in the offices of leadership.

We are going to have now for some years to come a persistent and uncompromising effort on the part of the leaders of unionism to force the mass of labor unionists into the political game, precisely as Ruef and Schmitz played the game in San Francisco and as Gompers tried to play it nationally. Unionism regarded as a body is not yet in politics, as the result of the late election shows; but unionism, regarded as a social agitation, is in politics and will stay in politics.

Those upon whom the responsibilities of political order and of public policy rest will do well to heed this fact.

A Man Who Missed His Chance.

There is naturally much speculation as to the cause of Mr. Metcalf's retirement from the Cabinet, but nobody apparently knows anything about it. Possibly Mr. Metcalf grew weary of a position which yielded him little ease and much vexation, and yet if this were the moving cause it is rather surprising that he did not wait and go out of office with the administration. Probably there has been some friction between the President and the Secretary. From time to time there have been rumors to this effect, and it has long been the opinion of those who know Mr. Metcalf well that his place has not been an entirely agreeable one.

Mr. Metcalf is the third man to represent the Pacific States in the Cabinet. The first was Hon. George H. Williams of Oregon, who served as Attorney-General with President Grant from 1872 to 1875. Judge Williams still lives in extreme age and in high personal credit at Portland. The next Cabinet member from the Pacific Coast was Hon. Joseph McKenna, now a member of the Supreme Court at Washington, who served as Secretary of the Interior for a brief time with President McKinley. Mr. Metcalf was originally appointed Secretary of Commerce and Labor three years ago, and something more than a year ago he was transferred to the Secretaryship of the Navy.

It can not be said that Mr. Metcalf has added largely to his personal prestige by service in the Cabinet. For the most part his work has been inconspicuous, and the one really large opportunity which came to him he permitted to pass unimproved. It will be remembered that Mr. Metcalf came out to the Coast late in 1906, commissioned by the President to examine into and report upon the conditions of Japanese life in California. This was within the period of the crisis brought on by Mr. Roosevelt's amazingly indiscreet message with respect to Japanese in the California public schools. If Mr. Metcalf had been just the man he ought to have been he would have dealt with the subject in an independent and bold way, leaving the result, including his own standing with the President, to take care of itself. He did nothing of the kind; he made a perfunctory and "soothing" report calculated, and no doubt designed, to let the President down easy from an embarrassing and impossible situation. He made himself, so to speak, a stalking-horse to save the face and the credit of the President, who had put a very awkward foot into a very nasty situation, and who was eager to find a way out.

A man who once serves as a doormat for another man, whatever the circumstances, rarely has the respect of that other man. There have been evidences that since Mr. Metcalf did for Mr. Roosevelt this questionable turn he has never stood quite so high in the estimation of his chief. And it is certain that he has not stood so high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens of California.

It is interesting to consider what might have followed if Mr. Metcalf had held a bold rather than a subservient course in the matter of his Japanese report. The President, no doubt, would have gritted his teeth, got red in the face, and said no end of unpleasant things, but Mr. Metcalf, being in the right, would have found it easy to sustain himself in the judgment of the country and, above all, in the opinion of California. At a stroke he would have become the most conspicuous and the most admired public figure in the region west of the Rocky Mountains, and he would inevitably have stood in line for any honors which the Pacific Coast States may have to bestow. But he chose to serve his

chief in his embarrassment rather than his State in her humiliation. And in less than two years he finds himself at outs with his chief, and—well, let us say, not so highly esteemed in California as he might be.

The Oregon Situation.

The *Argonaut* has in previous writings set forth the extraordinary situation in Oregon. A rock-ribbed Republican State, which has given 24,000 majority for Taft (equivalent to 400,000 Republican majority in New York), stands pledged through its legislature under the direct primary system to elect Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat, to the Senate next January. The legislature thus committed contains five Republicans to one Democrat; and the anomaly of this situation rests upon the fact that many or most of the Republican legislators, prior to their election, subscribed to a promise to be guided by "the will of the people." The form in which "the will of the people" was declared was a plurality vote for Chamberlain as against the Republican candidate whom Mr. Heney's activities succeeded in substituting for Senator Fulton.

The "pledge" on the part of the legislature to elect Chamberlain is regular enough, if anything may be said to be regular under the extraordinary system which prevails in Oregon. At the same time, the *Argonaut* does not believe and has never believed that Chamberlain will be elected. We believe that through one expedient or another many members of the legislature who stand pledged to Chamberlain will find ways, shabby or otherwise, to evade their commitments. We do not justify this upon any ground: we believe that a man of honor should and would keep his word, however indiscreetly it may have been given. But it is not in human nature—certainly it is not in political nature—for a legislature overwhelmingly Republican, representing a State overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment, to send to the Senate a man whose political principles and purposes are at odds with the aims and wishes of the State.

We note within the week the inauguration of a popular movement against the election of Chamberlain by the legislature soon to meet. The plan is to circulate for signature by the electors throughout the State documents absolving the legislators who signed the Chamberlain pledge from adhering to their promises. This, let it be remarked, even though it may prove successful, is not a very nice way of getting out of an engagement voluntarily and solemnly assumed. Men of high sensibilities would hardly be willing to accept the self-stultification involved in this plan. But, be it remembered, we are not dealing with men of very high sensibilities. We are dealing with men fools enough to bind themselves by a ridiculous and unmanly pledge. Creatures thus morally defective may be expected to yield to the tremendous pressure which is now being brought to bear upon them by a community which finds itself duped, injured, ashamed, and chagrined, and which grasps at any possibility of deliverance from an impossible situation.

Editorial Notes.

The unwisdom of hanging without inquiry finds interesting exemplification in the sensationally famous case of Edna Clark. Out of the fact that a very commonplace young girl, wearying of the restraints of home, had gone off to another city, where she had found the means of earning her living, our great and wise daily newspapers had built a mountain, or a whole group of mountains, of criminality. Incidentally, they had in a moral sense drawn and quartered in the public view one Edward Payson Young, whom we will not style "reverend" because he has no claims upon that designation, albeit he is something of a compromise between a rector and a priest and nominally the spiritual head of a church which stands somewhere midway between Catholicism and Episcopacy without having just the right moral connections with either. Mr. Young does not appear to have gotten anything that he does not deserve on general principles, but manifestly he is not guilty of kidnaping and murder in the case of Edna Clark. Summary conviction and execution is perhaps the easiest way of easing the public mind, but it is not the way of law or equity. It is better to try men, to examine into the facts, before hanging them.

The Stanford youths who are rebelling against the discipline of the university and who are displaying their "manhood" by acting like a pack of silly and irresponsible children, assert that they "have a right to liberty." Nobody has a right to a "liberty" which he lacks the discretion and moral self-control to use dis-

creetly. A "liberty" used in contempt of one's own welfare and the welfare of others is no liberty at all, but a wild and vicious license. A "liberty" which prompts and permits rowdyism, drunkenness, debauchery, and vulgarity has no sanction in a school of culture and should have none. The sooner Stanford shall be quit of its outfit of hoodlums who do not know the difference between liberty and license, the better it will be for the school.

With the national election out of the way, and with Governor Hughes safely reinstalled for another executive term, New York and Washington are now actively discussing the question of who is to succeed Senator Platt upon the expiration of his term next March. The President at one time thought of entering the Senate, and it is possible that he would have accepted the place if he could have had assurances of election without any kind of scramble or the making of any arrangements. But he has planned to do other things, and his name is not now considered. The candidates are legion, including Timothy Woodruff, Barnes of Albany, ex-Governor Black, and many others, but the name most favorably considered is that of Elihu Root. If Mr. Root wants the senatorship he can have it, and it seems likely that he will ultimately accept. New York is tired of commonplace and ineffective representation in the Senate. The feeling is universal that the great Empire State ought in the Senate to enjoy something of her old distinction, as in the days of Roscoe Conkling and William M. Evarts. Root will be urged to accept as a means of giving to New York the character in the Senate which her commercial and social leadership of the country really merits. Mr. Root was born February, 1845, and will, therefore, be sixty-four years of age upon the going out of the Roosevelt administration. He is a little past the Osler standard, but there is still a vast amount of work in him, and we can think of no way in which he could put it in to better effect than in senatorial service.

The sale of Hunters Point drydock by the local syndicate which hereto has owned it to Mr. Charles M. Schwab is, we hope, a good thing. It indicates at least that Mr. Schwab, who may be regarded as a type of the Eastern capitalist, is hopeful about the future of San Francisco, and it is almost a demonstration of his intention to sustain and enlarge the scope of the Union Iron Works, of which he is the chief owner. A system of drydocks is as necessary to a commercial port as ship channels. The Hunters Point docks were created originally less in the spirit of investment than with the intention of providing a necessary and essential commercial facility. Locally owned, they have served their purpose well, and we trust they will be administered in future in a spirit as liberal and as commercially helpful as in the past. It has been the way of San Francisco to own her own facilities, to be her own proprietary, so to speak. In many respects it has been a good policy, and yet as times change methods of business must change, and perhaps we should not cling too fondly to old ideas and propensities.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FLORENCE, October 30, 1908.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of October 10 you state that the so-called house of the Capulets, at Verona, was destroyed by fire lately. I saw a dispatch from Rome, dated September 19, published in a San Francisco daily paper, which made the same statement, and which was probably your authority also.

As a matter of fact, the home of the Capulets has not been destroyed by fire. I was at Verona on the 6th of October and saw the house on the Via Cappello, just where it has always been, with a marble tablet bearing an inscription which tells us that it was the home of the Capulets.

Of course, there is little reason to believe that Juliet lived in that particular house, but it is the one which has always been show to tourists as her home.

SARITA D. HENDERSON.

GRAND HOTEL MADRID, SEVILLE, October 27, 1908.

TO THE EDITOR: My surprise, on reaching this hotel night before last and finding in its reading-room a copy of the *Argonaut* dated October 10, was only equaled by my delight. As an old subscriber and warm admirer of your paper, *sui generis*. I was glad to read its agreeable and thoughtful summaries and comments, and as a sincere friend and well wisher of Spain I was pleased to observe this indication of her "up-to-date-ness." I thought you might welcome this testimony of "how far a good word can travel in this naughty world," and in this thought I trust to obtain your forgiveness for my intrusion upon your valuable editorial time. You have the address of my home in New York, for which I expect to sail from Gibraltar early next week.

Yours very truly,

CASPAR F. GOODRICH,

Rear-Admiral, United States Navy.

Letters like the above are received by the *Argonaut* almost daily. From a multitude of sources it comes to us that the American traveling in Europe "finds the *Argonaut* everywhere." No other American publication has a wider circulation throughout the world, and no other journal published on the Pacific Coast—nor all of them together—have one-tenth part of the *Argonaut's* circulation in Europe.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The prominence recently accorded to Unitarianism in certain quasi-political circles gives relevance to a communication from the Rev. John Howland Lathrop of Berkeley on the religious attitude of the modern Unitarian church. In his letter to the *Argonaut* Mr. Lathrop says:

Although the name "Unitarian" is comparatively modern, the point of view which it represents is not as novel as is commonly believed. From the beginning of Christian history some form of Unitarianism has existed alongside of the generally accepted Christianity. As the Christian gospel became domesticated in the world of Greek culture, the author of that gospel came to be identified with the Divine Principle that was regarded by the Greek mind as the source of all light and truth; and by the year 325 Jesus the Christ was pronounced "Light of Lights," "very God of very God." In opposition to the tendency which came to completion in the Nicene Council there were followers of Jesus who maintained conceptions of their master more in keeping with the Jewish idea of what the Messiah would be—conceptions that gave him rank inferior to Deity. These heretics (so branded) were of various sorts and of various opinions, but always in some fashion Unitarians. Their like continued after official Christianity had formulated the doctrine of the Trinity, and in Hungary, for example, we find a large body of Christians in the sixteenth century definitely calling themselves Unitarian under the inspiration of Servetus.

But the Unitarianism that we know in America owes very little to the older forms of Unitarianism that run thus back to the beginning. Theological conditions in America were sufficient to call it forth. Among the congregational churches which the Pilgrims and the Puritans developed in New England two distinct tendencies were clearly developed by the end of the eighteenth century. The one under the leadership of Jonathan Edwards was toward the revival of a strict Calvinism and was potent in the Congregational churches of Connecticut and western Massachusetts. The other, under the influence of Harvard University, was in the direction of a broad humanism and was manifested in the churches along the New England coast. The Calvinistic tendency exalted the being of the absolute God, and correspondingly emphasized the doctrine of the depravity of man. The humanists, with Dr. Channing at their head, championed in opposition the rights and abilities of man, declaring that human nature itself refuted the Calvinistic doctrine. It is plain to be seen what these two tendencies would result in with regard to Christology. The one created an impassable gulf between the perfect life of Jesus and the life of the rest of mankind, while the other lifted mankind to a divinity that would enable it to include among its own even a perfection that was complete. The dividing question was the question of the nature of man, but because certain Christological results followed, the one party designated the other according to these results and gave it what was considered the opprobrious title of "Unitarian." Recognizing the difference of theological position between the parties in the Congregational body, Dr. Channing and his associates hoped that no rupture in the body need follow. He reminded his opponents that the Congregational church was an organization growing out of the spirit that had brought men to this country "to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences," and that should, therefore, have the freedom that would allow men of differing opinions to affiliate with one another in spite of their differences. But the Calvinistic party was strenuous for what it conceived to be the truth, and felt that fellowship could exist only where there was theological agreement. Consequently they refused longer to associate with the liberals and withdrew. The division was mostly geographical, but wherever among the coast churches a small portion of the congregation sympathized with the Calvinistic party they withdrew from the churches and put up their own meeting house, as was the case with the Pilgrim fathers' church in Plymouth. The Unitarian Congregationalists, once forced to be by themselves, made it a fundamental principle of their fellowship that they should carry out the religious freedom intended by the fathers, and thus the rock upon which the body has ever since stood has been "freedom"—fellowship without creedal requirements.

An inquiry into the theology of the earliest New England Unitarians shows it to be what would be considered today extremely conservative. In the Baltimore address in which Channing defends his Unitarian Christianity, he says: "Whatever doctrines seem to us to be clearly taught in the Scriptures, we receive without reserve or exception." It was contended that the doctrine of the Trinity was not taught in Scripture and modern Biblical criticism has verified this contention. Jesus, though regarded as a being inferior to God, was still held to be a divine messenger sent by God, in whom was invested power "to raise the dead, judge the world, and confer the everlasting rewards promised to the faithful." The hope of immortality was founded by Channing upon the resurrection of Jesus.

Scriptural Christians in every sense of the term is what the first American Unitarians were, and the interpretations of Scripture given by them have been in large measure justified by modern study. But the principle of freedom which was at the heart of the movement made it ready for any and all new theological truth, and so the research that destroyed the old notion of the authority of the Bible did not fail of a welcome. The Unitarians, instead of being dismayed by the destruction of their old basis for theological certainty, recognized at once that their duty was to set about to find what basis there might be with the old one gone. The new hypotheses of science were welcome as a possible way to a natural revelation of God. Evolution seemed to point to a divine purpose in life, and religious interpreters of evolution arose. The study of the history of religions suggested a world-wide revelation of God to mankind, and such indications were eagerly welcomed. Also the transcendental philosophy arising with Emerson and the later generally accepted idealistic monism seemed to assure to reason a satisfactory foundation for religion.

As the settlers from New England carried their institutions into the West, Unitarian Congregationalism as well as Trinitarian Congregationalism found a foothold, and as is the case in other matters than religion, the West was temperamentally radical. Western Unitarianism had a tendency to break with Christianity as a whole, feeling that Christianity was so identified with the old system of doctrine that the radical point of view was hardly justified in claiming to be Christian. Even to require a profession of theism on the part of members seemed to the Western church to be a limitation of religious freedom, and a resolve was made to the effect that the Western Conference "conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to join it to help establish truth, righteousness, and love in the world." After a desirable liberalizing effect upon the Eastern churches, differences were adjusted and the body as a whole came more and more to recognize that the reality of religion lies in the conduct of life, and not in any beliefs whatsoever.

Today the Unitarian movement in Christianity (and Unitarianism has always conceived of itself as a movement and not as a sect) conceives its mission to be the religious interpretation of life. It aims to point out the religious implications of ethical action and the essential religiousness of all that works to build up the higher life of Christianity. In other words, its position is that of the modern man who is willing to confess himself agnostic as to many of the unsolved and insoluble problems of life, but who yet feels a religious obligation to serve the right and true as he may see it and to

love his neighbor as himself. Bound to freedom, it is also bound to change, and while it reverses the traditions of the past as the record of the steps by which we have come to our present attainments, it looks more interestedly toward the future, believing that more satisfactory solutions of the religious problems of practical life are ahead of us than any that have yet been discovered. The name "Unitarian," given the body by its opponents, is emptied of its dogmatic significance by most adherents and interpreted to signify the unity of a harmonious spiritual life, both individual and social.

What effect has oratory upon a presidential election? The *New York World* says that it has none at all and quotes in confirmation from its pamphlet, "The Map of Bryanism," published on February 1, 1908:

You may not be able to understand, Mr. Bryan, why a candidate as popular as you are, as magnetic as you are and as eloquent as you are should be foredoomed to defeat. But from the beginning of American history nobody has ever talked himself into the presidency. However great the applause that the orator could command from the rostrum, the prize of the presidency has frequently been awarded in preference to the Great Unknown.

Jefferson, you will remember, made no speeches. Neither Madison nor Monroe nor John Quincy Adams had a popular following. William Henry Harrison won the Whig nomination from Clay in 1840 and at the polls beat Van Buren.

James K. Polk had been Speaker of the House of Representatives, but he was from Tennessee at a time when that State was on the frontier; yet in convention he defeated Martiu Van Buren, Lewis Cass, James Buchanan, and John C. Calhoun, and at the polls he triumphed over Henry Clay, the greatest talker of his time.

In 1848 the Democrats nominated Cass, an orator and leader of men, but they were defeated by Zachary Taylor, who did not talk and who was known only as a soldier.

In 1852 the Democrats nominated Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, a very small man from a very small State, against General Winfield Scott, the most popular figure of the Mexican War, and won the election by the largest majority ever cast up to that date. Pierce was comparatively obscure and of mediocre ability. . . . The old Whig party had become in many respects the personal property of Clay and Webster. It lived, but it did not thrive upon their oratory. It was said of Clay that as a presidential candidate he could stir up more enthusiasm and get fewer votes than any other living man.

Things came to such a pass that the Whigs could manifest no great enthusiasm for anybody except Clay, and the party died. A truthful epitaph would describe that organization as a one-man party which perished because the one man perished.

Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President by the Republicans because William H. Seward of New York, the logical candidate, was too well known. When General Grant was nominated and elected in 1868 his political views were a mystery even to himself. He had been a pro-slavery Democrat before the war, and is believed to have voted for Breckinridge in 1860, but from that time on his political record was a blank. He wrote nothing and he said nothing, but the party managers and the people preferred him to a host of great Republicans whose names were household words.

Rutherford B. Hayes was hardly a name to the great majority of American voters when the Republicans nominated him in 1876, but he defeated Samuel J. Tilden. Garfield had a reputation as an orator and debater, but he was one of the secondary figures in the Republican party. Conkling was a more brilliant orator than Garfield, an able lawyer, a greater man, and a genuine leader, but the presidency was as far from Conkling as if he were constitutionally disqualified for that great office.

Blaine met the same fate that has overtaken so many other orators. He was beaten by the uneloquent Grover Cleveland, who four years before was unknown outside of Buffalo. In 1888 the Republican convention thrust all the great party leaders aside to nominate Benjamin Harrison, who had to be introduced as the grandson of his grandfather, and Harrison was elected.

Even in your own case, Mr. Bryan, you owed your nomination to the fact that you were unknown. Had you been conspicuously identified in the public mind with the Democratic party's ancient feuds and controversies the Chicago convention, in spite of your crown of thorns and cross of gold speech, would have passed you by as it passed Bland and Boies.

The moral is obvious. The situation demands a substantial man of good character and respectable talents who has no record to defend and is identified with none of the bitter animosities of former factional strife. If the Democratic party needed a new-blood candidate in 1884, when Cleveland was nominated; if it needed a new-blood candidate in 1896, when you were nominated, it is doubly in need of a new-blood candidate now, when the very life of the Democracy is in jeopardy.

The Democratic press—what there is of it—is finding its breath after the *débauché*.

The Lynchburg (Va.) *News* draws consolation from the fact that virtue is not always in a majority:

So long as men love personal liberty and cherish free institutions the Democratic party will live and be a potential factor in American politics. The party has often suffered defeat—sometimes overwhelming defeats that would have crushed any party possessing less vitality, but it rises from every defeat vigorous, hopeful, ready for another contest.

The Austin (Texas) *Statesman* admits the "frightful mistake" of the party:

Even in New York it is plain to be seen that but for the loyal, uncompromising, and persistent fight made by the State Democrats for the Bryan ticket the State Democracy would have triumphed. Bryan, though, proved too much for them to carry.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Clarion-Ledger* comments on the report that Bryan will never again be a candidate for the presidency and says:

The *Clarion-Ledger*, which has been the friend and supporter of Bryan for many years, thinks he has made the right decision. No man has had more nominations than Bryan, three in twelve years, and it would be folly to talk of nominating him again, for three defeats should satisfy both himself and partisan friends that he can not be elected.

The Montgomery *Advertiser* refuses to admit that the party is dead. It has been killed many times before, "but 'Resurgam' has ever been its motto":

The Know Nothings thought they had killed it; the Abolitionists thought it was twice dead, and at one time the Populists thought they were making a finish of it. Now the Republicans flatter themselves that our party is dead beyond the hope of political resurrection, but it isn't, not by a long way.

The use of the metric system of weights and measures will be compulsory in the Philippines after the first of next year.

JAPANESE TREATMENT OF FOREIGNERS.

A governmental direction of national manners is unknown in the Western world, but that it may have its advantages is shown by the following proclamation issued by the governor of the Kanagawa Prefecture. The proclamation was preparatory to the arrival of the American fleet, and it points out what must be avoided in the treatment of foreigners. The notice reads:

AS REGARDS FOREIGNERS IN GENERAL.

That people shall not crowd round foreigners in the streets or in front of shops.

That shopkeepers shall not charge an excessive price to foreigners for goods sold.

That when any accident or mishap happens to a foreigner at the railway station, in the train, on the ship, or in the street, advice shall be given to him that the matter be immediately notified to the police or officials.

That another dog shall not be set on, or sticks or stones thrown at, dogs accompanying foreigners.

That courtesy and cordiality be observed in the treatment of foreigners, especially at any governmental office a seat shall be given to him.

That due recognition must be given to the fact that it is the custom with foreigners that a gentleman does not take off his hat in an office, a lady does not take off her bonnet even when giving greeting to others, and a married couple walk hand in hand.

That as foreigners are very anxious about the avoidance of cruelty to animals, care shall be taken to treat animals kindly.

That no comments and ridicule or mean words shall be given in regard to the dress, hearing, and words of foreigners.

That in the street, park, or at any places such words as *keto* (hairy man), *akahige* (red whiskers), and *ijin* (stranger) shall not be uttered.

That when entering the premises or rooms of a foreigner permission shall be obtained beforehand from the porter or servant.

That when sitting on the same seat with a foreign lady in the train, tram-car, or waiting-room, trunks shall be put down so that any part of the seat shall not be left unoccupied.

That staring shall not be made at foreigners except when necessary.

That care shall be taken not to put on dirty shoes when entering any foreign house.

That it shall be borne in mind that the foreign missionary, like the Japanese Shinto and Buddhist priest, deserves respect.

That impediment shall not be given to the foreigners at play or on bicycle by throwing fragments of tile, stone or stick, or by arraying many children in the street.

That no disrespect shall be displayed toward foreign religions or words to the same effect shall not be written on the sign boards of shows.

That it shall be borne in mind that foreigners are disgusted with the habit of spitting anywhere and of scattering about the skin of fruits and cigarette ends in the train or on ship.

That the finger shall not be pointed at the foreigner.

That tobacco shall not be smoked in the presence of the foreign lady or in any place where decency demands the avoidance of smoking.

That when a foreign lady enters a room the gentleman shall take his seat after the lady has been seated.

That those who are learning foreign languages shall not try unnecessary talk with foreigners for the mere purpose of practicing their tongues.

That punctuality shall be observed when discharging any engagement.

That the talk with the foreigner shall be limited to necessary matters and shall be done in as little time as possible.

That when visiting a foreigner such a time as is most convenient to him shall be chosen.

That the word *oi* (say!! you there) shall not be used when calling a foreigner.

That the age of a foreigner shall not be asked unless some special necessity demands it.

That when clearing the teeth or the nostrils in the presence of a foreigner handkerchief shall be used.

That whether within or outside the room, legs and thighs shall not be exposed in the presence of a foreigner, and at the same time care shall be taken not to look at the nude body of a foreigner when he takes a bath or changes his dress.

That the sprinkling of water on the street shall be practiced to such a degree as to obviate the rise of sand and dust.

That when meeting with a funeral procession, due respect shall be paid to it and any despising words shall not be uttered.

That the notion shall be destroyed that a foreigner pays as much as demanded.

That at the shop where products peculiar to the district are sold a price list in some European language shall be prepared.

That at such places where foreigners swarm and pleasure resorts a notice in some European language telling of the neighboring places noted for views or historic interest shall be posted.

That when accosted by a foreigner silence shall be avoided, even if the accosted man can not understand the language spoken, and such an answer as he thinks is proper shall be given in Japanese.

That in the street man, carriages, and horses shall take their own course.

That the collars, cuffs, gloves, and shoes shall be kept clean.

That when walking with a foreigner the pace shall be kept with him.

That it shall be understood that when a foreigner looks at his watch he suggests that he has some urgent engagement.

AS REGARDS THE CHINESE IN PARTICULAR.

That no ridiculous words shall be uttered on looking at the dress of the Chinese.

That any picture presenting some humiliating attitude of Chinese soldiers in the Chino-Japanese war shall not be sold.

That no ridiculous words shall be given to the homage paid by the Chinese to the temple or grave.

That the hair of the Chinese shall not be touched.

That no such words as *chan-chan*, *nan-kin*, and "pig" shall be uttered to the Chinese.

That as the rikisha-man, coachman, and coolie are apt to despise the Chinese, care shall be taken in the matter.

The defeat of William P. Hepburn of Iowa, one of the veteran debaters of the House of Representatives, deprives that body of the most conspicuous opponent that Mr. Cannon has ever had, and so reduces materially the chances of dislodging the present Speaker. Should the Democrats "get together" and agree upon a Republican they can elect him Speaker, voting in conjunction with the Republicans who have smarted under the Cannon rule. In the light of recent events in Congress, it can safely be predicted that the Democrats will not do this, and another term of Speaker Cannon is practically assured.

Sir Theodore Martin, the doyen of English literature, recently celebrated the ninety-second anniversary of his birthday at his Welsh home, Bryntisilio, Llangollen.

SARDOU'S SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

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It would be impossible in the limits of a newspaper article to give an adequate sketch of Victorien Sardou. He was seventy-seven when he died, and his career as a dramatist extended over fifty-eight years. Nor would it be possible to discuss his plays, for they number over three score. Even a complete list of them—which is here given—fills much space:

- "Les Amis Imaginaires" (never played) (1848).
- "La Reine Ulfra" (never played).
- "Bernard Palissy" (never played).
- "Fleur de Liane" (never played).
- "La Taverne des Etudiants" (hissed from the stage) (1854).
- "Candide" (never played).
- "Avant la Gloire" (never played).
- "Le Bossu" (Sardou's drama never played) (Feval's played 1862).
- "Les Premières Armes de Figaro" (1859).
- "Paris à l'Envers" (never played).
- "Les Gens Nerveux" (1859).
- "Monsieur Garat" (1860).
- "Les Pattes de Mouche" (1860).
- "Les Femmes Fortes" (1860).
- "L'Ecureuil" (1861).
- "L'Homme aux Pigeons" (1861).
- "Nos Intimes" (1861).
- "Onze Jours de Siège" (1861).
- "La Papillonne" (1862).
- "La Perle Noire" (1862).
- "Les Prés St.-Gervais" (comedy) (1862).
- "Les Ganaches" (1862).
- "Bataille d'Amour" (1863).
- "Les Diables Noirs" (1863).
- "Le Dégel" (1863).
- "Don Quichotte" (1864).
- "Les Pommes du Voisin" (1864).
- "Le Capitaine Henriot" (1864).
- "Les Vieux Garçons" (1865).
- "La Famille Benoiton" (1865).
- "Nos Bons Villageois" (1866).
- "Maison Neuve" (1866).
- "Séraphine" (1868).
- "Patrie" (1869).
- "Fernande" (1870).
- "Le Roi Carotte" (1872).
- "Rabagas" (1872).
- "Les Vieilles Filles" (1872).
- "Les Merveilleuses" (1873).
- "Andréa" (1873).
- "L'Oncle Sam" (1873).
- "Le Magot" (1874).
- "Les Prés St.-Gervais" (opera-bouffe) (1874).
- "La Haine" (1874).
- "Ferréol" (1875).
- "Piccolino" (1876) (comic opera).
- "L'Hôtel Godolot" (1876).
- "Dora" (1877) (in English version called "Diplomacy").
- "Les Exilés" (1877).
- "Les Bourgeois de Pontarcy" (1878).
- "Daniel Rochat" (1880).
- "Divorçons" (1880).
- "Odette" (1881).
- "Fédora" (1882).
- "Théodora" (1884).
- "Georgette" (1885).
- "Le Crocodile" (1886).
- "La Tosca" (1887).
- "Marquise" (1889).
- "Belle-Maman" (1889).
- "Cléopâtre" (1890).
- "Thermidor" (1891).
- "Les Américaines à l'étranger" (1892).
- "Mme. Sans-Gêne" (1893).
- "Gismonda" (1894).
- "Marcelle" (1895).
- "Spiritisme" (1897).
- "Paméla" (1898).
- "Robespierre" (1899).
- "La Tosca" (opera) (1900).
- "La Fille de Taharin" (1901).
- "Les Barbares" (1901).
- "Dante" (1903).
- "La Sorcière" (1903).
- "Fiorella" (1905).
- "La Piste" (1906).
- "L'Espionne" (1906) (formerly entitled "Dora").
- "L'Affaire des Poisons" (1907).

The last time I was in Paris plays by Sardou were running at four of the leading theatres. At the same time he had two new pieces under way, and last year he staged and rehearsed "L'Affaire des Poisons" himself, although then seventy-six years old.

It would be interesting to discuss Sardou's early failures; his years of fruitless pursuit of managers; the useful rôle that actresses played in furthering his fortunes; his first and second marriages; his quarrels, his polemics, his brilliant successes; his methods of constructing plays—but there is not room. Here there is only space to touch briefly on his humble beginnings and his latter-day luxury.

Victorien Sardou was born at Paris in September, 1831. When he came into the world his father had an educational institution, which prospered up to the Battle Year 1848, when he was forced to close his doors. The elder Sardou fled to Nice, where he began life over again, struggling valiantly to pay his debts.

Victorien remained alone in the great city; he was a medical student, utterly without means, deprived even of the bed and board which he had always found in the paternal home. He installed himself in a garret on the Quay Napoléon. When he died he still had in his study a painting of which he said: "This picture represents the old bridge of Notre Dame with the tall and narrow houses clinging to its sides. It was contemporaneous with Louis XVI. When I was living on the Quay Napoléon these buildings had nearly all disappeared, but vestiges of them were visible from my garret windows. Every morning I descended to the street and purchased some boiled potatoes from the peripatetic vendor on the corner, and while devouring them I joined the anglers who were casting their lines along the Quay. One I remember well, a red-haired fellow who had played a leading rôle in the massacres of the Reign of Terror. His stories sometimes made me think

of incorporating them in a play for the stage. It was at this time that I abandoned medicine and acquired a taste for playwriting."

Sardou set to work at this task. He composed melodramas, comedies, tragedies. Two pieces flowed from his pen in these his salad days—"Les Amis Imaginaires," a two-act piece in the style of Picard, and "Queen Ulfra," a drama in which the princes spoke in alexandrines and the people in octosyllabic verse. Sardou never doubted the final success of this production, but he had to pay his rent and he had to buy clothes, were it only to be sufficiently well clad to call on the managers when those gentlemen deigned to send for him. In order to meet these wants he accepted everything that presented itself in the way of employment. He was a copyist, a book-seller's clerk, and a professor of languages. He taught what he knew and even what he has since forgotten. When he succeeded in getting the educational charge of a young Turkish gentleman—three lessons a week at five francs a lesson—he thought that fortune had knocked at his door.

While living in this garret Sardou was stricken down with a dangerous illness, through which he was nursed by a young actress, Mlle. de Brécourt, who occupied a neighboring attic. When he recovered he married her.

Thus in 1857 Sardou was starving in a garret. Yet only three years later "Les Pattes de Mouche" made him famous. In another year "Nos Intimes" began his fortune. A couple of years later "La Famille Benoiton" made him rich. Out of these plays in the early sixties he made the money with which he acquired his beautiful domain at Marly-le-Roy.

The place where his villa at Marly stands was once the site of a feudal castle occupied by the cadets of Montmorency. Louis XIV bought the property, pulled down the fortress, filled up the moats, and built a handsome house there for the governor of Marly. This house, somewhat remodeled, is now the villa of the Sardou family. When his first success as a playwright came, Sardou was once spending the summer season at Louveciennes, near Marly, and had occasion to go to the little town daily to do his marketing. One day, while jogging along the country road on the back of a donkey, wrapped in deep thought over the plot of a new play, his beast of burden suddenly stopped at the gateway of the ruined country house. Aroused from his reverie, Sardou looked up, and was so charmed by the venerable ruin that he yearned to possess it. He asked a passing peasant what it was called and was told "The Chateau de Marly." He later learned that it was for sale, and that the price was 110,000 francs. Through his notary, Sardou offered 105,000 francs, one-half cash, the remainder in a year. Note the terms. At that time his entire fortune did not exceed 50,000 francs. But the play which he was composing when the donkey interrupted him brought him the other 50,000, and when the year was over Sardou owned his villa in fee simple.

It must not be supposed, however, that the wise donkey thus paid all that the property was to cost him. Like most country places, the purchase price of Marly was the least item in its cost. Sardou put more than one fortune into improving and beautifying his property. It is one of the sights of the neighborhood, which, by the way, is not destitute of beautiful villas. Some years later, Alexander Dumas fils also occupied a handsome country place near that of Sardou. This, by the way, Dumas did not purchase—it was bequeathed to him by an admirer.

The Villa of Marly is approached by a fine avenue lined by sphynxes in rose granite. These are the same gorgeous sphynxes that excited so much admiration at the Paris Exposition of 1867. The avenue leads up from a magnificent grilled gateway. The country houses of France are famous for their beautiful grill work, much of which is in the elaborate wrought-iron fittings fashioned by the artificers of the middle ages or in modern replicas. Sardou's gateway is chaste and beautiful. The house to which the avenue leads is a vast mansion in the Louis XIV style, the central part one story in height and the wings or pavilions two stories high. It is situated in the centre of grounds which combine gardens, groves, and young forests. The treatment is a combination of the artificial style of French landscape gardening and the more unconventional parks of English country places.

The interior of the villa is filled with beautiful and unique objects. Even the antechambers and vestibules are crowded with curiosities. Among them you see a sleigh of the time of Louis XV, ancient sedan-chairs, arquebuses, matchlocks, and all sorts of mediæval weapons. The clock which stood in Louis XVI's room, an ivory statue of Voltaire, which came from his home in Ferney, and many other bibelots. The main drawing-room is furnished in eighteenth century style, and is hung with rare tapestries from Beauvais; pictures and drawings of great value are on the walls; these are not only of artistic, but of antiquarian value, for Sardou purchased all manner of "documents" to aid him in his study of the epoch when he was writing those plays based on the French revolutionary time. He accumulated a vast store of wood, steel, and copper engravings, lithographs, and colored xylographic prints illustrative of the epoch. Many of these hang upon the walls of the living-rooms, but most of them are in the library. There also are found many priceless manuscripts. One of these is the famous report on Danton of Camille Desmoulins, with annotations in Robespierre's handwriting.

The library at Marly consists of twelve rooms, in which there are over 20,000 volumes. This does not by any means represent all of the books Sardou possessed,

for he had a working library in Paris, while at Nice he had still more books—an entire library concerning the eighteenth century, with a vast store of accompanying pictures, prints, and manuscripts. He had, by the way, two estates near Nice—"Guardamido," a picturesque farm-house; another is a more pretentious country-place, a villa on a rock overlooking the Mediterranean, which he dubbed, "Villa Théodora." It is but a few miles from Le Cannet, a small village near Cannes; from this village came the family of Sardou.

Sardou's early life was a long, hard climb. The young playwright, half a century ago, starving and sickening in a garret, nearly paid the debt of nature then. But he lived, thanks to a woman's devotion. The obscure rhymester lived to be full of years and honors; the starveling in a garret lived to be master of many houses and lands. And he died mourned by a great nation, and followed to his grave at Marly by his brother academicians, and attended by the military escort, the reversed arms, and the muffled drums which honor all dead Frenchmen who in life wore the cross of the Legion of Honor.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Nicholas Longworth was reelected to Congress, though the Democrats elected their candidate in one of the Cincinnati districts.

Vice-President-elect Sherman has filed a statement showing that his expenses in the campaign just closed amounted to \$2800.

Governor Cummins of Iowa defeated Lacey, his competitor, in the popular vote for the United States senatorship in Iowa by nearly 25,000.

Judson Harmon, chosen governor of Ohio by a plurality of 25,000, was the only Democrat on the State ticket who was successful. The big vote for Taft in the cities carried through all the other Republican candidates.

Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, is blamed for the falling off of the Democratic vote in New York and may be deposed. It is declared that should his leadership continue a Republican mayor for the city next year is assured.

The next Congress will contain at least two new Democratic senators who will succeed Republicans—Charles J. Hughes, a Denver lawyer, from Colorado; John W. Kern of Indiana, who has previously suffered numerous defeats for high place.

Representative W. P. Hepburn of Iowa, who has been in Congress almost since the Republican party was founded, was defeated in the late election. Mr. Hepburn for several sessions has been chairman of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce.

Ex-Congressman James T. McCleary of Minnesota, who resigned the position of second assistant postmaster-general to engage in a campaign to reclaim his old seat as representative in Congress, was unsuccessful, his Democratic opponent, W. S. Hammond, being reelected.

The most remarkable upset in the congressional situation since reconstruction days has occurred in North Carolina, where in a State whose Democratic majority musters approximately 40,000, three out of the ten members of Congress sent to Washington will be Republicans.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberals were fully sustained at the recent elections in Canada. British Columbia, however, which was formerly represented by seven Liberals, showed its disapproval of the government's Oriental immigration policy by electing four Opposition candidates.

Joseph L. Bristow, the Kansas editor who was fourth assistant postmaster-general in the late 'nineties, and who was in charge of the investigation of the Cuban postal frauds and the reorganization of the Cuban postal service before he retired from national prominence six years ago, will be the next United States senator from the Sunflower State.

At the beginning of the campaign Thomas R. Marshall, governor-elect of Indiana, made the statement that he would accept no contributions in financing his political contest. In spite of this, letters containing money were frequently received, the total being about \$3000. Mr. Marshall has accepted none of this money, but has returned the contributions.

W. J. Bryan, defeated in three campaigns for the presidency, may not be senator from Nebraska either, points out the Springfield *Republican*. The Nebraska legislature became Republican after his second defeat eight years ago; he could not be chosen senator then. Now that the legislature has unexpectedly become Democratic, no senatorial vacancy will occur until two years hence, when a new legislature will be in control.

No one has the temerity to question the prediction that Mr. Roosevelt will enter the fight for the seat of Senator Depew, when that statesman's term ends in 1911, says a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. By that time Mr. Roosevelt will have gratified his desire to retire temporarily from public life and rest. After his hunt he will have a prestige as great as when he returned from the Spanish-American war as colonel of the Rough Riders. There was no question of his success in the race for Governor of New York then, and there would be little question of his success in the struggle for Senator Depew's seat.

A BLAZING INDISCRETION.

The German Emperor Tries to Conciliate England and Throws Oil Upon the Flames.

Those who have credited the German emperor with a Machiavellian statecraft that marches irresistibly toward its end must revise their estimates in the light of his latest escapade. We do not know what was the emperor's aim, but it is evident enough that it has failed. If his object was to antagonize France and England, he has tightened the bonds that he meant to loosen. If he wished to mitigate English animosity, he has but intensified a hatred that was already dangerous. If he intended to modify the rancor of his own people, he has but included himself within its scope. He may have meant well, but the most charitable can hardly acquit him of a blundering clumsiness.

The publication of the emperor's protest against English malevolence appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. It was the work of a "representative Englishman," evidently of strong pro-German tendencies and of an equally well-marked stupidity. It professed to be the substance of certain conversations with the emperor wherein "his majesty spoke with impulsive and unusual frankness." Before publication, it was submitted to the emperor, who gave it his approval after sending it to the Foreign Office for examination, but that it was not seen by the chancellor himself is evidenced by Von Bülow's spirited disclaimer. Its appearance in England had therefore a peculiar weight, inasmuch as practically it came from the emperor himself.

Is it surprising that such a document should create a storm of resentment or that its tone of alternate abuse and patronage should touch the quick? The emperor first admits that the prevailing tone in Germany is hostile to England—a fact that he has repeatedly denied by implication—and then he proceeds to show that his own attitude has been one of offensive and meddling benevolence. When the Boer envoys were on their triumphal progress through Europe they were received everywhere as heroes, crowned with flowers, and fêted as national preservers, except in Germany, where the official face was set sternly against them and where they were denied both countenance and hospitality. "Was that," the emperor asks, "the action of a secret enemy?"

Then he goes on to divulge international secrets, and we must suppose either that he wishes to sow animosity between France and England or that he is wholly careless of results. Speaking of the Boer War, he says:

Again, when the struggle was at its height, the German government was invited by France and Russia to join them in calling upon England to end the war. The moment had come, they said, not only to save the Boer republics, but also to humiliate England to the dust. What was my reply? I said so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to bring pressure against England and bring about her downfall, Germany would always keep aloof from politics that could bring her into complications with a sea power like England.

The incident may be true; probably it is true, but it is not wise to remind an enemy that he once existed upon sufferance or that he was saved from humiliation by magnanimity. Such things rankle and are better left unsaid.

But there is worse to come. England, it seems, owes a debt of gratitude to the emperor not only for his inaction, but for his action and for a military interposition at a time of crisis. He says:

During your black week in December, 1899, when disasters followed one another in rapid succession, I received a letter from Queen Victoria, my revered grandmother, written in sorrow and affliction and bearing manifest traces of the anxieties which were preying upon her mind and health. I at once returned a sympathetic reply. I did more. I bade one of my officers to procure as exact an account as he could obtain of the number of combatants on both sides and the actual positions of the opposing forces.

With the figures before me I worked out what I considered the best plan of campaign in the circumstances and submitted it to my general staff for criticism. Then I dispatched it to England. That document likewise is among the state papers at Windsor awaiting the serenely impartial verdict of history.

Now this again may be true. Who can say what communications were received by "my revered grandmother"? but it is unquestionably true that if such a letter actually reached Windsor it remained there, and that the English military authorities and Lord Roberts never had an opportunity to profit by the concentrated strategic wisdom of a man who has never yet heard a shot fired in anger or witnessed a military manoeuvre that was not of the decorative and ornamental variety. It was usually supposed that Queen Victoria had her own opinions about the impertinences of her grandson, and although the grandson can hardly be expected to appreciate the scruples of the grandmother, it is hardly likely that the queen would have insulted her own generals by showing them the unsolicited military advice from the carpet knight, who had lately aroused English passion by his message to President Kruger. And yet the emperor asks England to be grateful to him for a wounding intrusion into her own affairs, and he adds a further irritation by a comment that sounds like a sneer when he says that by a "curious coincidence" the plan which he had formulated ran very much on the same lines as that actually adopted by General Roberts and carried by him into successful operation. In other words, Lord Roberts, who was on the spot and who has been fighting more or less continuously for some forty years, owed his ultimate success to advice from a man thousands of miles away, who knew nothing of the country nor of its people, and whose acquaintance with war was wholly theoretical.

The net results of this amazing piece of folly are not

yet fully evident, but some of the effects are visible enough. The English who were to be conciliated are foaming at the mouth; France and Russia are irritated by ill-timed and irrelevant disclosures of past animosities; the German people are furious at the emperor's attempt to placate a nation that they hate; and Japan is interested—to use a mild word—at the emperor's explanation of German naval increase on the ground that the ships are intended to solve the problem of "the future of the Pacific."

Prince von Bülow's part will be a difficult one. He ought to have seen this amazing manifesto, and therefore, from the public point of view, he did see it. It was sent to the Foreign Office, and through some misunderstanding it received the Foreign Office imprimatur without being brought to the attention of the chancellor. It would seem as though some malign fate had removed every obstacle to its publication, and whatever misunderstandings may exist between the English and the German peoples, they can at least unite in derision and in reprobation of one of the most fatuous and maladroitness documents ever given to a contentious and quarrelsome world. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, November 7, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Jeannette and Jeannot.

You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette.
There is no one left to love me now,
And you too may forget;
But my heart will be with you,
Wherever you may go.
Can you look me in the face
And say the same, Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red,
And the beautiful cockade,
Oh! I fear you will forget
All the promises you've made:
With your gun upon your shoulder,
And your bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some proud lady,
And he making her your bride:
You'll be taking some proud lady
And he making her your bride.

Or when glory leads the way,
You'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you that
My happiness is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps,
A general you'll be.
Tho' I'm proud to think of that,
What will become of me?
Oh! if I were Queen of France,
Or still better, Pope of Rome,
I would have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home,
All the world should be at peace,
Or if kings must show their might,
Why let them who make the quarrels
Be the only men to fight;
Yes, let them who make the quarrels
Be the only men to fight.—Charles Jefferies.

Jubal and Tubal Cain

Jubal sang of the wrath of God
And the curse of thistle and thorn—
But Tubal got him a pointed rod
And scrambled the earth for corn,
Old—old as that earthly mold,
Young as the sprouting grain—
Yearly green is the strife between
Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,
And the souls its waves divide—
But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree
And passed to the farther side.
Black—black as the hurricane wrack,
Salt as the under-main—
Bitter and cold is that hate they hold—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the golden years
When wars and wounds shall cease—
But Tubal fashioned the hand-lung spears
And showed his neighbors peace.
New—new as the Nine Point Two,
Older than Lamech's slain—
Roaring and loud is the feud avowed
Twix' Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar
And the peaks that none may crown—
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar,
And there he builded a town,
High—high as the Passes lie,
Low as the culverts drain—
Wherever they he they can never agree—
Jubal and Tubal Cain! —Rudyard Kipling.

In Parting With Friends.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine,
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that tomorrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain;
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth.
Unseen, Fate goeth, too,
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with thee, henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk. —Coventry Patmore.

Sir H. H. Cozens-Hardy, master of the rolls in England, recently said that in his belief classical teaching did more to cultivate true gentlemanly manners and to improve the whole condition of the man than any other branch of study.

The French have nearly completed a telephone system which covers their great possessions in Africa.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Joachim Murat recently fought a duel near Paris with pistols with M. Lacaze. Two shots were exchanged without injury.

Premier Asquith has surrendered to the British barmaid and his new licensing bill will contain no paragraph eliminating her from the liquor traffic of the empire.

Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff has been selected by the emperor to succeed the late Baron Speck von Sternburg as German ambassador to the United States. Count von Bernstorff recently represented the German government in Egypt. Countess von Bernstorff is a daughter of Edward Luckemeyer of New York.

Major-General Edward Ritter von Schweitzer, a Jew, has received the appointment of field marshal, the highest military rank in the Austro-Hungarian empire. Anti-Semites express themselves bitterly, while the more liberal-minded are loud in their praises of Emperor Francis Joseph for this latest manifestation of his freedom from religious bias.

J. Pierpont Morgan and Waldorf Astor are on the advisory committee of the Golden West, an American industries exhibition which is to be held in Earlscourt, London, next May, for which extensive preparations have already been made. Associated with them on the committee are about every one of note in Burke's Peerage and other distinguished gentlemen, not forgetting Alfred Austin.

William, Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia, has invented and patented a new style of cuff links. They have been registered in the imperial patent office. The invention is described as double cuff links with two looped buttons. Enterprising manufacturers are endeavoring to purchase the patent rights, anticipating a great sale among the dandies of all countries. The Kaiser recently invented a new brake for automobiles.

Misses Ethel A. and Florence M. Colford, twin sisters, who are lawyers at the national capital, were recently admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. The young ladies are both able and attractive, and they resemble each other so closely that only their friends can distinguish them apart. They are natives of Nova Scotia, but have lived most of their lives—they are now in the early twenties—in Washington.

Lady Auckland, wife of the fifth baron of England, and one of the leaders of English society, is visiting in America. Lady Auckland says she disagrees entirely with recent expressions credited to Mrs. Cornwallis West, to the effect that American society women in England behave freakishly. Her visit to this country is primarily to investigate technical schools, as she intends to send her second son, Frederick George Eden, to this country to take a course in electrical engineering.

The Sultan's youngest son is Prince Mehmed Abid Effendi. He is three years old, having been born in Constantinople in 1905. As the succession now stands he is nineteenth in order from the throne. He is the Sultan's thirteenth surviving child. The legal heir is the Sultan's brother, Mohammed Bechad Effendi, who was born in 1844. He expects to rule as Mehmed V. Next after him comes the Sultan's first cousin, Yousouf Izze-din Effendi. The succession seldom or never passes from father to son; it tends to hark backward. Tracing the line is a complicated operation. The Sultan's eldest son is only seventh in line of inheritance.

It seems to most theatre-goers to be but a few years since Mary Anderson, now Mme. de Navarro, in all her fresh youth and beauty, was one of the most prominent figures on the stage. But recently she celebrated her fiftieth birthday. She is now living on a pretty farm in Worcestershire, England. Before leaving the stage she had wearied of it, and no inducements have since availed to cause her to return to it. She has had many flattering offers from managers of public entertainments, but all have been rejected. Even so late as four years ago she declined an offer of \$200,000 to come to the United States and give a course of readings from the poets. For a time she was disposed to accept this proposition and to devote her earnings from the readings to charity, but her profound dislike for renewed publicity made her refuse it.

The retirement of Sir Frank Lascelles from the English embassy at Berlin marks the close of a distinguished career. The retiring ambassador was, perhaps, more often placed in positions of considerable difficulty than fell to the lot of his contemporaries in the service. He entered the diplomatic service forty-seven years ago. He was first attached to what was then the legation at Madrid. In 1864 he was transferred to Paris, and was promoted to the rank of a secretary in the following year. After diplomatic service in Denmark, Italy, the United States, and Greece, he acted as consul-general in Egypt at different periods in 1878 and 1879, and towards the end of the latter year filled the same office in Bulgaria. In 1886 he was made a minister plenipotentiary, and in that capacity was accredited first to the King of Roumania, and subsequently, in 1891, to the court of Persia. Three years afterwards he became ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary at the court of St. Petersburg. In 1899 he was appointed to the corresponding office at Berlin in succession to Sir Edward Malet, and during the last eventful thirteen years he has represented England at the court of the Kaiser.

A DEAD DUELIST'S GOODS AND GEAR.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XL.

"Then you think, colonel, that it would be just as effective for me to go up to our mines as for you to go?"

It was Eugene Yarrow who was speaking, and he was seated in the law office of Colonel Brewer.

"More effective, my dear boy," replied Brewer. "The miners up there look with much suspicion on the arrival of any lawyer from 'down at the Bay,' as they say. I could do no more than you, and you can do much more than I."

"Then nothing in the legal line can be done, I suppose?" queried Yarrow, somewhat impatiently.

"Nothing—or next to nothing. Law up there is a vague and fleeting thing. Usually it is in the next mining camp—until you get there."

"Then what do you think is best for us to do, colonel?"

"Simply to hold down your claims by actual possession. Hire gun-fighters to hold them for you until your plant is ready."

"But suppose our hired gun-fighters should claim our claims?"

Brewer laughed sardonically. "In that case," said he, "I suppose you'd have to hire another gang to fight the first fighters. Last jumper, best title."

"Let me see, colonel," remarked Yarrow musingly, "were you not on the Squatters' side in that Sacrosanto trouble, some years ago?"

"Oh, yes," replied Brewer, blandly. "But that was pure politics, you know. For a time it looked like squatter sovereignty, and I thought I might get to the senate on the squatter wave. But the riots squelched them, and I dropped squatter sovereignty as a political asset."

Yarrow stared at him with such frank surprise that Brewer added, a little uncomfortably: "You need not worry about me—that was three years ago, and three years is a long time in title litigation. Most of the money now is on the side of those in possession, and you may imagine where all the lawyers are." Looking at his watch, he added: "By the way, Holton and Hamlin have an appointment with me here in five minutes. But don't go, Eugene—they merely have some papers to sign."

"Holton and Hamlin—a Burke man and a Tower man—rather a queer combination."

"Yes—but Holton is administrator of Burke's estate, and I am the attorney. Hamlin has some government business with Holton, owing to Federal property abutting on that of the estate."

"I hear that Burke's estate was smaller than everybody expected."

"It amounted to nearly four hundred thousand dollars, principally in city lots. It was in very bad shape; all the land was mortgaged, and there were many other debts, secured and unsecured. He left no family and he left no will."

"How, then, does it happen that Holton is administrator?"

"He was a large creditor, and applied for letters of administration. The public administrator also applied, and is fighting Holton yet."

"No will and no heirs—to whom will the residue go?"

"Don't know—there may be no residue when the lawyers are through. Already a will has been discovered in New York, two aunts in Washington, a nephew in Boston, and several assorted relatives in Australia. But here comes Holton," Brewer interrupted himself to say, "and right behind him is Dr. Hamlin. Walk in, gentlemen—you both of you know Mr. Yarrow. As it's merely a question of signing papers, probably you won't ask him to vacate."

The new arrivals, if agreed in nothing else, were a unit in distrusting the foreign claimants to Burke's estate. Both believed that "his money ought to stay where he made it."

"At least," Holton added parenthetically, "what little here will be left of it."

"Is it true, general, that the Burke estate is so much diminished?" asked Hamlin. "He was reputed to be very wealthy."

"He was, but he left many debts," said Holton.

"Why, what kind of debts did he contract?" asked Hamlin in surprise. "He was a man of abstemious habits, had little to do with women, and did not drink or gamble."

"Politics," said Brewer, laconically.

"That's it," added Holton. "His senatorial fight cost him a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, cold coin. When it was over he owed money to nearly every friend he had. He owed me money."

"Then there was the Vigilante business," suggested Brewer.

"Yes," went on Holton, "Burke paid out over fifty thousand dollars during the Vigilante trouble subsidizing newspapers, hiring fire companies, and supporting his destitute henchmen, who were in hiding or in banishment."

"I remember," said Hamlin. "One of the stinging things in the unfortunate controversy between Burke and Tower was that Burke claimed he had paid newspapers to defend Tower when the Vigilantes were seeking his life."

"It was an unfortunate controversy," admitted Holton. "But Tower began it."

"I don't see how," returned Hamlin. "The first offensive language was used by Burke at the hotel table."

"Not at all," replied Holton. "Tower was the first to give offense. In his Sacrosanto speech he accused Burke's party of 'sailing under false colors,' and the party, he said, belonged 'heart and soul to Burke, and yet were ashamed to acknowledge their master.'"

"But these words do not attack Burke personally," returned Hamlin. "They attack his party. Besides, he did not ask for their retraction."

"All the same, Tower's friends gave a very strained interpretation to Burke's words to twist them into an imputation on Tower's judicial integrity," remarked Holton.

"Yet Tower in his letter gave Burke the opportunity to repudiate any offensive meaning, and Burke declined to accept it," said Hamlin. "Nor did Burke ask Tower to withdraw or explain any offensive remarks in his speech. Tower undoubtedly would have done so had Burke withdrawn his offensive remarks made at the hotel table."

"I never heard of any such offer from Tower to withdraw or explain his language," retorted Holton.

"He assured me personally that he would, if asked," returned Hamlin, earnestly. "Of course he could not volunteer to do so. He told me that if Burke would say he intended his remarks to apply to Tower officially only, the challenge would be withdrawn, as it was immaterial to Tower what Burke thought of him as a private citizen. I have been told that Burke was inclined to accept this explanation, but was persuaded by friends to fight, they assuring him he would certainly kill Tower."

"Other friends may have so assured him, but not his seconds," remarked Holton.

"I have heard it said that Judge Fox was one of the friends who urged Burke to fight on that ground," interrupted Brewer, with a significant look.

"Fox and other injudicious friends practically killed Burke," remarked Hamlin. "Up to the morning of the encounter, Tower had determined not to fire at a vital point. He said he had no mortal quarrel with Burke. But that morning on the field he told me that he had heard so much boasting from the friends of Burke, in and out of the newspapers, concerning their man's deadly intentions, that he changed his mind. He told me he believed Burke intended to kill him, and that he himself had determined to shoot to kill."

"From his careful aim and deliberate fire," responded Holton, "it was very evident that Tower shot to kill."

"His shooting seemed deliberate because Burke's was hasty," retorted Hamlin.

"Burke shot quickly because his trigger was quick," exclaimed Holton.

Brewer was growing uneasy as the two disputants grew warmer, and he hailed with inward joy a messenger from the custom house urging the immediate presence of Collector Hamlin on important business. When the two parted with distant salutations, Brewer tactfully detained Holton until the other should at least have got down stairs.

"A close call, that!" he cried when they were gone. "Why will men quarrel over these dead issues? It looked for some moments as if there might be another duel over the old one. What's the use of wrangling about such things—eh, Eugene?"

"Yes—particularly as there is no way of settling them. The opponents differ so widely. Take the key of the whole controversy, for example—many of Burke's friends maintain that Tower had no just ground for challenging him."

Brewer stared at him. "Of course they do. So do I. Don't you?"

"No—I think Burke reflected on Tower's honor and honesty by his remarks at a public table."

"But how about Tower's public speech?"

"That's another matter, colonel. That's politics."

"And I suppose the way the Tower men rushed the preliminaries was another matter—eh, Yarrow? All through the negotiations Tower's seconds went at breakneck speed. They seemed bent on harrying and harassing Burke."

"Haste, colonel, is usual in affairs of honor. In this case it was very necessary, as both principals were hiding from arrest and were in danger of being bound over to keep the peace."

"Don't you think the Tower men were trying to aggravate the extraordinary strain Burke had undergone during the campaign?" asked Brewer. "It had so much impaired his health that physically he was unfit for the duel."

"But what had Tower to do with Burke's physical condition?"

"He might at least have urged his seconds to be less bullying. The conduct of the Tower party on the field was fierce and aggressive throughout."

"Well, it was courteous, if determined. What did you expect? A duel is not a pink tea."

"I did at least expect good manners, Mr. Yarrow. When McCarren examined Tower he did it in a courteous and deferential way, while Colquhoun went through Burke as if he were searching him for stolen goods."

"Don't forget that Burke once saved his life in a duel by carrying something in his waistcoat pocket," said Yarrow heatedly.

"Nothing could have saved his life that morning," retorted Brewer, meaningly. "They had it all fixed for him."

"Fixed—how? What do you mean?"

"I mean that Burke's friends believe there was some-

thing wrong about the pistols. The armorer Lagarde testified at the inquest that the pistol given to Burke was lighter on the trigger than the other. When he loaded the weapon he asked Burke's seconds why they did not force the other side to accept his pistols. The Burke men say his judgment should have been taken, as he was mutually agreed on as armorer by both parties."

"It is easy to answer that, colonel. Lagarde was not mutually agreed on. The articles of agreement allowed each of the parties to bring an armorer if desired. But his services were not made obligatory. Neither the armorer nor any other outsider would have been permitted by the seconds to interfere."

"None the less, there was something queer about the pistols," persisted Brewer.

"The pistols were borrowed by Colquhoun. Tower never owned them. He never handled them before. Besides their choice was the result of chance."

"But you will not deny that the pistol Burke used is admitted to have been too light on the trigger?"

"Again I maintain that this was a matter of chance," cried Yarrow impatiently. "The choice of the weapons, the choice of each particular pistol—all was chance. How could Tower make all these hazards come his way?"

"It looks very suspicious," persisted Brewer. "How could an expert pistol-shot like Burke send his bullet into the ground a yard away if it wasn't for some trick of the trigger?"

"That was it exactly," retorted Yarrow. "It was the trick of the trigger. Burke's seconds boasted openly of his expertness with a hair-trigger pistol, and declared that he would kill Tower before his opponent got his pistol lifted. But Burke's nerves were out of order, and he pulled the trigger too quick."

The two men paused. They had grown nearly as heated as the two who had just gone out. After a moment of embarrassment both broke into laughter.

"Really, Yarrow, it is absurd that we should quarrel over this," began Brewer. "But I thought you were a Northern man, and agreed with us about this duel, or I should never have begun discussing it. It is a subject I avoid unless with those who agree with me."

"I am a Northern man, colonel. I was well acquainted with Burke, and liked him. I am slightly acquainted with Tower—he is a cold, surly man, and I dislike him. I saw the duel, and my sympathies were on Burke's side. But I am honest enough to say that I do not believe any of the stories current about treachery and trick triggers. I believe the duel was absolutely fair."

"Well, Eugene," said Brewer, pacifically, "most of the Burke men will differ, but all of the Tower men will agree with you. As for the two men, there can be no doubt which is the better off. Burke is now a martyr; he has been canonized. In the campaign professions you see his words painted on political banners: 'They have killed me because I oppose the extension of slavery.' 'I die for a principle.' And so on. In short, politically speaking, Burke dead is more potent than Tower living."

"True—already there is a monument erected to him."

"Yes, and what must Tower think as he sees it? Tower is shunned; he is a marked man; all but his intimates avoid him. His name no longer appears in political conventions; his party fears its bad effect. Politically, Tower spells defeat and disaster."

"Probably Burke is better off," said Yarrow, musingly, "but Tower is alive."

"You are right," agreed Brewer. "And I think his enemies will have reason to find that he is very much alive."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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An article in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Rene Pichon, brings into prominence the fact that the best writers in French literature have belonged to the middle or bourgeois class. Moliere, Boileau, Racine, La Fontaine, Voltaire, De Musset, Sainte-Beuve, all these "were not only bourgeois by birth, but by turn of mind." English literature, however, illustrates this fact quite as emphatically. Shakespeare was the son of a glover, Milton of a scrivener, Samuel Johnson of a bookseller, Richardson of a joiner, Collins of a hatter, Gay of a silk mercer, Pope of a linen-draper, Keats of a livery stable-keeper; Cowley and Moore were sons of butchers. It is noteworthy that the trades have done far more for literature than the professions. Besides those already named, innkeepers, vintners, painters, and glaziers, barbers, weavers, printers, tailors, shoemakers, jewelers, basket-makers, bricklayers, have furnished brilliant recruits to the ranks of authorship. The peasantry, too, can boast of such sons of the soil as Robbie Burns, John Clare, John Leyden, James Hogg, William Carleton, Robert Bloomfield, and many others. The church, law, and medicine make but a poor show by comparison, though they were wont to claim a monopoly of learning.

In Laconia, Greece, where excavations are being carried on vigorously by English archaeologists, the latest finds confirm many assertions by ancient authors concerning the Spartans. It becomes definitely known that Lacedaemonia was formed by the union of five villages; that only priestesses and citizens fallen in battle were buried; that children were birched in public, etc. But the most fortunate discovery is that of the most ancient Doric temple known. It dates from 500 B. C. It is built partly of wood and partly of sun-baked bricks.

THE ARTIST AND THE PUBLIC.

Much has been said, and more has been written, of the absence of "atmosphere" in San Francisco. This remark must never be interpreted as a slighting reference to the climate—it has a profounder significance. It is used, in tones varying from contempt to bitterness, to express despair for the want of comprehension, for the lack of appreciation, that distinguishes us *en masse*, as well as for the dearth of opportunity to see beautiful things. In most cases the grumbler is an artist, forced back upon himself for inspiration. There is a certain justice in his complaint. The musician has, at least, the constant stimulation of good music; he may hear the masters of his art, the great virtuosos of the piano, the violin, or of that most marvelous of all instruments—the human voice; he may enjoy orchestral music and even occasional opportunities for grand opera.

What has San Francisco to offer the sculptor or painter? The beauty of natural scenery is his, for the asking, on every hand; in the smooth brown hills, incomparably suave and noble, in a coast classic in outline, and seas and skies superbly blue. The variety is as infinite as it is inaccessible. There is no more vital landscape in existence; but, having rendered it to the best of his ability, does the responsibility of the painter end?

It has long been the conviction of the artist that local conditions are hopeless and that the blame, somehow, lies entirely with the public; but the public, as a rule, follows instinctively in the line of least resistance, like a flock of sheep. Musical conditions have shown a constant and steady improvement. Does the artist emulate the musician in presenting his work in a manner calculated to impress this much-abused public with its dignity?

The love for any art, in a community, is a very rare and delicate plant, slow of growth, and needing endless care and encouragement. We may be still, and undoubtedly are, both young and crude, but, at a concert, note the silence and the attention which the performer exacts as a mere matter of course or of courtesy. Here we err only through excess of enthusiasm; we find it difficult to control our tendency to applaud at the wrong moment, and it still remains for us to discover that an accompaniment is an integral part of the song. It is not, however, considered necessary at a concert, even with a high charge for admission, to serve tea and biscuits or claret punch, or to have moving pictures or any other attraction. The newspapers also have discovered that it is advisable for a musical critic to be distantly acquainted with musical terms, and their criticisms have at least a bowing acquaintance with the matter under discussion.

Now for the great sister arts! A sculptor may not finish his own work in stone without joining the labor unions, but illogically he is not permitted to join the labor unions because he is himself an employer of labor. This is true at least of all work intended for the embellishment of buildings; the stone mason must be left to do his best—or his worst.

Has the painter a similar grievance? There have been any number of picture exhibitions during the past month, crowded, on the opening day, to the doors. In these social functions, however, combining music with tea, the pictures have seemed of the least importance and have attracted only the most perfunctory and divided attention. For many years Mr. Vickery has set an example artists might well emulate. The small shows in his gallery, with pictures well chosen, well framed, and well hung—in a quiet light against an unobtrusive background—have needed no other attractions to recommend them to the public. They have acquired an authority and produced an effect more pretentious exhibitions have entirely failed to equal. The reason is not far to seek—too little respect for himself or for his work is exacted by the artist. His profession has lost in seriousness partly through the carelessness and indifference of his own attitude, but even more through the lack of support given to him by the press. With the exception of a few instances, where marked intelligence and discrimination have been displayed, it is only too evident that the reporter, turned art critic, has approached his work either with humorous assurance, secretly delighted at his own "bluff" or in a spirit of abject fear. Suddenly confronted by the necessity of writing about a subject of which he is blankly ignorant, he is forced, often apologetically and against his will, into a drive of indiscriminate superlatives.

Compare the amount of attention given weekly to purely social functions—the teas, the luncheons, the dinners, the balls—to that devoted to matters artistic! In older countries, with higher standards, the very reverse is the case; no court function, presided over by king or queen, occupies the space freely given to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy or the salons. Their comparative importance is tacitly acknowledged.

It is perhaps difficult to overestimate the influence wielded by these sober and authoritative articles. The great majority must accept their opinions at second hand. These powerful and most careful criticisms represent the very best and most advanced thought of the day. Have the artists in San Fran-

cisco ever made a serious attempt to direct this influence into proper channels?

At the present exhibition in the Studio Building on Presidio Avenue the attempt has been made to present pictures simply as pictures. The loan collection on view in the large gallery contains no local work (unless the five very beautiful canvases by the late Arthur Atkins could be so described), but there are shown three oils and two water-colors by John S. Sargent, a Claude Monet, two Carrières, two Isaheys, one Israels, a Diaz, some fine old portraits, and other works of interest and importance. In London or Paris the exhibition would be worthy of serious consideration; in San Francisco, so recently and cruelly despoiled, it should mark an era of advancement and progress. Yet the enthusiasts who have found their way to the gallery have been comparatively few. Of these few it is pleasant to note that the greater number have come from far afield—from San Jose, from Palo Alto (Stanford University), from Oakland, or Berkeley. We have been living through absorbing and troublous times, but the football game has never suffered from a striking diminution in its attendance. The truth is that we have inclination and leisure only for our amusements; that we have not, as a community, arrived at the stage where pictures, apart from the accompaniment of social blandishments, offer a real relaxation—make any strong appeal. A really discriminating enjoyment of any of the fine arts is rare, but it is well to remember that it may be cultivated, and we have certainly here at the present moment an excellent opportunity to begin.

The example shown of the work of Claude Monet (loaned by Mrs. A. Stern) is one of the "London" series that for some years has absorbed the veteran impressionist. Here we have the very quintessence of time and place, rendered poetically, fluently, with brush work hardly visible, in the attempt to reproduce the actual surfaces of light. At this hour all is vague, unreal; the bridge a phantom, the tall chimneys "like campaniles." There is no sun, but the golden gleams in sky and water break what might otherwise be a monotony of luminous color. In this murky atmosphere of rose and violet and gray every incident throws off the light, increases the effect of tempered radiance.

Another canvas, a portrait (loaned by Mrs. Isobel Strong) painted by John Sargent in his student days, already shows the grip of character, the extraordinary penetration, that distinguishes his later work. It is not often that an opportunity is given to see the sketches of a great painter, and to the student these three heads should be a revelation of the force and directness of his methods. Every brush stroke may be followed as easily as in a Franz Hals. The two water colors seem to have been done by a magician with a brush tipped in fire and sunlight. It is amusing to note the contrast between these rapid and vigorous sketches and those by Meissonier (loaned by Mrs. Timothy Hopkins)—five small panels of unusual boldness most freely done by this great master of minute details, but nevertheless so close, so clean, so emphatically exact. Here we see plainly enough the effect of work accomplished by near-sighted eyes, unable to judge from a distance. The water-colors, positively exuberant in their apparent carelessness—with a line and a blot for a figure, or a sweep of color for hills and sea—yet give us Italy in the clear, brilliant atmosphere of the sunwashed air, or in the warm richness of the little wine-shop interior.

The Carrières, unequal in workmanship; the sketch by Diaz, rich as a small Rubens; the very noble St. Cloud, by Arthur Atkins; the extremely well-painted "Romantic Still Life," by Mrs. L. Carrigan of New York; a little Wyant (once the great rival of Inness), with a melancholy but delicate charm; the fine example of the work of the late John Twachtman, with two less important sketches by the same deeply-regretted and distinguished painter; the small still-life by Emil Carlsen, a miracle of cleanness and refinement; all these representative works illuminate, if they do not explain, what Beaudelaire called "the fatality of genius."

It has taken courage to accept the responsibility for these pictures; it has taken even more disinterested courage for their owners to lend them, to consent to run the undeniable risk of loss by accident or fire. As the exhibition does not close till Monday, November 23, it still remains to be seen whether their generosity will be as fully appreciated as it deserves. J. H. H.

Lord Brassey, in the course of a school prize distribution, made the interesting announcement that he was beginning to learn German. He has not reached the age when Cato learned Greek, for he is only seventy-two, and, as he thought it never too late to mend, he started learning German a fortnight ago, and was now reading "Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs" in the original. He said that when he did not know a word he put a number against it in the margin, and then looked the word up in the dictionary. When he began the book he had to look up twenty-five words to the page. Now he is down to nine on the page and is sanguine in a month that the total will be reduced to five on the page.

Bellini's Best Opera.

The occasion of the seventy-third anniversary of the death of Bellini has led to a good deal being written about him in the Sicilian newspapers, for he was born in Sicily. He died at Puteaux, near Paris, under somewhat strange circumstances, in 1835. Baron Aymé d'Aquino wrote to a friend: "I rode out to call on him, but, as usual, the gardener of his house refused to let me in. Later on in the day there was a heavy storm, and at about five o'clock I once again tried to see him. As no one answered the bell, I pushed against the gate and it gave way, so I got into the house. I found Bellini on a bed, abandoned by all. At first I thought that he was asleep. When I touched his hand it was quite cold, for he was dead."

A curious letter is published, written by him when his "Norma" was hissed at the first representation: "I have just returned from the Scala. Would you believe it? 'Norma' was hissed. I no longer recognized the friendly Milanese, who received with enthusiasm and delight the 'Il Pirata,' 'La Straniera,' 'La Sonnambula.' I have deceived myself. I have made a great mistake. All my progenitors have been wrong. All my expectations have been illusions. But, I assure you from my heart, there are morsels in it that I shall be proud if I can ever excel. Did not the Romans hiss 'L'Olympiade' of the divine Pergolesi? In all theatrical productions the public is the supreme judge. The public will reverse its judgment. It will recognize that 'Norma' is the best of my operas."

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Lynch's Daughter, by Leonard Merrick. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

Stories of moral purpose require unusual care in character delineation, and we feel here that the character of Keith might have received a better elaboration. He marries the daughter of Jordan B. Lynch on the understanding that he will support his wife on his own meagre earnings as an artist and without part or lot in the money of her multi-millionaire father, which has been wrung from the usual widows and orphans. Now, Keith is a very good sort of fellow and there is little to be said against him, but the general impression of his character is not consonant with so high an act of self-denial. We feel, indeed, that it is due to a whim and not to a consistent conviction. The beautiful Betty consents to the arrangement simply because she has no conception of what poverty means, and when the wolf is at the door and the baby in need of expert surgical aid she cables to her father for money with Keith's acquiescence. The door having once been opened to parental supplies, poor Betty naturally wants to keep it open and to open it wider, and then the rift in the lute appears and temporarily wrecks the whole domestic harmony. We can not help feeling that Keith is a bit of a bigot, for if the tainted money may be used to buy the most costly medical aid for the child, why may it not also be used to supply the child with comforts hardly less necessary? And when Lynch *père* ultimately dies, as even millionaires must do, we can only look with consternation on Betty's plan to dissipate his fortune of two hundred million dollars through the agency of a government committee who will select such charities as seem to them to be deserving. It is also to be feared that \$250,000 each would entirely dehauch the few poor people specially selected by Betty for such munificent legacies, while the balance of the two hundred million dollars is almost enough to dehauch a nation. Clever as the story is, we can hardly regard it as the solution of an ethical problem, while the narrative itself seems sometimes to be unduly abrupt in the effort to reach a desired situation. But it is well worth reading.

The Great Miss Driver, by Anthony Hope. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Hope has achieved a marked success in the creation of a striking character, and he has done it without the aid of sensation. Jenny Driver, on the death of her father, finds herself in possession of an immense English estate and with almost unlimited wealth at her disposal. Old Nicholas Driver had taken an eccentric dislike to his daughter and since her childhood had kept her at various second-rate boarding-schools and lodging-houses. Barely a woman, accustomed only to the ways of a straitened existence, she now finds herself at the head of a great establishment, expected to take her place in country society, and without friends or advisers except her father's old attorney and his private secretary.

The charm of the hook is not so much sentimental as psychological. We begin to see something of Jenny's calibre when she discharges the private secretary for protesting against the renewal of a questionable school acquaintance, and when she takes him back again on the understanding that he is to be "neither servant nor master, but friend," and on the further condition that he shall never say "I told you so" when she gets into scrapes, we begin to see that Jenny is both masterful and lovable. The ultimate triumph of this wayward young woman over local and aristocratic prejudice, her unconquerable determination to have her own way, and the diplomacy of her moves after her worst indiscretions, are admirably described, and although we somewhat resent the introduction of Margaret Octon and the way in which that somewhat colorless young woman takes the centre of the stage, we feel that Jenny has perhaps chosen the part of wisdom in delegating to another the place that we expected her to fill for herself. The author's remarkable power of dialogue is well sustained and as felicitous as ever.

The Palace of Danger, by Mahel Wagnalls. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author gives us a successful story of the court of Louis XV, a story in which the Marquise de Pompadour plays the leading rôle, as was that lady's custom when upon earth. The minor characters are Comte de Vrie and little Destine, the orphan of the Convent of St. Cyr. De Vrie falls under the royal displeasure and is exiled, but, being in love with the marquise, he tricks his majesty and remains in Paris *pour faire ses adieux*, is surprised by the king, who believes him dead, in the Pompadour's chamber, and makes his perilous escape in the guise of a ghost. The reader must learn for himself how De Vrie transfers his loyalty from the Pompadour to the little convent maiden and how he secures his pardon from the king.

The author is happy in her treatment of the

Pompadour, to whom she renders some measure of justice as a stateswoman of an energy and resource sometimes beneficent. Equally fortunate is she in her delineation of the king and of the vacillating moods and peevish tyranny that were the fruitful soil of the coming revolution. "The Palace of Danger" is a notable story and it should be a popular one.

I and My True Love, by H. A. Mitchell Keays. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Iliel Sargent separates from his wife because the lady has fallen hopelessly in love with Dick Warder. A divorce follows and Mrs. Sargent becomes Mrs. Warder, her baby girl Christina remaining with the father. Twenty years later, when the matrimonial troubles of the second generation are coming to the front, Sargent writes to Mrs. Warder, now a widow, to ask for her help in advising and directing their daughter. As a result, Christina visits her mother, and it is easy to guess that a reconciliation between the parents is to be found upon the last page.

The story has its psychological value, but it might have been told very much better. We are probably expected to like Christina, but we don't, thinking her, on the contrary, to be a pert and unpleasant girl. We may forgive her for smoking cigarettes and for being impudent to her mother under the circumstances, but when a young woman of twenty discusses her future maternity and expresses a wish for a variety of husbands, but that her *fiancé* alone should be the father of her children, we feel that even modernity may trespass upon a desirable propriety.

Every Man for Himself, by Norman Duncan. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

The author uses a nearly continuous dialogue to tell his story of the Newfoundland fisherman, and perhaps no better way could he find to illustrate a distinctive type. We may feel sometimes that his characters are hardly representative, but they are none the less admirably and holdly drawn. There is Botch, for instance, whose seafaring life has conduced to metaphysical thought and who confronts a comrade with a "plain question":

"You is, isn't you? Well, then, you must have been *was*. Now, then, Tumm, where *was* you?"
 "'Afore I was born?"
 "'Ay,—afore you was is."
 "'God knows,' says I. 'I 'low I don't. An' look you, Botch!' says I, 'this talk ain't right. You isn't a infidel, is you?'
 "'Oh, no!' says he.
 "'Then,' says I, for I was mad, 'where in hell did you think up all this ghostly tomfoolery?'
 "'On the grounds,' says he."

If it is a case of every man for himself on the Newfoundland banks, there is no exclusion of a fine and unselfish courage.

The Man Who Ended War, by Hollis Godfrey. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is a highly ingenious story of a scientist who ended war by the simple expedient of destroying one of the world's great hattleships upon a number of previously announced dates. He uses one of the lesser known natural forces that have lately come into prominence, and his detection is due to a fine piece of scientific work by which both the laboratory and the man are found. The skill and verisimilitude with which the scientific part of the story is worked out reminds us of Jules Verne, which is of course high, but deserved, praise.

The story contains a love incident which is not so much a necessary part of the fabric as a sacrifice to the modern *convenances* of fiction. It is in no way incongruous, but the author would have shown greater self-reliance had he omitted it. Jules Verne rarely resorted to this prop.

Over Against Green Peak, by Zephine Humphrey. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.25.

The delights of a country life have never been better told nor more humorously. It was the young woman herself who first began to build castles in the country air, and Aunt Susan sympathized with a kindling eye and a foreboding "hut." Nevertheless, the deed was done, and then we have a little hook of experiences, including the automobile, and the orchard, and the community, heast neighbors, and housekeeping experiments, and all the delightful successes and failures that make up the unaccustomed country life. These things are apt to be very dull when they are prosaic. We need humor to make them palatable, but here the humor is so plentiful and the young woman herself so delightful that they are not only palatable but delicious.

Judith of the Cumberlandds, by Alice MacGowan. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author has given us a successful story of the illicit distillers of the southern Appalachians and of the constant struggle between them and the revenue authorities. That she knows whereof she writes is made clear enough by her story. The source of her

knowledge she explains in an interesting preface.

Her characters are well drawn. At first we feel that we shall not like Judith Barrier as we watch her selecting a gaudy hat and hesitating between a dollar and a dollar and a quarter. But we like Bonbright right away, the plucky young lawyer with his ideals of law and justice for the mountain folk. Judith falls in love with Bonbright at first sight, and under the stimulus of her lover's danger from his suspicious neighbors her fine womanhood comes to the front, and her untutored vanities become an ornament. The distillers will soon belong wholly to the past, and it is well that their lives should be thus attractively placed upon record.

New Publications.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, have published a series of six colored prints tastefully mounted and described as "Doggerel Dodgers, Designed for Den Decoration," by Albertine Randall Wheelan.

"Catchwords of Friendship" is a tastefully executed collection of two hundred sentiments in verse and prose well designed for a simple Christmas remembrance. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Song of Songs, a Poetic Idyl," arranged in sequence by Julia Ellsworth Ford, with illustrations by Simeon Solomon, has been published by Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. Price, \$1.50.

An interesting and well illustrated little hook is "How the World Is Clothed," by Frank George Carpenter. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, 60 cents.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published a music course, by Walter H. Aiken, containing a large number of one, two, three, and four-part songs suitable for singers of any age. Price, 50 cents.

From the H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston, comes a little volume entitled "The Dearest Spot on Earth," by the Rev. Jay T. Stocking. It is a collection of appreciative essays on the home, simply and well expressed and with a preference for Biblical illustration.

"Minnesota" has been added to the American Commonwealths Series issued by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston. The series already contains nineteen volumes, including "California," and is devoted to "such States of the Union as have a striking political, social, or economic history." They are

soberly written histories with no trace of the "promoter," and the series when completed will be an attractive history of the nation. Price per volume, \$1.25. The set of nineteen volumes, \$23.75.

The Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published "Cupid's Almanac and Guide to Hearticulture for This Year and Next," by John Cecil Clay and Oliver Herford. The little hook is harmless, while the illustrations are ingenious.

"Echoes from Oak Street," by Ruthella Benjamin, is supposed to be a description of a series of prayer-meetings conducted along startlingly unconventional lines, but of a rigid orthodoxy. It is published by M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago, and the price is 50 cents.

"Rover, the Farm Dog," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, already well known as a writer for the young, is a story of two country children whose life on their father's farm and devotion to the dog world are well told. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25.

The Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published a choice edition of "Poems of New England," edited by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The volume is bound in limp leather, lettered in gold, admirably printed and of convenient pocket size. Price, \$1.25.

Douhleday, Page & Co., New York, have issued a little volume by John Kendrick Bangs, entitled "Potted Fiction." Its nature is explained by the sub-title, which describes the hook as "A Series of Extracts from the World's Best Sellers, Put Up in Thin Slices for Hurried Consumers." Mr. Bangs should have a permanent commission in relief of an over-reading public.

"Glimpses of the Heavenly Life," by J. R. Miller, D. D., is a devotional volume, well and sincerely written, but with that strange materialism that distinguishes the old from the new theology. Heaven, we are told, is a place. "Our friends are there, living, loving, remembering us still." At the moment of arrival "you will be met by those who have gone before you," etc. It might be thought that a remembrance of friends upon earth and therefore of their frailties and unkindnesses would be hardly compatible with the perfect bliss elsewhere described, but perhaps it would be ungracious to dwell upon inconsistencies necessarily numerous and necessarily unexplained. The hook is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Arthur Cunningham has begun his career as a star in straight dramatic work with good judgment in his choice of plays, with appreciation of his rôle and sympathy for its work, and with auspicious surroundings. The handsome and comfort-assuring Valencia Theatre, with its big and always well-set stage, was the place of beginning for the new star, and last Sunday the time. At both afternoon and evening performances there were large and enthusiastic audiences present, as was to have been expected, and their tokens of admiration and friendship were numerous and well-chosen.

As the romantic hero of Joseph Murphy's well-known Irish play, "The Kerry Gow," Mr. Cunningham was in his element. It is true that there were reminiscences of moments, when suggestions of old-time favorite comic-opera parts came naturally. Here is Mr. Cunningham's greatest difficulty. There is nothing serious in comic opera, either in situation or expression, and the habit of carrying off everything lightly becomes fixed with comic-opera actors. In the Irish comedies Mr. Cunningham has taken up he has opportunities for unaffected tenderness, for real passion. Their use and value will impress him more as time separates him from earlier illusions. As it is, he does well, best of course in his carefree badinage. His support is more than fair, Miss Hackett is a winning if not a forceful Nora. Mr. Homans, Mr. Cashman, and other members of the cast in small yet firmly outlined parts, left nothing to be desired.

After a week of "The Kerry Gow," ending Saturday night, next Sunday will see the production of "Shaun Rhue," another play by the same author, which is as attractive in every way. Mr. Cunningham will have another capital rôle, and in it will sing, as he does in the present offering, several ballads in his own inimitable way. There will be a special matinee performance on Thanksgiving Day.

Kolb and Dill and their company at the Princess Theatre are finishing the fourth week of a remarkably prosperous run of "Playing the Ponies." The house has been crowded at every performance, nine times a week. Next Monday night the musical comedy of race-track flavor will be replaced with a new play by the same author. It is called "Weiner and Schnitzel, or We Won't Go Home Till Morning," and is planned especially to favor the peculiarities of the German dialect comedians. It shows the farcical predicaments in which two brewers are thrown through the infelicities of hasty and ill-assorted marriage. Several additions have been made to the company, including Sarah Edwards and Harry Cashman, both former favorites at this playhouse; Marie Howe and Sydney de Grey. The popular leading woman and singer, Maud Lambert, will continue, of course, as she is next to the stars in general favor, and Billy S. Clifford, the singing comedian, hardly less eminent, will continue to please. Carlton Chase and Albert Duncan, who have made good in the present bill, have good parts in the new play. The chorus will, as usual, be a feature.

At the Van Ness Theatre for the coming week Rose Stahl will continue her successful presentation of "The Chorus Lady." It is one of the best things in the comedy line that San Francisco has seen for many months, and it is received with the favor that it deserves. The play, the star, and the company are reviewed at length in another column.

The Orpheum offers a genuine novelty at the head of its bill for the coming week, beginning Sunday afternoon. George W. Leslie and his company will present a comic opera condensed to the vaudeville time limit. The musical offering is called "The Naked Truth," and it is said to be very bright and amusing, as well as filled with good music. Principals and chorus are capable, and this feature should be a taking one. Much interest is taken in the announcement of the appearance in this programme of Hall McAllister, a native San Franciscan, who has won a high place as an actor in the East during his absence. Mr. McAllister is popular here, and his entrance in his comedy skit, "The Girl of the Times," written by Fred Niblo, will be greeted warmly. Raymond and Caverly, the popular German comedians, who are prominent in their particular line of vaudeville, will render songs and parodies of their own composition. Their excruciatingly funny dialogue is still a feature with them. The Four Orans will make their first appearance in an acrobatic novelty called "On the Sea Shore," which promises to be something different. Next week will be the last of Welch, Mealy, and Montrose; Lew Hawkins; Morrow and Schellberg; and Staley and Birbeck in their quick-change act, including "The Musical Blacksmiths."

Miss Blanche Stoddard will be the new leading lady at the Valencia Theatre. Her many successes have been achieved in the principal cities of this country and she has started with many notables. With the Frohman companies she always achieved a distinct success; with Nazimova she played a season

in Ibsen rôles; at the Castle Square Theatre, in Boston, she starred, and in San Francisco, where she is a social favorite, she was leading lady during a notably successful season at the Grand Opera House. With Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller and many others Miss Stoddard has done excellent work.

CURRENT VERSE.

With a Handful of Roses.

Everything my heart would say
Valiant roses shall declare,
Since my lips, less bold than they,
Dread her frown, and do not dare.
They shall nestle on her breast,
They shall whisper, soft and low,
"He loves truly, he loves best,
Who's afraid to tell you so."

Everything my heart would say
These brave roses know full well,
And they mean, in their sweet way,
More than any words could tell.
They shall be her bosom's guest;
They shall whisper, soft and low,
"He loves truly, he loves best,
Who's afraid to tell you so."
—William Winter, in *New York Tribune*.

The Pathfinders.

Over the hills fly the schoolboys' kites:
The windmills signal to cloud and storm;
Keen are the blasts on the outer heights,
But the heart of the earth is warm.

Down in the valleys the grandsires doze
Round their logwood hearths; each graybeard
knows
That his barns are filled and the day's work done;
In the vaults is hoarded his gold hard-won;
The roads are dug that his sons may ride,
And the grime of the struggle put aside.
"We planned our towns," we "Fostered trade,"
The elders tell. "We journeys made
By charless plains and seas, and brought
Earth's trophies home," "We toiled and fought
That Law might stand." "We took the weak
To shelter, taught the wronged to speak."
And one peers out where o'er the hills
The star its evening rite fulfills.
"And we," he murmurs, "kept alight
The lamps of faith, of love, of right;
Through every valley that we go
They greet us in the casement's glow:
At dawn, at sunset's touch of fire,
They speak from chimney, roof, and spire."

The schoolboys tug at their broken kites:
The windmills groan in the grip of the storm;
Keen are the blasts on the outer heights,
But the heart of the earth is warm.
—Thomas Walsh, in *Ace Maria*.

The Crossroads.

In here sits a woman in a lonely place,
Where All-Souls' twilight ever bends and broods;
With hungry hope and fear upon her face,
She gazes down those dreary solitudes.
There at the crossroads, peering to and fro,
Straining her glance athwart the shadows gray,
Lest any little traveler she might know
Come by that way.

For long, so long, she has waited; now and then
A tiny figure looms along the road,
—Oh, scarce-awakened from the world of men,
Seeking uncertainly its new abode,
And eagerly she stoops, she scans its eyes,
Asking some look, some tender answering sign,
And still she lets it go again, and sighs,
"Not mine—O God—not mine!"

But some day, surely, in a golden hour,
The sweet familiar shape shall be descried,
Delaying here and there for berry or flower,
But drawing ever nearer to her side.
No need of greeting between child and mother,
When heart on heart is folded close and fast
In that one clasp, each blended in the other.
That pays for all the past!
—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Voice of Ocean.

A cry went through the darkness; and the moon,
Hurrying through storm, gazed with a ghastly
face,
Then cloaked herself in seud; the merman race
Of surges ceased; and then th' æolian croon
Of the wild siren, Wind, within the shrouds
Sunk to a sigh. The ocean in that place
Seemed listening; haunted, for a moment's space,
By something dread that cried against the clouds.
Mystery and night; and with them fog and rain:
And then that cry again—as if the deep
Uttered its loneliness in one dark word:
Her horror of herself; her titan pain;
Her monsters; and the dead that she must keep,
Has kept, alone, for centuries, unheard.
—Madison Cawein, in *The Forum*.

The Adela Verne Concerts.

The first concert by the brilliant young pianiste, Adela Verne, will be given at Christian Science Hall Sunday afternoon, November 22, when an exceptionally interesting programme will be given, including Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Glück-Sgambati, Brahms, Scarlatti, Borodin, and Liszt selections, and ten favorite Schumann descriptive scenes. The same programme will be repeated in Oakland next Tuesday afternoon, November 24, at half-past three, the date having been changed from Friday. The second concert will be Thursday, November 26, and the farewell recital Saturday afternoon, November 28. Complete programmes may be obtained at the box offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores. Miss Verne has met with great success in Boston and New York, and has been re-engaged at both of these places for later in the season.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. As in former years, some will have surfeit of good things, some a sufficiency, some—the poor and the sick—will lack not only the appetizing dainties, but even plain, substantial provisions. For many years it has been the *Argonaut's* privilege and pleasure to bespeak the bounty of our readers for the Mission of Fruit and Flowers. Every Thanksgiving the mission gives to the needy as many Thanksgiving dinners as its friends, in their generosity, provide. It asks of them all sorts of meats, turkeys, chickens, vegetables, wines, and liquors (for medicinal purposes), raisins, figs, jellies, fruits, cakes, pies, bread, flowers—in short, anything good to eat. And since money will buy everything, it asks (especially of affluent bachelors) as much of the coin of the realm as they can well spare. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are the best days to send these gifts. Your grocer will find the address, and the butcher, the baker, the wine dealer. Two minutes at the 'phone will do the business. If you live in the country, Wells-Fargo will transport anything you send free of charge. Address the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, 1372 Jackson Street.

Arthur Hartmann—a Master Violinist.

The first of the great violinists to visit this city this season will be the brilliant young Hungarian virtuoso and composer, Arthur Hartmann, who while possessed of a marvelous and brilliant technique is at the same time a player of the big, broad, Ysaye-Kreisler type. Mr. Hartmann was the first soloist of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra this year and made a tremendous success with the Saint-Saëns concerto. With Mr. Hartmann comes Alfred Calzin, a young American pianist who recently met with big success in Berlin. There will be three concerts given in this city, the first being Sunday afternoon, November 29. Seats will be on sale next Wednesday morning, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. Hartmann will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse Friday afternoon, December 4. Miss Katherine C. Harley, of the Fall River Golf Club, won the national golf championship at the Chevy Chase tournament in Washington by defeating Mrs. T. H. Polhemus of the Richmond County Club, of Brooklyn, New York, by a score of 6 up and 5 to play.

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PHILADELPHIA



ROSE STAHL'S "CHORUS LADY."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Chorus Lady," like "The Squaw Man," is watered stock. In its original form, as a one-act vaudeville playlet, it was solid, concentrated merit. In its present form it is slow in the first act—until Rose Stahl makes her appearance; perfect, of its kind, in the second; melodramatic and stereotyped in the third; sleepy and machine-made in the fourth. In fact, the first and last acts were, to quote Patricia O'Brien, "a couple of morgues."

However, that does not particularly matter. It is Rose Stahl, and not the play, that is the thing. For Rose Stahl, as the chorus girl, is something that absolutely must not be missed. There are many species of chorus girl, if we may believe the press agent, who sometimes is empowered to announce that Miss So and So, daughter of a retired general, or an active millionaire, or a liberal-minded bishop, has become a chorus girl because she does not care for society, or heeds the call to "Art." For, as Patricia O'Brien sapiently observes, "They throw out a lot of junk about its being love for their art."

I should judge that this chorus girl of James Forbes's original creating, and upon whom Rose Stahl has placed the final stamp of ownership, is a chorus girl because she is "so temperamental"; a chorus girl that is born, not made. She is born for the greenroom, for the footlights, for the community life, for the excitement.

In the present amplified play, Patricia has a family circle of devoted relations to return to, and a large domestic responsibility in the shape of a young and pretty sister, who follows emulously in the path of her elder sister's career.

In a four-act play something must happen, so a gilded youth is manufactured for the purpose of ensnaring the pretty sister. This means Patricia to the rescue when the plot becomes ripe, and Patricia as a sister-rescuer is something to reckon with. For Patricia is "wise," as she tells her parents and future husband, when justifying herself for taking up a career that she considers should be barred to her weaker sister.

Patricia is "wise" and foolish, and a cheerful babbler. She hands out quantities of the latest and most approved slang, every phrase of it piquant, and characteristic, and expressive, and richly humorous.

She deals out greenroom repartee of a sort that sounds like the real thing. She exhibits, with naive satisfaction, her hargain-counter purchases, her "two-sixty-five" coat, her "one-ninety-five" false front, or some other capillary headpiece of a mysterious nature.

For Patricia is "straight," and it is an unqualified joy when she lands her humble two-dollar hargain ruthlessly into the five-hundred-dollar lap of the translated show girl, and asks her her opinion with artful artlessness.

Patricia is so sound and wholesome and "straight" that she creates the much-needed sunshine and the invigorating breeze in the otherwise somewhat fetid atmosphere of the chorus-room of Longacre Theatre. We have always been told that the jealousies engendered by stage rivalries are not conducive to amity and loving kindness between stage associates, and James Forbes's chorus girls prove no exception to the rule.

They are jealous, snappy, envious. They are unsparing of each other's weaknesses and vanities. They possess a bitter dexterity in the art of taunting repartee. But they are so real, so exact a reflection of what we conceive that their kind of life would make of them, and the leaven of humor in the author's portraits of these showy blossoms of the metropolitan parterre are so truly American and so thoroughly acceptable that this act of the play rushes by on wings.

A feature of the chorus-room act is the display of costumes worn by the show girls, who dress themselves, and make up, and lace each other's corsages, smoking the while, making bets, or peacocking sweepingly around the room, exhibiting their sheath gowns and their shapes, looking the while disparagingly over the lesser or greater charms of their beautiful rivals in the favor of the great and beauty-loving public.

As cleverly acted by Amy Lee, there is a very good portrait of a wardrobe woman, once a footlight favorite, now a beer-drinker with variegated hair and a picturesque vocabulary, who informs her opponent, during a chorus-room scrap, that "if she weren't a lady she'd land her a slam on her map."

The whole act is a lively, realistic, cynical, yet good-humored, exhibition of one of the many and varied phases of human nature, and through it all the naive yet shrewd, stage-calloused yet soft-hearted Patricia dominates the scene, and captures the liking and the sympathy of the spectator.

Rose Stahl seems horn for the centre of the stage. She takes it easily, and holds us with her compelling magnetism as well as with her spontaneously exercised art. She has the most individual and captivating bow of acknowledgment, seeming, with engaging little side movements of head and hands, to wish to kiss and embrace the appreciative and applauding public in front.

When melodrama steps in and Patricia becomes emotional over the transgressions of the gilded youth, who, as she says in one of her characteristic digs, "has nothing on his mind but his hair," Rose Stahl showed that she had full command of the technique of emotional expression. But it is as the original Patricia that we most delight to acclaim her—the chorus girl who has a Bowery accent, tenement-house English, and Broadway slang of the latest and most varied description at her tongue's end.

The first act is going a little slowly, in spite of the pretty sister, the potential young man villain, and the rich, mellifluous Irishness of Patricia's parents, as played by Alice Leigh and Giles Shine.

Then enter Patricia, and languor is fled. Patricia conquers you immediately. In her faded shirt-waist and her be-ribboned and violent pompadour, with her sudden assumptions of a serpentine, straight-front walk, with her rich and racy individuality, her careless, matter-of-course loyalty and warm-heartedness, and her tumbling flood of up-to-date slang, she is, distinctly, a creature to appeal most warmly to the approval of the confirmed theatre-goer, who looks eagerly for an occasional escape from the banal and conventional figures of every-day drama.

Emilio de Gogorza's audiences, during his just ended season of song recitals, steadily grew. At the closing concert, last Sunday afternoon, the size of the audience was an indication as to the size of the furor of which the Spanish baritone had been the inspiration.

Although not in such good form as at the two preceding concerts, Señor de Gogorza had no difficulty in transforming many of the most self-contained of his hearers into vessels of emotion.

The request programme—counting in the encores—included almost all of the numbers that had proved most popular at the preceding concerts. "De Nous Presentiments" from Glück, and "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Herodiade," two strikingly dramatic selections, were on a par with "Roi de Lahore" in the general admiration and appreciation they evoked. "Au Clair de la Lune," in spite of the commonplace character of the music, pleased mightily, because of the vivacity and charm with which the singer interpreted the sentiment of this little French folk-song, to which Du Maurier gave such

loving prominence in his description of the wonderful Tribby concert.

Three commonplace songs made sterile spots to some in the long and otherwise delightful programme. They were "Dull Care"—although it must be admitted that this cheerful ballad found much favor—"The Complacent Lover," and "The Pretty Creature." The repetition in the refrain of the latter song, lively and spirited though it sounded to many ears, interfered with the singer's perfect intonation, and one listened in vain for those notes of haunting sweetness and tenderness that recurred so beautifully in numbers of such varying sentiment that he could almost make one weep with the famous Pagliacci prologue.

The Gogorza season is over, but it has left as an aftermath a big musical hunger, which it will be the task and pleasure of later comers to gratify. Mme. Blanche Arral, having already made a profound impression in the musical susceptibilities of San Franciscans, will probably fall heir to the groundswell of the Gogorza furor, as her next Thursday evening concert promises to be an event.

Mr. Hansen's Pictures.

Mr. H. W. Hansen, who exhibited during the last few weeks in Chicago and Milwaukee with the greatest success, has sold his painting, "A Stampede of Horses by Horse-thieves," and it will have a place of honor between a Rosa Bonheur and a Schreyer at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago. Every one of his important pictures has found a home in some residence either in Chicago or in Milwaukee, and Mr. Frederic Junior, who conducted the exhibitions, is to be congratulated upon his success.

An exhibition of the Jesurum collection of modern Venetian lace was opened by the Italian ambassador at Waring's Galleries in London recently.

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10:15 A.	18:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
11:45 P.	19:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR-DAY	11:15 A.		4:40 P.	SATUR-DAY	1:40 P.
Tamalpais only	12:45 A.		5:45 P.	Tamalpais only	3:10 P.
	1:45 P.			Muir Woods only	4:40 P.
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VANITY FAIR.

The Queen of Spain has been finding herself in hot water pretty often lately, and her predicaments are usually the result of her failure to understand that even queens have to obey and that the tyranny of etiquette is of the most exacting kind. When Queen Victoria is in trouble she usually asks advice from her uncle, King Edward, and this is always forthcoming in a few terse and vigorous precepts. The queen was annoyed recently to find that Spanish court precedent forbade her to entertain any guests not of royal blood, and as she particularly desired to do this, she gave way to a fit of petulance which culminated in a letter of complaint to King Edward. Her uncle's reply was worthy of Machiavelli. He wrote, "Do not make enemies, and respect other people's stupidity—when necessary. In time, if you are wise, you will get everything your own way."

The advice seems to be good, but what a tremendous price to pay for getting your own way. The injunction to be wise has an admirable seeming of simplicity, and there is, no doubt, nothing but a lack of wisdom standing between most of us and our pet desires. An admonition to become wise is one of the colloquial commonplaces of today, but on analysis it seems very much on a par with a recommendation to add six inches to our height or to cultivate a Roman nose or blue eyes. The gods who live forever have attended to these matters for us, and they have distributed wisdom in homeopathic doses, and not without a suspicion of favoritism.

Queen Alexandria has issued a public statement to the effect that she does not wear aigrets, and this, of course, is intended as a rebuke to a cruel and horrible practice. The official statement means something more even than that. It means that no lady can venture into the queen's presence with these feathers upon her head, and it means that the aigret is stamped as unfashionable throughout every rank in society. Royalty has its undoubted disadvantages, but something may be written also upon the other side of the slate. The power to make cruelty unfashionable is one to be envied, and every country would be the better for an influence that is no less real because it has no coercive laws to back it.

The Springfield *Republican* comments on the sadness of social obligations and deprecates the pass to which we have come "when the guests are glad to say 'good-bye' and the hosts delighted to hear it":

It is a curious thing, but about this time of year there is nearly always a wail rising on the folly and discomforts contingent on a visit to a country house. Thank heaven, none of the woes under which the wealthy and the social climbers groan affect those in moderate means. Such as visit their friends, knowing that at the most not more than two servants are kept, go with a free heart, for it is the rarest thing in the world that visitors are obliged to tip the domestics in such houses. It is the large establishments where there are servants galore, that compel the paying of tips from the hutler to the groom. The man or woman who spends a week's end at such a house finds these tips a distinct drain on the purse, and when the guest is only of moderate fortune, a severe one. There are the young things, too, that visit. The girl asks her older and more experienced friends how much she ought to give the hutler, how much the maids. She is in doubt, too, whether her hostess will ape the British fashions and not appear at all in the morning—and in that case what is she, the visitor, to do with herself? "Ought she to spend the morning in her own room, or in the library or music room—or ought she to keep out of sight in the grounds?" There are the host and hostess, they have their woes also; they hate the whole thing. At least it is said house parties are voted a bore, but they pay off their social debts that way. They can't or won't give entertainments during the winter, and some repayment must be made to those who asked them to musicals the last winter. They are all sore tested—as far as known, unhappy and harassed—then why do it? What a pity when the guests are glad to say "good-bye" and the hosts delighted to hear it!

In the older countries the perfection of country house hospitality is to leave the guests entirely alone except for a few well-understood obligations, such as punctuality at dinner. Every facility is provided for a variety of amusements, such as shooting, fishing, golf, or tennis, and the guest may avail himself of them or not just as he pleases and without the annoyance of special invitations. The number of obligations with which the visitor is expected to comply is reduced to the extreme minimum, and this seems to be the best way to make him feel at home, always provided that his enjoyment is really a matter of consideration to host and hostess.

The ear has been unaccountably neglected in the reconstruction of the female form divine, but this omission is to be rectified if we may trust current reports from Paris. Of what avail is it to model all other parts of the body if an unsightly ear is allowed to deface the proportions of the main structure.

There are two ways of rectifying the mistakes of clumsy nature in the matter of the ear. We can boldly attack the offending organ itself or we can produce the desired effect by modifying its environment. The woman with a long ear, for instance, can do wonders by a judicious arrangement of the hair so as to hide its upper exuberance. But such mild

measures seem to lack the courage that distinguishes the modern toilet.

The coloring of the ear should be attended to at once. Nature has made a sad mess here, and we have red, white, and yellow ears at every turn. They don't match the complexion, and as we know exactly where the complexion comes from, we may have resource to the same aids. But remember always that the lobes should be of a bright pink and the shell of the ear should fade away into a faint rose. It is surprising what a touch of pink on the lobe will do in the way of rejuvenation. But be careful! Paint may be cheap, but it should not be wasted.

Do it in this way: First pinch the lobe firmly and even painfully. Then rub in some cold cream and wait until the agony has abated. Now apply the rouge and note how it brings out the color of the face. The color of the face should, of course, be previously determined upon.

Sometimes the ears protrude, and nothing can be more unsightly. In this case a night-cap should be worn with small pads so arranged as to press the ears firmly against the head while sleeping. A few weeks will suffice.

Earrings, if worn at all, should be made the subject of prayerful attention. The suspended ring should be avoided by women with long ears, who will find that those screwed on the lobe are much more becoming. Avoid diamonds, because they compete with the eyes. Mme. Bernhardt says: "Wear pearls and sapphires, but the diamond never. The woman who wears a diamond in her ears will take the lustre out of her eyes." If the ears are ugly—and a brother or even a husband may be trusted for a frank opinion—do not wear rings at all or anything else that will make the ear conspicuous. Rubies give an appearance of size, turquoises produce a blue or thin appearance, but pearls were obviously created by nature for the adornment of the female ear. Women with classic features—and once more the brother or the husband may be invoked for a verdict—can safely wear large and even barbaric ear rings, but such jewels when misplaced are far worse than no jewels at all. Ears, like noses, that are too red are very difficult to treat. Diet will do a great deal—in fact, all that can be done.

When the beautiful ear has been obtained it should be taken care of and protected alike from sun and wind. Veils should be red or brown.

It may be, and of course it is, a perfectly proper sentiment that Miss Elkins would be better advised to marry an American, although if that young lady has set her mind upon marrying the Duke of the Abruzzi it is fairly certain that she will do so. But to speak of the duke as an improvident and idle young nobleman is merely absurd and shows an ignorance of the facts. He is only thirty-five, but he has already made a record of industry of which most men would be proud. He is a captain in the Italian navy, which by itself implies a somewhat strenuous life, while it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that he is the most successful explorer of the present day. At eighteen he traveled around the world. He was the first to ascend Mount Elias in Alaska, in 1897. Two years later he made his great voyage to the Arctic in the *Stella Polare* and reached a point twenty miles nearer to the Pole than Nansen had done, while two years ago he accompanied an expedition to Africa, visiting Leganda and ascending Rumenzori, the chief mountain of a range in equatorial Africa, between Lakes Albert Edward and Albert Nyanza. It would seem that a demand that the prince "go to work" is a little superfluous, unless working is considered to be inseparable from money-making. And with money the duke seems to be very well supplied as things go nowadays in Italy.

The curious legal point has just been made in one of the London county courts that a wife's dresses are not necessarily her own absolute property, but that they may only be given to her by her husband for her lifetime. The question came up in an action arising out of a seizure under an execution of dresses supplied to a Chelsea woman by a firm of dressmakers. The husband contended that the seizure was illegal, as he gave his wife the money to buy the dresses, and they were accordingly his property. The judge said that it had been laid down by the late Lord St. Helier when he was Sir Francis Jeune, president of the divorce court, that if a man presented his wife with articles of jewelry or clothing for use only during his lifetime and only to be used as what was legally termed "paraphernalia," such articles did not become the wife's absolute property.

It seems that the legal position is this: the term paraphernalia includes all wearing apparel and ornaments suitable to the wife's station in life which are given to her only to be worn as ornaments of the person only, but the term does not include family jewels or gifts from strangers. A wife can not dispose of paraphernalia in the lifetime of her husband, nor can she dispose of them by will. The husband, even during his wife's lifetime, may sell or give her paraphernalia to strangers, and paraphernalia are also liable for the husband's debts. It would be dis-

tinctly annoying to a wife to have her dresses seized at the instance of, say, the husband's cigar merchant, but that is how the English law stands today. The case recalls another decision given not long ago, that money saved by a wife out of her housekeeping allowance becomes the property of the husband, he having given it to her for a specific purpose and that purpose not having been fully carried out.

It was the Empress Josephine, says the Springfield *Republican*, who introduced the lace handkerchief because her teeth were not what they would have been had she lived in this generation of dentists. Whenever she laughed she would put her handkerchief to her lips and so set the style. In the present

day the handkerchief is as little in evidence as possible, and even a small corner of it is not allowed to protrude beyond the edge of the jacket pocket.

There are few decorations for women in Europe, the most ancient order coming from the Austrian throne. It is the decoration of the Star and Crucifix, and is given to women of high rank. Another is the Luise, founded in memory of the beautiful Queen of Prussia, whom Napoleon insulted. This order is given to all classes of women who commit any great self-sacrifice.

Jennie—She puts lots of feeling in her singing, doesn't she? James—Yes, but it must be awful to feel that way.—*The Tailor.*

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STORYETTES.
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Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend Alphonse. "Will you be my witness?" he cried. "Going to fight?" "No; going to get married." Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't you apologize?"

One day when Nicholas Longworth was leaving Washington for Cincinnati, Joe Cannon said to him: "Well, good-bye. I suppose the citizens will be out in force to meet you?" "I'm—I'm afraid they will," replied Nick, tremblingly.

It was an awfully old joke, but the American thought it might cause his English friend to generate a smile. "Just before I sailed for Liverpool," said the American, "I dreamed that I was dead, and the heat woke me up." "So?" rejoined the Englishman, seriously. "The weather must be beastly hot in America."

Rube Waddell, the baseball star, at a banquet in his honor in St. Louis, said of pitching: "The secret of winning pitching is trickery. I once knew a Nicetown drummer named Horton who would have made a fine pitcher. I found Horton one day writing in a red book. 'A diary' said I. 'I didn't know you kept a diary, Horton.' 'It is only a fake one,' he replied. 'I make out in it that I lead the life of a saint. Then I leave it lying around for my wife to read.'"

Uncle Wash, an aged colored man who is given to seeing visions, was recently regaling a group of brethren and sisters in the church with a dream of heaven that he had had the night before. As he was graphically describing its gold-paved streets, its gates of pearl, and the hosts of white-robed, fair-haired angels playing upon jeweled harps, an old woman interrupted with the query: "See any niggahs dah?" "Huh," he snorted indignantly, "does you 'spose I went 'round to de kitchen?"

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, at a dinner in Cincinnati, told a quaint story about a precocious boy. "They are very precocious, indeed," she said, "those little chaps from Eton or Rugby, with their round, sober faces and their quiet air. A very pretty American girl was talking one evening in London to one of these urchins. 'And have you got a sweetheart yet, Tommy?' she said, playfully. 'No,' said Tommy; 'still, I'm game enough for a bit of spooning, if that's what you're after.'"

John D. Rockefeller, conversing amiably with a reporter, drove home a remark on inefficiency with a golf story. "There was a man," he said, "who had no success at golf at all. The more he played, it seemed, the poorer he became. One day his work was particularly bad. 'Dear, dear,' he said to his caddy, as he looked ruefully at a deep hole in the turf that he had just made with his iron; 'dear, dear, there can't be worse players than myself.' 'Well,' said the caddy, reflectively, 'maybe there's worse players, but they don't play.'"

George W. Coleman, sociologist, discussed, during the recent sociological conference at Sagamore Beach, tips and tipping. "I have a friend," Mr. Coleman said, "who belongs to an anti-tipping association. My friend, in obeying the rules of his society has many quaint experiences. He went traveling in the West in the spring. He dined one night in a fashionable Western restaurant, and after paying his bill he gathered up the change that had been brought upon a silver plate and dropped it into his waistcoat pocket. As he rose to depart the waiter said in a low, appealing voice: 'Surely, you won't forget me, sir?' 'No, no,' said my friend; 'I'll write to you.'"

James T. Powers tells of a musical comedy fighting its way through bad business on tour during the financial crisis last fall. Things were so bad that the company, said Mr. Powers, left each town without paying the company's hotel bill, and from each town took with them the landlord—induced to follow the company's fortunes in the hope that prosperity would bring payment of the money due. To make matters as pleasant as possible, the manager put all the landlords in the chorus, but one day, at the end of a month or two, when he discovered that they were all basses, he sent a telegram to his advance manager: "Please arrange for us to stop at a tenor hotel next town."

An erratic Memphis editor was a great admirer of John Sharp Williams, though he had never seen him. This editor, in blind faith, printed column after column in praise of the "gentleman from Yazoo." There was not an edition that didn't have something exalting Williams, and one day "John Sharp," on his way home from Washington, dropped off at Memphis to get something to eat in the railroad restaurant. It was early in the morning, and the editor was eating at the same place, after a night of work. The proprietor called the congressman's attention to the editor. "John," said the restaurant manager, "that fellow over there has been saying some

pretty nice things about you." "I'd like to meet him," said Williams. So the editor was brought over and introduced. He rubbed his hand across his face wearily several times, and said: "Williams? Williams? What? The congressman?" "Yes," modestly assented that gentleman, "the same." "You're not John Sharp Williams?" "There's no question about my identity," hroke in the somewhat exasperated Williams, rather testily. "Well, all I can say is," muttered the editor, as he shook hands with the statesman, "you're a dam sight brighter than you look."

At a recent dinner a Washington lady happened to be taken in by Thomas Nelson Page, and remarked to him effusively, "Oh, Mr. Page, I am reading one of your delightful books and was so interested in it this afternoon that my maid had to call me three times to remind me that it was time to dress for dinner." "Indeed," replied Mr. Page affably, "which one of my books was it?" "Well, er—really it is very stupid of me, but I can't recall the title," responded the lady. "Perhaps," suggested the man of letters, smiling, "it was 'Henry Esmond.'" The lady puckered her brow in the effort to recollect, then observed sweetly, "It may have been that one, Mr. Page, although the name you mention doesn't sound exactly like it."

The late Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Melanesia was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defense. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section of New Zealand owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough, in one of the back streets of Auckland, if he was the "bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then," struck his lordship in the face. "My friend," said the bishop, "my Bible teaches me that if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn him the other," and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and, taking off his coat and hat, he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.

THE MERRY MUSE.
 The Model Secretary.
 Among our other trials
 When Taft puts on the robe
 We'll miss those firm denials
 From patient William Loch.
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fountain of Youth.
 In foaming stein his face he sinks,
 And finds restored his youth, he thinks;
 He feels himself less full of years,
 The fuller he becomes of beers.
 —Puck.

Inconsequent.
 I sometimes think it hardly fair
 That I am here while you are there,
 Still I am perfectly aware
 You might come here or I go there.

And I would just as soon be there,
 Or here; or have you here or there.
 So I suppose I scarcely care;
 In fact, it's neither here nor there.
 —Canadian Magazine.

Alliterative Absurdities.
 If you caught a captious curate killing kippers for the cook
 In the cloisters with a club yeapt a cleek,
 Would you say he was as wily
 As a cunning crocodile
 Catching cockles with a corkscrew in a creek?
 If you beheld a battleboat bombarding Biscay Bay
 While the big guns bellowed bold from brazen throat,
 Would you say it was as funny
 As a bouncing blue-backed hunny
 Blowing bubbles with a bobby in a boat?
 If you saw a driveling dreamer drowning ducklings in a ditch,
 And deducting data dry as dust to see,
 Would you say that this death dealer
 Was of ducks and drakes a stealer,
 Or of Darwin's dead ideas a devotee?
 —Vanity Fair.

Senator Charles A. Culberson is undoubtedly one of the most silent Texans that the State ever produced. A fellow-Texan, in speaking of the senator's career, admitted that this, however, was nothing against him. "He's just conservative," he added, "like his old daddy. During the war Culberson, Sr., was colonel of a regiment. He was a practical old gentleman, and took his command into the canebrake in northern Louisiana, and somehow kept it there. Nobody seemed to be able to dislodge him. He stayed there, too, until the war was over, and the regiment that went out at the beginning of hostilities, 900 strong, Colonel Culberson brought home 1600 strong. 'Think I was going to take my boys out where they would get butchered?' said he to his townsmen. 'Four of them wandered away to New Orleans and actually got shot!'"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The past fortnight has been marked by the number of luncheon parties given both for debutantes and for the older maids and matrons. The debutantes are verifying the prophecy made early in the season that they would be more extensively entertained than any group of buds for many seasons past, and they are now endeavoring to solve the problem of how to live without time to rest, without wholesome food, with only half the required amount of sleep, and facing the necessity of looking cheerful and well-groomed and talking nonsense all the time.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olga Herman, daughter of Mr. Rudolph Herman, to Captain Clarence Connor, U. S. A. Their wedding will take place in the near future, and after their honeymoon Captain Connor and his bride will sail for Manila.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Helen Margaret de Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, to Mr. George Toland Cameron, which will take place on Monday, November 30, at high noon, at the home of the bride, 1919 California Street, Archbishop Riordan officiating. Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin (Miss Constance de Young) will be the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Alice Hager, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Edith Simpson, and Miss Lucie King. Miss Phyllis de Young and Miss Dorothy Deane will be the flower girls. Mr. Wellington Gregg, Jr., will be the best man, and the ushers, Mr. James Cameron, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Cyril Tobin, and Mr. Joseph Oliver Tobin. Only the more intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Constance Marie de Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, to Mr. Joseph Oliver Tobin took place on Wednesday last at St. Mary's Cathedral. The ceremony was celebrated at noon by Archbishop Riordan. Miss Helen de Young was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Genevieve Harvey, and Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt. Mr. Cyril Tobin was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Edward Tohin, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. George Cameron, Mr. Baldwin Wood, and Mr. Patrick Rice. Several hundred guests were present at the ceremony, but only the more intimate friends were at the breakfast which followed at the home of the bride's parents on California Street.

The wedding of Miss Louise Stone, daughter of Mr. George Stone, to Mr. Lathrop McDowell Ellinwood took place on Monday evening of last week at the home of the bride on Cherry Street, the Rev. Frederick Clampett being the officiating clergyman. There were no attendants of either bride or groom, and only the members of the two families and a few intimate friends were present.

The wedding of Miss Alice Genevieve Sallee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Martin Sallee of White House, Shasta County, to Mr. Veranus Ellinwood took place on Tuesday evening of last week at the St. Francis Hotel, the Rev. Frederick Clampett being the officiating clergyman. Mrs. Robert Greer (formerly Miss Charlotte Ellinwood) was the matron of honor and Mr. Harry Sallee was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ellinwood have left for a honeymoon trip of several months' duration in Europe.

Miss Augusta Gibbs Foute will be the hostess at an informal dance on Tuesday evening, December 1, at the Hillcrest, in honor of Miss Innes Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will entertain at a dinner on Tuesday evening next before the Hopkins ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sylvester Simpson will entertain at a tea today (Saturday) at

their home on Duboce Avenue in honor of their daughter, Miss Fernanda Pratt. Assisting in receiving will be Mrs. George B. Sperry, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Russell Cool, Mrs. C. W. Hornick, Miss Laura McKistry, Miss Mary Ashe Miller, Miss Grace Hammond, Miss Florence Hammond, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Marcia Fee, and Miss Elizabeth Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin will entertain at a dinner at the Martin home on Broadway on Monday evening next.

Mrs. William L. Ashe will entertain at a luncheon on Saturday of next week in honor of Miss Anna Weller.

Miss Mabel Gregory will entertain at a luncheon on Tuesday next at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Margaret Stow of Santa Barbara.

Miss Edna Davis and Miss Sydney Davis will entertain at a bridge party on Wednesday next at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe entertained at a large ball on Tuesday evening last at the Fairmont, in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Katharine Donohoe.

The first Friday Night Dance of the season took place on Friday evening of last week at Century Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Mrs. George Ashton.

Mr. George Cameron was the host at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Constance de Young and Mr. Joseph Oliver Tobin. Those present besides the guests of honor were Miss Helen de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Edith Simpson, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, and Mr. Theriot.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue before the Friday Evening Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained at a dinner on Monday of last week in honor of Mr. Charles Rollo Peters.

Miss Elizabeth Simpson was the hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Hillcrest, she and her guests going on afterwards to the Friday Evening Dance.

Mrs. William Bahcock was the hostess at a luncheon at her home in San Rafael on Thursday of last week.

Miss Florence Breckinridge was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Clara Allen and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick. The guests were Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. George Kelham, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Orville Pratt, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Francis McComas, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, and Miss Mary Keeney.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of her debutante sister, Miss Alice Oge. Her guests were Mrs. Henry Roosevelt, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Edith Berry, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Emily Du Bois, Miss Elizabeth Simpson, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Maud Wilson, and Miss Lolita Burling.

Miss Elena Robinson was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Elizabeth Woods. Her guests were

Miss Woods, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Miss Fernanda Pratt was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday last at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Grace Hammond. Those present were Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Miss Florence Hammond, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Gertrude Ballard, and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Miss Molly Dutton was the hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday of last week, at which she entertained about twenty-five guests.

Mrs. Emma Butler was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon of last week at her home on Broadway.

Miss Erna St. Goar entertained at a bridge party today (Saturday) at her home on California Street in honor of her guest, Miss Katharine McRae.

Miss Genevieve King entertained at a tea on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Orville Pratt.

Miss Alyce Sullivan was the hostess at a tea on Thursday of last week in honor of her cousin, Miss Ashleigh Turner.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Phebe Hearst and her guest, Miss Panchita Sepulveda, have returned to Mrs. Hearst's country place at Pleasanton, after a brief stay in this city.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun returned this week from the East, where she has been since the middle of the summer.

Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan, Vicomtesse de Tristan (formerly Miss Josephine de Guigne), and Miss Marie Christine de Guigne sailed recently from Europe for America, and are expected to reach California early next month to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, who have been in Europe during the summer, are at the St. Regis in New York for a stay of a few weeks before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. William B. Bourn left last week for New York, where she will spend the winter months.

Mrs. A. M. Easton and Miss Jennie Crocker will leave early in December for a visit to New York.

Mrs. T. B. Dibblee of Santa Barbara arrived here recently for a stay, and has been a guest at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page and Miss Leslie Page have closed their country home in San Rafael for the winter and are domiciled in the Castle house on Pacific Avenue, near Pierce Street, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs have closed their Burlingame home for the winter months and are at 2217 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Winn, who have been visiting in the East for some weeks, are expected home tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe have closed their Menlo Park home and are at Broadway and Fillmore Street for the winter.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith has sailed for Honolulu for a stay of some weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham.

Miss Mary Josselyn has returned from a month's stay in Colorado as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown (Miss Ruth McNutt).

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have closed their country place at Menlo Park and have taken a house on Vallejo Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas spent the week-end at Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have been the guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mrs. William C. Peyton is spending a few weeks in Southern California.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and Mrs. Worthington Ames have returned from a stay of several months in Europe and New York. Mrs. Preston is a guest at the Fairmont and Mr. and Mrs. Ames have a house on Clay Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Windham Carley of San Anselmo will stay at the Granada Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt have arrived from their home in Chicago and are guests at the Fairmont for several weeks' stay.

Mr. Reginald Fernald of Santa Barbara was in town last week for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Forman are spending a few weeks at the Granada prior to taking up their permanent home in Goldfield, Nevada.

The artists thus far engaged for the series of concerts by the St. Francis Musical Art Society in the new ballroom of the hotel include Mme. Nordica, Mme. Gadski, David Bispham, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Mischa Elman.

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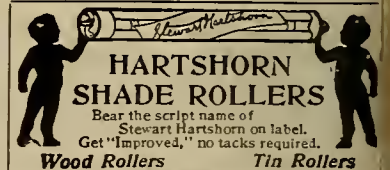
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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., chief surgeon of the Department of California and commanding officer of the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been appointed surgeon-general of the army to succeed Surgeon-General R. M. O'Reilly, U. S. A., who is to retire January 14, 1909.

Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Abercrombie, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Buford* on Monday last from the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reuben B. Turner, U. S. A., formerly major, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., whose promotion dates from October 28, has been assigned to the Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.

Major L. C. Magill, U. S. M. C., arrived this week on the transport *Buford* from the Philippines.

Major Meriwether L. Walker, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered upon his arrival in San Francisco to proceed to take station at Memphis, Tennessee, to relieve Captain Gustave R. Lukesh, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., of all duties in his temporary charge, together with the money, property, and records connected therewith, and to report by letter to Colonel William H. Bixby, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., president of the Mississippi River Commission, for duty in charge of the First and Second Districts, Mississippi River Improvement.

Major George E. Pickett, paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, at such time as may be designated, for examination by that board.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, commissary, U. S. A., purchasing commissary at San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Jersey City, New Jersey, for consultation with the authorities of the Safety Car Heating and Lighting Company in that city with a view to perfecting the construction of a Pintsch gas cooker devised by Major Krauthoff for the use of troops when traveling. On the completion of the duty Major Krauthoff will return to his proper station.

Captain Wade L. Jolly, U. S. M. C., arrived on the transport *Buford* on Monday last from the Asiatic station.

First Lieutenant Edward M. Shinkle, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. (captain ordnance department), has been ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Marsh, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board at San Francisco, on January 11, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Captain Edward T. Donnelly, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., arrived this week from Washington, having been ordered here for duty as escort for the Chinese delegation.

Captain Frank L. Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A. (lieutenant-colonel and military secretary to the lieutenant-general), has been ordered to report to Colonel Robert H. R. Loughborough, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Captain Richard P. Rifenberick, Jr., Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to join his regiment.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the chief commissary of the Department of California for duty as his assistant with station in this city.

Captain Lawrence B. Simonds, commissary, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippine Division, to take effect about February 15, and will then proceed to San Francisco and report in person to the purchasing commissary in this city for duty as an assistant in his office.

Lieutenant Frank K. Ross, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty at the Presidio of San Francisco, pending the departure of the transport on December 5, when he will sail for Manila.

First Lieutenant Willis G. Peace, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., First Lieutenant Guy E. Carleton (captain, ordnance department), Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and First Lieutenant Arthur H. Bryant, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., are ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel William C. Rafferty, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Monroe, Virginia, at such time as may be designated, for examination to determine their fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant Felix W. Motlow, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted one month's leave of absence on account of sickness.

Lieutenant George R. Koehler, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, pending the departure of the transport leaving this port on December 5 for Manila.

Lieutenant James A. Merritt, Fourteenth

Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty at Fort Mason, pending the sailing of the transport on December 5, when he will leave for Manila.

Lieutenant William J. McCaughey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States, and will proceed to join his regiment at the Presidio of Monterey.

Lieutenant Alexander W. Cleary, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, pending the departure of the transport leaving this port on December 5 for Manila, and upon his arrival in the Philippines will report to the commanding general, Philippines Division.

At the Hotels.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Argonaut include: Mr. and Mrs. John Somerville and the Misses Somerville, Alberta; Mr. J. W. Maloney and family, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Birch, Chicago; Mr. Frank W. Patch, Mr. C. H. Chase, Framingham, Mass.; Mr. George H. Chase, Los Angeles; Mr. W. C. Stewart, New York; Mr. Robert McCahe, Boston.

The following are among recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis: Mr. Oscar Wormser, New York; Mrs. Thomas B. Dibblee and Miss Inez L. Dibblee, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander de Brettville; Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michel; Miss Rose Stahl; Mr. T. Tanaka, Mr. T. Inagawa, Mr. K. Niotobara, Mr. M. Kawashima, Mr. M. Ishiwata, Japan; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulford Robinson.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mrs. Daisy Tingberg, Miss Carrie Pinkerton, Mr. Humboldt Gates, Mr. D. E. Hayes, Mrs. R. Greenfield, Miss Frances Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Torrey, Mr. L. D. Torrey, Mr. E. G. Jurgensen, Mr. W. A. Leonard, Miss H. Doherty.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Del Monte are: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chancellor, Mr. E. P. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Miss Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Holeman, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. D. Ellinwood, Mr. John H. Walker, Mr. A. F. Bridge, Mr. A. S. Holman, Mr. F. W. Thompson, Dr. William Woorsough.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"They say that Cholly has lost his mind." "Is that so? Does he know it?"—*Boston Courier*.

Madge—What is the object of hazing in college? *Marjorie*—I guess it's to teach the boys brutality for use in the football games.—*Puck*.

Smith—I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. *Kjones*—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"He's an old newspaper man." "About how old?" "Well, he can remember when they only issued extras when something happened."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Green—I hear your wife is an authoress. Does she write for money? *Breen*—I never receive a letter from her that she writes for anything else.—*Taan Topics*.

"Yes, this room is dark, damp, and positively uninhabitable. It is supplied for your wife's mother, if she has one." "She has. I'll take the flat."—*Boston Traveler*.

Mrs. Smythe—I wonder why the judge deferred the sentence until tomorrow? *Mrs. Whyte*—Oh, I suppose he wanted to talk the case over with his wife.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Why is the Hon. Thomas Rott so pessimistic of late?" "He has a hone felon on his index finger, and it is very painful for him to point with pride."—*Puck*.

Tom—Belle is a strange girl. She doesn't know the names of some of her best friends. *Maud*—That's nothing. Why, I don't even know what my own will be a year from now.—*Boston Transcript*.

Employer—Why were you discharged from your last place? *Applicant*—For good behavior. *Employer*—What do you mean by that? *Applicant*—They took three months off my sentence.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Man will eventually go by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific in two days." "I once did it in five hours and then kicked about the slow time." "Where, pray, did this happen?" "In Panama."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"We find the prisoner not guilty by reason of insanity." "But the plea was not that of insanity," remarked the court. "That's just the point we made," rejoined the foreman. "We decided that any man who didn't have

sense enough to know that an insanity plea was the proper caper must be crazy."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

He (at the opera)—Just going out for a little fresh air, my dear. *She*—A slight draught, you mean, I suppose.—*Punch*.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. *Professor*—I am an ornithologist, madam. *Earnest Female*—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?—*Boston Transcript*.

"On what ground," asked the lawyer, "does your wife want a divorce? Incompatibility?" "Something of that sort, I reckon," answered the man. "My income isn't compatible with her ideas of comfort."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Yes," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I have succeeded in life, and by the hardest kind of work." "You don't look as if you had much personal experience with hard work." "Of course not. I hired it done."—*Washington Star*.

Rampus—Yes. I'm willing to admit that football is a good game for those who play, but most of the students take no part in it. *Campns*—Well, we've got to have somebody to root for us, haven't we?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Hardup—I'll never go to that restaurant again. The last time I was there a man got my overcoat, and left his in its place. *Welloff*—But the proprietor wasn't to blame, was he? *Hardup*—No; but I might meet the other man!—*Stray Stories*.

Sam Sparks—Oh, yo' aint de only seed in de sunflowah. Der's lots oh uddeh gals dat hah called me "Sugah" hefo' Ah eheh heahd oh yo'. *Belinda Sparks*—Well, man, if dey call yo' "Sugah" dey sholy must hah meant loaf sugah.—*Chicago News*.

"I notice that a leading actress telephoned that her automobile was broken down and she couldn't attend a meeting of her creditors." "Wasn't that sweet of her! Going to all that trouble for a lot of fussy old creditors."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"George," spoke his better half, "you are interested in the temperance movements, are you not?" "Why, certainly I am," he answered. "Well, suppose you go out and make a few of them with the pump handle. I am in need of a pail of water right away."—*Bohemian*.

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S. S. Chiyo Maru.....Saturday, Jan. 30, 1909

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The New Congress.

Regarded superficially, the Sixty-First Congress, which will come into responsible existence on the 4th of March next, will be a duplication of the Sixtieth Congress. The membership in both branches will largely be identical, and it seems an assurance that there will be no change in the Speakership of the House. But under close scrutiny many changes may be discovered. The presiding officer of the Senate, the new Vice-President, is a man of very different character and type from Vice-President Fairbanks. Mr. Sherman is a "mixer," an organizer, and a parliamentarian of both experience and talent. He has long been one of the most highly effective members of the House, especially noted for his capability at all points of legislative practice. He is a natural legislator and a born partisan. That he will be satisfied merely to sit as a neutral spectator of senatorial doings is hardly thinkable. He will make a good presiding officer beyond a doubt and, likewise beyond a doubt, he will have an influence in senatorial councils not common to Vice-Presidents. Among other things Mr. Sherman is a worker, and he is credited with mar-

velous skill in getting work out of others; and it is freely predicted that in the presiding chair of the Senate he will be, to an extent almost unprecedented, a masterful and directing force. It is suggested that he may even be able to cure the Senate of its inveterate dilatoriness, its unwillingness to take its duties seriously, its bad habits of neglect and postponement of important work.

The personal changes in the Senate are not unimportant. Mr. Allison is to be succeeded by Governor Cummins, this being the most notable change. Allison has for years been the most expert legislator in the Senate, and although Cummins, viewed broadly, is a very much abler man, it will be impossible for him to fall into the unique position held by his predecessor. The retirement of Mr. Allison leaves Senator Hale of Maine in the place of greatest prominence on the score of long service combined with personal industry. He is slated for the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations, which has long been the vantage ground from which Senator Allison has carried forward his manifold legislative activities. The retirement of Senator Fulton of Oregon is a distinct loss to the Senate in its working powers, due to the fact that Fulton is a very capable and ready lawyer and at the same time familiar with legislative practice. Ever since the retirement of Senator Edmunds in 1891 the Senate has been weak in this respect. Mr. Spooner held rank for several years as the foremost lawyer of the Senate, and Senator Fulton, since the retirement of Mr. Spooner, has been tip-toeing up to this position with the prospect of soon attaining it by general recognition and universal consent. Fulton has not been identified with any particular department of legislation, but he has grown into a vastly useful man partly through his legal attainments, partly through his willingness to work, and largely through his personal character.

None of the other changes in the Senate are regarded as very significant. Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas, who replaces Senator Long, is, perhaps, next to Cummins of Iowa, the most important among the new men. Like Cummins, he is an aggressive progressionist, and it is prophesied that these new, able, and enthusiastic senators will probably "flock together" in a general campaign looking to the revitalizing of the Senate at many points. Certain it is that with Sherman in the chair and with Cummins and Bristow on the floor of the Senate, there will be in the period to come new and striking factors in the senatorial organization.

General conditions as related to the House of Representatives point to the reelection of Speaker Cannon, but at the same time to a marked curtailment of his autocratic powers. Cannon has ruled with the support of a Committee on Rules appointed by himself and made up of men both competent and willing to sustain him in the fullest measure of his purposes. The changes of the year have carried out of the House not only a goodly number, but the most effective of his supporters. At the same time they have somewhat reduced the Republican majority. Some indication of the revolt in prospect against the Speaker is afforded by the fact that it is proposed to relieve him from membership of the Rules Committee and by increasing the membership of that committee from five to seven, nine, or even fifteen, to be designated by election on the part of the House itself. Another plan is to so increase the membership of the Committee on Rules as to afford representation for every State and Territory.

In the new Congress the Speaker, while strong enough for reelection, will be relatively lacking at the point of personal support. Representative Sherman of New York, the Speaker's chief aid and prop, will go over to the other wing of the Capitol as Vice-President on March 4. Mr. Watson of Indiana, another firm supporter of the Speaker, declined renom-

ination to run for the governorship of his State, only to be beaten. Representative Overstreet, also of Indiana and a strong supporter of Mr. Cannon, failed of reelection. Another important man lost in the Indiana disaster was Mr. Landis, who, though not of the inner circle of Mr. Cannon's friendship, always lined up with him in every crisis. Another loss is that of Representative Jenkins of Wisconsin, who was defeated for reelection; and a still greater loss is that of Hepburn of Iowa, who likewise went down to defeat.

In view of these many changes, Mr. Cannon will come into the speakership next March shorn of many elements of his power. He will lack friends and agents for some of the greater chairmanships and he will be without that defensive organization which has stood him in such good stead time and time again within the past five years. The situation is one in which a few hostile Republicans, by joining with the minority, might subject the Speaker to infinite embarrassments. Mr. Cannon will be compelled in common discretion to modify his tone, for he will not have the power to wield the rod of iron with which, if the truth be told, he has been somewhat too ready and too severe in recent years.

How these various changes, actual and possible, in the two houses of Congress may affect Mr. Taft's tariff proposals, remains to be seen. Every argument of political expediency calls for prompt action. A protracted discussion with any suggestions of wrangling over the tariff questions will plunge the country into dull times and give the new administration a bad start. Mr. Taft knows this, Mr. Roosevelt knows it, likewise the Republican members of Congress know it. In a quiet way plans are making for an expeditious handling of the tariff proposals.

Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania, who ought to know as much about this matter as any one man, declared last week, after a visit to the White House, that a tariff bill would pass the House of Representatives within ten days after the reorganization, that is, by March 14. How long it will take the Senate to act, nobody has yet ventured to guess.

Divine Right Pegs Out.

The Emperor of Germany has been forced to admit that there are human limitations to those divine powers which have long supported the Hohenzollern throne. Divine right, for all its high and mighty pretensions, has been forced to knock under at the behest of the popular will. The incident, while apparently a simple one, is very far from being unimportant, since it comes practically as the climax of a conflict which began in the thirteenth century. Today, if we eliminate the Turk and other unspeakables who have no share in civilization as the Western races understand it, there is nobody left to sustain the outworn and rejected theory of divine right. William of Hohenzollern was the last to assert it, and in the face of recent events it would be ridiculous for him further to assert it. One who must apologize, recant, and promise to moderate his ways, is hardly so placed as to sustain a theory of divine right.

The surrender on the part of William of Hohenzollern comes as an effect of his own extravagances and indiscretions. The faults of his character have been the allies of those who have denied his pretensions; they have fought the fight of freedom in Germany more effectually than have the friends of freedom themselves. For, if William were a prudent man, if his course were consistently controlled by a sense of responsibility and propriety, there would have come no crisis, there would have been no occasion for the complete backdown into which his own follies have forced him. It is by no means the first time in history that the props and agents of privilege have unwittingly made themselves the instruments needed for the destruction of their own hopes and plans.

It was high time for the Hohenzollerns to abandon

the fiction, at once stupid and arrogant, of divine right. It was high time that the theory of government in Germany should conform to the theory of government in other parts of the world. Everybody, from the emperor down to the humblest citizen of common intelligence, has known that government among men—in Germany as elsewhere—in the last analysis can have but one sanction. Everybody has known the theory of divine right to be a mere arrogant tradition, a pretense, and a humbug, cherished in the spirit of fraud and to no practical or worthy purpose. And since it has long been in the category of illogical, outworn, and discredited things, it was time for it to go by the board.

Henceforth William of Hohenzollern will rule not as one divinely authorized, one whose powers, drawn direct from God, are subject to no limitation, but as a constitutional sovereign. His powers will nominally rest where they have really rested all along, namely, upon the political necessities and upon the consent of the German peoples. The system will be no weaker for being washed of a mediæval tradition; on the other hand, it will be stronger for resting upon a basis of common sense and honesty and in conformity with modern standards as recognized and approved among civilized men.

Mr. Bryan's Plans.

The single crumb of comfort for Mr. Bryan in the result of the national election is in the political attitude of the State of Nebraska. Nebraska not only gave Mr. Bryan her electoral vote, but the general circumstances of the election were such as to assure him unquestioned mastery of the political affairs of the State. Nor is the situation an empty one, for even this early Mr. Bryan has made up his mind as to what he wants to do. He will ask the Nebraska legislature to enact a primary law patterned after the Oregon law and he will then do what Governor Chamberlain has done in Oregon. He will get himself declared the "people's choice" for the senatorship and will force the Legislature, whether it be Democratic or Republican, to make him a Senator.

Mr. Bryan would undoubtedly add distinction to the United States Senate, but it is hardly conceivable that he will do that body any other service. In his brief congressional service he did not exhibit large legislative powers. In truth, the only thing he did in Congress important enough to be remembered was to utter his famous "cross of gold" figure, which, repeated later at Chicago, gave him a presidential nomination. He has never in his life done anything in the way of consecutive or constructive work. As a senatorial committeeman it is inconceivable that he would be painstaking or diligent; as an expounder of principles it is too much to expect that he would be sound and persistent.

The truth about Mr. Bryan is just this, namely, he is a speech-maker, an agitator, and nothing else. He has brilliant and showy qualities, but he has nothing of that individual power which marks the strong man in public life or out of it. For his own welfare he would better stick to the one trade in which his success is assured. Under political responsibilities, in the Senate, or in any other relationship calling for sound and steady policies, he is certain to fail.

Let This "Issue" Rest.

In the report from Washington that the President has gotten "new light" upon the labor question we have a disingenuous confession that the "light" which he had last June when he told the convention at Chicago what it should do was not quite what it might have been. In one respect the President's newest position resembles that of a half-year back, namely, he is cocksure now as he was cocksure then. This is one of the advantages of mental and moral infallibility.

We are told that the President, having gotten and completely digested his "new understanding" with respect to the labor problem over a White House dinner, is now formulating a "policy" for the Republican party and will set it forth in the form of a special message to Congress shortly after the session begins. He will, it is said, define the course which should be adopted towards organized labor and urge it upon Congress with his "usual energy." From this we infer that he will propose a set of radical innovations upon the Constitution and laws and denounce every man in and out of Congress who refuses to approve and support them as a malefactor, an undesirable citizen, a miscreant, a coward, a slanderer, and a perjurer, or possibly by a shorter and uglier name.

We hope the President will think better of it and leave the labor question to Mr. Taft. In spite of the

President's efforts last June to force upon his party Mr. Gompers's programme of special privilege to organized labor, the labor question—if indeed there now be such a question—has gotten itself into very good shape. The Republican party stands committed against the demands of organized labor for such a system of special privilege as would give it the monopoly of all labor. This much has been achieved through the brave stand taken by the delegates to the Chicago convention. The position in which the party stands today is the true one, logically and morally. It measures up squarely with the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, with our National Constitution, and with the statutory laws of the land. It is in harmony with universal equity and with common sense. Furthermore, it has shown its strength as an "issue" before the people, as the election of Mr. Taft, Speaker Cannon, and others abundantly and conspicuously proves.

The President will do himself credit by allowing this particular sleeping dog to lie. The only possible effect of meddling on his part at this time will surely be to stir up new trouble, to stimulate the sinister activities of those professional agitators who lead or assume to lead labor, to make trouble for his party, for his successor, and for the country. Let us hope that the President may find some other means of blowing off steam during the few months he is to remain in office, that he will leave the "labor question" in the excellent shape in which it now rests, thanks to the firm stand of a Republican convention for those principles which have come down to us from our fathers. Thanks, also, to the common sense and independent character of the individual American workman.

Elihu Root and the Senatorship.

It seems a practical certainty that Secretary Root will succeed to the New York senatorship vice Mr. Platt, who retires on the 4th of March. Curiously enough, this consummation comes in spite of the disinclination of Mr. Root to undertake the work of the Senate; likewise in spite of the fact that Mr. Root is not a popular favorite in New York State. If he could have his own way Mr. Root would rather do other things than go to the Senate, and if the people of New York were to consult their own likes and preferences there are perhaps a dozen men they would rather favor than Mr. Root.

But New York has been viciously or ineffectively represented in the Senate for a long course of years. In spite of her social and commercial preminence in the sisterhood of States, New York has been without weight in the Senate. The little State of Maine, the far Western State of Iowa, even the little State of Connecticut—any of these has had during the past dozen or more years infinitely more power in the Senate than New York. New York has failed to hold her proper rank for the simple and manifest reason that she has failed to send to the Senate men of ability or respect. This fact is thoroughly understood in New York, and it is universally regarded not only as an injury, but as a reproach.

Mr. Root, although not a popular figure, is universally esteemed a man of high character and of preeminent talent. Even those who think least of him in a personal way are ready to admit the fact that for sheer ability in the line of public affairs he outranks all others in New York. By friends and critics alike it is admitted that with Mr. Root in the Senate New York will enjoy a prestige and an influence in the legislative councils of the government in some reasonable conformity with her general standing among the States.

Mr. Root's familiarity with affairs at Washington has impressed him with the importance of better representation for New York. He knows even better than anybody else that in the Senate he could do for his State what no other man could possibly do. He is willing, therefore, as a citizen of New York and under a sense of duty to the State, to abandon plans of life previously formed and to give himself up to the laborious duties of senatorial service. The sacrifice on Mr. Root's part is considerable. He is not young and he is not rich. His earning powers as a lawyer are now very great. He could go home to New York after his Cabinet duties are done and within a brief time greatly expand his personal fortunes. He has had to choose between a selfish interest and a public interest, and he has chosen the latter.

The Senate is, and has been for some years, the weakest factor in our government, due chiefly to the conditions and motives under which it has been recruited. It has been filled up with old men selected

for experience and success in other fields of achievement, or by young men as the result of political intrigue. To a very considerable extent the common reproach is true, namely, that men have been sent to the Senate because of their complacency of character and their willingness to serve private or corporate interests. These practices have given us a Senate by no means representative of the character, talent, and political purpose of the country. Nor has it given us a Senate competent in working ability. One-half of the members of the Senate hardly work at all. They are at Washington rather to enjoy the privileges and dissipations of official life than to do the work of the Senate.

Some day here in California we will come to the mental attitude illustrated in the tender of the New York senatorship to Mr. Root. We will come to the point where we shall demand the service of the best equipped and best qualified men in the State without reference to whimsical motives of personal liking and preference. Speed the day!

Tom Johnson on Himself.

Following close upon the practical break-down of Tom Johnson's scheme of municipally managed street railroads in the city of Cleveland, comes the announcement that Mr. Johnson's own fortune, which has been presumed to be very large, has been dissipated and lost. It is explained that this result has come about partly through Johnson's neglect of his own interests, but chiefly through sacrifices made by him in behalf of a brother who left an estate involved in traction enterprises.

Johnson's character—and we may well believe the cause of his failures—is curiously betrayed in his own announcement of his financial reverses. The story as he tells it is a long one, evidently reported for the Associated Press in the friendliest spirit, and is touched in every paragraph by the spirit of heroics. The low music is continuous from start to finish. Once, "and only once," when he told modestly of coming to the support of "dear brother Al's children," did his "lip quiver." He told how he and his family would move out of the big house on Euclid Avenue and into a "simple cottage," how he would sell his automobiles and "ride to work in the street cars." He said that he had been poor before and would not find it hard to be poor again, that "love and faith and hope" and all the rest of it "still survived." He did not, he said, ever intend to work again for "mere wealth"; he should stay right in Cleveland and continue to "fight privilege and special interest," incidentally doing what he could for "dear Al's children" at long range.

His enemies, he goes on to say, are planning to bring further financial trouble upon him. He has been expecting it; one should expect nothing else, he said, from special privilege. However, let them take what they may, let them reduce Tom Johnson to the direst poverty, and still they will find "a thousand fights" left in him. "I will," he said, "never give up. I am well and strong and confident and they will always find me at the front. If I had been a coward, if I had run away from this fight for the people of Cleveland, I could have saved my fortune and built it up. But I had chosen my course; I had no mind to alter it and I have no mind to alter it now."

Then follows a more or less philosophical discourse upon the folly of money making, with incidental reference to past exploits in Wall Street. "I bought and sold with E. H. Harriman and I suppose I could go and do it again." Mr. Johnson proceeds to declare that he hasn't been laboring for the people in the hope of reward or gratitude, but just for the pleasure of doing a work that he likes and of "keeping in the fight." Then the story concludes with the statement that Mr. Johnson will again be a candidate for mayor, etc., etc., etc.

Self-consciousness, a colossal vanity, personal self-complacency, inordinate ambition—these qualities mark and characterize the statement from beginning to end. Mr. Johnson appears much like a "mourner" at a religious revival; he enjoys talking about his own misfortunes and losses just as the sensationally converted sinner loves to tell about his past wickednesses. Affecting humility and unselfishness, he nevertheless boasts of his dealings with the distinguished and the great of the financial world and to compliment himself upon his ability to do it again. He is not only ready, but anxious, to turn the whole incident to political account, to continue in spite of his personal and public failures to pose as a leader and guide of the people. In brief, Mr. Tom Johnson in the hour of his failure furnishes

indisputable proof that he is nothing better than a cheap egotist, a bag of wind, a vulgar demagogue. That is what all wise men have suspected him of being all along.

The truly great men of the world are not of this sort. The men who do great things rarely have time to cherish the mood for self-complacent boasting. Their energies are concentrated not upon self, but the work under their hand. To be, as Cromwell aptly put it, "purged of self"—this is the first essential of intellectual and moral greatness.

Sober Second Thought.

The ten days or more which have elapsed since the assault upon Francis J. Heney in Judge Lawlor's court room have not been favorable in their general conditions to calm and just counsels. Neither the public mind nor the minds of those who may be styled participants in or close observers of the contentions connected with the graft cases have been disposed to reason or to judgment. It has been a period when emotion, passion, prepossession, suspicion, with all the other senses which are stirred to abnormal activity by tragic events, have ruled. The *Argonaut*, habited as it is to judicial methods of observation and judgment, can not feel assured that itself has wholly escaped the contagion of the hour, that it has seen comprehensively and fairly, that it has been able to dispose incidents in their just relations—in brief, that it has seen things precisely as they are. But at least the *Argonaut* has tried to look upon the procession of events with a judicial eye, to estimate the significance of things fairly, and to judge the conduct of individuals dispassionately and in that spirit of charity in which it would itself be judged.

The most patent fact in the situation as it presents itself ten days after the event is this, namely, that the assault upon Heney has been widely and mischievously misinterpreted. Abroad and even at home large numbers of people have been led to believe that Heney's assailant was the hired agent of a revengeful conspiracy; that Heney was the victim of attempted assassination at the hands of persons against whom he has proceeded criminally and of whom Morris Haas was a mere tool. There is no evidence, not even the suggestion of evidence, to support this theory. Every circumstance connected with the assault goes to demonstrate that Haas was a creature of infirm mental and moral make-up, unbalanced as a consequence of broodings upon the basis of real or imagined injury at the hands of Heney. Whatever in other respects may be the guilt or the misdoings of those against whom Mr. Heney and his associates have been proceeding in the graft cases, plainly they are not connected with the crime of Morris Haas.

If Mr. Heney's associates had been imbued with the spirit of fairness, of moralized large-mindedness, so to speak, they would not have been willing that an incident which plainly grew out of Mr. Heney's own dealings with a rejected juror should have been misinterpreted and misreported, to be made the basis of wide misconception. They should not have consented, even for the sake of winning support for their cause, to proceed upon the basis of a theory essentially and absolutely misleading; furthermore, a theory most discreditable in its reflections upon San Francisco. Detective Burns, partisan though he is and disposed though he is to suspicion through the tendencies of his trade, can not have been deceived to the extent of believing that the act of Haas was the outcome of a conspiracy or that it made Heney a martyr to the vengeance of the protagonists of the graft prosecution. Nor can Mr. Phelan or Mr. Spreckels have been deceived as to the causes and motives of this assault. It is not to their credit, therefore, that they have allowed the conspiracy theory to go uncontradicted, by their consent and silence, to have participated in a widespread scheme of public deception.

When Morris Haas, immediately after his assault upon Heney, was taken into custody he was searched by two officers of police and by Detective Burns. Official responsibility for the fact that a pistol secreted upon his person was overlooked in the search rests, of course, upon the officer of police in charge of that procedure, but in a moral sense Mr. Burns is as much responsible as anybody. Captain Duke ought to have found Haas's pistol; likewise Mr. Burns ought to have found it. The attempt to connect Chief Biggy with this incident to his discredit is simply a piece of presumptuous dishonesty. It proceeds from a spirit

of resentment due to the fact that Biggy has not joined with Burns in misinterpreting Haas's crime as that of a hired assassin acting for an organized conspiracy. Biggy having the fullest information, having kept his head, having from the beginning seen the whole incident in its true and plain significance, spoke his mind about it. Burns, seeking to turn the incident to the advantage of the prosecution, would have had Biggy second his own unwarranted theory; and now he aims, through such influences as he may set in motion, to dismiss Biggy from his place as a matter of private revenge.

The *Argonaut* is no admirer of Biggy. It has criticised him at various times during the past two years for his subserviency to the graft prosecution. It has regarded him as lacking not in personal honesty, but in character and resolution. It censured his appointment as chief of police and has resented his complaisance in permitting men nominally under his authority to be used as spies and agents of the prosecutors. But whatever censure of Mr. Biggy may be legitimate on the score of other things, he most surely is not to be blamed for not yielding to the suggestions of Mr. Burns and joining in a cooked-up theory of the Heney assault for the sake of helping Burns to deceive the public and thereby enlist the forces of popular moral resentment in behalf of Burns's employers.

We hear suggestions that the mayor, acting upon the advice of the graft prosecutors, may dismiss Biggy from his place as chief of police by way of punishment for his failure to "stand in" with Burns. Now the *Argonaut* cares nothing about Biggy; by his subserviency to the prosecution in times past he has lost standing and respect; he deserves no sympathy. At the same time we hope that the mayor will not permit himself to be made the instrument of private vengeance—this for his own sake and for the credit of a government which, though often stupidly mistaken, is at bottom, we think, entirely honest.

Public sentiment, to have real value, must be genuine in its quality and founded upon the truth. How little this principle is understood in certain quarters is illustrated by the circumstances under which a series of public meetings have been held in San Francisco and elsewhere during the past ten days with reference to the Heney-Haas incident. Uniformly at these meetings it has been represented that Haas's assault upon Heney was a direct consequence of Heney's activities against certain persons accused of crime. In not one instance, so far as we can learn, has there been a fair and honest statement of the facts. The speeches made and the resolutions adopted have all been founded in prejudice and misinformation. The meetings, in truth, have largely been promoted upon calculations of partisan advantage for the graft prosecution. To what lengths the scheme of promotion and direction has proceeded may be inferred from an incident reported from San Jose. After the San Jose meeting had assembled there was handed to its chairman a telegraphic message from Mr. Spreckels to a friend in San Jose, directing that Congressman Hayes was not to be permitted to have part in the proceedings. Any comment upon this incident would be superfluous. But, if this was the method at San Jose, if it was for Mr. Spreckels to say who should and who should not have part, this question suggests itself, namely, how much value have the "resolutions" of these meetings, regarded as expressions of public opinion?

As the Heney-Haas incident falls into perspective, as it is seen that Heney's injuries were in truth relatively slight, as the public mind grows calmer and as returning judgment asserts itself, it is discovered that no vital change in the situation has been wrought by the tragic event of ten days ago. What was right before is right now; what was wrong before is wrong now; white has not been turned to black, nor has black been turned to white. Nor has there been any change in the motives or purposes of anybody vitally connected with the matters at issue. Practically the situation stands where it stood on the morning of the 13th instant. Judgment must ultimately be rendered not upon the basis of a mood of excitement and horror, but upon the basis of facts and law.

In a sense the prosecution is the gainer for the assault upon Heney because public sympathy was instantly crystallized in behalf of a man presumed to have been struck down by the hand of malice in the exercise of a public duty. Whether justified or mis-

taken, the sentiment which turned toward the prosecution was a moral sentiment, prompted by moral presumptions and given by people of moral ideas and aspirations. Whether Mr. Heney and his associates are to retain this support will depend wholly upon themselves. We have seen already in the progress of the graft movement how moral support falls away from those who fail at the point of moral courses. The graft prosecution would never have lost the support of public opinion as it did if it had continuously deserved to be well thought of. The restored standing which it has gained through a tragic incident will not last if the agents of the prosecution shall fail to carry themselves in a straightforward and honest line. No more now than before will the public give its support to questionable measures and procedures. Already criticism may be heard on the part of discerning persons of the course of Detective Burns and Mr. Phelan in seeking to enforce the theory of a conspiracy in connection with the assault upon Heney. Likewise criticism is heard of Mr. Spreckels for attempting to dictate the procedure of meetings called for the expression of public sentiment relative to the assault upon Heney. Multitudes, jealous of the moral repute of San Francisco abroad, are censuring the prosecutors for insisting upon the plainly mistaken theory that the would-be murderer of Heney acted not upon his own disordered initiative, but as the agent of a group of plotting assassins. Something will be excused on the score of excitement and partisan spirit, but this plea will not sustain the prosecutors in a persistent course of misinterpretation of plain events and of defamation of San Francisco.

Much will depend upon Mr. Heney. He is now practically recovered; indeed, his physicians have declared that he might have left the hospital if he so desired within five days after the assault. He is sufficiently restored to health to be able to receive visitors, to talk freely about his business affairs, and with his own hand to write messages to those who have given him sympathy. If, upon his complete restoration, Mr. Heney shall pursue a straightforward, moderate, and restrained course, he may retain some measure, at least, of the revived good will which his recent experience has brought him. But if he shall return to the methods of the past two years, with repetition of the courses which before lost him the support of the public, the new support and new strength will fall from him as did the old.

As for the work immediately in hand, Mr. Heney would far better leave it to those who have taken it up. Messrs. Johnson, Sullivan, and Dwyer will probably succeed in convicting Abraham Ruef. Whatever discredit, legally and otherwise, there was in the making of the immunity contract and later in the breaking of it does not attach to them. Putting aside all questions of legal capability, their position with reference to this case is more fortunate and more favorable than that of Mr. Heney, and they would better be allowed to carry the case to its end.

The admission of strangers to the House of Commons has always been regarded in modern times as a sort of English popular right, and the Suffragists have effected as yet nothing so important as their exclusion. It is, up to date, the chief fruit of their agitation. The liberty of outside attendance at debates of the House of Commons was very slowly achieved. No strangers listened to debates during the seventeenth century, and the only record of the great Civil War discussions was made by a member of Parliament, Sir Simon D'Ewes, who sat with a little board slung to his neck, and on the board an ink-pot and pieces of paper. Those precious pieces of paper, thickly annotated, are still preserved in the British Museum. During the early eighteenth century the House of Commons was more than ever hidden from the nation, and it was behind that veil of secrecy that there grew up the vast system of corruption controlled by Sir Robert Walpole. The House of Commons, as Macaulay remarks, had escaped from the control of the king and not yet fallen under the control of the public.

The Earl of Rosebery, who is a descendant of the Viscountess Primrose, has presented to the City of Edinburgh the ancient, historic, and quaintly built Lady Stair's House, to be used for a municipal museum. When Lady Primrose became a widow, Lord Stair forced her to marry him by the same bold strategy that made him a field marshal. Slipping into her house, he showed himself in déshabille at her bedroom windows. All Edinburgh rang with the scandal, and to end it Lady Primrose became the Countess of Stair. The house is situated in the Lawnmarket, once very fashionable, but now corresponding to our East Broadway. It has been completely restored by Lord Rosebery, and its curious inner stairway and oddly shaped rooms are intact.

SOME POLITICAL ECHOES.

Mr. Root occupies the enviable position of a man who is seriously needed in more than one of the departments of our public life. As a rule it is the man that demands the place rather than the place that demands the man, but in this instance we find something like a competition in pursuit of a statesman whose abilities have raised him shoulders high above the crowd.

Shall Mr. Root continue as Secretary of State or shall he be chosen as the senator from New York in place of Mr. Platt? Mr. Root's personal predilections do not enter into the matter at all, as he has already proved their subordination to the public interest. But which way does the public interest lie? This is the point that is now being discussed with some vigor.

Mr. Root's success in the Department of State has been very marked. The foreign relations of the country have never before been handled with such insight, nor has our diplomatic status abroad ever been higher. But it is pointed out with some plausibility that it will no longer be so imperative that a man of unique capacity should occupy the chair of the Secretary of State. Mr. Taft will himself be able to keep a watchful and experienced eye upon foreign affairs, whereas Mr. Root in the Senate would find no parallel in that body for intellect or grasp of public affairs.

The *New York World* says that New York politicians are perfectly willing to accept Mr. Root as successor to Senator Platt if it can be so arranged as to obliterate all traces of coercion and influence on the part of President Roosevelt. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Woodruff holds the key to the situation. He has a devoted following and a stubborn candidacy would provoke a contest destructive to party harmony. If he steps aside, there will be no other aspirant than Root. Writing on November 11, the *World* said:

These propositions today constituted the basis on which the election of Secretary Root as senator were considered piecemeal. Different phraseology was utilized in submitting them in turn to each of the interested parties who visited President Roosevelt under the guise of social guests. There was no conference en masse. Each man, when his time came, was taken off in a corner and the words of wisdom whispered in his ear by the President, Secretary Loch, or National Committeeman Ward.

It is President Roosevelt's conviction that if he can get Woodruff out of the way the *New York* legislature will accept Root and the whole matter can be settled without a contest.

It was impressed upon Woodruff that if he will not get out of the senatorial race there will be a wild scramble, which may dash the fine opportunities the Republican organization is supposed to have of gaining control of Greater New York at the next municipal election.

Woodruff would admit nothing, but one of his friends, one of those before-mentioned, said that he is a very reasonable man and is inclined to give due weight to the representation that unless he gets out of the way for Secretary Root there will be trouble, not for him, of course, but for the party.

The diplomacy at Washington is of course of the devious kind that denies facts en bloc. If we may accept the official assurances, we must believe that the question of the *New York* senatorship has not been mentioned at the White House and that the guests from New York who visited the President confined their deliberations to the weather and foothall.

The *Springfield Republican*, while admitting Mr. Root's abilities, seems to think that it would be better to leave well enough alone:

But Mr. Root is being pushed for the Senate. That body, it is urged, needs another Republican constitutional lawyer of the first rank, now that Mr. Spooner is gone and Mr. Foraker is soon to retire. In the capacity of consulting counsel for the Senate, Mr. Root would possess eminent qualifications, yet it is almost too much to expect that, beginning at the age of 64, he could hope to win a great reputation as a senator. Even great constitutional lawyers have to enter that body ordinarily somewhat younger than Mr. Root would to gain real eminence there. The late William M. Everts of New York entered the Senate, in 1885, at the age of 67. He was the leader of the American bar and had served a term, like Mr. Root, as Secretary of State. Mr. Everts's term in the Senate added almost nothing to his permanent fame. He was never quite at home there, and his influence upon legislation proved much less than had been anticipated. If Mr. Root were to consult the Everts precedent, he would see that a distinguished constitutional lawyer and an experienced foreign minister may enter the Senate late in life to little real purpose.

We are, of course, hearing the old story that Mr. Root's corporation associations render him undesirable as a senator. It is indeed strange that those who advance such an argument can do so with a straight face. Even the warmest advocate of senatorial purity need hardly fear that the immaculate whiteness of that august assembly would be soiled by the presence of Mr. Root as a successor to Mr. Platt.

Public opinion is already being aroused by the sittings of the House committee on tariff revision. Editorial views are still somewhat scanty, but we are hearing a good deal from trade organs and from districts whose special interests are, or may be, affected. Among those who argue along broad lines, the *Wall Street Journal* says that some truths are "self-evident":

1. A majority of the people of the United States desire a revision of the tariff. The platforms of both of the great parties contained pledges of tariff revision, and fully 14,000,000 citizens voted in support of these pledges.
2. A majority of the people are in favor of a revision of the tariff by the friends of the protective policy. The success of the Republican party is proof of this.
3. A majority of the people want tariff revision conducted along conservative lines and with as little disturbance to business as possible. The defeat of Bryan and the election of Taft are proof of this.
4. But the people want a revision the object of which shall be to remove useless and burdensome duties, and so far as possible, without damage to any legitimate industry, to reduce the cost of living.

A "revision upward" would therefore be a monstrosity.

The *Springfield Republican* is terse and caustic:

"There will be no hop, skip and jump revision of the tariff," insists Senator Beveridge. On the contrary, it will be something exceedingly conservative and sedate. We all know it.

The *Tribune* remarks that we have now an opportunity to take the tariff out of sectional politics:

A new tariff will have to be framed with a view not only to readjusting the protection given to home industry, but also to enlarging the scope of our foreign trade and equipping

this country to meet the discriminations and enjoy the concessions now so conspicuous a feature in international exchanges. In a word, the new tariff must be scientifically drawn, and with a view to subserving national rather than local and sectional interests. * * * There is a better chance now than ever to take the tariff out of politics—certainly out of sectional politics.

The *New York World* is skeptical. It may be that the millennium is ahead of us and that we may hope to keep within our incomes, but "there are shoals and quicksands in the way":

To take the tariff out of sectional politics and to take sectional politics out of the tariff would be a great achievement. We hope to see it accomplished. But those who have seen other tariffs made or marred may be pardoned for incredulity as to that result, when the "non-sectional" tariff is to be framed by Cannon, Payne, and Dalzell and vised by Aldrich, Hale, and Burrows; when the President-elect himself has said that the pottery impost of 25 and 55 per cent is probably too low; when the Oxnard cohorts are gathered in Washington to prove that 1 cent and 2 cents a pound on more than four thousand million pounds of imported sugar, costing the consumer somewhere near \$80,000,000 a year, is not sufficient; and when the "stand-pat" idea of maximum and minimum rates is to take the Dingley rates for the minimum and soar aloft for the maximum.

Perhaps the tariff millennium is ahead, and with it some hope of cheaper living; but there are shoals and quicksands in the way.

The *New York Commercial* believes that many material reductions are demanded by the people, and especially of those duties that allow the manufacturer to sell his goods at a lower price abroad than he gets at home. It cites the illustrating fact that American watches costing \$75 at home can be bought in other parts of the world for about \$42:

A leading line of inquiry prior to actual legislation will of necessity be directed at those conditions which enable American manufacturers in certain lines to maintain prices in the domestic markets here in the United States higher than they ask of foreign buyers—the very rankest kind of discrimination against the home consumer.

The *New York Journal of Commerce* is not hopeful of tariff revision so long as the "old stand-pat crowd" are upon deck:

That there will be a revision of the tariff that is a real reform and will materially moderate the policy of protection, can not be expected from the continued control of legislation by the party of high protection under the virtual domination of the old "stand-pat crowd." It is one of the unfortunate results of the Bryan candidacy and its overwhelming defeat that the Republican party is strengthened in its position, and the wholesome influence of a vital and vigorous opposition will be lacking. The only good that we can look for from the promised tariff revision of 1909 is a discussion that may be more enlightening and stimulating than any that we have had in the past, when the protected interests have practically shaped the schedules to suit themselves and paid for the privilege. That may give a new direction to agitation and lead to reform later on.

Mr. Hitchcock's card index added considerably to the gaiety of nations during the campaign, but there are some who are finding out that the card index is not quite such a joke as it seemed. Mr. Hitchcock is said to know to the last damning detail who didn't play fair with Mr. Taft and who did. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says that "already some of those who kept the soft pedal on when shouting for Taft during the campaign have come to town with boasts of their prowess and to discover whether they can claim something not already nailed down. They will probably be severely shocked when they make application to Mr. Taft for a share of the patronage to discover that they are catalogued among others whose claim to a share of the fruits of victory are to be disregarded." Continuing, the *Post* says:

The statesmen who wrote letters to President Roosevelt about Mr. Hitchcock's incompetence, or who went to Oyster Bay hearing tales of impending disaster, now have reason to shiver in their hoots. They are on the list. Some of them wanted money, and others place and power, and when they were refused they tore away to Oyster Bay with the tale of their troubles. It seems reasonable to suppose that Mr. Hitchcock will have a large share in assisting Mr. Taft in determining who shall be rewarded among the party workers, and whose claims for services rendered shall be disallowed. It does not seem within the bounds of the probable that men who hampered Mr. Hitchcock, or, while pretending to carry out his programme, secretly worked against him, will be given much consideration.

Among those who are not upon the blacklist is John Hays Hammond, and a good many of his Washington friends think that he would make an ideal Secretary of Commerce and Labor. The *Post* says it seems queer that none of the prophets and soothsayers have put him on the list of probabilities. But some of them have.

Azerbaijan, into which Britain and Russia are prepared, if necessary, to carry the sword of peace, is the home of the descendants of the Ghebers, the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia. The whole countryside is admirably adapted to the propagation of a fire-worshipping creed, for earthquakes and caverns vomiting fumes from subterranean conflagrations abound in the neighborhood of Tabriz. One of the most remarkable caverns in the world is that of Secunderah, whose character resembles the Grotto del Cane of Naples. It gives off noxious fumes, which at certain times are certain death to man and beast. But the most astonishing place in Azerbaijan is the ruined city of Takht-i-Suleimann, or Solomon's Temple. The city stands on a hill 150 feet high, with a wall of thirty feet embracing the crumbling remains of temple and shrine. In the midst is a lake. Although most of the buildings are of the Mohammedan period, there is one striking mass which has been identified as the temple of the fire-worshippers.

The expression, "Painting the town red," has been traced to "The Divine Comedy." Dante, led by Virgil, comes to the cavernous depths of the place swept by a mighty wind where those are confined who have been the prey of their passions. Two faces arise from the mist—the faces of Francesca and Paolo. "Who are ye?" cries Dante in alarm; and Francesca replies sadly, "We are those who have painted the world red with our sins."

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Only one President of the United States has ever entered the White House without the electoral vote of his own State. That was James K. Polk.

Governor Hughes reported expenditures amounting to \$369 during the recent campaign, and observers economically inclined, who have studied the election returns, believe he might have saved the money.

John W. Kern is opposed in his candidacy for the Indiana senatorship by Thomas Taggart, of former Democratic campaigns notoriety. The Indiana legislature is Democratic by twelve majority in joint ballot.

Early returns of the election in Georgia showed that John Temple Graves, a favorite son of the State, had received eighty-five votes for the vice-presidency on the Hisgen ticket. A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

In a letter received by Chief Justice Kent, President Roosevelt writes that he will urge in his message to Congress separate statehood for Arizona and New Mexico and will assist Governor Kibbey in preparing and urging the enabling act.

National Chairman Frank Hitchcock says of the Republican campaign fund that it was smaller in its aggregate than any similar fund since the record of such funds has been kept, and that it was collected from every State in the Union.

J. N. Larned, the librarian and historian, criticises his home city of Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "A city that can vote down a governor of the quality and the record of Charles E. Hughes by 5500 majority is in terrible need of more effective moral and political education than it seems to have got hitherto."

George S. Terry has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York City, as successor to Hamilton Fish, resigned. Throughout the presidential campaign Mr. Terry acted as assistant to Treasurer George R. Sheldon at the Republican national headquarters and had almost complete control of the business side of the fight.

S. N. D. North, director of the federal census, congratulated Mr. Sherman, his old friend, in a dispatch containing these phrases: "What a joy it is that the next Vice-President of the United States will be the best parliamentarian who has sat in the presiding officer's chair of the Senate since the days of Colfax; that he is a son of old Hamilton, and that is you."

The Rev. French E. Oliver, a Kansas revivalist of more than local fame, has issued an open letter to W. J. Bryan urging the Nebraskan to become an evangelist, and predicting that Mr. Bryan would become the equal of the Apostle Paul. Mr. Oliver writes: "I am firmly convinced that one ambassador of Christ of your calibre is worth more to this nation than ten thousand Presidents."

Major Edward A. Meerns of the army medical corps, stationed at Fort Totten, N. Y., who will accompany President Roosevelt on his African hunting trip, recently was before an examining board at Washington for promotion, but failed. In consequence he will be retired in January with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This will leave him free to go with the President.

Chauncey Depew is not altogether silent concerning the choosing of a successor to his colleague, Senator Platt. "Several gentlemen," he said, "seem to be spending most of their time telling the President who are to be the ambassadors accredited to New York without consulting the present Senators or the man who will be the next Senator. If they are not telling the President they are down at Hot Springs telling the President-elect, when he is not playing golf. I do not need to name these gentlemen. You know who they are. They seem to forget that we have a legislature of 201 men who can't be driven, hoodwinked, or bulldozed."

The temporary roll call of the House of Representatives for the Sixty-first Congress has been completed and published. It presents a complete list of members of the new House as shown by unofficial returns, and gives the politics of all of them. According to this publication, the next House will consist of 219 Republicans and 172 Democrats, a total of 391, as against a total of 389 in the House during the last session, of whom 223 were Republicans and 166 Democrats. The result is a net loss of four from the Republican side and a net gain of six on the Democratic side, the discrepancy being due to present vacancies. All told, the Democrats gain 17 districts and the Republicans 12.

Senator Foraker has made public a letter written to him at his request by Virgil P. Kline of Cleveland, who employed him to look after the interests of the Standard Oil Company in connection with suits brought against that company by the State of Ohio. The truth of Mr. Kline's statements is vouched for by H. F. Elliott of the Standard Oil Company, who was familiar with all the circumstances attending Mr. Foraker's employment. Not for seven years, says Mr. Kline, has Mr. Foraker been employed by the Standard Oil Company in any capacity. Mr. Kline's statement, together with Mr. Foraker's emphatic denial that his relations with the oil company conflicted in the slightest with the performance of his public duties, may go far toward rehabilitating his political fortunes, but it seems unlikely that he will succeed himself as Senator.

MANHATTAN'S OPERATIC RIVALRY.

Opening of the Metropolitan Opera House Season with "Aida"—Hammerstein a Week Earlier with "Tosca."

The Metropolitan Opera House reopened its doors last evening for the beginning of the twenty-fourth season of opera—the twenty-sixth year since the house was built and dedicated to the uses of the lyric drama. There was great enthusiasm, and the performance was of exceptional splendor. The opera chosen for the opening of the new season under the new directors, Messrs. Gatti-Casazza and Dippel, was "Aida," performed under the direction of the new conductor, Arturo Toscanini. He, as well as several of the new singers of the company, made their first appearance before a New York audience, headed by Mme. Emmy Destinn.

As to the performance, it does not much matter what it is, the first night. It is taken as a whole and not analyzed to death. It is the grand ensemble that takes immediate effect on the audience, and nothing more gorgeous in the way of scenic effect, of choral massing, grouping, processions of color schemes and contrasts, nothing more voluminous in the way of vocal outpourings and of stage music, has been seen. The new management strained every nerve and put forward all its resources, apparently, to outdo all that had ever been done before. This prevailing spirit seemed to influence every member of the cast. Caruso, who reappeared in the part of Rhadames, sang with more power, with more insistent dwelling on the highest tones, with more prodigal expenditure of resources, than ever before. Even Mme. Homer put forth her rich, luscious tones to the limit of their capacity.

Mme. Destinn, the new dramatic soprano from Berlin, and who is to have so large a part in the responsibilities of the season, was the Aida. She has a voice of great power and beauty, flexible and wholly subservient to her intentions. She, too, was fired with the same spirit and let the audience hear the utmost sonorities of which she was capable. It was a magnificent performance and had a thrilling effect upon the audience, keyed up, as it was, in anticipation. There was a special greeting for Mr. Toscanini and an outburst of applause for Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Dippel when they appeared with the others.

The audience was brilliant, but with scarcely a vivid note of color to be seen. Nearly all the gowns were white or in pale shades; some blacks, but no glaring things. The gowns were unusually handsome, but the display of jewels was not as great as at former premieres. Very few tiaras were seen, especially among the younger women. Among the tiara wearers were Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. Robert Golet, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Gould, and Mrs. Perry Belmont. Last winter, for the first time in many years, the presence of Mrs. Astor, whose entrance just a little after the close of the first act had been one of the events of the evening, was wanting, and the fact of her recent death was accentuated. The Wilsons were absent, and Mrs. Vanderbilt being abroad and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt being in mourning, made considerable change in the famous "golden horseshoe." But there were no vacant boxes. Captain Philip and Mrs. Lydig have taken the Astor box for Monday nights. With them last night were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould had with them in their box Mr. James B. Clews and his fiancée, Mrs. Oscar Livingston, who are to be married within a few days, and their débutante daughter, Miss Marjorie Gould.

It would be impossible to describe many of the gowns. All were superb. Mrs. Clarence Mackay wore cloth of silver, with corsage and flowing sleeves of silver lace; her gems were pearls and diamonds. Mrs. Lydig was sumptuous in an empire robe of black velvet with top of corsage and sleeves of Venetian point, and a plastron of diamonds. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, white satin veiled in silver tulle, diamonds and pearls. Mrs. George Gould, pale blue satin princess, the bodice composed largely of point lace. She wore her famous pearls and diamond shoulder straps. Miss Marjorie Gould wore a simple Grecian gown of white crêpe bordered with dull silver. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth wore mauve satin, heavily embroidered in gold.

C. B. H.

NEW YORK, November 17, 1908.

From an earlier letter, by the *Argonaut's* regular correspondent, the following paragraphs are taken. The Manhattan Opera House opened its grand-opera season Monday evening, November 9, a week before the Metropolitan's first offering was presented:

Mr. Hammerstein's third season is on, and it began with a blaze of theatrical and society display. Puccini's "Tosca" was the opera chosen for the occasion, and with it came the début of Maria Labia, a new singer for the name-part. Maria Labia is a handsome, though rather massive, young woman with a good voice and considerable art, though it must be admitted that she does not eclipse Cavalieri in the passionate yet tender rôle of Sardou's heroine, transported to the operatic stage. She was greatly admired in this part in Berlin, according to all accounts, and even though she created no furor at the Manhattan, she fully justified the astute manager's choice of operas and star for the opening performance. Maurice Renaud was the Scarpia, and he succeeded admirably in a new rôle for him here. He is one of the baritones who is secure in his artistic rank, and it is a high one. Zanatello, the Cavaradossi, is also new to the Manhattan. Campanini conducted,

with an augmented orchestra which performed very well.

There was little evidence that a rival opera house, and that for years the shrine of society devotion, was soon to offer no less attractive a company and accessories. The boxes were filled. Indeed, every seat had been sold days before, and the subscription this year is greater than ever known.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Tower of Belus.

I am the tower of Belus—the tower of Belus, I!
Under the rifling lines of the gloaming's tremulous sky.
Under the shiting signs of the ages circling by,
I stand in the might of the mighty—the tower of Belus, I!
Who are these at my feet, like pigmies scorched in the sun?
Who hute the petty hordes of a race that has just begun?
It matters little to me whether prince or Bedouin stand,
Or the lizard creep at my feet, or the jackal, up from the sand;

What does the time-hound traveler know of the dim hy-gone?
What can he tell of the glory that died with the world's bright dawn

More than the son of the desert? the slim, green, creeping things?
The night owl fast in his crevice? the hat with his ghostly wings?

Each in his own way imagines the past and the yet-to-be;
I am the tower of Belus: ages unnumbered are mine;
Mightier I than the gods who dreamed themselves divine!

Is this the grandest of rivers, that rolled like a king to the sea,
Crying, "I am the great Euphrates! Bring all your tithes unto me!"

How the ships with their treasured freight went down to their rocky head!
Are there phouls, insatiate still, with grinning mouths to be fed.

That you hurst your strong emhankments, ravaging meadows and fen,
Making drearier drear desolation, in scorn for the arts of men?

Ah, Babylonia, where—ah, where is thy fruitful plain?
Spreading, sea-like, into the ocean its hilly fields of grain?
Where now is the mighty city, secure with its brazen gates,
And walls on whose towering fastness the Assyrian warrior waits.

His milk-white steeds in war gear, his hlazoned flags unfurled,
Hurling, in grim defiance, his challenge out to the world?
Where are the teeming millions who wrought with their cunning skill

Sweet dreams of a fair ideal in forms that were fairer still?
Oh, Babylon's looms are silent; in silence dead are the plains;
And dead is the city and soldier; the tower alone remains.

I am the tower of Belus: I stand in the grasp of fate!
I and the Semitic princess: together we watch and wait—
She for her lover's coming, I for oblivion's knell—
Which with the greater longing, the heavens alone can tell.

Is there any joy in existence void of hopes or of fears,
In painless, slow dissolution through thousands of weary years?

Or rest for the ghost of the maiden, who alike in life and in death,
While years into centuries ripen, and centuries wane, keeps faith?

She counts not night nor morning, but each new moon to greet
She cometh with shadowy garments, whose subtle perfume sweet

From halms forever forgotten floats over the secret hed
Where her lover, impatient, is sleeping the sleep of the restless dead.

For had he not said: "Beloved, come at the mystical hour
When the young moon lightens with silver the shade of the mighty tower?"

Had he not sworn: "Though I perish! though Belus lie in the dust!"

And the trust of a loving woman is blind and unending trust.

Three hands were joined at their parting; three voices
Breathing love's breath:

The voice of the third was ghostly; its hand was the hand of death;
And the white stone goddess had shivered, while the glow of the sunset dyes

Had deepened in one broad blood-streak, and hlazed in the western skies;
But the maiden, unheeding the omen, hears only her lover's last oath,

Nor dreams that her life has been purchased with this—as he dieth for both.

The grave that is reeking with vengeance no tale of its mystery brings,
Gods! he was a Tyrian soldier: she, the daughter of kings!
And what hut death can he reckoned as price of unequal love?
And what hut the vow recorded by direful fates above
Could save the life of the maiden?—the vow that never again,
While the tower of mighty Belus o'er shadows the haunts of men

With its ancient and storied grandeur—ay, more! that never the while

One upright stone shall be standing alight with the young moon's smile.

Shall hody or ghost of the soldier under its shadows wait.
But death is longer than lifetime, and love is stronger than fate!

There were hope e'en yet for the tower, standing stark and alone.
Had the flames of an altar-fire e'er hurned in its heart of stone;
Had the depths of its adamant hosom e'er thrilled with a love or a hate

Stern destiny's grip must have slackened—slackened sooner or late.

I am the tower of Belus! Can the story be written "I was"?

Shall the tide of an ended existence flow back to the primal cause

Which sent it first into being, and records of ages sublime
In utter nothingness vanish, under the finger of Time?

Hist! a jar in the ragged brick-work! It totters, and now is still:

I can feel the sand slow trickling with a cold unearthly thrill:
Perchance hut a stone is falling—perchance it is death's last throe—

Aye! under the young moon's glitter I catch the roseate glow
Of the maiden's royal mantle; the clang of a mailed tread
Tells that the Past has canceled its debt which held the dead.
He cometh with step triumphant! He readeth the fateful sign!

The last grim arch is shattered which linked their fate with mine.

Ah, Fate! to the last relentless; thy vassal allegiance owns—
Go back to your cities, O stranger; write: "Belus, a heap of stones."

—Emma Huntington Nason.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

J. Pierpont Morgan belongs to thirty-five clubs, and his membership dues figure over \$7000 annually. August Belmont is a member of thirty-four, and Chauncey M. Depew belongs to thirty-two.

The Marquis of Stafford, who is in his twentieth year, is heir to the most extensive domain, if not the largest rent roll, enjoyed by any subject of King Edward. More than 1,000,000 acres in England and Scotland are under the lordship of his father.

Professor Frances Squire Potter, whose paper read before the Buffalo Convention for Equal Suffrage attracted much attention, is the mother of four children. Besides her work as professor of English at the University of Minnesota she finds time to do considerable writing. She has just completed her second novel, has written a successful play, and is frequently called upon to lecture on economic subjects.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala is in Paris with his wife, whom he first met in Madrid as a dancing girl. Anita Delgado was graceful and beautiful, and the maharajah lost no time in winning her regard. He took her to Paris to be trained for the position she was to occupy, and she developed into a handsome woman of dignity and presence. Later he carried her to his home in India and last winter made her his wife with Oriental ceremony.

Miss "Councillor" Dove has been chosen by a large majority to be lady mayor of the borough of High Wycombe, England, under the parliamentary act of 1907, which made the election of women councillors, aldermen, and mayors possible. She is the first woman mayor in the United Kingdom. Miss Dove is a college-bred woman, now teaching school, who has long taken an interest in the educational and political affairs of her native borough.

William Bayard Hale is the New York newspaper man who secured a personal interview with Emperor William at Berlin and sold the frank expressions of the monarch to the *Century Magazine*. The storm of criticism and acrimonious discussion aroused by an earlier statement from the Kaiser published in a London paper caused a hasty intervention to postpone the Hale interview. The New York papers, however, have given out what are said to be correct summaries of the interdicted report.

Miss Florence Haywood of Indianapolis has installed herself as a guide to the Louvre in Paris. She conducts through the galleries and museum parties which vary in number from sixteen to sixty, and which usually are made up of her compatriots. She is original, animated, learned, and critical, and lectures on the Louvre's artistic treasures to her patrons. She has written a book describing and explaining the pictures in the Louvre and dedicated it to Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the American Secretary of Agriculture, who is studying singing in the French capital.

Miss Violet Oakley is the only woman mural decorator of consequence and designer of pageants in America. Miss Oakley did the mural paintings of the new Pennsylvania State capitol at Harrisburg, one of the features of that work that met with absolute approval. More recently she designed the splendid pageant which was held in Philadelphia in October in celebration of the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Philadelphia. Nothing like this pageant has ever been held in this country before, and that it was such an entire artistic success is largely due to Miss Oakley.

Herbert Putnam, librarian of Congress, is mentioned as a possible successor to President Eliot of Harvard University. Mr. Putnam is a graduate of the Harvard class of '83. For four years, from 1902 to 1906, he was a member of the board of overseers of the university. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School and studied law also at Columbia. He practiced in Minnesota and later in Boston. He was librarian of the Minneapolis Athenæum from 1884 to 1887; of the Minneapolis Public Library from 1887 to 1891, and of the Boston Public Library from 1895 to 1899. He was president of the American Library Association in 1898 and 1904. He has published many articles on educational and bibliographical subjects.

Louis N. Parker, the enterprising literary American who was placed in charge of the recent lord mayor's show in London, turned what had come to be regarded as a sort of circus procession into an interesting pageant. Sir George Truscott was installed as the city's chief magistrate in succession to Sir Charles Bell, and in the parade to the Guildhall poets and musicians from Chaucer to Milton, and many of the most notable figures of those times, appeared costumed with historical accuracy. Shakespeare was accompanied by a picturesque entourage of characters from his plays. Chaucer was followed by a band of personages of his creating, and Spenser and Marlowe were attended in like manner. A striking feature was William Caxton on a float with a group of printers working an ancient printing press. These historical pageants will be continued progressively in future shows. The prime minister, Herbert H. Asquith, was the principal speaker at the Guildhall banquet which marked the inauguration of a new lord mayor, and brought to a close the celebration of the king's sixty-seventh birthday.

A SPURIOUS DIVORCE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XLI.

The sudden announcement of a suit for divorce, brought by Sophia Lucretia against General Salem, was the sensation of the city. The lady's pronounced belledom and the prominence of both parties fairly took "society's" breath away. Besides, no one had ever heard of any wedding. "Society" had long babbled of an intrigue believed to exist between the lady and her aged lover, but it had not been kind enough to suspect that they were married. And then the secrecy—why a secret marriage? This query baffled "society," for they were both of age, the general decidedly so. But this suit proved that a secret marriage had existed. Altogether these surprising announcements furnished food for gossip for many days to the ladies at the Oriental, the International, and the Golden Gate. All of them had known and most of them had disliked Sophia Lucretia.

The circle of male gossips no longer held forth at the Bank Exchange Saloon. In the course of years it had been transferred to the clubs. While the mention of women's names was as a rule tabooed there, it was generally admitted that such a divorce suit lifted the ban. Therefore conversation raged freely in the clubs upon the mooted topic, now that the court proceedings had begun. In the cocktail window, Yarrow and Brewer were discussing the case, about which the colonel professed to be fully informed.

"In the complaint," said he, "she declares there has been a secret marriage for several years. She also asserts that she possesses a certain marriage contract proving her to be his wife—that is, under our curious State rulings."

"Has she no other proof beside this alleged document?"

"Yes, she has many letters extending over a period of years addressed 'my dear wife.' These are annexed as exhibits to the complaint."

"The case is creating much excitement, colonel. The wealth of General Salem, her beauty, and her career as a belle have set people's tongues to wagging furiously."

"She is going to try and separate old Salem from some of his wealth," laughed Brewer. "She has brought suit for an absolute divorce on the ground of infidelity, and has asked for half of his fortune as community property."

"If she wins she will be a rich woman—people rate Salem at about fifteen millions. Wouldn't it be odd if she were to marry Tower if she gets a divorce? He has been devoted to her for years."

"Yes, and Burke was one of her slaves too for a time. But Tower settled him."

"And all the time these two men were her slaves she was secretly married to old Salem. Faugh!" cried Yarrow in disgust.

"She did play rather a lively string, for a fact. However, many people will be surprised to know that she was actually the wife of Salem."

"But what made her commit the false step—why did she marry him?"

Brewer laughed cynically. "You are severe on the old man," said he. "And on her too. But you're right—it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. By the way, the divorce case is on today—come with me, if you like, and I will get you into the court-room as a member of the bar."

Yarrow accepted with alacrity, and the two left the club for the court-house. As they made their way with difficulty into the court-room through the dense crowd, among the attorneys returning after the noon recess, Brewer, pointing to one, said:

"There's your friend Alden."

"So I see," returned Yarrow, without comment.

Brewer looked at him in some surprise. He did not know that while there was no quarrel between the two young men, they were not so intimate as they had been. Their glances met, and they bowed coolly.

"Alden has been retained as one of the junior counsel in this Salem suit," went on Brewer. "I wonder if he has heard of the counter-suit?"

"What is the counter-suit?"

"Salem has just brought suit in the Federal Court to have the marriage contract and the 'dear wife' letters brought into court, declared forgeries, and destroyed," said Brewer with much relish. He greatly enjoyed the effect which delay and dramatic utterance give to a bit of toothsome news.

"What effect will that have on the suit in the State court?"

"No direct effect. Salem is a citizen of another State, which is probably the ostensible reason alleged for bringing the new suit in the Federal Court. But the divorce suit, having been brought in the State court, will have to be pushed to a termination there."

"And will no conflict of jurisdiction arise between the two tribunals, colonel?"

"Not at once, although such questions will probably arise before matters are all threshed out."

"But how about Alden? If the matter gets into the Federal courts, can he continue to appear in the case while his uncle is on the bench of the highest Federal court in the district?"

"He could not with propriety remain connected with the case if the divorce suit gets into the Federal courts; but he can continue to act as counsel so long as it remains in a State tribunal with which his uncle has no connection."

"Then you do not think, colonel, that the divorce suit will get into the Federal court?"

"I do not see how it can directly do so, but the issues will be dragged there in some way."

"Then it will probably be tried before Fox, which will shut out Alden?"

The colonel paused impressively. It was evident to Yarrow that some further bit of news was about to be sprung.

"If the case gets before Fox," he said, "the matter of young Alden will be trivial compared to other complications. Have you heard whom Sophia Lucretia has retained for her chief counsel?"

"Verrill, is it not?"

"No—it is John Tower," replied Brewer, laconically.

Yarrow looked at him in surprise. "Tower!" he cried, "why, with Fox on the bench—" and he paused.

"With Fox on the bench, and with Tower as chief counsel for the respondent, there is bound to be trouble. Those two men hate each other like poison. They have been bitter haters for years. Mark my words, Yarrow, if this case gets into the Federal court somebody is going to get hurt."

The judge had not yet taken his seat on the bench, and around the crowded court room ran a buzz of gossiping tongues. The various phases of the celebrated case were breathlessly discussed. The most experienced gossips were puzzled by the curious veil of secrecy which had been cast over the relations of Sophia Lucretia and General Salem. Why had they kept their marriage secret? The general was certainly old enough to know his own mind. He was not a bachelor, young and tender, but an old and seasoned widower. If he wanted to marry Sophia Lucretia, there was no apparent reason why he should not do so. Neither was there any obvious reason why he should conceal the fact that they were married. Why, then, moaned the gossips, why all this mystery? Why, oh, why did they conceal their marriage? Yet to these inductive questions there came no answer to the gossips, even from "society's" most expert searchers of the human mind and heart. General Salem was absolutely invisible to all men, while Sophia Lucretia was surrounded ever by vigilant counsel who would not permit her to talk. Even the newspaper reporters could get no interviews, either in or out of court, and were forced to resort to their imaginations to fill their space.

Thus baffled—prevented from anything but speculation concerning the heart of the mystery—the gossips turned to other phases of the case. Would Sophia Lucretia get a divorce? If so, would she receive half of the general's enormous fortune as community property? If so, what figure would the Federal suit cut? If the State court issued a writ awarding her alimony, would the Federal court issue a writ setting aside the orders of the State court? And if so, how would the attorneys of Sophia Lucretia get out of this legal snarl?

Thus furiously wagged the tongues of the *élite*, with whom the court-room was crowded. And under their batteries of eyes, well up in front, surrounded by her galaxy of counsel, sat Sophia Lucretia. On the other side the defendant was conspicuously absent, but he was also represented by numerous prominent lawyers, for there were many legal stars on both sides. Her chief counsel was, as Brewer had said, Judge Tower. To offset Tower, the Salem side had engaged General Bell, a lawyer noted for his oratory, with something of a fire-eating reputation, as having been on the field of honor. In addition to these legal lights, both sides had a number of lesser attorneys for functions of a lesser order. The Salem side had, as a legal jackal for their dirty work, one McAdoo. To cope with him, the plaintiff's attorney had hired a brawling pettifogger of similar kidney, one Verrill. During the preliminaries of the encounter, these lesser lawyers kept up a continual snapping and yelping, while their superiors interrupted them every now and then with a deep-mouthed bay.

At his seat in the attorneys' precinct within the railing, Yarrow had an excellent place from which to see and hear. It was by special favor, for most of the attorneys knew he was not of them; but Yarrow was always favored. Within this favored precinct, too, he was in a position to hear choice morsels of legal gossip, differing from the scraps of scandal which were passed from lip to lip outside. Brewer, who had been conferring with a *confère* in an undertone, turned to Yarrow, and said:

"It is rumored that General Bell is going to spring a surprise on Tower's side this morning."

"What is it?"

"I am told that Bell has dug up a secret contract between Verrill, of Sophia Lucretia's counsel, and the handwriting expert, Gimble," whispered Brewer. "By the terms of this contract, Gimble, for a large sum of money, is going to swear to the genuineness of the alleged marriage contract."

"That seems an incredible procedure for so shrewd a shyster as Verrill."

"If you were a lawyer you wouldn't be surprised at anything any of 'em may do. When the required devilry is a little too raw—such as poisoning, or the panel-game—then big-wigs like Bell or Tower hire thugs like McAdoo and Verrill to do it for them. But it gets done, all the same. Ah, here's the judge—court is about to open."

Almost from the moment that the case of Sophia Lucretia Salem vs. Elisha Salem was called on the calendar, the gossips sat up with delighted looks. The packed audience followed with avidity the strange and at times revolting testimony. At once it became apparent that when Sophia Lucretia found her millionaire

admirer weakening in his loyalty, she had resorted to all sorts of queer practices to retain his love. Fortune-tellers, hypnotists, soothsayers, seeresses, crystal-gazers, palmists—such was the queer procession that filed one after another into the witness box.

Attending Sophia Lucretia was Mammy, her tried and confidential servant, and Mammy had a suite of aged negroes in her train. These ebony cronies had been called as witnesses by the Salem side, and their testimony showed how strongly a belief in African voodooism was imbedded in the mind even of a woman of education like Sophia Lucretia. According to the testimony, she had been a party to an elaborate system of espionage, by which all sorts of charms and love philtres had been administered to the millionaire without his knowledge. He had been ceaselessly shadowed; voodoo hags had been secreted in his apartments; Mephitic witches had doctored his sideboard; his decanters had been charged with love philtres; gross negro eyes had spied upon him in the most intimate recesses of his life. All of these unspeakable things were laid bare before the gloating crowd in the court-room. No wonder that poor old Salem stayed away. Were he to have heard the things that he had taken unconsciously in his drink he surely would have taken to his bed. Not all the ministrants of Mammy were black—some of them were whitey-brown, yellow, tan-colored, or white. Up from the under world crawled curious creatures into the witness-box—loathsome, blinking things like the beetles that scuttle from under a stone turned over in a field by the foot of a passer-by.

While the defense was still putting on the stand its endless stream of witnesses, Yarrow noticed that Alden had been called out of the court-room by a messenger. In a few minutes he returned, and whispering to his chieftain, General Bell, handed him a packet. This the senior counsel seized eagerly, and after a hasty glance, conferred in whispers with his associates. As the next witness was leaving the stand, Bell arose:

"There's something up!" whispered Brewer to Yarrow. "What did I tell you? I'll bet Bell's got a bomb ready, and that he's going to set it off."

Evidently something was up. There was an air of subdued triumph about the eminent attorney, as he addressed the bench in his most oratorical manner:

"If the court please," began the general in resonant tones, "I have serious charges to make against an officer of this court—against an attorney pleading before this bar. It is with great pain that I make these charges. Still, utterly aside from my functions as attorney for the defense, it is my duty as a member of the bar. I hold in my hand a document to which I wish to call the attention of the court."

And with a dramatic air he advanced, and laid before the judge a paper. After a few minutes for the judge to examine the document, and for the audience to be duly impressed, the general went on:

"This document, your honor, is a contract between George Verrill, counsel for plaintiff, and the notorious handwriting expert, Gimble. By the terms of this document, as your honor will see, Gimble agrees to swear to the genuineness of the signature of Elisha Salem on the alleged marriage contract, to receive therefor the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. An anonymous letter warned me of the existence of this document. I could scarcely believe in such infamy, your honor, but my duty as counsel forced me to investigate the matter. I therefore approached Verrill's chief clerk, Lally. At first I found him very cautious, but, after some bargaining, Lally admitted the existence of the document, and agreed to obtain it for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. I laid the matter before my associates, your honor, and they agreed with me that it was our duty to impound this document and bring it into court at whatever cost. Therefore I prepared the twenty-five thousand dollars, which it had been stipulated should be paid only in gold certificates. By arrangement I met Lally at night, paid him the stipulated price, and received the document. For security I put it in a safe-deposit vault, but now I place it in the keeping of this court. And I feel that in so doing I have acted as a conscientious attorney and an honorable practitioner."

With an air of conscious rectitude General Bell paused, cleared his throat, and went on:

"Now, if the court please, I call for the exemplary punishment due to such a shameless act. Attorney Verrill is a sworn officer of this court. By the law he is vested with certain functions, but likewise there are imposed upon him weighty responsibilities. Any act of his not in accordance with the rigid code of morality inherent in the workings of a court of justice should bring him before the bar for punishment. And therefore I urge upon your honor that you summon this discredited and dishonest attorney before your bar, and impose upon him the punishment which is his due."

His fine voice ringing with a lofty melancholy, yet tinged with justifiable indignation, General Bell sat down. The deep silence which had pervaded the crowded room while he was speaking gave way to a feverish hum, and every eye was turned on Verrill. Brewer leaned over and whispered to Yarrow:

"The general seemed to overlook the fact that he himself engaged in a very curious proceeding when he entered into these midnight negotiations with Verrill's clerk."

"Very curious indeed," returned Yarrow. "But there is Verrill getting up to reply."

As the bailiff roared for silence, the accused attorney rose. Curiously enough, he did not seem at all alarmed, or even embarrassed.

"If the court please," he began, "it is a maxim of

the law that he who seeks equity should do equity; that he who seeks justice should come into court with clean hands. Yet the counsel on the other side openly admits that he has corrupted my clerk and aided and abetted him in the stealing of a valuable document. Your honor, in the course of my long experience at the bar, I have never heard an avowal quite so shameless as that of Attorney Bell. Without any further evidence than his own statement he can be disbarred. I will not, your honor, take up the time of this court with oratory. I will content myself with calling a single witness. Carl Gimble, take the stand."

The celebrated handwriting expert took the witness chair. After the usual preliminary questions, Verrill asked:

"There is a signature on that contract purporting to be yours. Is it genuine?"

"No," replied Gimble.

"Is it anything like your signature?"

"No, not at all. In fact, the signature purporting to be mine is apparently in the same handwriting as the body of the document."

"And how about the signature, *George Verrill*? Is it mine?"

"That also seems to be in the same handwriting as the body of the document. It is not at all like your signature."

"I now ask, to be sworn, your honor," said Verrill. Taking his place on the stand, he testified thus:

"Some days ago my clerk Lally came to me and informed me that General Bell, the attorney for the other side, said he knew of the existence of this alleged contract between me and Gimble. Although Lally parleyed with Bell, he was loyal to me—he reported the matter to me immediately. I told him that an attorney who would descend to such infamy as to corrupt the clerk of an opposing attorney deserved to be punished. If Bell was crooked enough and fool enough to pay largely for a worthless piece of paper, I told Lally he could sell it to him, so far as I was concerned. So Lally wrote this document himself, and did it so carelessly that he wrote it all in practically the same handwriting. He wrote Gimble's and my signatures also without any attempt at imitating our handwriting. He did not even take the trouble to get Gimble's initials right. When Lally had completed this precious document he showed it to Bell, and reported to me that Bell grew so much excited that he offered to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for it."

"What did you do then?" inquired the judge. "Did you advise him to sell it to Bell?"

"Oh, no, your honor," replied Verrill with a twinkle in his eye. "I told him that it would be very wrong to sell it to Bell, but that I could not prevent him from doing so."

"I am glad to hear that you were not a party to this matter, Mr. Verrill," said the judge severely. "Had you been mixed up in it I would be obliged to take judicial notice of it."

"No, indeed, your honor," replied Verrill, with the same provoking smile at Bell. "I am too old and experienced an attorney to be mixed up in any such questionable proceedings. I have never corrupted a clerk to induce him to sell a worthless document to counsel opposing me. And I may add that I have never tried to corrupt the clerks of the other side to induce them to sell me private papers."

"Then how do you know the inside of this transaction?" asked the judge.

"Entirely from General Bell's narrative, your honor," replied Verrill, with the same smug air. "I did not know the upshot until I heard it from him. I had carefully refrained from having anything to do with the matter. I did not prepare the document nor receive any of the money. When Lally asked my advice about it, I warned him that he would become criminally liable if he engaged in any such affair. I supposed he had dropped it. But now General Bell tells us the sequel, by which we learn that he himself has been guilty of corruptly hiring an attorney's clerk to steal a paper from his employer's law office and paid him twenty-five thousand dollars therefor."

"Where is your clerk, Lally, Mr. Verrill?" demanded the judge, sternly. "I shall at once issue a bench warrant for his arrest."

"Not my clerk, if your honor please, but my former clerk," rejoined Verrill smoothly. "I have just learned, accidentally, that he sailed for China this morning on the *City of Peking*."

As Verrill, with a triumphant sneer, sat down, the rage and discomfiture of the Salem side was something which words could not describe. They had lost twenty-five thousand dollars of their good money; they had received for it a worthless piece of paper; they had been made the laughing-stock of the town. They were certain that they had been hoodwinked by the sharpshyster Verrill, that he had mailed the anonymous letter, that he had been a party to Lally's flight, and that the rogue who was a-ship had divided the swag with the rogue who was ashore. But they were also certain that none of these things could they prove.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Charles Dana Gihson is going to work in black and white again, in spite of his formal renunciation of it. He has not only entirely abandoned his hope of achieving distinction in oils, but he has dropped the old field of society subjects. He will make his home with his wife and children in New York and do work for the magazines.

HENRY IRVING'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

Austin Brereton's Life of the Great Actor an Authentic Record of a Glorious Career.

Twenty-five years ago Austin Brereton, a London journalist and dramatic critic, wrote, with the approval of his subject, a biographical sketch of Henry Irving, even then the greatest figure on the British stage. The friendship and intimacy of the actor and the writer continued through Irving's life, and now Mr. Brereton presents the complete record of a career which has not been equaled in the annals of the theatre. It is written from the standpoint of a fair-minded critic, who is more anxious to make the account clear, exact, and full, than to give evidence of his literary ability, foresight, and analytical powers. From beginning to end it is prepared with painstaking care, and no public effort, disappointing or successful, is slighted. It will remain the one authentic record of the achievements of a genius in stagecraft, whose aims and influence were of the greatest value to the English-speaking stage.

Henry Irving came of yeoman stock. His father, Samuel Brodribb, was a small shopkeeper in Keinton Mandeville, a village near Bristol, and his mother came from a Cornish family. At an early age Henry went to live with a maternal aunt in Cornwall, and a little later was sent to school in London. At the age of thirteen the boy found employment in a lawyer's office, and seemed started on a career far removed from the theatrical world. But his earliest individual inclinations were toward the field for which his talents were supremely fitted. He joined an elocution class in his early teens, and began a self-imposed apprenticeship in the profession to which he was irresistibly drawn:

Many years afterward, in July, 1884, the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club entertained their president, after whom their club had been named, at supper in the Freemasons' Tavern, where he spoke of this, his first performance in a regular theatre: "Amateur acting is a very different thing to what it was when I was a young man—and I am not like that horrible old playgoer who sits upon everything and calls it bad. I believe that you act under many advantages that were not enjoyed by amateurs in the past—certainly as far as my experience goes. I was once a member of what was called an elocution class, and we suffered under one disadvantage—we had not the pleasure of enjoying the society of amiable and accomplished ladies. We chose pieces in which the ladies had not very prominent parts, and, wherever the parts were, they were cut down. Sometimes, the chambermaid was transformed into some hobbledehoy young man, and the entertainments, I dare say, were not very interesting. But I remember that I once did take part in an amateur performance, the only occasion in my life when my ambition was satisfied, where there was a real stage, and real scenery, real footlights, real dresses, real everything. We had the *Soho Theatre*, and they had a rather peculiar method there. The amateurs who wanted to furnish parts paid different prices. The prices seemed to vary according to the vice or virtue of the characters—two guineas for Iago, three guineas for Romeo. I had three guineas' worth, and it was rather a memorable occasion for me—and to those, I should think, who saw me! Rehearsals were out of the question altogether, and the supporters were principally a lot of superannuated actors. Of course, the cast was conducted by any confiding amateur; they were glad to get the money, and, if not, they were happy to have emergency men. I had a costume; it was a sort of red cotton-velvet shirt on a pair of white cotton legs, a very tall black hat, and two white feathers, very large black shoes and blue rosettes. What I remember particularly was—I certainly will take credit to myself—I got lost once or twice in the scenery. Being at the time a young man, I thought it necessary to wear a wig, and during one part of the performance I lost that too; and also my dagger. However, I got through to the entire satisfaction of some ten or twelve friends of mine—young clerks in the city—and I can not tell you whether the event was recorded in any of the theatrical papers of the time, but at any rate there was not much Italian romance about the business, though certainly I went to work like a man and a Briton, that I will say."

Irving was in his nineteenth year when he resolutely put aside the employments of his youth and seriously set about the life-work he had chosen. He had secured an engagement in a provincial theatre, at Sunderland, and with that beginning he adopted the name which he made famous.

In three years Irving slowly crept upward in his profession, winning the regard of his associates and the favor of the public in Sunderland, and in a longer and more encouraging engagement in Edinburgh, and then set out for London, where his growing fame had secured him a place at the Princess's Theatre. His first entry into London, however, was a disappointment:

Much to his amazement and discomfiture, he found that he had only half a dozen lines to speak at the commencement of the four-act drama. Very wisely, and with that grim determination which was so conspicuous a part of his character, he insisted on being released from the engagement. In vain did the manager endeavor to make him change his mind. The young actor gained the day, he was released from his three years' contract, and he resolved not to accept another engagement in London until he could see his way to doing himself justice. . . . His personal friends in London had been somewhat mortified by the treatment meted out to him at the Princess's. He therefore gave two readings at Crosby Hall, by way of showing that he was justified in his ambition as an actor and in proof of the benefit of his experience at Edinburgh. On 19th December he read "The Lady of Lyons," and on 8th February, 1860, "Virgilius."

Ten years later he came again to London, the intervening period having been passed in the stock companies of Edinburgh, Manchester, and in appearances in Dublin, Liverpool, and other cities. A striking statement of the hard work he had done in those earlier years is made in this paragraph:

Exactly ten years passed before he succeeded, thanks to his foresight in making the stipulation with Boucicault in regard to the production of "The Two Lives of Mary Leigh," ere he got a foothold in London. During that strenuous period he had accomplished an amount of work which even to those who knew his enormous capacity in this connection is stupendous. During his first two and a half years on the stage he acted—as was first recorded in my "biographical sketch" of 1883—the amazing number of four hundred and twenty-eight parts.

Between 5th March, 1860, and 30th July, 1866, he added one hundred and sixty characters to his credit. In London he played eighty-three parts, including thirteen Shakespearian ones. The total number of characters which he impersonated is six hundred and seventy-one. So that, when he came to London, he had a fine record for industry and a reputation as an ambitious actor. He had been in the best schools of acting—the stock companies of Edinburgh and Manchester—and he had supported some of the foremost players of the day, including Helen Faucit, Charlotte Cushman, John Vandenhoff, Frederick Robson, Edwin Booth, E. A. Sothern, G. V. Brooke, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence.

Following his engagement at the St. James Theatre, where he was stage manager as well as actor, came a change to the Queen's Theatre, where, in December, 1867, he first acted with Ellen Terry, in "Katherine and Petruchio," Garrick's condensation of "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Terry retired from the stage after this engagement, and it was eleven years before she again acted with Irving.

It was in 1869, after a provincial tour, that Irving returned to London and appeared in an unsuccessful production. At this time his marriage took place, and of this event the biographer writes as follows:

And, within three days of the production of "All for Money," Henry Irving had married a young and pretty Irish girl, tall and fair-haired, Miss Florence O'Callaghan, the daughter of Surgeon-General O'Callaghan, a man for whom he had great friendship and admiration. The ceremony took place on 15th July, 1869, at the parish church of St. Marylebone, the wedding reception being held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Linden Grove, Bayswater. The father of the bride was a distinguished man—Daniel James O'Callaghan, whose eldest brother, John Cornelius, was one of the celebrated literary men of Ireland of the last century—the author of "The Green Book, or Gleanings from the Desk of a Literary Agitator."

Unfortunate as this union must have been, it resulted in representatives to sustain the fame of the tragedian:

There were two children of the marriage of Henry Irving to Miss Florence O'Callaghan—Henry Brodribb, born on 5th August, 1870, and Laurence Sidney Brodribb, born on 21st December, 1871.

In three months after that the parents were parted, the husband leaving his domicile—for reasons which do not concern the public, and need not be entered upon—and taking up his abode with the Bateman family, first of all at Kensington Gore and then at Rutland Gate. He subsequently lived, for a little while, in chambers in Bruton-street, Bond-street; he then took chambers in Grafton-street, Bond-street, which he occupied for many years, until 1899, when he was advised by his doctors to remove to sunnier quarters in Stratton-street, Piccadilly. It was not until 1879, when a deed of separation was entered into between actor and his wife, that the final parting came. Lady Irving, who survives her husband, had the care of the children until they went to college, and they lived with her until they married.

In 1871 Irving first went to the Lyceum Theatre, so long to be associated with his name and fame. The playhouse, after a checkered career, had been opened by Colonel Bateman, an American manager, whose daughters, Kate and Isabella, were successful actresses. Irving supported them in a subordinate rank, but soon found or made his opportunity. He succeeded in winning the approval of Manager Bateman for a production of "The Bells," which, in a slightly different arrangement, was being prepared at a rival theatre. The actor saw plainly the possibilities of the piece, so suited to his powers, which even then he had tested and had full faith in. The result was a victory for his confidence:

The company thought that Irving was bereft of his senses, but he worked assiduously at rehearsals, and the scenery and properties were hastily prepared. In the meantime, the spirits of all concerned—save only those of the future Mathias—were lowered to their utmost limit by the complete failure of the rival version on its production at the Alfred Theatre on Monday, 13th November. This failure only added to the determination of the actor to succeed in his cherished idea. "The Bells" was produced on Saturday, 25th November, 1871. Irving's performance of Mathias electrified the audience. The spectators on this auspicious occasion were few and they had come in a spirit of boredom. Henry Irving beat down their coldness and reserve, the theatre reechoed with such applause as had not been heard within its walls for many years, and, by the Monday morning, all play-going London was aware that a great personality and a great actor had come into his hard-won kingdom. He had fought for over fifteen years with London as the goal of his ambition, and the struggle, long, anxious, and absolutely unparalleled in the history of the stage, had been won.

From that time on, Irving's career is well known. It was not invariably successful. There were dismal failures, as well as glorious successes, but there was steady advance in power, in recognition, and in reward. Irving's efforts for the best in stage management, as well as in acting, for the encouragement of actors and for the dignity and respect of the profession, were able, forceful, and unremitting, and their effects continue even in these commercial times.

Mr. Brereton has omitted nothing of value in the public record of Irving's appearances as star, and as manager, even the financial results of his various undertakings often being set down in impressive figures. Several pages are given to Irving's visit to San Francisco, where his fourth American tour began, in 1893. It is recorded that \$59,535 was paid in at the Grand Opera box-office during his two weeks' stay, Irving's share amounting to \$2850 each night. The entertainment given by the Bohemian Club in honor of the tragedian is described with appreciation.

Mr. Brereton's monumental work is in two volumes of nearly 400 pages each, illustrated with numerous fine engravings of the actor, in real life and in character. They are furnished with a complete list of the parts which Irving played during the thirty-nine years of his career, a bibliography covering twenty-two publications of permanent value concerning the actor, and an index compiled with care.

"The Life of Henry Irving," by Austin Brereton. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York: two volumes, price \$6.50 net.

CHUMMING WITH AN APACHE.

By Frank Bailey Millard.

Never go chumming with an Apache. You smile at such strange advice? Well, I might have smiled at it once myself. But we are all creatures of circumstance, and I was a tenderfoot then, anyway. This is how I chummed it with my little Indian:

I was swinging my red-and-blue cluhs under the pepper-tree at the back of the railroad station. This I did because I had a theory that exercise was good for a man living on a desert. The lazy Mexicans, and most of the Americans thereabouts, had no ruddy glow on their faces. They were all sallow. What I wanted was a ruddy glow.

My red-and-blue cluhs circled about very prettily that day, and the ruddy glow came; also a dripping epidermis and a big desire to sit down in the shade of the pepper-tree and hlow tobacco smoke. The tree was a small one. When the station tank ran over, which was not often, its roots received a little moisture. So it grew, slowly.

As soon as I dropped my cluhs a squeal of disgust went up from somewhere, and, as I turned about, I saw a small, brown head dart behind a cactus-lined rock.

I said nothing, but leaned back on my seat, pulled my sombrero down over my face, and shammed sleep, with one half-closed eye on the rock and the big cactus-shrubs. No use. You can not get an Apache out of his hole that way.

Next day, with my beautiful exercise theory still bristling in my brain, I turned quickly, while in the midst of my club-swinging, and saw the wide-open eyes and gaping mouth of the cunningest little savage I had ever beheld. He sprang about and fled behind the rock, but not too quickly for me to read "XXX Family Flour" in large red letters on his back. His one short garment was a cotton sack, with holes cut through it for his head and arms.

"Come, Tads," I cried, christening him in that fleeting second with a name that stuck to him all his life, "out of that!" And I jumped behind the rock, swinging an open hand that did not grasp the flour-sack, as I had intended it should.

Where was the wee savage?

Like a lizard, he had darted from sight somewhere in that little patch of rocks and cactus, though there did not appear to be cover enough there to conceal a jack-rabbit.

"The spines must scratch him," I thought, as I looked at the prickly cactus; but I did not know then how Apaches put up with small irritations. Not wanting to give the hoynecessary torture, I went back to my clubs. Throwing my eyes about again, I caught another fleeting glimpse of the brown head as it dodged behind the rock.

Tads must have been disappointed next day, for there was no club-swinging under the pepper-tree. The duties of telegraph agent lay too heavily upon me and the sun lay too heavily upon the desert. I saw Tads steal away from his lair about two hours after my usual exercise time and walk down the sand-drifts with a dejected air, his one garment flapping in the hot wind.

A wild nature like his was proof against such snares as the toothsome confection, the golden orange, or the mealy peanut. I found that out by trial in the course of the next week. But an old jack-knife won him over. That was something his Apache mind could grasp. It was a greater delight to him than the red-and-blue cluhs. Sworn friends from that day were Tads and I. His talk was a ridiculous mixture of English, Spanish, and Apache, and his voice was very throaty. But I understood him. Indian-like, he said little. It was, therefore, easy to get along with him. He would sit for hours on a high stool, listening to the "tunk-tunk-tunk" of my sounder. The telegraph was an awful mystery to him at first, and it squelched his imagination; but he solved the problem at last. A man away off over the mountains spoke with his finger to me and I spoke back to him. That was his idea of it, and it was not such a had one, either. The hummings of the wires overhead were the voices of people with ponderous fingers, but they were not of this world.

How the cowboys laughed when they saw Tads and me in the station.

"That tenderfoot's a queer one," they said of me.

The despised Apache could not crawl into their hearts—no, not even if he were a six-year-old.

"He'll steal everything the tenderfoot's got," they pleasantly averred. But he did not.

When Tads left the station on an evening, his little brown feet pattered straight over the roads to the wickiups, a half-mile away. In time he wore a narrow trail over to the huts.

"Pitty vell," was what Tads would grunt to me every day when he came shyly into the office and I greeted him with a friendly "How-de-do?" Then he would shrug his shoulders in a way that wrinkled the three X's into such bewildering folds that you could not have read them unless you had known what they were beforehand.

One day while he was meandering about the place, grunting quietly to himself, he upset one of my battery jars.

"Tads," I cried, angrily, for the desert's death was hot upon me and was irritating enough, let alone spilled vitriol, "you're a

little heast! Skip out of here, or I'll take a stick to you!"

Then arose a great howl from Tads, and he kept on howling until an Apache woman came over the sands from the wickiups and gathered him up in her arms. She was his mother. She eyed me suspiciously and walked away with her highly demonstrative hurden.

Of course I regretted my hot language and wanted the little heggar back again. It was so lonely there on the desert. The wires wailed so heart-brokenly, while the sun heat down so fiercely in the daytime and the coyotes yelled so dolefully at night. How he had crept into my heart, to be sure!

It was several days before we were on satisfactory terms again. Tads wanted to be a white man. He wanted to make "talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather—I sometimes used a quill pen, he remarked—and he wanted to speak with his finger. Well, I did manage to teach him a few letters from a railroad poster, and he learned to draw out "T-a-d-s" in a droll way. With perseverance that was really startling, I afterward took him in an uncertain way through a page or two of "Can you see the fat ox," and so on, wherefore his heart was glad.

"I'll be w'ite mans, heap sure," he declared in his hufflog voice, after he had accomplished this wonderful feat.

Great distress racked Tads's soul on the fatal day when the wickiups were taken down and the tribe mounted its mustangs to go over the hills. The Apaches had to search all over the station to find Tads. At last, they hauled him forth from under my hunk, screaming like mad. Of no avail were his screams, of no avail was his cry: "Me yanter stay wid him! Me yanter he w'ite mans!"

Apache papas are unheeding and Apache mammas are inexorable. Away they whisked Tads, leaving behind him a tenderfoot with a queer feeling in his throat.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of a white man," I said, for I was proud of what I fancied I had made of him, "and he'll be a shining light among those devilish people of his. If we had a few more like him to put among them, the Apache question would settle itself, and we could set our soldiers to hoeing corn."

Then I took up the restless life of a city man, and a big and busy railroad office claimed a good share of my attention for the next ten years. Yes, it was fully that long before I again set foot upon the desert. Our train stopped at the old station. How the pepper-tree had grown, to be sure. In its shade sat a cavalry sergeant with a half-dozen of his men about him, and in their midst were three Indian prisoners, who were being taken to the fort to be shot.

They were fierce-looking fellows, those three savages. There was one, the youngest, who was a perfect demon, the soldiers said.

"Killed three women and two babies down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday," said the sergeant to me; "just after one of them had given him his breakfast, too. He's a young one, not more than seventeen, I should say; but he's the worst red devil I ever saw."

Gazing at the boy captive, a strange feeling stole over me. The stolid face was oddly familiar.

"His name? Blessed if I know," said the sergeant; "what do you call yourself, young one?" he asked, giving him a not too delicate poke with the toe of his boot.

"Me? Why, my name's Tads!" grunted the boy.

"Talks pretty good English for a wild devil who has been over the Mexican border so long, doesn't he?" asked the sergeant, turning to me.

But I said nothing.

The centenary of the birth of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, author of the patriotic hymn, "America," was celebrated October 21 in Boston, where he was born, and in Newton, where he made his home for more than fifty years. In Newton flags were at half-staff, and in all the public schools memorial exercises were held. At the First Baptist Church, in Newton Centre, of which he was pastor for twelve years, the chimes which were given to the church as a memorial of Dr. Smith played "America." In Boston the principal celebration was in the playing of the national hymn at noon by cornetists standing in the heltry of the Park Street Church, in which edifice "America" was publicly sung for the first time on July 4, 1832. Men stood with bare heads and the great throng listened in silence as the little band of cornetists played "America" four times, once for each stanza. At the beginning of the fourth repetition the assemblage took up the hymn, singing the words in spontaneous chorus.

Bismarck's utterances regarding music are compiled in a book by Keudell: "Fürst und Fürstin Bismarck, Erinnerungen aus den Jahren, 1846-1872." Keudell once saw the man of blood and iron shed tears during a performance of Beethoven's Sonata appassionata. His favorite composers were Beethoven and Schubert: the only thing he did not like in their works was the variations; these, he said, "do not speak to the heart." Concerning the sonata just referred to, he remarked: "This is like the singing and sobbing of a whole human life. If I heard this music often I should always be brave."

TOMMY'S PRETTY MANICURE.

How Mlle. Louise Inspired a Back-Action Joke.

Once upon a time, there was a big manicure establishment, of which Miss Pray was the commander-in-chief; and among the ablest of her lieutenants was a very pretty girl, called Mlle. Louise. And all the young men and young women who used to go there to get their hands done were glad if Mlle. Louise attended them, because she was deit and gentle, and a pleasing person to look at.

Among the young men who used to have Mlle. Louise do their hands were Tommy Busted and William Barton. These twain were old friends, and used to joke each other about the pretty manicure-girl. Tommy was married and William was not, so Tommy always said he was pretty safe from any designs she might have; but he urged William to mind his eye and to lay low, with such other friendly counsel as occurred to him. Meantime, Mlle. Louise was as business-like as a lamp-post, and paid as little heed to her clients, except as regarded their hands.

One day, while William the Bachelor was getting himself manicured, he was smitten with a sudden idea. He would play a joke upon his friend, Tommy the Husband. He would write a letter to him and sign Mlle. Louise's name to it, and the letter should say that unless Tommy sent her one hundred dollars straightway, she would tell Tommy's wife how he had tried to kiss her, the aforesaid Mlle. Louise, when last she performed the tender office of paring his nails. Of course, Tommy had no more thought at any time in his life of trying to kiss the pretty manicure-girl than he had thought of writing to Miss Pray to elope with him; but therein lay the joke, as William considered it.

So William went home and wrote the note to Tommy in his best feminine angular hand, which he learned by diligent study of some of his own correspondents' handwriting. And he laid Mlle. Louise's damages at five hundred dollars instead of one hundred dollars, on second thought, and signed her name to it and sent it off, and grinned very much all the while.

The next morning, while Tommy and his wife were at the breakfast-table, the letter was given to him. He read it with surprise, which turned to amused disgust, and tossed it over to his wife, saying: "What do you think of that for a modest request?" And then, the more he thought about it, he became somewhat disquieted at the idea that this young woman was such a shark, and proceeded to hurry down to warn his friend William against her.

He found William still at home, and said to him: "I say, you want to look out for this manicure-girl, Mlle. Louise. She's a black-mailer—sent down to me for five hundred dollars, and said if I didn't give it to her, she'd tell my wife I insulted her. Great idea, isn't it? And we always thought she was such a nice little girl. But I'll tell you what—I'm going to have her up for blackmail—I won't stand it."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said William, suddenly sitting up straight and looking a little scared; "she doesn't mean it, I guess. Maybe it's a joke, or, anyhow, I think she'd be able to explain it."

"Explain it!" said Tommy, in great wrath; "explain her blooming toe-nails! Well—I don't know—I'll see what I decide"; and off he went, leaving William partially paralyzed with dismay at the thought of what his brilliant joke might possibly come to.

Off went Tommy, and becoming more exasperated the more he thought it over, he clambered into a cab and went straight up to Miss Pray's and asked to see Mlle. Louise. Somewhat amazed by so strenuous a call, that young person appeared, and was utterly dumfounded when Tommy charged her with writing him the blackmailing letter. First, she protested; then she wept; then, being French and excitable, she swore fluently.

They would have had the whole house about their ears presently had not Mlle. Louise suddenly hethought herself of her interest in keeping her place, and proceeded to show Tommy, by writing a totally different hand, and incidentally spelling blackmail "blackmale," that in all human probability he had had a practical joke played upon him. When this dawned upon Tommy, he was sure that nobody but William had conceived such a scheme. So he soothed Mlle. Louise with apologies and shekels, and departed hungry for his revenge.

That afternoon he was driving in the park, when he saw William strolling with a big chrysanthemum in his lapel, looking sweet and innocent as a new baby-wagon. Tommy brought his big horse up with a short turn alongside the foot-path, and, leaning down, said:

"Oh, I got a detective and just nabbed our fair young blackmailier."

"What!" gasped William.

"Why, yes," said Tommy, carelessly, playing with his long whip-lash in the grass; "I just went up there and told Miss Pray the circumstances. Of course she discharged her instantly, and then my detective was ready to clasp the steels on her young wrists and lug her off. I'm sorry to say that she didn't go peacefully. She squalled a good deal, and scandalized Miss Pray; but the man got her

safely into a cab—regret there was no chaperon handy—and lugged her off down-town. She's in the Tomhs now, and I've got to go down there tomorrow to appear against her. Sorry, for she was a nice little girl—Louise—I always thought; but then, a blackmailier, you know—can't let those people go on—duty to society, you know—man's got to think of his family, and all that."

William stared as if he were seeing a ghost. "Great heavens!" he groaned; "say, lend me your carriage, will you. It's all a mistake—oh, what a fool I am!"

Tommy assumed an air of great concern. "What's the matter with you?" he said; "you're not eating any opium now, are you? Want my carriage—what for? You'll kill the horse!"

"No, I won't!" yelled William, clamoring up; "let me have it—that's a good fellow. I'll tell you all about it tonight, but hurry up, will you? It's the worst business I ever got into."

So Tommy handed William the reins and got down, and feigned profound regret and amazement as William slammed away out of the park, barely escaping arrest for reckless driving. When he was well out of sight, Tommy went and sat down on a bench and laughed till he was lame in the back.

That night, after dinner, a messenger-hoy brought a note to Tommy. "Well," said he to Mrs. Tommy, "wonder if this is as valuable as the one I got this morning? Hello, it's from William. Do you want to hear it?"

"Yes, of course," said his consort.

"Well," said Tommy, "the first few lines contain language which you wouldn't care to hear. But he says"—glancing through the note—"that he went to the Tomhs first, and then up to Miss Pray's, and between the remarks of the policemen down there upon the subject of crazy dudes and the fine idiomatic language employed by Mlle. Louise, he feels as if he had been around the world since three o'clock. And he says he thinks he has lamed my horse, and is rude enough to hope to the Lord he has. Now, that's rude in William. But then, maybe he doesn't know I went up to see Louise first."

"I think men are very remarkable persons," said Mrs. Tommy.—*Evening Sun.*

CURRENT VERSE.

A Portrait.

In a broad stone-flagged passage, once I saw
A woman lift a platter of white wood,
Whereon jugs, loaves, knives, high-piled dishes
stood;
Her eyes, far-seeing counsellors, did draw
Age-old blue wisdom from the skies, while law
Implicit on her forehead seemed to brood;
Her lips were heralds, ever proclaiming good,
For riches, in her hair shone red-gold, raw.

She smiled, with some fair city's welcoming grace
Before whose gleaming turrets night has flown;
Whose loftier parts are Heaven's resting-place,
Whose very fabric is Earth-beauty's own;
Earth's plenty teems within her wide embrace,
About her walls Spring's icy airs are blown.
—*J. Marjoram, in London Nation.*

Rosemary.

Bitter as tears and sweet as love thou art,
Thou silver herb, embalming all the space
Around thee like sweet memories in the heart.
As the dear thought of one beloved face
Breathes through my life, so thy most fragrant
breath
Spreads perfume all about my garden waste.
O sweet as love, O hither-sweet as death,
How dagger-sharp thy soft leaf is to taste!

Dear memory of a face I shall not see,
Dear voice that I shall never hear again;
O hither parting, O beloved pain!
O rosemary, O gray green rosemary!
—*Agnes Blundell, in Westminster Gazette.*

To Shakespeare's Mother.

Did he, madonna, on thy bosom turning,
Look in thy woman-eyes and see soft fires
Glowing and melting, passioning and yearning,
Lit with the mother-light of far desires?
Oh, did he fix his still regard upon them,
Learning their meanings manifold and strange,
Climbing with wonder up to count and con them
Ere they should vanish and the moment change?

The visions that thy soul revealed him then,
Though thou hadst died, madonna, may never die;
They dwell eternal in pure Imogen,
Cordelia's truth and Desdemona's sigh,
Rosalind's Arden, Miranda's island wave,
Girlish Ophelia's love, and Juliet's grave.
—*George Herbert Clarke, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

Today and Tomorrow.

[FROM THE VEDAS.]

There was no Night; the Great Gods walked on
earth
That knew hut changeless Day when man had
birth.

The first of men was Yama, and his hride
Was Yami, first of women. Yama died;

And Yami mourned; the Gods could not allay
The woe of her that wailed, "He died today!"

"Not thus," the Great Ones said, "her grief may
cease;
Let Night he made; the Dawn shall bring her
peace."

So Night was made. The Morrow tarried not
But dawned in gold—and Yama was forgot.

Whence came the word: "Today is not Tomorrow;
And Days and Nights make all forget their
sorrow."
—*Arthur Guiterman, in New York Times.*

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

As Others See Us, by John Graham Brooks. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.75.

That America should be the subject of endless misunderstandings by the old world is hardly surprising after the author has reminded us that two such nations as England and France, living in close proximity and with a mutual acquaintance of centuries, should yet regard each other until recent years with contempt and ridicule.

The extent to which misconceptions of American life and ideals have grown in the early years and have dwindled in modern ones has been made the subject of an extensive and good-humored discussion. There is hardly a foreign opinion worthy of mention without its place in this volume. The book itself is dedicated to Mr. Bryce, and we are reminded of the criticisms of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Marryat, Sir Charles Lyell, Charles Dickens, Alexis de Tocqueville, W. G. Wells, Max O'Rell, and a host of smaller fry who have been good enough at one time or another to tell us what they think of us. Special chapters are devoted to "Our Talent for Bragging," "American Sensitiveness," "The Mother Country as Critic," "Our Monopoly of Wit," and "Higher Criticism," while a bibliography and a carefully prepared index are valuable additions.

The author is to be commended for the breezy impartiality that pervades his book. He is never stirred to resentment, and he listens even to the most spiteful comment with a sincere effort to appreciate whatever narrow basis of truth it may possess. He has a pleasant way of counteracting an adverse judgment by a favorable one. When we are told that the American reporter is incredibly ignorant, incompetent, and ill-mannered, we are reminded of William Archer's testimony that the American reporter always "treated me with courtesy, sometimes with comprehension," and of Dean Hole's testimony that "I was universally pleased by their courtesy and instructed by their information." Altogether the author has given us a delightful book and one that must in no small measure conduce to international appreciation and good-fellowship.

The Distributors, by Anthony Partridge. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

The element of probability in a novel has become irrelevant to its discussion and it may therefore be said that "The Distributors" is capital reading, the sensationalism is good, and the plot ingenious. We have a group of English society men and women, *blasé* and utterly weary of life, and needing a new excitement with all the feverish intensity of the drug-drinker. They find it in criminality. Great jewel robberies are easy to men and women who are at home in all the best houses and present at the great society functions. The proceeds are given anonymously to deserving charities, and so we have a maximum of novel sensation with a minimum of immorality. As the Duchess explains to Pamela, the new recruit, "When we come across a person whom we consider overburdened with this world's goods, and who shows no desire or design of doing anything else except spending his money upon himself, and for his own gratification, we use our courage and our brains to make him pay a very legitimate fine."

Disaster comes inevitably after a series of cleverly executed "fines," but the disaster falls only upon the least likeable of the group. Most of the others discover that there is, after all, an innocent and untried sensation awaiting them.

The Interpretation of Life, by Gerhardt C. C. Mars, B. D., Ph. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$3.

It is impossible to withhold admiration of a book showing so much scholarly thought and so careful an analysis of scientific and philosophic conjecture upon the nature of life. But it is unfortunate that the breadth of view distinguishing the first half of a lucid and remarkable volume should give place to a one-pointed eulogy of Christian Science and to a defense of its founder as the promulgator of a new gospel. We feel as though we had embarked upon a firm and promising road, only to find it narrowing into an impassable lane, with no alternative but to retrace our steps. Beginning with an able examination of Hegel, Kant, Fichte, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Spencer, we suddenly find ourselves asked gravely to consider the "rationality" of Mrs. Eddy and "the plane on which she moves." We can't do it.

It is indeed strange that a writer of such wide acquaintance with philosophy can not apply to Christian Science the same standards of criticism that he uses so ably in other ways. He must surely be aware that whatever is tolerable in Christian Science, whatever remains after the puerilities and inanities have been eliminated, is to be found in the oldest systems of the world. Nor are we mollified by a perpetual statement of world-old truisms with Mrs. Eddy's name pretentiously attached thereto, as, for example, that

"Mrs. Eddy sees the gradual unfolding of human consciousness by the discipline of suffering or the enlightenment of science," or that Mrs. Eddy says that "to understand God is the work of eternity." We might add that two and two make four—Mrs. Eddy says so, or that according to Mrs. Eddy the whole is greater than its part, or that Mrs. Eddy announces that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. To placidly adopt the axiomatic knowledge of the world and re-deliver it as parts of Christian Science may satisfy those whose philosophic equipment is feeble, but it will seem like a disappointing hothos to those whose anticipations had been unduly raised by a preliminary discussion of much weight and value.

The Altar Stairs, by G. B. Lancaster. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This fine story gives a picture of life in Noumea not to be found elsewhere, and it is, by the way, strange that fiction has made so sparse a use of material so rich. The author with a few skillful touches shows us the various classes of people that compose the population of the islands, the French officials, the residents, the missionaries, the traders, the natives, and the convicts. It is unlike anything else, a world in itself, shot with vivid tropical color and palpitating with that kind of incident that only the Pacific can furnish.

The hero is Rod Maclean, sailor and trader, full of desperate and reckless courage and not over-scrupulous withal until love for little Joie touches his heart with a new-found grace. We see Maclean on his trading expeditions, which seem somewhat like highway robbery and piracy combined, with their attendant horrors of raids upon the natives and a matter-of-course violence that sometimes deviates into murder upon both sides. And when Rod returns he finds that Joie has been nominally married for a long time, but the particular way in which it all comes out right in the end must be left to the reader to discover for himself from the packed pages of a vigorous and delightful novel.

9009, by James Hopper and Fred R. Becholdt. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

This is the story of a prisoner in an American prison, a story calculated to arouse indignation both at the horrors themselves and at the impotence of our indignation to modify them. The authors say in their preface that "everything that happens to 9009 within the prison is something which has happened to some convict in some prison (American prison) sometime. And much worse things could have happened to 9009. By which we mean that much worse things have happened to some convicts in some prisons sometimes—and we know of these things." The book is not pleasant reading. It hears marks of restraint rather than of exaggeration, and it constitutes an indictment of a cruel and monstrous system that is the outcome not of justice, but of terror.

Three Girls and a Hermit, by Dorothea Conyers. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

The author's knowledge of Ireland, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, is "extensive and peculiar." Indeed, we are sometimes reminded of Charles Lever while reading this racy story of three country-bred Irish girls who plunge into the great sea of society life as found at Balydare, determined to conquer it, and to live in the meantime by buying and selling racing horses that they innocently believe to be thoroughbreds. But the Hermit is the central figure of the romance. It is the Hermit who mourns over the waywardness of the delightful Misses Considine and who comes to the rescue in the inevitable hour of need. The story is refreshing and spontaneous and one to be enjoyed by those who are tired of an ugly modernity in fiction.

A Lord of Lands, by Ramsey Benson. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This can hardly be called a novel, although a very pleasant bit of romance brings the book to a conclusion. "A Lord of Lands" describes how a mechanic wearies of city life on a meagre wage and determines to found an agricultural colony. Gathering a number of the like minded among his associates, he and his wife make the venture, and their successes and failures in a wholly unfamiliar occupation are readably and convincingly set forth. The story is indeed exceptionally interesting in its shrewd common sense and humorous philosophy. It is to be hoped that the book may fall into the hands of many who might thereby be persuaded to exchange a semi-starvation in the city for an independence upon the land.

The Coming Harvest, by René Bazin. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

Without sensation, complicated plot, or straining after novelty, the author shows us a picture of country life in France as it exists under the congregations law and the domi-

nance of labor unionism. We see the remains of the feudal aristocracy as represented by Comte Michel de Meximieu, and on the other hand are the workmen slowly estranged alike from tradition and duty and led to their ruin by agitators who play upon their greed and ignorance. "The Coming Harvest" is a drama of humble lives, but one singularly rich in pathos, fortitude, and heroism. From the artistic point of view, it leaves little to be desired, while as a sociological study it is more illuminating than a shelf of government reports.

The Wider Life, by J. R. Miller. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 65 cents.

The author is well known for his devotional books, already numbering about thirty. "The Wider Life" is a survey of religious possibilities from the devotional standpoint, and although it is sometimes marked by a crude dogmatism, it is written with obvious

sincerity and with a certain pleasing persuasiveness.

A Bible Series.

There are now eleven volumes in this series, the latest being "Hebrews," by Professor E. J. Goodspeed, the whole series being under the general editorship of Professor Shailer Mathews. The object is to place the results of the best modern biblical scholarship at the disposal of the general reader, presupposing and using the assured results of historical investigation and criticism wherever such results throw light upon the text. Valuable features are the running analysis in text and comment, the explanatory notes, and the thorough introductions. The little volumes are well arranged and printed and should commend themselves to Sunday-school teachers and those who wish to read and to use the Bible intelligently. The publishers are the Macmillan Company, New York, and the price per volume is 50 cents.



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The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS. C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery St., San Francisco. Phone Douglas 636

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Eugene Walter's great play, "Paid in Full," under the management of Wagenhals & Kemper, will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night, and for one week only, including Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances. The piece is the "great dramatic find" which at once established Walter's reputation as a playwright, and which has already made him rich and added immensely to the fortunes of the managers who wisely accepted the work of a practically unknown author. It has been running uninterruptedly for a year in New York, through all the seasons, making a new record for straight dramatic productions in the metropolis. Chicago has had it for a stretch of five months, and several companies are no less successful with the play in smaller cities. All the companies are, of course, under the direction of the original management. There is little doubt that San Francisco will appreciate the strength of Mr. Walter's work. It is a homely drama, with little of the glamor of romance about it, but it attracts and holds the attention of all classes of playgoers. A capable company is promised, including such well-known players as Sara Perry, Clarence Handyside, Albert Brown, Rose Snyder, William L. Gihson, Pauline Darling, and Allen Atwell.

Arthur Cunningham is completing his two weeks' engagement at the Valencia Theatre with continued success. "Shaun Rhuc" is no less attractive than "The Kerry Gow," and with lengthened acquaintance Mr. Cunningham carries the vigorous part of the hero in a captivating spirit. His singing is especially pleasing to the audiences. The last appearances of the now fully accredited and popularly endorsed star will be Saturday afternoon and evening.

The Valencia Theatre stock company will open the regular winter season next Sunday evening, November 29, with an elaborate production of Bronson Howard's drama, "Aristocracy." Robert Warwick returns to take his place at the head of the company, and Miss Blanche Stoddard, the new leading woman, will make her first appearance. Miss Stoddard was here with Margaret Anglin, and before that was at the Grand Opera House for a long time in leading rôles. Her welcome is assured. Other new members of the company are Miss Helen Lackaye, sister of Wilton Lackaye; Miss Beatrice Nichols, formerly ingénue at the Bush Temple in Chicago; Guy Darrell Standing, a clever English actor; Gerald Harcourt, a light comedian, and Thomas MacLarnie, who comes from the Bush Temple, Chicago. The entire company will appear in "Aristocracy," and the new members have parts which will afford them the best of opportunities to show their worth.

Kolb and Dill and the Princess Theatre management were obliged to change their plan and continue "Playing the Ponies" another—the fifth—week. The public seem unwilling to have the racetrack farce withdrawn. Many have seen it several times and still return for another laughing festival. Next week, however, "Wiener & Schnitzel," another musical farce by the same authors, will surely be put on, and with every prospect of its scoring another success. It promises to give unlimited opportunity for the peculiar antics of the German dialect stars, and at the same time to allow the other fun-makers of the company to appear in character. The cast will include Billy Clifford, Maud Lambert, and the entire Kolb and Dill company, which will be further strengthened by the addition of Sarah Edwards, Marie Howe, Sydney De Gray, and Harry Cashman.

The Orpheum has much that is novel and pleasing to offer in the new bill which goes on Sunday afternoon. Among the new acts will be Castellane and Brother, a couple of daring cyclists and acrobats. Their greatest achievement is a double somersault in mid-air which is the most spectacular performance ever achieved on a bicycle. Miss Felice Morris, daughter of the late Felix Morris, the great stage artist, will appear in a one-act comedy by Francis Wilson, entitled "The Old, Old Story." Miss Morris is an instance that in some cases genius is hereditary, for she is a remarkably graceful and winning actress. She will be supported by Charles C. Silk and Russell Bassett. Harry Linton and Anita Laurence will appear in a comedy skit, named "Married Now," which enables Mr. Linton to display his talent as a vocalist and Miss Laurence her ability as a danseuse. Happy Jack Gardner, a remarkably clever burnt-cork monologist and singing comedian, will introduce a brand-new assortment of jokes and witticisms. Next week will be the last of Hall McAllister in "The Girl of the Times," Raymond and Caverly, the Four Orans, and of the comic opera, "The Naked Truth," of which George W. Leslie is the bright, particular star.

Nordica's Concerts.

There is already great demand for seats for the Nordica concerts, to be given at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday afternoons, December 13 and 20. Manager Greenbaum has determined to open a mail-order sale in advance. Seats will be \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1, and orders may now be addressed to him at

Sherman, Clay & Co.'s enclosing check or money order to insure immediate attention.

Nordica's only evening concert in this city has been secured by the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

The date of the singer's appearance in Oakland will be announced next week. It will either be a Tuesday evening or Friday afternoon. With Nordica will come Frederick Hastings, the eminent baritone.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is remarked that it will take a pretty good sized edition of Mr. Carnegie's new book to supply the Carnegie libraries alone.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University visited the University of Copenhagen last season and delivered there a series of lectures which attracted much attention. These lectures are shortly to be published by the Macmillan Company under the title "The American as He Is." Among the special topics with which President Butler deals are "The American as a Political Type," "The American Apart from His Government," and "The American and the Intellectual Life."

A recent volume by the Rev. Lyman P. Powell, entitled "The Art of Natural Sleep," gives a brief account of the theories of sleep and the causes of insomnia, shows the special dangers in the use of drugs for its relief, explains the various methods of relaxation and rhythmic breathing, and describes in detail the drugless method of the Emmanuel Movement.

In England the demand for the new popular edition of John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is said to be remarkable—so remarkable that it has been impossible fully to meet it. It took Morley three years to write the book, which appeared in 1903, in a first edition of 20,000 copies, three large volumes at two guineas net. The new edition is published at five shillings.

The autobiography of the late Li Hung Chang is to be published in China in one hundred volumes, one volume per year, and sold by subscription on the installment plan.

In Hall Caine's "My Story" he says: "Collins said that after the publication of 'The Woman in White' a lady came to him and said: 'The great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say you do not really know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain; the man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband.' The lady was the wife of Edward Bulwer Lytton."

New Publications.

"The Methods of Mr. Ames" is a readable story of social life in France and England. It is published by Mitchell Kennerley. New York. Price, \$1.50.

"Vigorous Daunt Billionaire," by Ambrose Pratt, is a story as full of sensation and adventure as the most exacting could desire. It is also well told. The publishers are R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, comes a little volume of "Stories by Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann." An introductory essay of some value is followed by "The Cremona Violin" and "Mlle. de Scudéry." The price is 40 cents.

The World's Story Tellers Series, edited by Arthur Ransome, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, has been enriched by a little volume of "Stories by Théophile Gautier," translated by Lafcadio Hearn. Price, 40 cents net.

"Books and Reading," compiled by Roscoe Crosby Gaige and Alfred Harcourt, is a collection of what literary men have said about literature. There are eighty-five selections, well classified and arranged. The publishers are the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have added an illustrated volume of "Adventures at Sea" to their Young People Series. The stories are of whale hunts, wrecks, fires, storms, castaways, and rescues. Most of them are founded upon fact, and all of them are essentially true. The price is 60 cents.

Adela Verne's Farewell Concert.

Adela Verne, the brilliant young pianist, will give her farewell concert this (Saturday) afternoon at Christian Science Hall, presenting an exceptionally fine and interesting programme. By special request the artist will play Chopin's Sonata op. 35, the one with the wonderful funeral march. Other important numbers will be Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuses," and "Andante et Rondo Capriccioso"; two Hungarian Dances by Brahms; a "Staccato Etude" by Alice Bréd-Verne, a sister of the performer; three Liszt works, and an "Elegie" by the young Californian composer, Albert Elkus.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until one o'clock, after which they will be at the box-office of the hall, corner of Sacramento and Scott Streets.

Arthur Hartmann, the Violinist.

Next Sunday afternoon, November 29, at Christian Science Hall, the brilliant young violinist and composer, Arthur Hartmann, will make his début before a San Francisco audience. Hartmann is one of the greatest violinists now before the public, and is also gaining fame as a writer on musical subjects as well as a composer of music for his favorite instrument. He is not only a virtuoso, but a scholarly interpreter of the classics, and one of those artists who while possessed of a marvelous technique uses it simply as a means to an end.

His offerings at this first concert include the great Concerto in G minor by Max Bruch; a "Prelude and Fugue" for violin alone by Bach; MacDowell's "Cradle Song," transcribed by himself; Arthur Nevin's "Unie Pensée" and original "Rhapsodie"; and the brilliant "Faust Fantasie" by Wieniawski.

Alfred Calzin, a piano virtuoso, will assist Mr. Hartmann, and will play Chopin and Liszt numbers in addition to other selections.

At the Thursday evening concert Mr. Hartmann will play the Mendelssohn Concerto, "Grand Fugue in A," by Bach, Wieniawski's "Russian Airs," numbers of Huhay and Zarzyski, and a Paganini-Hartmann "Allegro de Concerto."

The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 6. Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats is now in progress.

Hartmann plays in Oakland Friday afternoon, December 4, at Ye Liberty Playhouse. Seats will be ready Monday at the theatre box-office.



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only	12:45 A.		4:40 P.	SATUR- DAY	3:10 P.
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BLANCHE ARRAL'S CONCERT.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Music once more was soothing San Francisco breasts, savage and otherwise, on the occasion of Mme. Blanche Arral's second concert, although not to the same degree as when Gogorza exercised his potent sway.

Mme. Arral is curiously deficient in those very qualities of temperament that so attracted to the Spanish baritone the sympathetic *rapprochement* of his hearers. The little Belgian is undoubtedly a brilliant and attractive singer, but that something in countenance and expression which indicates the absence of the emotional, the true artist soul, made one think of that trite expression, "her countenance does not belie her."

Mme. Arral has a beautiful soprano voice of fine volume and considerable brilliancy. She can give you all the *colorature* you want. She can sing with coquetry, dash, gaiety: she can keep on singing the entire evening, and wonderfully maintain her vocal balance. Not a note went astray, not a tarnish of fatigue showed in the clear and glittering tones. The singer is trained in all the technic of operatic gesture and facial expression. She handles her heart, tilts her smiling, her ever smiling, face at the correct angle of passion, but neither passion nor tenderness are there. She is incapable of expressing them.

A French cosmopolite told me that Arral has no particular standing in Europe and contended that she is no singer. I could not agree with him, but knew why he thought so. The Belgian songstress can not express in song those emotions the fervid Latin races feel most strongly, therefore she could never with them fill the position of a favorite singer.

She sang the "L'Africaine" aria colorlessly, exciting admiration only by the beauty of her tone, not by what it conveyed. She gave a long scene from the garden act of "Faust," and I noticed how practical her Marguerite was. You remember that Marguerite, when first under the spell of love's young ecstasy, says, "Leave my heart to its dreaming." How beautiful those little interludes in "The King of Thule" are, when spellbound Gretchen, dutifully trying to stifle the novel emotions springing into existence in her heart, forgets the song and wanders off into dreamy speculation as to the identity of the attractive stranger. But Mme. Arral did not dream at all. She was clean-cut and exact, singing the music with clear and beautiful tone, but with a temperamental inability to enter into more than a superficial sympathy with the musings of romantic and visionary maidenhood.

The "Hahañera" was sung with that rich fullness and brilliancy of tone appropriate to a Carmen voice, and the "Mignon" polonaise, too, excited enthusiasm. The singer is never daunted by technical difficulties. She has a voice upon which she can absolutely rely. That is, when she eschews the note of tenderness or passion. Her lack in this respect was made manifest when the singer, in response to an encore, seated herself at the piano, à la Sembrich, and, *not à la Sembrich*, strummed some very indifferent accompaniment while she sang "Home, Sweet Home," "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and "Good-bye, Sweet Summer." In the first two songs we discovered at once that singing piano, and attempting to convey the sad and tender sentiment of these familiar numbers utterly deprived Mme. Arral's voice of its brilliancy and beauty. These two numbers were a dead letter, so far as musical enjoyment was concerned. In the third, however, the beautiful roundness and fullness of her voice were agreeably displayed.

She captivated the house completely, however, with a most fascinating number granted as an encore. I did not recognize it, and felt revived an old aggrieved sense. I maintain that a non-linguistic audience should always be helped out on the programme with a sentence or two to put them *au fait* with the sentiment of songs in foreign languages. And I do not think it right that people should be left guessing when an encore is granted. There should either be a verbal or a written announcement made in order to banish the element of uncertainty, and permit people to stop guessing, lean back, and abandon themselves to undisturbed enjoyment.

But at any rate the number in question was given with a dash, a gaiety, and an effect of *gaminerie* which mightily tickled the audience, and brought them to such a mood of appreciation as made the singer very happy.

This is a short, holiday week, when an each-

going to press cuts off the possibility of reviewing local attractions, but I have been to Oakland, and I have come to the conclusion that they had better cut out in future the time-worn jokes about going to Oakland, which have so often wrung the withers of supersensitive Oaklanders. Last Saturday afternoon I saw a greater throng sauntering along Broadway in the relaxation of the after-matinée mood than we in San Francisco are able to display at our widely divided theatre centres. I felt quite bipped, and experienced a vague disapproval of Oakland, which has so profited by our misfortune. I was forgetting, and the passing show thus bodily transferred reminded me once more of our great calamity.

However, I was a little cheered by the reflection that the tide of San Franciscans returning here from Oakland and Berkeley has begun in earnest. Some people declare that 50 per cent of the houses in Berkeley, bastily built directly after the earthquake to avoid paying the prevailing high rents, are now for sale.

Oakland, they say, is speckled with vacant houses. But so is San Francisco. They say we are over-building here. Perhaps we are. But I have a dark suspicion that our surplus of houses will eventually accommodate the returning tide, which has begun in earnest. Some people we will never get back. But metropolitan life gets into the blood, and thousands who fled when the city was laid waste, now that our magnificent and loftily upreared business palaces speak of a restored down-town section, are feeling the old pull of attachment to our restored city.

But it is truly an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and all the bay cities and towns will eventually profit by the whirl of events that scattered the units of our population like leaves in the wind.

The Oaklanders congratulate themselves that they now see all the important theatrical attractions in their own town. They have a local stock company, similar, I suppose, to the organizations at the Valencia and the New Alcazar Theatre, but decidedly inferior to the latter one, at least, sad to say. I felt somewhat soothed by the reflection that I was witnessing a mortally poor show. It was "The Christian," which play in itself is infuriating, on account of its hypocrisy, its frequent and shameless gallery play, and the generally banal character of the sentiment of the piece.

How funny—no, not funny, how boresome—life would be if people talked the dreary, stilted balderdash which makes up the dialogue of "The Christian"! Oh, what fustian, and why in the world do the people applaud it?

"If that is the way an English gentleman does, then God help England!" "You have struck me with a woman's band!" "Stop! you forget you are talking to a priest!" Etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

And yet, what a sickly vitality the piece has. They are perpetually reviving it in the theatres, and it seems to appeal to that mass of false sentiment which some people carry around with them like a goitre or a tumor.

I was quite tickled, though, at one moment in the piece, by a little burst of human nature. Gloria was in the vestry tearfully pouring out quarts of her heart history, in the most ordered stereotype, to a clergyman whom she had never met, and who was most unsympathetic. As she wiped her weeping eyes, a woman in front of me, leaned forward and said to her friend in a thrilling whisper, "I don't like that dress!"

Alas, poor bistrions, with their ineffectual stage tears, bow thorny are the crowns of popularity they wear!

I thought Landers Stevens utterly unsuited to the rôle of John Storm, and I am convinced that he would cordially agree with me. There was absolutely nothing reverend about him in manner or mien, and a secret, cynical smile seemed perpetually bovering around the corners of his lips when he was engaged in rolling off John Storm's pious and godly periods.

Isabelle Fletcher naturally acted a stereotyped rôle in stereotype, and the rest of the company peacefully and comfortably followed her example.

What a caddish thing, by the way, is the exit of Lord Robert, when, with a taunting laugh, he leaves Gloria's house openly casting aspersions upon her fair fame. It is just the sort of thing that the hardest and toughest Lord Robert, a man who was presumably born and reared an aristocrat, would never have done. It certainly looks as if Hall Caine is not up in the ways of men of the world.

I always find the most cheerful and enjoyable thing in "The Christian" is the mob. It speaks, but it can not utter heavy, Hall-Caine periods, and it does so enjoy itself when it is being held back from smashing things, and the women are so unaffectedly conscious of the comedy effects in their Cbeapside costumes.

Recent theatrical gossip concerns the first vaudeville appearance in Boston of Virginia Harned, the popular actress, in a sketch written by herself. This is Miss Harned's first attempt at authorship and she has been wonderfully successful, judging by the comment.

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VANITY FAIR.

James L. Ford in *Appleton's Magazine* for November tells us that all public characters create a distinct and characteristic personal following that can be depended upon at all times for loyal and hearty support. That, of course, is a truism, and we need not stay to consider whether the power to create a personal following of this kind is due to a natural human inclination to be led, to a general disposition toward hero worship, or to a sort of animal magnetism that radiates from strong personalities. Human society is divided between leaders and those that are led, and it is probably impossible for two individuals to come into contact without the dominance of one and the subjection of the other.

But Mr. Ford does not philosophize; he states facts, and he illustrates them by citing the case of Ethel Barrymore. He went to see her play in New York, and he says that the play was so inane that he could only wonder at the author's courage in offering it for sale. When the curtain rose the house was fairly well filled, save for the proscenium boxes and ten whole rows of orchestra chairs stretching clear across from wall to wall:

Toward the middle of the first act the audience was startled from its apathy by a noise like that of advancing hosts, and I turned in my seat just as all the doors burst open at once and a vast human tide came swarming in through the lobby; canes rattling, tongues chattering, silks rustling, and throats laughing. Separating into three streams, the tide quickly found its way down the aisles, an usher with a fist full of coupons scurrying ahead of each stream like a frightened partridge. Noisily the flood surged and eddied about me, climbing over me, talking across me, looking through me, and finally subsiding into a sea of white necks, black broadcloth, showy shirt fronts, chiffons, and flowers.

It was somewhat after this fashion that the waters came down at Lodore.

As the waves went down I looked over their crests and saw that the boxes and the ten rows of orchestra chairs were now completely filled with wealth, fashion, and beauty, and that I had been swallowed up by and absorbed into an audience of the sort described by inexperienced as well as the most hardened reporters as "one of rare brilliancy and critical acumen."

"There's your Barrymore following," said some one just behind me.

"She always draws the highest theatre parties in the business," said some one else. "There must be fully four hundred in that bunch."

But the four hundred were fully satisfied with their functions as a following, and were in no mood to constitute themselves an audience. From whatever scene of chattering frivolity they had emerged, there was to be no cessation of noise and frolic because they happened to be in a theatre or because a number of people on the stage, including their own heroine, was supposed to be catering to their amusement:

"Isn't Ethel looking sweet tonight?" said a young woman of rare brilliancy and critical acumen who sat three seats in front of me.

"I never saw her as handsome!" cried another young thing from the other side of the house, lowering her opera glasses as she spoke.

"Why, there's young Dicky Duddleplate!" exclaimed a handsome matron in the second row as she turned in her seat and waved her hand merrily at a young gentleman in whom critical acumen and rare brilliancy were happily blended with a retreating chin, and who was smiling upon his friends from an upper box.

"How d'ye do!" shouted Dicky, grinning amiably and vacantly and waving the silver-headed cane with which he had been tapping his front teeth. "Ethel's looking awfully stout, don't you think?"

"Do tell me what it's all about!" said a fretful, high-pitched voice in a lower box; "and for heaven's sake find out what Ethel is doing in that dress. I don't like her in it one little bit."

Then a great silence fell upon the house, for the actress was in the midst of her strongest scene, and her admirers were interested in studying her gown and wondering why she wore her hair so low upon her forehead. Having indulged in these solemn speculations for fully two minutes, their interest began to flag, and it was at this moment that Charlie Clutterbuck, who was the centre of a delightful group in a lower box, and who is himself one of the brightest lads in New York society, began a series of merry pranks which convulsed the others with laughter. Taking a programme he cut out a number of words and pinned them together in a row, so that they read, "You are a goat." This he handed to one of the most brilliant women in society, who sat next to him, and her shrill screams of laughter completely drowned all the conversation in the house. It was the funniest hit of the evening, not excepting the hull's-eye made by clever Charlie when he threw a large paper pellet at little Freddie Fritters in the opposite box.

Mr. Ford remembers that he had once seen Miss Barrymore in a play worthy of her abilities. The "following" was conspicuous by its absence, for the star was playing the part of a charwoman, horn to poverty and uncomplaining toil, illiterate, tied to a brutal husband; but for all that a real woman, with a woman's capacity for suffering and loving—patient, willing, and able to endure blows as well as kisses. Miss Barrymore was showing what she could do, and "my long tried faith in the genuineness and greatness of her talents rested, at last, on a solid foundation":

"Well, by God, she's proved that she's got it in her, but they'll not let her do it again!" said an actor in the lobby.

"Who won't let her do it again—her managers?" I asked.

"Her managers? No. You can sometimes convince a manager! But she's got a following that

will never stand for that old dress. Why, the people behind me are kicking because she isn't playing a lady. They don't seem to know that she's doing a great deal more than that. She's playing a woman. And she'll do it again, too, if they'll only let her! Damn 'em!"

I went back to my seat wondering if it would be possible to induce the great Barrymore following to give their star a chance to do something worthy of her. The curtain rose and I soon became absorbed in the play. Then a querulous feminine voice behind me exclaimed, "Oh, dear! Isn't she going to wear anything nicer than that?" And I knew that some of the following had arrived—late as usual.

"Very likely she'll improve as she goes along, and come out in the last act looking perfectly beautiful," said another voice, apparently that of the host, for it was conciliatory, apologetic, and expressive of his regret at having taken tickets for such a low entertainment when he might have entertained his guests with Anna Held or Eddie Foy.

"I don't see what she wants to play such an ugly character as that for, anyway," said the first voice, and I noticed that it had lost nothing of its acidity. "Ethel can really do quite nicely sometimes when she plays a lady, and it's not every actress that that can be said of. I take a lady to play a lady. I said that when I saw her in that lovely play she had a few winters ago. I've forgotten the name of it, but she wore a perfectly stunning picture hat in the last act. Of course, we don't expect Ethel to do any great acting, but she might at least wear some good clothes when her friends come to see her."

That Miss Barrymore's "following" should be a serious menace to her career is relatively unimportant, but that the *bandar log* of society, the monkey people of frivolity, should actually have a power over the drama as a whole, that they should be able to discredit a play because the star wears no fine clothing, is a very serious matter, but unfortunately there is nothing to be done except to hope that nature will in some way express her abhorrence of the mental vacuum now prevailing in the "followings" of dramatic favorites.

The operations for the reconstruction of the nose now being carried out by certain New York physicians have created a ripple of excitement among those who have not been favored by nature in this respect. The operation is said to be simplicity itself. First decide what kind of a nose you want. Get a sketch of it or a photograph, so that the operator may know exactly what is required of him. There is no need to be diffident in the matter, because it is just as easy to secure the full Roman or Grecian variety as a mere modification of the pattern originally furnished by nature. A hypodermic syringe of large dimensions is filled with melted paraffin wax. The point is inserted under the skin covering the bones of the nose and the warm paraffin is injected. The pain is that of a mere pin prick, and nothing more is needed than a quick modeling with the fingers into the new shape. There are, of course, some disadvantages. The wax, when hard, will naturally retain any new shape that is given to it. Do not roll over in bed or your latter state may be worse than the beginning. Do not give any one cause to pull your nose, or the resulting elongation will require skilled attention. Pugilism of all kinds must be avoided, while any undue amount of heat may have disastrous consequences.

These operations that are now being performed in the service of vanity had their rise from a more justifiable cause. Where the nose has been entirely destroyed as the result of disease or accident, it has been found possible to create a new one by taking a finger from the hand and transplanting it to the face. The finger is covered with a strip of skin drawn down from the forehead and the proper shape has been obtained from paraffin wax. A very presentable feature was the result, by no means perfect, of course, but a vast improvement upon the previous disfigurement. The possibilities of wax having thus been shown, its use has been extended to a modification of existing shapes, and there is no reason why moderately satisfactory results should not ensue.

The breakfast recently given by the lord chancellor of England to about three hundred guests in the House of Lords reminds us of a social function that has fallen into disuse. No one now issues invitations to breakfast except in obedience to ancient custom, as in the present instance. For the most part we are too had tempered at the breakfast hours to extend or to receive the amenities of hospitality. The library of the House of Lords was assigned to the judges and the smoking-room and dining-room to king's counsel and other legal luminaries. A great array of every kind of sandwich loaded the table, but the dish most in evidence was chicken and ham. Champagne, hock, and claret cups were available, though it was noted that the beverage most favored by the legal world was iced coffee. The lord chancellor's breakfast, which is eaten standing, is an institution which goes back to the days of the versatile Brougham. For the last forty years it has been held in the House of Lords, but at an earlier date it was given in the lord chancellor's residence. It is a relic of the times when breakfast was a great social function. In the early years of the nineteenth century the breakfasts of the poet Rogers were famous as the rendezvous of wits and literary personalities.

Many other great men of that period had

what may be termed the breakfast habit. Thus Mr. Gladstone was a regular giver of breakfasts and a constant attendant at them when given by others. Of recent years, however, the breakfast has fallen into desuetude as a social function, except at the universities, where young men are still found who are capable of consuming three or four courses and the while maintaining a genial flow of elegant conversation. Recently an attempt has been made to revive the breakfast. Thus the king in 1907 at Newmarket issued several invitations to breakfast parties. To our ancestors the meal was a solid one, of many dishes of meat, qualified by sack possets or small beer, the ancient equivalent of soda water. Tea was not invented and coffee was only to be found in the mediæval analogue of the modern museum.

Jewelry is to play a large part in the season's decorations, and pearls are to come into greater popular favor than ever. The newest necklaces are single string of the little pearls supporting amethyst, topaz, or turquoise—matrix pendants hung at wide intervals. Variations on this simplest form are shown in models that have a little loop of the pearls from the main string to hold the pendant, also in those that have three or more main strings with the pendants attached to gold links that pass about the strings. Gold or silver ornaments elaborately set with variegated semi-precious stones are quite as much seen as the drops of plain stone.

Rope necklaces in seed pearls revive an old

fashion. Some come very long, with tasseled ends, and tie in front at the throat or at the bust. Rope necklaces come in many degrees of thickness. Some have only three or four strings in the rope, others a dozen or more. Seed pearl earrings come in elaborate forms with long pendants. The rosette hooches will send many women to their hoxes of old out-of-date jewelry. They are identical with the old-time hooches, which are no longer out of date at all. Another revival is the vogue for garnets. Garnet jewelry comes in all the forms now in demand in other kinds of jewelry. Enameled birds with outstretched wings promise to be among the most liked veil and lace pins. Gulls and swallows four inches from wing tip to wing tip are favorite models.

The London *Chronicle* says that the American lecturer who tried to persuade the women in his audience the other day that their own hair was a prettier, not to say less obstructive, sight than their spacious hats, ignored the warnings of history. No *matinée* hat of today is so high as the lofty head-dresses worn by Marie Antoinette, which were the despair of poor simple-minded Louis XVI. But when deprived of all possibility of being able to see a performance at the opera he presented his wife with an aigrette of diamonds, in the hope that it might supplant a head-dress forty-five inches in height, the queen promptly had the diamonds incorporated in a new head-dress which was taller than all its predecessors.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related that when Stevenson was told of the death of Matthew Arnold he paused; then said, dubiously, "He won't like God!"

They passed, in the course of an hour, two dead cows and more than fifty dead chickens. A strong smell of gasoline pervaded the atmosphere, and there were wheel tracks in the dust. Sherlock Holmes became greatly interested. "Watson," exclaimed he, after deep thought, "there has been an automobile along here!"

Lord Palmerston was interrupted at a public meeting. "Will you support such and such a reform, if returned?" demanded a voice from the hall. "Palm" considered a moment, then replied, "I will"—at which there were thunders of applause—"not"—he continued, amid vociferous counter cheering—"tell you"—then there was general laughter.

A beggar rang a suburban doorbell. The mistress of the house appeared, frowned at the man, and said: "Go away, please, I haven't got any cold victuals, or old clothes, or old hoots, or old overcoats, or—" "Excuse me, ma'am," the beggar humbly interrupted. "I didn't want nothin' to eat or wear. I just called to see, ma'am, if you had an old automobile to give away."

J. Barton King, the Philadelphia cricketer, described the manner and customs of the English lodging-house. In lodgings, it seems, the landlady gouges one frightfully. A friend told how he once reuked his landlady. She came to him with his spirit case. "Whisky all gone, sir," she said. "Shall I get you another hottle?" "Yes, I wish you would," said he. "It's your turn."

General Fred Grant shows in a little story how a willing but prejudiced witness may confound himself. "Any complaints, corporal?" said the colonel, making one morning a personal inspection. "Yes, sir. Taste that, sir," said the corporal promptly. The colonel put the liquid to his lips. "Why," he said, "that's the best soup I ever tasted!" "Yes, sir," said the corporal, "and the cook wants to call it coffee."

A young hoy got a job with a Scottish farmer once. "Ye'll sleep in the barn," the farmer said, "and I'll expect ye out in the field ilka morn at four o'clock." "Very well, sir," said the hoy. But the first morning he overslept a little, and it was half-past four when he reached the field. The farmer, leaning on his hoe, gave him a black look. "Where have ye been all the forenoon?" he growled.

A pretty girl, in a hammock slung in an apple orchard, awoke suddenly and frowned at the young man who stood before her. "You stole a kiss while I was asleep!" she exclaimed. "Well," stammered the young man, "you were sleeping so soundly—you looked so pretty, so tempting, I—yes, I admit I did take one little one." The girl smiled scornfully. "One!" said she. "Humph! I counted seven before I woke up."

An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat holdly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his hack turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to the sentry box. The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking, is it, sorr? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it lit to show to the corporal when he comes, as evidence agin you."

A New Yorker died and went to his "eternal home." This man walked around growling, as most New Yorkers do, finding fault with everything, and saying that he couldn't see that heaven was much better than New York. "Why, say," he observed to a shade who happened to be near, "this is all undermined with dynamite, just like New York, and when you're not being blown up you are being ground to death in some sulphurous subway or other. I don't see the use of coming to heaven, anyway." "Excuse me, my dear hoy," said the shade to whom he was talking, "you have made a slight mistake. This is not heaven."

You could tell from his hair that he was a musician, or something of the sort. "Yes," he said to the company at large, "the greatest tenor in the land once paid me the highest compliment I could wish. 'Oh?' remarked some one, interrogatively. "It was like this: I sang without accompaniment—I always have trouble with accompanists; they're so unsympathetic, you know—and at the end of the song he said to me: 'Do you know, when you began without an accompanist, I was surprised; when I heard you, I was astonished;

and when you sat down I was delighted!' " And the sun shone down and lit up the youth's heatific smile of satisfaction.

There was something about the face of the stranger who sat opposite to her in the tram-car that was familiar to the stern lady. "Pardon me," she said. "If I am not mistaken, you are one of the poor, underpaid working girls whom our Emancipation Society tried to benefit—or, at least you were a year ago." "That is so," said the stranger. "Then our society has evidently not been without influence, for you look prosperous now." "I have everything I want, and never was so happy in my life." "That's splendid. You must have solved the woman problem." "I have." "Glorious! Do tell me all about it!" "I've married!"

Artemus Ward called on a friend the night before one of his panorama lectures. There were some three or four large roaches scurrying about the room, and they attracted his attention. "I am very fond of roaches," he said. "Once, in my own home, I found a roach struggling in a howl of water. I took a half walnut shell and put him in it; it made a good boat; I gave him a couple of toothpicks for oars. Next morning I saw that he had fastened a hair to one of the toothpicks, and had evidently been fishing. Then, overcome with exhaustion, he had fallen asleep. The sight moved me. I took him out, washed him, gave him a spoonful of hoiled egg, and let him go. That roach never forgot my kindness, and now my home is full of roaches."

THE MERRY MUSE.

What She Didn't Tell. She never told her love 'Twas time to go, But father, from above, Soon let him know. —New York Journal.

L'Envoi. I thought we had 'em beaten To a frazzle, so I did; But I found I was mistaken When the landslide slid.

I figured we would beat 'em Every turning of the road, But I missed my computation When the landslide slode.

My multiplication table Must have put me to the had, For I was humped a plenty When the landslide slad.

When I awoke a Wednesday And all the wreckage viewed, What I saw was a plenty When the landslide slewed.

Serenade. O come with me and be my cook, And you may have my pocketbook! For you the parlor door's ajar, And you may use my motor car.

My wife has gems that you may wear, And you may use her Sunday hair. And if these things enticing look, Then come with me and be my cook. —Puck.

Lay of an Ancient Anecdote. An ancient anecdote I he! Three thousand years ago Egyptian jokesmiths fashioned me to fit their Pharaoh. The old Chaldeans, sportive men, amusement would evince To see me harnessed now and then to potentate or prince.

The Middle Ages knew me well; I was considered good. I helped make famous William Tell, and also Robin Hood. The Grub-Street wits I did delight; I earned for them some pence; And when the New World came to light I emigrated thence.

An ancient anecdote I be! I have been coupled with The foremost men of history and half their kin and kith. I've toiled since Humor had its dawn to feed the scribbling craft; And now I s'pose they'll tack me on to William Howard Taft! —Success.

When Mr. Volney Streamer was visiting Mark Twain at his Redding home, a short time ago, he remarked on the picturesque appearance of a windmill in the distant landscape. It was not a windmill, however, hut the tower of the Congregational Church at Redding Centre. When the clergyman of that church came to see Mr. Clemens, the latter told him that one of his guests had called his church a windmill, adding, "I think that was going a little too far!"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

This winter will remain prominent in the annals of San Francisco on account of the very beautiful and enjoyable private halls given, which have been in several instances very large and formal affairs, as the event of last week at which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe presented their debutante daughter, Miss Katharine, and which was notable for the number of the older set of people, prominent in society a decade or two since, who were present as well as the younger dancing men and girls: the hall given by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins this week for their daughter, Miss Florence Hopkins, one of the most popular of the debutantes; and Mr. Greenway's birthday dance. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott's hall promises to be one of the most elaborate and exclusive halls ever given in San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucille Wilkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilkins of San Rafael, to Mr. Taliaferro Milton. The wedding will be an event of next year.

The wedding of Miss Pansy Perkins, daughter of Senator and Mrs. George C. Perkins, to Mr. Cleveland Baker, took place on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of the bride's parents, "Palm Knoll," Vernon Heights, Oakland. The ceremony took place at nine o'clock, the Rev. J. K. McLean being the officiating clergyman. Miss Alma Perkins, the bride's cousin, was the maid of honor and Mr. Charles de Young the best man. After their honeymoon trip to Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Baker will live in Tonopah.

On Wednesday, the 18th of November, at half-past three o'clock p. m., Miss May Harvey Foulkes was married to Mr. William Thomas Renison, the Rev. Mr. Renison, Sr., father of the groom, reading the service, which took place at the home of the bride's mother, 420 Spruce Street. Mrs. Foulkes being an invalid, only near relatives and a very few intimate friends were asked. Among those present were Mrs. Henry Williams, Mrs. James McKenzie, Mrs. J. Mora Moss, Mrs. George Hellman, Mrs. Musser, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Florence Durden, Miss Margaret Roney, Mr. William Wallace Shaw, Mr. Musser, Dr. J. Mora Moss, and Dr. Bruce Foulkes.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will entertain at a hall at the St. Francis on Friday evening, December 4.

Invitations have been issued for the Colonial Dances, which will take place at the St. Francis on Friday evening, January 15, and Tuesday evening, February 23. The patronesses are Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Alvert J. Diblee, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mrs. Walter Scott Hohart, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. William Henry Taylor, Jr., Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, and Mrs. Robert J. Woods.

Mrs. James Robinson was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at her home on Scott Street in honor of Mrs. Fran-

cis Underhill of Santa Barbara. Those present were Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Diblee, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Laurance Scott, and Mrs. Walter Martin.

Miss Augusta Foute will entertain at an informal dance on December 1 at the Hillcrest in honor of Miss Innes Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins entertained at a hall on Tuesday evening last at the Fairmont in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Florence Hopkins.

The officers of the French cruiser *Catina* entertained at a matinee dance and tea on board ship on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Miss Julia Langhorne was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Grace Hammond and Mr. Welmore Burnett.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at an informal hop at the Presidio Club on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at the Fairmont. Forty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained at an informal dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at their home on Broadway.

Mr. Ernest Bird of London was the host at a dinner at the Fairmont on Monday evening of last week, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Mary Keeney, the Rev. Edward L. Morgan, and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was the hostess at a luncheon in the Gray Room of the Fairmont on Wednesday of last week, at which she entertained Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Boswell King, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Amie Brewer, Miss Nora Brewer, Miss Kathleen Finnegan, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Buckley, Miss Hanna Du Bois, Miss Emily Du Bois, Miss Sidney Davis, Miss Edna Davis, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Munson, and Miss Hannigan.

Miss Phelan entertained at luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Ashleigh Turner.

Mrs. James King Steele was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Clara Allen and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

The tea which was to have been given on Saturday last by Mrs. John McMullin at the Fairmont in honor of her debutante granddaughters, Miss Anna Weller and Miss Eliza McMullin, was postponed for a fortnight.

Miss Sophie Coleman was the hostess at a tea on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham entertained at a musicale on Thursday evening of last week at the Fairmont, at which they entertained about sixty guests.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday of last week at her home on Scott and Green Streets, at which she entertained seventeen tables of guests.

Miss Erna St. Goar was the hostess at a bridge party and tea at her home on California Street on Friday of last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sara Coffin have closed their Ross Valley home for the winter, and are occupying the P. B. Cornwall house, on Pacific Avenue and Webster Street.

Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned from a six weeks' stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands have arrived here and are guests at the Fairmont.

Mr. Ernest Bird, who has been here for several weeks past, left last week for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin, who have been visiting here, have returned to their home in Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Miss Helen Sidney Smith, and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, who have been traveling in Europe for some time past, have arrived in America, but will remain in the East until after the beginning of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan are in New York, to remain until after the holiday season.

Mr. Walter Dillingham arrived last week from Honolulu for a brief stay.

Mrs. Richard Hammond (formerly Miss Mary Langhorne) arrived on Monday last from Arizona, where she and Mr. Hammond are spending the winter.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy and Miss Christine Pomeroy went down last week to Santa Cruz for a brief stay.

Mrs. George Cadwalader has returned from a visit to Miss Marjorie Josselyn at Woodside.

Mrs. Ashton Potter has returned from a

stay of several months with friends and relatives in Washington, New York, and elsewhere in the East.

Miss Margaret Calhoun has been visiting in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Lou Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank West of Stockton have been visitors here recently.

Miss Linda Cadwalader went last week to San Jose, where she will be the guest for a short time of Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman have taken apartments at the Santa Barbara, on California Street, for the winter, and came over last week from their country place in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell has taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King left last week for the East.

Miss Lucie King returned this week from New York, but will leave again shortly for the East to spend the winter.

Miss Emma Grimwood has been in town recently from her home in Fruitvale as the guest of friends.

Mrs. Edward R. Dimond has returned from a visit of about two months' duration to friends and relatives in the Eastern States.

Mr. James Cameron has returned to town, after a sojourn of several months in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Miss Vera de Sahla, and Miss Leontine de Sahla left on Friday of last week for New York and will sail shortly for Europe.

Mr. W. Burchfield, U. S. M. C., and Mr. Y. W. Oshurn, U. S. N., are recent arrivals at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Graves, Jr., of Los Angeles motored to Del Monte, arriving on Thursday, and after a stop of two days continued on to San Francisco.

Colonel R. Diekens, U. S. M. C., is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Diekens.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhs and Mr. B. S. Foss are at Del Monte. They intend spending several days there before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tohin are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Captain C. H. Connors and Mrs. Connors will remain at the Granada until the transport sails for Manila on December 5.

Mrs. A. C. Bassett and daughter of Menlo Park have taken apartments at the Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis, where they expect to remain during the winter.

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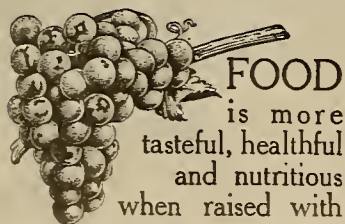
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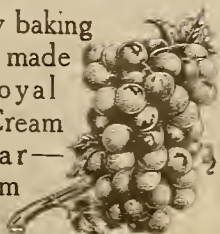
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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General John F. Weston, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved of the command of the Philippine Division and will leave for San Francisco on the transport sailing from Manila on December 15, to assume command of the Department of California, relieving General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., temporarily in command.

Colonel Edward A. Godwin, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., was retired from active service on November 15, at his own request, after more than forty-three years of service.

Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Corps, U. S. A., recently appointed to succeed to the office of surgeon-general of the army in January, has been ordered relieved from his duties here as chief surgeon of the Department of California and commanding officer of the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to Washington, D. C., and report to the surgeon-general of the army for duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel David L. Brainard, deputy commissary-general, U. S. A., chief commissary of the Department of California, has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect on December 10.

Major James M. Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to command of the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, on December 1.

Captain Merch B. Stewart, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, having been appointed adjutant of his regiment, has been ordered to proceed to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty.

Captain Carroll F. Armistead, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and ordered to return to his proper station.

Captain Harry S. Purnell, Medical Corps, U. S. A., now on leave, is relieved from duty at Fort Mackenzie, Wyoming, and is ordered to proceed at the proper time to San Francisco and report in person to the superintendent of the Army Transport Service for duty as surgeon of the transport *Thomas* on its next voyage to the Philippines, relieving Lieutenant Matthew Reasoner, Medical Corps, U. S. A. Captain Purnell will stand relieved upon his arrival in Manila and will report to the commanding general of the Philippines Division for duty.

Lieutenant Edward H. Andres, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., having been transferred to Company H, Eighth Infantry, has been ordered upon expiration of his leave to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey, reporting upon his arrival to his commanding officer for duty.

Lieutenant John J. Moller, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted three months' leave of absence, which took effect on November 19.

Lieutenant Frank H. Kalde, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Presidio of Monterey and ordered to proceed to Fort McDowell, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty as adjutant, Third Battalion, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Harold W. Jones, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as surgeon of the transport *Buford*, to take effect on or about January 15, after the arrival of that transport in Manila, and will then proceed to the United States. On the expiration of his leave of absence he will report by telegraph to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Lieutenant Joseph A. Worthington, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, at such time as will enable him to comply with this order, and will report in person to the superintendent of the Army Transport Service at San Francisco, for duty as surgeon on the transport *Crook*, with station at San Francisco, relieving Lieutenant Omar W. Pinkston, Medical Corps, U. S. A., who upon being thus relieved will report by telegraph to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Lieutenant Howard McC. Snyder, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding officer, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for temporary duty pending the departure of the transport for Manila on December 5.

Recent registrations at the Hotel Argonaut include: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ramsey, Seattle; Mr. H. C. Johnson and family, Chicago; Mr. A. B. Widney, Portland, Ore.; Mr. W. Dumont, Mr. L. Diguat, Mr. R. Lauri, Paris, France; Mr. and Mrs. George Wooster, Los Angeles; Mr. James H. Armstrong, Boston; Mr. C. B. Lanham, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McMicking, Victoria, B. C.

Among recent registrations from San Francisco at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene F. O'Connor, Mr. W. E. Garby, Mr. Ed. C. Goldner, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Miss Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

The *Argonaut* received on Monday, through the mail, a fifty-dollar note, the annual Thanksgiving donation of "M. R.-M. F." to the Fruit and Flower Mission. It was accompanied by the following note:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1908.

TO THE EDITOR—Dear Sir: To help along its usual Thanksgiving Day work, you are kindly asked to send to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission the enclosed fifty dollars.

With the donation go the best wishes of

Yours respectfully,
M. R.-M. F.

The gift was forward to the Fruit and Flower Mission by the *Argonaut*, which is in ignorance of the identity of the generous donors, and the following reply has been received from the treasurer of the society:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—Dear Sir: The San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission acknowledges with many thanks the receipt, through you, of the sum of fifty dollars; the offering of its unknown, but highly appreciated friends, "M. R.-M. F."

The mission receives, in support of its efforts, the cooperation of a very large portion of the community; but none among its contributors has been more faithful or more generous than "M. R.-M. F."—whose wanderings through many climes have never, during these many years, caused them to forget the work which the mission does at this season.

We must again rely upon your good offices to convey to them the hearty appreciation of the members of our society, speaking not only on their own behalf, but on behalf of the many needy persons to whom we are, through contributions like this, enabled to provide an occasional glad hour.

Very truly yours,

GUSSIE MANDEBAUM,

Treasurer San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission.

Next March, as Mme. Eames told the reporters when she landed in New York a few days ago, will bring the twentieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage—in 1889 at the Opéra in Paris as Juliet, in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." This season she will undertake no new parts at the Metropolitan, and in February she will leave the company for a concert tour of her own.

Carter de Haven, Al Leech, Flora Parker, and William Courtleigh, all vaudeville stars, have been signed for the musical comedy, "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

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Fond Mother—Bobby, dear, you've forgotten your toothbrush. *Bobby*—But I thought I was going on a vacation.—*Circle*.

"Have you read any of the recent fiction?" "I have read it all." "Where?" "In Dumas, forty years ago."—*Boston Traveler*.

Elizabeth—Are you fond of motoring? *Mory*—Oh, yes, indeed, and the constant occupation doesn't bother me a bit.—*The Club-Fellow*.

Editor—It may, of course, happen to any one, young man, that he has no ideas, but that's no reason why he should write a hook!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Ostend—Pa, what is the "Suhurban Handicap?" *Pa*—The lawn mower in the summer and the snow shovel in the winter, my son.—*Chicago Daily News*.

She (sleepily, in rear seat of auto)—How rough the road is tonight. *Chauffeur*—I should say so! Every man we hit is extra big.—*The Bellman*.

Miss Wooboy—So Mr. Smart really said he considered me very witty—eh? *Miss Knox*—Not exactly; he said he had to laugh every time he met you.—*Tit-Bits*.

"I want another box of pills like I got for mother yesterday." "Did your mother say they were good?" "No—huh they just fit my air-gun."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Kitty," said her mother, rehooking, "you must sit still when you are at the table." "I can't, mamma," protested the little girl, "I'm a fidgetarian."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Did he ever castigate his son for playing truant?" "No, he never fooled with them new-fangled ways o' doin'. He jest give him a sound lickin'."—*Baltimore American*.

"I wish to purchase a hat for myself," she whispered softly. "Merry Widow?" asked the cheery salesman? "No, doleful wife," was the pathetic rejoinder.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Fastboy—Really, dear, you shouldn't wait supper for me this way when I'm detained at the office. *Mrs. Fastboy*—Supper, you idiot! The maid just laid the table for breakfast.—*Puck*.

"If you don't marry me," he said, desperately, "I shall kill myself." "And write a note telling all about it?" queried the maid. "Yes." "And hold my photograph in your other hand?" "I had thought about it."

"Well, just wait a minute," she said, "and I'll horrow pa's pistol for you. My! hut won't it be romantic?"—*Stray Stories*.

He—Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear? *She*—I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man before we get married.—*Stray Stories*.

"So Algernon is going to devote himself to poetry?" "Yes, hut only after a season in the hank. I don't want the poor hoy to die without even knowing what money feels like."—*Life*.

"I wonder what the President would have done at Pompeii when it rained hot ashes and molten lava." "Seized the occasion, in all probability, to go for a nice walk."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What did Howard do when he found they were going to arrest the owners of motors, and not the chauffeurs, in all cases of exceeding the speed limit?" "He put every car he owns in his wife's name."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Miss Pansy, yo' suhtingly has got well-developed ahms, ef yo'll pahdon ma sayin' so." "Ah developed dem ahms workin' ovas de washtuh, Mistah Rufus." "Um—um—er, Miss Pansy, will yo' he ma wife?"—*Denver Post*.

Doctor—Well, John, how are you today? *John*—Verra had, verra had. I wish Providence 'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me! *Wife*—'Ow can you expect it to if you won't take the doctor's physic?—*The Christian Union Herald*.

Bobby—I've been an awful good hoy since I started going to Sunday-school, haven't I? *Mother*—Yes, dear, you've been very good, indeed. *Bobby*—And you don't distrust me any more, do you? *Mother*—No, dear. *Bobby*—Then, why do you continue to hide the pie?—*Horper's Weekly*.

"When you have an automobile," said Mr. Chuggins enthusiastically, "you depend on your own intelligence entirely. Now it's altogether different when you drive a horse." "Yes," answered the unassuming man, "that's one reason why I think maybe a horse is safer."—*Washington Star*.

Willie—And so you quarreled? *Chorley*—Yes; she sent back all my presents. And what do you suppose I did? *Willie*—Can't guess. *Charley*—I sent her a half-dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd taken about that much home on my coat since I'd known her.—*The Gossip*.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A New Deal in the Pacific.

Reports from Washington within the week suggest a climax of, even though they do not clear up the mystery which has filled the Pacific-Oriental atmosphere during the past year. There has, so it is said by that famous old gossip "a reliable authority," been negotiated between Japan and the United States a treaty covering the policies of the two countries in the Pacific world. The agreement, it is declared, is based on the idea of encouraging and defending free and peaceful commercial development in the Pacific. It contains a mutual guaranty of respect each for the other's territorial possessions and defines the attitude of the two countries toward China, binding each to defend by peaceful means China's independence and integrity and to give equal commercial opportunity in the Chinese empire to all countries.

More important still, so the report goes, the agreement binds the United States and Japan to consult one another with the idea of acting together in the case of any general complication. In brief, the treaty is an agreement between the United States and Japan tanta-

mount to a general alliance for the preservation of peace not only between the countries themselves, but in the Pacific Ocean, with the privileges of the commercial open door in China and inferentially throughout the whole Pacific region.

While as yet this talk has no definite or authoritative basis, circumstances indicate that it is in reality well founded. Something clearly has happened between Washington and Tokio, and for diplomatic purposes it is being disclosed in the shape of gossip and speculation. Possibly the story is given out tentatively by way of testing the public mind—as a species of "trial balloon," if we may borrow a French term for this sort of experimentation with public sentiment.

If this theory be correct, the method has entirely justified itself, for the report, which has been singularly accredited not only at home, but abroad, has met with universal approval. Our own people, who we think have been unduly nervous over the suggestion of Japanese trouble, are eminently satisfied with an arrangement which promises peace between this country and Japan. Europe, naturally, is pleased with an arrangement which yields her the open door in China and which pledges the United States and Japan to its maintenance. Accepted and commented upon everywhere, there is no word of adverse criticism from any source.

An extraordinary atmosphere of apprehension and mystery as related to Japan and the United States has existed and persisted during the past year. No positive unfriendly act or suggestion on the part of Japan can be cited, and yet it has been in the American mind—and in the European mind as well—that something serious was brewing on the far side of the Pacific Ocean. The dispatch of the American battleship fleet into Pacific waters has been the only tangible fact in this connection, and this has been so fully explained in other ways as to have relieved the popular mind of serious notions as to its significance. In the light of the week's development it is easy to believe that the coming of the fleet to the Pacific had not only a general, but a specific and definite motive; that it was meant not merely as a sentimental and dramatic declaration of American purpose and power in the Pacific, but, as well, a deliberate and calculated exhibition of material force—a show of teeth, so to speak.

Long observation of the Oriental character at fairly close range has not tended to inspire the *Argonaut* with a high regard for Oriental diplomacy. We have come to believe that the Oriental is straightforward and honest when it suits his purpose, but that he finds it just as easy to pursue a course of indirection and deception and is just as well pleased to do it. A treaty—no matter what it contains—between the United States and Japan is hardly to be regarded as a serious matter; but the fact that Japan has entered into it may serve a good purpose as a basis for judgment and action in future relationships and operations. It may at least be taken as evidence that Japan has no immediate purposes hostile to this country. At the same time a friendly engagement ought not to be taken so seriously by the American government as to cause it to leave the Pacific unprepared for defense or even for offense.

In the modern world conflicts between nations are less likely to be warlike than industrial and commercial. Possession of the Pacific Ocean in the broadest and truest sense is to be for that country which dominates the commerce of that ocean. That is to say, the Pacific may be an American lake—if we may borrow a phrase—if the American nation shall have the enterprise to take possession of it commercially, to cover it with the American flag, and to take the leading place in its general affairs. And by the same token it will become a Japanese lake if Japan shall take the leading commercial position in it. The battle is not necessarily to the strong nor the race to the swift; while America is stronger and may easily be swifter than Japan, she will not possess herself of the Pacific on the basis of mere potentiality. If she would dominate the Pacific,

she must literally and definitely, commercially and in a military sense, possess herself of it.

American policy in the Pacific has been stupid enough in recent years. In spite of many motives tending to inspire American ambition, we have allowed every other country with any maritime or commercial pretensions to get ahead of us. Recently by a course of sheer insular stupidity we have established rules tending to drive every American ship out of the transpacific trade. Where private enterprise, as in the case of James J. Hill's line of monster steamships, has sought to extend the sphere of American commerce, national policy—or shall we say national impolicy—has stepped in to thwart it. Mr. Hill's ships have been driven out of commission. Likewise the Spreckels transpacific line has been abandoned; and the next step in the effacement of the American flag is, if we are to believe current reports, to be the elimination of the Pacific Mail line. Apparently and for the moment we are to give up all plans tending to extend the sphere of the American influence in the Pacific.

But the *Argonaut* has faith that all this will be only temporary. The President-elect knows the Pacific Ocean as well or better than any other American. We believe that he will be able to see the situation in its real meaning, to know what is needed for the promotion of American interests in the Pacific, and that he will find ways to correct the mischief which has been done. Opportunity will come for consideration of this phase of our responsibility, and at the same time to educate public sentiment, when the treaty above referred to shall come before the Senate for ratification.

Death of William J. Biggy.

One startling incident follows another in connection with the *dramatis personae* of our never-ending municipal conflict. The latest in a series of tragic events is the death of Chief of Police William J. Biggy under circumstances characterizing it as a sequel to the assault upon Francis J. Heney by Morris Haas two weeks ago, and the subsequent suicide of Haas on the day following his desperate act. On Monday night of this week Biggy crossed the bay to Belvedere in the police patrol boat accompanied by only one man, who both operated the engine and steered the little craft. After a conference with Police Commissioner Keil at his Belvedere home, Biggy started on the return trip to the city, and some time during the passage either fell from the boat or plunged from it into the waters of the bay. He had previously retired to the tiny cabin of the launch and he was not missed by the boatman until the San Francisco shore was nearly reached. Up to this writing—Wednesday morning—no trace of the body has been discovered. Whether Mr. Biggy lost his balance and fell into the water or committed suicide can not positively be known, and an element of positive uncertainty must always be associated with the case. It is conceivable that he might have lost his footing and so have fallen from the boat, and this theory finds suggestion if not support in the fact that he was subject to seasickness, and at one stage of the passage was seen by the boatman leaning over the rail.

But there are many circumstances which point to the possibility of deliberate self-destruction. Mr. Biggy had fallen into a desperate quarrel with his late friends and sponsors of the graft prosecution, who had turned against him because he would not support Detective Burns in the theory that Heney's assailant, Haas, was a hired assassin and that his crime was done at the instigation of the defendants in the graft cases. Burns had filed charges against Biggy and was proceeding with the manifest intention of thrusting him from his official position through such influences as he (Burns) is presumed to hold with the municipal administration.

It will be remembered that Biggy was the special elisor selected, with the approval of Burns *et al.*, as the official custodian of Abraham Ruef during the parlar-

boarder phase of the latter's "detention" before and after conviction under the secret immunity contract entered into by Heney and Spreckels. Still later Biggy was made chief of police through influences exerted by his friends of the graft prosecution. He continued in this position, apparently in entire amity with Burns *et al.*, until the assault upon Heney by Haas on the 13th of November.

For reasons which do not require exploitation, Mr. Burns sought to interpret the assault upon Heney as the deed not of an injured and desperate madman, but of an agent of the so-called "higher-ups." Biggy would not join him in this theory, but agreed with the detectives of the police department that the crime was that of a man without backers or confederates. A day later, when Haas had committed suicide in his cell with a pistol which had escaped the scrutiny of two police detectives and of Burns, all of whom had searched him, Burns conceived the notion that the pistol had never been concealed upon Haas's person, but had been passed to him either by his wife or through some other source. He made this incident the subject of grave reflections upon Biggy, who in turn had declined to support this new theory. Concurrently Burns filed charges against Biggy, as above set forth.

Ever since these happenings some two weeks ago, the special newspaper organs of the prosecution have found nothing too ill to say about Biggy, his failure to cooperate with Burns, and his administration of the police department. Day after day he has been scored by these papers to the full measure of their denunciatory capabilities. It is not impossible, indeed it is not improbable, that in the situation in which he found himself, poor Biggy, never at his best a resolute or strong man, should have found life not worth the living. He has exhibited many signs of distress during the past two weeks. He was desperately grieved that his former associates and friends of the graft prosecution had turned from him and loaded him with reproaches for an official course in line with his conviction and sense of duty. On top of all, his domestic life was an unhappy one. Nor should it pass unnoted that Biggy's going in the patrol boat without police escort is a thing unprecedented, and that the customary escort was dispensed with by his own order.

The story of Mr. Biggy's talk with Commissioner Keil just before his disappearance has not, as yet, been reported fully; but Mr. Keil has said enough to indicate his fear that the case is one of suicide. Biggy was suffering from distress of mind over the fact that his late friends—those whom he had served to his own discredit—had turned against him, and he was particularly aggrieved at the rabid and persistent assaults of the prosecution newspapers, the *Call* and *Bulletin*. In his desperation he tendered Keil his resignation as chief of police, but it was not accepted, and after a prolonged talk in which Mr. Keil endeavored to compose the mind of his guest, the latter started for home after declining a pressing invitation to remain over night. Biggy was in a fairly calm state of mind when he left Keil's house, but the latter was, none the less, seriously apprehensive, and later, when informed of what had happened, expressed himself as not greatly surprised. We shall, no doubt, have the full story of Biggy's talk with Keil, and it is certain to shed some light upon the subsequent event.

In the absence of positive assurance it would be going far to declare Biggy's disappearance from the patrol boat as an act of willful self-destruction. None the less, taking all the circumstances together, the *Argonaut* can but feel this to be the most logical judgment in the case.

The American Forum.

The slating of Mr. Elihu Root for the senatorship, proceeding as it does upon the basis of a state-wide determination that New York shall have a better representation in the Senate, ought to be taken as a suggestion the country over. The Senate is and has been for years decadent. Less and less consideration has been given to the make-up of its membership, with the result that it has fallen distinctly from its once high estate. The Senate, regarded as one of the great factors in the government, is a thing of the highest importance and it ought to be preserved in its integrity. But if the system of selection which has prevailed in recent years shall continue, if attorneys of private interests, corruptionists, and rich nobodies are to crowd the Senate, then that body will in course of time lose its power as it has already lost its traditional respect. Political systems are always in a state of evolution;

and the government of the United States is no exception to this general law. When any department of the government ceases to be worthy, when it wholly loses public respect, it must in the nature of things go to the wall.

The importance of the Senate in its relation to the life of the country does not rest wholly or even chiefly upon the function of legislation. The best service which the Senate renders or can render is in its character as a public forum. What is spoken on the floor of the Senate is multiplied in ten million forms and is read in the uttermost parts of the country. One who speaks in the Senate in truth addresses the whole country, and this being the fact, the Senate ought to be filled with men who through the propensities of knowledge and of intellectual leadership should give tone to the political thought of the country. It is no mere figure of speech that a senator should be the voice of his State, giving to the country at large the feeling and sentiment of his immediate constituency, and giving in turn to that constituency reflections of views from the standpoint of senatorial opportunity and responsibility.

Today a senator of the United States is more than likely to be a man who has schemed himself into position, or, worse still, one whose "connections" have put him there. He is quite as likely to be commended by the subservience of his character as by personal force. It has been so with New York these many years past. Since the beginning of the war that State has been represented in the Senate by thirteen men, and in the whole number only three have been men worthy of the senatorial dignity. At last New York feels herself shamed and injured by the inadequacy of her representation, and she now proposes to set a new mark by sending to Washington a man of strictly first-class reputation and powers. Let other States take heed of this example and profit by it.

The Speaker of the House.

It is easily conceivable that the President-elect would prefer somebody other than Mr. Cannon in the Speakership of the House of Representatives. Mr. Cannon's attitude as a "stand-patter" is reason enough why Mr. Taft should object to him, but this is only one of many considerations. The truth is that Mr. Cannon is a very disagreeable old party, due partly to the narrowness of his character and partly to the general cantankerousness of his disposition. He is a man who has become obsessed by personal ambition late in life, and ambition, like love, goes hard with him who is infected with it untimely. Cannon as a political figure dates back to the days of Lincoln, and this fact has been made to do grand service for him in many a hard-fought round. He was known in Congress for thirty years as a narrow-minded, tight-fisted, hard-mouthed type of political reactionary with no outlook upon newer and broader things, no capacity for anything outside of routine. His potency as a congressional figure has come with recent years—and thereby hangs a tale.

The Speakership of the House was originally little more than it assumes to be, namely, a mere chairmanship. But with growth in the membership of the House, with increase in the subjects of legislation, with the added pressure of the newer times, the Speakership became a position of tremendous power. In the hands of a strong man like the late Thomas Reed it came, indeed, fairly to rival the presidency as a position of political vantage. The work of legislation is done through committees; the membership of the committees is made up by the Speaker; as presiding officer no man may obtain the floor excepting by consent of the Speaker. A man in the Speaker's chair with the resolution and the personal force to use the powers in his hands may do pretty much as he pleases with legislation. He may, indeed, be a veritable czar. And at the same time, if he be not too rough in his czarship, he may command the positive support of the House because of the facilities which the Speakership affords him for doing individual favors.

Under "Czar" Reed the Speakership took on a character which disturbed other branches of the government to the degree of alarm. There were those highly placed who were not ill pleased with the retirement of Mr. Reed in 1899; and when it came to filling his place there was care to select a man without those qualities which had raised Mr. Reed to a position so high in the government. Speaker David B. Henderson of Iowa, who came after Reed in 1899 and who presided over the Fifty-Sixth and Fifty-Seventh Congresses, was quite another sort of man. He was slow, amiable, respectable, and commonplace to the last degree. He

was strictly a non-combatant. He did what the leading men of the House and of the party wanted him to do; he did nothing that they didn't want him to do. He was a furniture-picture pure and simple; in four years of service he identified himself with nothing, made for himself no reputation, gained neither friends nor foes. His memory as a Speaker will not last as many days as the late Speaker Reed's will last years.

In the selection of Mr. Henderson's successor there was the same wish to get a neutral personality, but time had stilled the spirit of alarm and the task was not gone about with quite the same care and discretion. Mr. Cannon was selected because he was a strict party man, past the age, it was thought, of personal ambition, and unlikely to develop czarlike qualities. The result has not fairly matched the hope. Without gaining in outlook, in breadth of motive, or in liberality of mind, Mr. Cannon has amazingly developed at the points of self-esteem and self-assertiveness. In the Speakership the whimsies and vanities of his character have become matters of vital importance. He has the arbitrary spirit, the overwrought sense of personal importance, which frequently develop in a small and narrow man who through some chance finds himself possessed of extraordinary powers. Mr. Cannon is as much a dictator as ever Mr. Reed was without the latter's broad-mindedness, largeness of purpose, and all-healing gift of humor. Mr. Cannon is making the Speakership as a factor in the government everything that Reed made it, besides using its extraordinary powers in a more personal and more irritating spirit. Whatever is displeasing to Mr. Cannon does not go in the House of Representatives these days; and yet the Speaker has so allied himself with the potential members of the House that his reelection to the Speakership next March is a practical assurance, even though the President-elect may wish to see some other man in that place.

It is now manifest that the Speakership of the House of Representatives is a vastly greater office than it was planned to be or in earlier days thought to be. In relation to most things, the Speaker, if he be a man of resolution and assertion, is practically the House. And as time goes on the importance of the Speakership is likely to increase rather than decline. We think it not outside the cards that in the future shaping of things, the Speakership of the House will grow and grow until it shall dwarf every other place and function in the government, not excepting the presidency itself. In other constitutional countries the tendencies in government all go towards the enlargement of the man or men with whom rest the powers of legislation, and there are many reasons to believe that time will witness the same process of evolution in this country.

The Crisis of Democracy.

The future of the Democratic party is naturally a matter of concern not only to Democrats, but to all who appreciate the fact that American political health calls for the existence of two strong and fairly balanced parties. With one party so persistently successful and powerful that its control of affairs is an assurance, and with another so weak and ineffective that its failure is a thing foredoomed—this is a condition of serious political hazard. The meaning of it is that the political life of the country is certain to be cursed by two opposite but grievous evils, namely, the evil of an excessive strength and the evil of a supine weakness. Of the two, perhaps the vices of strength are to be preferred, but either is bad in itself, and together they form a combination so mischievous that it may be doubted if our system or any system designed to sustain social and individual freedom could permanently subsist under it.

The evil of excessive party strength may easily be traced in the recent history of the Republican party. The strength of this organization—its persistent authority in the nation and in the more progressive States—has attracted to it and brought into alliance with it a vast group of demoralizing elements. Those who seek special privilege, whether in the form of advantage under the tariff, of executive interpretation of the laws, or of what-not, have naturally put themselves and their interests into alliance with the Republican party. Not all the great trusts, to be sure—notably Standard Oil, the greatest of all—are affiliated with Republicanism, but most of them are, and their influence makes a problem which confronts the Taft administration at the very beginning of its responsibility. The Republican party stands pledged by its national convention and by the promises of its leading men, including the

President-elect, to reform the tariff, and by reform is meant to cut out of the schedules those provisions which afford a shelter for certain combinations of capital great and small which are exploiting the public.

But it is found that there are powerful forces in the government opposed to any genuine and thorough modification of the tariff. Mr. Cannon of Illinois, whose reelection to the Speakership is assured, is notoriously an opponent of thoroughgoing changes. His plan is to make a pretense of reform by a few piddling modifications that will leave the law practically what it is at present. Mr. Cannon, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, is in a position to control the House Committee on Ways and Means, by which the changes in the tariff law must primarily be formulated. On the floor of the House of Representatives there are likewise several men of high rank and commanding ability who, as the representatives of districts which profit vastly by extreme protection, are opposed to change. In the Senate the situation, regarded from the standpoint of tariff reform, is equally serious. Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island, Mr. Knox of Pennsylvania—these and others highly placed and effective for their abilities, are dead-set against anything like a radical reform of the tariff in the spirit of the party promises. It is doubtful if in the face of these forces of opposition the party pledge for reform can be carried through. By its strength the party has attracted to itself forces of selfish and sinister interest which have put its own integrity in peril.

And in the recent history of the Democratic party we may as easily trace effects directly the product of party weakness. In recent years the whole tone and spirit of Democracy has not been that of a party inspired by responsibility, but of one seeking by hook or crook to get into power. To say that the Democratic party has become a party of negation is trite enough, but it is precisely the fact. Its policies do not take hold of the responsibilities and purposes of government, but rather are shaped to stand in opposition to the policies of its successful rival. Democracy complains and protests, but it does not propose to lead, and it may fairly be said to have lost the instinct of leadership. If by any chance it plucks up courage to proceed upon any new line, it is certain to be one founded not in principle, but in some cheap calculation of advantage. For example, recall the attitude of Democracy during the recent national campaign on the labor question. A demand for special privilege on the part of organized labor, rejected by the Republican convention, was eagerly espoused by the Democrats at Denver in the face of the fact that what it proposed was in violation of every principle, every tradition, and every precept of Democracy.

It is not to be presumed for a moment that those who make up the membership of the Democratic party are more willing than the rank and file of Republicanism to concede to organized labor a system of special privilege. Democracy is and has always been the foe of special privilege. But in its eagerness to get votes, in the desperation of its weakness, the party was willing to yield principle, tradition, precept, sentiment. Like Shakespeare's lean apothecary, its poverty—its need of votes—rather than its will prompted the concession to Gompers. It is ever thus with political weakness. It yields and yields until resolution, integrity, and self-respect are lost.

These considerations give special significance and interest to certain proposals now being widely discussed with respect to the future of the Democratic party. Its immediate situation is that of a complete and pitiful wreck. It was beaten twelve years ago on a financial issue. It was beaten eight years ago on a combination of anti-progressive issues, among which anti-imperialism was the chief count. Four years ago it took the back track and under the leadership of its so-called conservative element it was badly beaten. This year it veered again to radicalism, and under the leadership of Mr. Bryan went down under a crushing defeat. Manifestly something is radically wrong with a party which, turn where it may, can find no prospect or hope of success.

What to do with the party, how to save it, how to give vitality to its traditional principles and hope to those who cherish them—this is the problem which faces those thoughtful men to whom Democracy as a political tradition and affiliation is still dear. The problem is indeed serious, because the party itself is so divided, so hopelessly at odds in temperament and in objects of attachment. The East will not follow Mr.

Bryan. The West will not accept the conservative aims of the Eastern faction of the party nor follow Eastern leadership. As between the factions there is a fixed and uncompromising dead-lock; and in this situation there is danger that the fundamental principles upon which Democracy rests must lose anything like effective and persistent championship; likewise that there shall be lost that balance of parties so essential to integrity and poise in government.

One thing is certain, namely, that Mr. Bryan, however his history and personality may appeal to the West, can no longer be of service as a party leader. His day is past; henceforth he can only be a disturber in his party unless he can find the resolution to surrender the power which he holds to others or to another, who may use it more discreetly and effectively. The one service that Mr. Bryan can now render to Democracy is to abandon all pretense and hope of leadership, to take a place in the ranks and to aid in so far as he may whoever may assume the championship of the old Democratic principles.

Mr. Bryan ought to summon to a party council a limited number of men representative of the Democratic party in all parts of the country. He ought to say to them that he will not be an obstacle to reorganization of the party on new lines and with new leadership in support of the old causes. He ought to lay down every pretense and claim to authority in the party or to a place of leadership in it, and declare himself a follower of whoever may assume the responsibilities of reorganization and revitalization.

There is room and work for the Democratic party. Its traditional principles do not, indeed, serve the immediate hour, but in process of time they will surely answer the need of the country as they have answered it in times past. What is imperative now is new organization and new blood. Without these the Democratic party must continue to flounder about as a mass of broken and useless wreckage, a thing calculated to prejudice rather than to promote the principles of its foundation.

Foraker, Burton, and "Brother Charlie."

Mr. Foraker exhibits his usual courage in standing for the Ohio senatorship in the face of almost certain defeat. This has ever been his way in public life. He has never been one to cringe, to yield, to make hypocritical pretense. Whether right or wrong, he has always been open and above board, and by this course he has won the favor and good will even of those whose notions of things have been different from his own. In Ohio he is going up against almost inevitable defeat, but he is doing it like a man, and if he shall indeed be beaten he will have not only his own respect, but that of all who admire fortitude and consistency and who like courage in defeat better than a cringing cowardice in success.

If Mr. Foraker is to be turned down, his natural successor is Hon. Theodore E. Burton of Cleveland. He, too, is a man of independent ways and of open political methods, which do not include the spending of money. Burton has long been at the head of the Rivers and Harbors Committee in the House of Representatives, and has stood a prominent figure in that limited group of highly responsible and effective men who control the policies of the House of Representatives. He enjoys unbounded respect in his own State, both for character and ability, but he has not been highly regarded by politicians, due to his practice of playing a lone hand in political matters. He is criticised as a politician because he is shy at the point of coöperative political practice. In other words, he is not what is known as a machine man, and in Ohio the machine system has long been the rule in politics. Burton's senatorial candidacy is backed by the solid Cleveland delegation, but it is not likely to prove effective without the approval and coöperation of the President-elect. Not unnaturally, the Ohio legislature will wish to please Mr. Taft in the matter of a successor to Mr. Foraker.

The common opinion among Ohio politicians is that the senatorial election will go not for Foraker nor for Burton, but for Charles P. Taft—"Brother Charley," in the Ohio phrase. He is a Republican of the "regular" type, but for a long time he has been out of politics. In the recent campaign he took upon himself the entire financial responsibility of his brother's candidacy, both in the country at large and in the State of Ohio. Politicians think well of "Brother Charley," and on the whole would be glad to see him get the senatorship, in spite of the fact that he has no particular fitness for the place, being notably less qualified than either For-

aker or Burton. The circumstance likely to prevent Mr. Taft's election is the possibility—rather let us say the probability—that the President-elect may think that it would be bad politics and bad taste to put his influence behind his brother. The President-elect, however, is personally very fond of "Brother Charley," and the common opinion among Ohio politicians is that anything the latter wants the former will be glad to yield.

Editorial Notes.

The experiment involved in the proposal of the British government for setting up a permanent court of arbitration in trades disputes will be followed with intense interest in this country. The government's plan, embodied in a memorandum by Mr. Winston Churchill, a member of the Cabinet, declares that government intervention at the request of disputants has been repeatedly successful, so much so as to justify the hope that a permanent arbitration court may vastly help in the maintenance of industrial peace. The plan calls for (1) a neutral chairman; (2) one or two employers' representatives; (3) one or two men's representatives; (4) an expert assessor without a vote. The first panel of chairmen—that is, the first group of citizens from whom chairmen must be drawn—includes the Duke of Devonshire; Viscount Selby, better known as William Court Gully, P. C.; Viscount St. Aldwyn, formerly Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K. T.; Lord James of Hereford, former solicitor and attorney-general. Panel drawn from employers: Lord Pirrie, head of Harland & Wolff, shipbuilders; the Lord Glantawe, was Sir John J. Jenkins, commercial magnate of South Wales; Sir William T. Lewis, baronet, engineer, managed the Cardiff Railroad and Bute Docks Company for nearly thirty years; Sir Christopher Furness, M. P., shipowner, shipbuilder, and chairman of Furness, Withy & Co., and member of Parliament for Hartlepool. One of the striking social and political differences between this country and England is illustrated in the fact that these high names tend to win for the proposed system commendation and approval on the part of the English workingmen. In this country the feeling would be directly the reverse. If it were proposed to select a chairman in a labor controversy from among a list of men politically, commercially, and socially distinguished, there would be instant outcry on the part of the industrial element. Our people have somehow been trained to the stupid and mischievous notion that nobody is so little to be trusted as the man who has shown himself capable in the affairs of life and who stands committed by his individual circumstances to consideration for the legal and regular order of things. In some respects trade unionism has gone further in England than with us, but it has not reached such lengths as to classify every man of achievement and distinction as an enemy to the welfare of the people.

President-elect Taft is reported to have made a start in the construction of his Cabinet by tendering the postmaster-generalship to Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. This is in the line of precedent and of universal expectation. None the less, the *Argonaut* questions its propriety. Mr. Hitchcock was recently a clerk in the Postoffice Department and came into political notice as the "organizer" of the Southern postmasters in connection with the choosing of Southern delegations to the national convention. Nationally, Mr. Hitchcock stands for nothing and represents nobody. His achievements, such as they are, have been connected wholly with a rather questionable form of political management. The *Argonaut* would have been better pleased if Mr. Taft could have found some better way of paying a political debt than by making one who is merely an adroit campaign manager a member of the highest executive council in the government.

The horror expressed in certain quarters at the proposal of Dr. Wallace A. Briggs, an eminent physician of Sacramento, to use convicts in the State prisons as subjects for medical experiment, seems without reasonable basis. Dr. Briggs does not propose that any convict shall be treated without his own consent. He merely argues the necessity of subjects for certain experimental tests essential to the progress of medical science, and suggests that the pardoning power of the governor may properly be evoked as a means of securing volunteers. Certainly the plan suggested by Dr. Briggs is far less subject to criticism, far less horrible in any point of view, than that employed some two or three

months ago before a congress of physicians at Washington, D. C. It will be remembered that Washington physicians brought before the convention of physicians a group of little children from local charity establishments and inoculated them with tuberculosis as a means of illustrating methods of contagion and of demonstrating the efficiency of certain methods of treatment. If this sort of thing is thinkable or possible, then surely there should be no criticism of the plan suggested by Dr. Briggs. Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* has not been able to understand why anybody need be inoculated with tuberculosis; for surely in a country where this disease is so prevalent, cases in every stage of development ought easily to be available to every legitimate experimenter. But if choice must be made between orphaned and helpless children, abandoned to the charity of society, on the one hand, and State prison convicts on the other, then the *Argonaut* will have no difficulty in making up its mind as to where the experiment should be made.

Certain small and narrow minds have sneered at a remark of the New York *Evening Post*, uttered with reference to the assault upon Mr. Heney, that the incident "will be regarded as another evidence of the lawless spirit engendered in San Francisco through the dominance of the labor element." In truth, this view is singularly penetrating and sound. In differences and conflicts over incidental matters, small and great, there is danger that the cause and foundation of all our social troubles may be lost sight of. The *Post* is eminently just in its conclusion. Our troubles, including the infamous régime of Ruef and Schmitz and the intolerable abuses of the so-called graft prosecution, have all grown out of that system of labor politics established here something like eight years ago. If we had had no labor politics, if our political life had followed in conventional and normal grooves, we should have escaped the things which have corrupted and demoralized San Francisco and made her name a synonym for everything unworthy and vile in municipal administration. American municipal politics in any form which has yet presented itself is hardly an edifying spectacle, but municipal politics under "laborite," "independent," "reform," or other irregular guises, most assuredly has not proved itself better than municipal politics under the old party system. Verily, the party system is not ideal, but it is better than any of the systems which have been tried in its stead.

There are indications that the "suffragette" movement in England has hurt rather than helped the woman's suffrage cause in that country. The various spectacles in the streets, in court-rooms, in Parliament, and elsewhere made by protesting suffragettes has not tended to dignify or commend their cause. Militant femininity has rarely charmed the world, and it is not calculated to win concessions from men; and it is from and through men, be it remembered, that reform is to come, if it shall come at all. Discussion of the woman's suffrage question tends to raise in every masculine mind questions which the advocates of suffrage do not find it easy to answer. The truth is that the demand for suffrage is a mere item in the appeal for a larger share in the responsibilities of life. And it is suspected by thoughtful men that those who make this appeal are little conscious of its full significance and scope.

On the whole, we think it would be just as becoming if Mr. Andrew Carnegie were to keep his hands off the tariff controversy. And since the point is under consideration, we think it would be just as well if Mr. Carnegie would keep his hands off a lot of things. A man who has grown inordinately rich through tariff scheming, through reckless waste of the resources of the country, through cajoleries and deceptions of men in authority, through rebates, and through an organized system of self-promotion—such a man is hardly in a position to give advice tinged with moral philosophy. If his moral propensities are so deep-rooted, if some sort of "expression" is necessary to him, then let Mr. Carnegie join Mr. Rockefeller in Sunday-school promotion.

On July 1, 1908, there were fifty-five periodicals published in Esperanto. The postmaster-general of the United Kingdom has admitted Esperanto on the same footing as modern European languages for use in telegraphing. The committee of the Jubilee Exhibition at Prague issues its circulars in Esperanto, as in other languages, and Count Hayashi, the Japanese minister of foreign affairs, recently accepted the presidency of the Japanese Esperanto Association and has advised his countrymen in a public letter to master the language.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The New York *Evening Post* has made an effort to ascertain the purport of Democratic reflections upon the presidential election. To this end it has addressed four questions to leading Democrats within reach, and it devotes some six columns to a reproduction of their replies. These four questions are as follows:

- (1) Should an effort at once be made to put the organization of the party in abler hands? If there is delay in reorganizing will not the present managers scheme to maintain themselves in control?
- (2) With the whole question of tariff revision certain to come up in Congress not later than March, should not special zeal be shown in uniting the Democratic minority for a vigorous fight in defense of the low tariff views of the party? Could there be a better way of preparing for the congressional elections of 1910?
- (3) In what way can the election of Democratic governors in Ohio, Indiana, and Minnesota be utilized to infuse new spirit into the party, and show it how to win popular support?
- (4) What other suggestions can be made, as both true lessons of the defeat and hints for a constructive plan that shall compel success?

The replies are of a varied nature, in some cases so lengthy as almost to amount to political treatises and in other cases short and terse. But they are in general agreement as to the need of a new leadership and in their concentration upon the tariff as the vulnerable point for Democratic assault.

Roger A. Pryor, ex-justice of the supreme court, is so unkind as to refer to Mr. Bryan as the Jonah of the party and to advise that he be thrown overboard, let us hope with benefit of clergy. Mr. Bryan was the "all-sufficient cause" of Democratic defeat. As to the tariff, it is Mr. Pryor's conviction that there must be a return to the old slogan of "A Tariff for Revenue with Incidental Protection."

Mr. John D. Crimmins throws his small pebble at Mr. Bryan when he says that the policy of the party "must not be dictated by one individual." A *modus vivendi* must be found between East and West; the tariff should be attacked with vigor; capital must be conciliated, and reciprocity advocated where trade can be developed. The fact that Ohio, Indiana, and Minnesota chose Democratic governors while giving their electoral vote to Mr. Taft shows the discernment of the people, and should be read aright by the party. On the whole, Mr. Crimmins seems disposed toward a cautious and conservative policy based upon conciliation and the lessons of the past. No doubt he is Democratically orthodox on the subject of the tariff, but he does at least conceal his enthusiasm.

Peter B. Olney summarizes the logical position for the party under five heads—(1) State's rights, (2) a "government of law and not a government of men," (3) economy, (4) sound money, and (5) a tariff for revenue as against protection. He advocates a resolute devotion to traditional principles, an unwavering opposition to Republican measures, and he finds encouragement in the action of the Middle West in electing Democratic governors. But the tariff comes first. For the first time "the Republican party has openly proclaimed that one of the objects of the protective tariff should be to insure a reasonable profit to the manufacturer; that is, to make money for a part of the public." This doctrine, enunciated by Mr. Taft, is, in Mr. Olney's opinion, "Socialism, pure and simple," and Mr. Olney does not like Socialism. He thinks that such a tariff doctrine is "wholly pernicious," and he summons his party to steadfast resistance.

Lewis Nixon is a little dubious about the leadership, which should "reflect ideals of genuine strength and practical value." Mr. Nixon's proposition is at least unassailable, but he has a mind above personalities. He is also a little misty about the tariff. He says that "any revision must safeguard the wages and standard of living of the wage-earners of the country, for while we shall gradually work toward a tariff for revenue, the principle of protection is as much a part of this nation's policy as the Monroe Doctrine." Mr. Nixon might, perhaps, have chosen a better comparison, but we know what he means. That certain States chose Democratic governors shows that the party "still has a foundation upon which to build," and the confidence thus manifested can be extended to national affairs by showing that no menace to national prosperity is involved.

Charles A. Towne finds some mournful satisfaction in the fact that a party out of office is not subject to those assaults upon its purity to which the party in possession is always liable. He distrusts attempts to "put the organization into abler hands," believing that the right men will be evolved by the right party policies, as is shown by "the wise action by the Democratic legislatures and governors we have just elected in several of the States." Upon the tariff the full light of publicity should be concentrated, but the supreme fact is that "a subtle but real and radical change is being produced by the Republican party in the fundamental and characteristic principles of American institutions." Mr. Towne draws attention to the "inconceivably enhanced power of the presidency," the recognition and approval of a "virtual Roosevelt dynasty," the growth of bureaucratic administration, the colonial system, and the alliance between the Republican party and its beneficiaries as legitimate grounds for Democratic attack.

David Leventritt, ex-justice of the supreme court, thinks that there must be reorganization and a new leadership. The governorship successes show that the heart of the people is right and that they need only definite guidance. The tariff question is an "all-important one," but beset with difficulties.

Edward B. Whitney is down-hearted. There can be no general enthusiasm until great party questions shall be developed in the next Congress. The tariff debate will bring the real leaders to the top, and while Democratic governors are distinctly cheering, they are a poor substitute for definite and clear-cut issues. Mr. Whitney fears that his views may not be considered as orthodox, "coming from one who has just voted the Republican national ticket, although for the first time since 1880."

Everett P. Wheeler is non-committal as to leadership, but he thinks the time is opportune for an assault upon the tariff,

the violation of individual rights, and the naval increase, but the tariff should have the place of honor.

Paul Fuller feels that this is the time for organization, but among the men fitted to undertake the task he does not include the name of Mr. Bryan. He waxes sarcastic about the tariff and quotes the testimony of the "man from Missouri," who wants a tax on barytes that will benefit 10,000 or 15,000 workmen and that will increase the price of paint to 65,000,000 of "the rest of us." All manufacturers want more protection, and they are careful to tell us how many of their workmen would be benefited.

William McAdoo favors a reorganization "on principle," with a definite and constructive policy. The party must issue fairly and squarely upon the tariff and it must accept no favors from its opponents. Congress has been prostituted into a "wretched machine where there is neither deliberation nor debate, nor as much freedom of expression as in the Russian Duma."

John Brooks Leavitt makes a plea for unity among Democrats. Aspersions lead to no good. The Cleveland men must let Bryan alone, and the Bryan men must let Cleveland alone. Let the tariff question be pressed to the front "as the one issue on which the party can be united."

Calvin Tomkins strongly favors a revision of leadership, but he mentions no names. There should be a concentration upon the tariff as the one means by which the trusts can be controlled.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Protest.

LOS ANGELES, November 29, 1908.

TO THE EDITOR: The causes immediately leading to the recent attack upon Mr. Heney suggest a modification of legal practice that must shortly receive some much-needed attention. We have already given a dangerous measure of acquiescence to a procedure that makes the jury box a place of terror to good citizens. Must we also give our approval to a system that threatens irretrievable ruin to those who have not been good citizens in the past and whose only hope of rehabilitation lies in public forgetfulness?

The case of the man Haas furnishes a pertinent example of what I mean. Twenty years ago this man committed a crime, which he expiated in San Quentin, and expiated to the full and forever. Whatever further retribution he may have had cause to expect from a public whose self-righteousness is always liable to deviate into persecution, it is very certain that the law ought to have been peculiarly his protector and that from this source, at least, he ought to have been secure from any possible penalties other than those specifically implied in his sentence. And yet within a court of law, from a legal official of the city, and twenty years after his offense, he is overwhelmed by a pitiless exposure that may well have seemed to be more crushing and more irretrievable than his original punishment. As a layman, I should like to know if this is a proper function of law or is it an abuse of practice? It is at least repugnant to modern sentiment.

Look, for instance, at these questions and then realize what they must have meant to the feeble-minded wretch whose hope of twenty years was for a merciful oblivion:

Mr. Heney—Before adjournment I would like to ask Mr. Haas one question, your honor.

Mr. Heney—Are you acquainted with that man? (exhibiting card to juror.)

Q.—You have been convicted of a felony, have you not?

A.—You need not—

Q.—Have you been? A.—I know all about it.

Q.—Answer the question: Have you been convicted of a felony? A.—What do you mean—before a jury?

Q.—You know what that question means, don't you? A.—I will tell you. I was taken to the county jail, and I was—

Q.—Answer the question. A.—Let me tell you from the beginning.

Q.—We are not here for the purpose of trying you, Mr. Haas. Is Haas your true name? A.—That is my name.

Q.—Haas is not your true name? A.—My name I used in the West.

Q.—Your name in the West? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What was your name before you came West? A.—Max Henley.

Q.—You were convicted under that name of a felony? A.—Under Max Henley.

Q.—And served a term in San Quentin? A.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Heney—We challenge the juror. A.—If you knew the particulars about that you wouldn't be so harsh.

Q.—I am not harsh about it. A.—And I asked the court to excuse me and he wouldn't.

That these pitiless questions aroused a painful feeling in the court-room is shown by the protest of Mr. Murphy, counsel for the defense. If he could he would have prevented "this man from being disgraced in this court-room." Mr. Murphy continued: "If Mr. Heney had told me that this man or any other man who had been summoned upon this jury, or who had been sworn to try this case, had been convicted of a felony, and had mentioned it to me, I would have been very glad to have saved this man, or any other man, the disgrace which this has brought out here and which will be published in the newspapers."

The character of Haas, the fact that he was abject and criminally disposed, have nothing to do with the case. He was entitled to absolute immunity from all further consequences of the crime that he had already expiated, and it was not the duty of an officer of the law to throw him back into hell, to gibbet him before the public, or to slam in his face the door to rehabilitation that was opened for him by his release from prison and by Governor Waterman's pardon. What happened to Haas in Judge Lawlor's court may easily happen to others who have substantial claims to our mercy and forbearance, and it would be well to look heedfully to such things lest legal license becomes even more oppressive than it is.

WILLIAM D. ANDREWS.

Miss Dove was defeated in her candidacy for the mayoralty of High Wycombe, England, after all, though the preliminary skirmishing seemed to indicate an overwhelming sentiment in her favor. Great Britain will not entertain a mayoress just yet.

THE HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL GAME.

Fifteen Thousand New York Enthusiasts See the Crimson Flags Wave Victory.

New Haven is a Manhattan suburb at least once annually. When Yale entertains Harvard on the football field the occasion is one of the greatest, and even the metropolis takes notice. Last Saturday was the date of the event this year, and the rush eastward began Friday afternoon. To enjoy all the features of the contest, preliminary, coexistent, and suffixed, the spectator must be on the ground early, and the procession of motor cars through the Sound shore villages along the old Boston Post Road was at least twenty-four hours passing a given point, ending only when the game had actually begun. But the automobile crowd was a small part of the joyous excursion. Grand Central station, from nine to eleven, Saturday morning, was flooded with a bright-hued stream of eager, irrepressibly gay enthusiasts, and fourteen trains of ten cars each were filled as rapidly as they could be placed on the tracks and the outgoing excursionists could sort themselves for the private cars, parlor cars, and day cars furnished for their use. At ten-minute intervals the trains moved out, and it seemed that the game at New Haven was the objective point of all travelers. There were others in the station, but they were negligible in numbers and in holiday appearance. It could hardly be that the ten thousand more or less who exhibited the crimson of Harvard or the blue of Yale were all doing honor to the colleges on individual account, but old-time college boys, now portly and gray, as well as undergraduates of the present, were easily marked in the gathering, and important fathers, proud mothers, and partisan sisters and sweethearts, swelled the throng. It was a good day in which to be young again, and the middle-aged grew youthful from minute to minute in the waiting, and on the journey.

In the city of elms the incoming thousands were early in evidence. The night had been frosty but clear, the day was bright but bracingly cool. Through the streets, during the morning hours, the crowds moved leisurely; restaurants and stores were quickly filled to capacity, yet each favored stopping-place made the merest eddy in the current. Meadow and Church Streets never saw such a tide of humanity before, and nowhere was ever a gayer scene of intermingling colors and bubbling good humor. An hour before the time set for the game the benches were nearly filled. The great banked stands on the north, south, and east, were blue with banners, ribbons, and flowers of azure, and the west stand was a glow of crimson in every imaginable symbol. Two bands alternated with bursts of harmony from the centre of the sections given up to the accredited hordes who led in the cheering for the Harvard men or the sons of Eli Yale. Packed around the field were fifteen hundred motor cars—there was room for no more.

College men, of course, were definitely intent on the outcome and the score. Since 1894, when the present scoring plan was adopted, there had been fourteen games between the university elevens. Yale had won ten, Harvard two, and two games had ended without a point having been scored. For six years Yale had laid up a substantial victory without an intervening loss. In 1901, Harvard's last victory was marked with a score of 23 to 0, and in 1902 the figures were exactly reversed. Last year Yale won by 12 to 0. This year Yale had an eleven of fine players and much was expected of them. Coy, their great full-back, had distinguished himself more than once, and thousands were ready to yell till their faces were purple when his opportunity came. Harvard was admittedly inferior in the individual selections for its eleven, but the result proved that team-work is the thing, especially with a coach whose judgment and quick decision are remarkable. Ver Wiebe, the great full-back, was in the Coy class, but he had no such following as the Yale favorite.

W. S. Langford of Trinity was the referee; W. H. Edwards of Princeton, the umpire; E. K. Hall of Dartmouth, the field judge. Harvard won the toss and gave the kick-off to Yale. The field was dry and hard, and there was little advantage in the choice of positions. From the beginning Yale played a rapid, vigorous game, but Harvard was able to hold its advance. For Harvard the great Ver Wiebe made sullen, steady advances, and with perfect assistance carried the ball to Yale's 15-yard line for Crimson's third down. Then came the sensational play of the day. Coach Houghton for Harvard retired the gallant, indomitable Ver Wiebe, and replaced him with Kennard, who bravely seized his opportunity. With a skillful drop kick he sent the ball cleanly between Yale's goal posts, and Harvard had scored, 4 to 0. The amazement and discontent of the Crimson partisans changed in a flash to approval and exultation. It had been a dangerous move by Coach Houghton, but fortune had favored his courageous hazard. The game was won, for although the first half was not then completed, the Yale men were never able to score. Exactly on time the contest finished, with the Blue still pluckily but unsuccessfully battling for advantage.

For years the game will be fought over again about club tables and in student quarters, but Kennard's cool, dextrous foot-lift, following Coach Houghton's inspiration, will remain the great thing of the day. It will be argued that the result, if not the identical score, was inevitable. Critics will point out that Harvard gained 185 yards in 35 rushes in the first half, while Yale gained but 58 yards in 18 rushes. Strategists will show that Kennard might have been put in in place of Crow-

ley or some other player, and that Ver Wiebe need not have been retired. And the Crimson rejoicing was tumultuous and many-thundered. The applauding thousands on the victorious side swarmed into the field and carried off the players on high shoulders; then they returned and danced in zigzagging lines across the grid-iron. But scenes of sport enthusiasm are not restricted to New Haven. That part of the exhibition has been equaled elsewhere.

Still flushed with victory or defiant in defeat the excursionists crowded the special trains that pushed their way homeward to the Park Avenue tunnel and the station which they left early in the day. Other excursion trains sped eastward and northward from New Haven, for Manhattan furnished less than half the transient railroad traffic of the occasion. Motor cars were put under way with seemingly more leisure, but rural constables found it useless to attempt to check the speed of the drivers homeward bound. And New Haven was as quiet and peaceable on Sunday as if football games were unknown. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 23, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sand-Songs.

I.

Sing of sand!—not such as gloweth
Hot upon the path of the tiger and the snake:
Rather such sand as, when the loud winds wake,
Each ocean wave knoweth.

Like a Wraith with pinions burning,
Travels the red sand of the desert abroad
While the soft sea-sand glisteneth smooth and untrod
As eve is returning.

Here no caravan or camel:
Here the weary mariner alone finds a grave,
Lightly mourned by the moon, that now on yon grave
Sheds a silver enamel.

II.

Weapon like, this ever-wounding wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore;
So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind,
Ever, ever, evermore.

Darkly unto past and coming years,
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands;
Marvel not, then, if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad like the sands.

III.

'Twere worth much love to understand
Thy nature well, thou ghastly sand,
Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
Yet savest them that cling to thee.

The wild-gull banquets on thy charms,
The fish dies in thy barren arms;
Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
With vaults of treasure in thy heart!

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
Who eyed thee with such sullen scorn:
Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
Flow over, like a too-full bowl.

IV.

Gulls are flying, one, two, three,
Silently and heavily.
Heavily as winged lead,
Through the sultry air over my languid head.

Whence they come, or whither they flee,
They, nor I, can tell; I see
On the bright brown sand I tread
Only the black shadows of their wings outspread.
Ha! a feather flutteringly
Falls down at my feet for me!
It shall serve my turn, instead
Of an eagle's quill, till all my songs be read.
—Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Departure of the Swallows.

The rain-drops plash, and the dead leaves fall,
On spire and cornice and mold;
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,
"We must follow the Summer, come one, come all,
For the winter is now so cold."

Just listen a while to the wordy war,
As to whither the way shall tend.
Says one, "I know the skies are fair
And myriad insects float in air
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

"And every year when the brown leaves fall,
In a niche of the Parthenon
I build my nest on the corniced wall,
In the trough of a devastating ball
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, "My cosy home I fit
On a Smyrna grande café,
Where over the threshold Hadji sit,
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, "I prefer the nave
Of a temple in Baalbec;
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,
And, perching near on the architrave,
I fill each open beam."

"Ah!" says the last, "I build my nest
Far up the Nile's green shore,
Where Memnon raise his stony crest,
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,
But greets him with song no more.

"In his ample neck is a niche so wide,
And withal so deep and free,
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,
And a thousand little ones rear beside—
Then come to the Nile with me.

They go, they go to the river and plain,
To ruined city and town,
They leave me alone with the cold again,
Beside the tomb where my joys have lain,
With hope like the swallows flown.
—Thophile Gautier.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Desart, K. C. B., was appointed the British delegate to the International Naval Conference which met in London on December 1. The conference, which will remain in session until the end of February, will settle the establishment of a permanent international prize court at The Hague, and various reforms in naval usage in time of war.

Sir William Wallace, the resident-general of Northern Nigeria, has reported to the home government, on his return to Great Britain after a tour of the protectorate, that cannibal tribes owning hundreds of thousands of horses in Nigeria are being subdued by peaceful means, and that their country contains perhaps the richest tin, and copper fields in the world.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the anti-noise crusader, is the wife of the president of the Holland Submarine Torpedo-boat Company. She sold her beautiful home on Riverside Drive, New York, and moved to the St. Regis Hotel, because the tugboat captains, against whom she began her anti-noise war, took special delight in tooting their whistles at all hours of the night whenever they passed her house.

Two more Americans have been made knights by the Pope—Knights Commanders of the Order of St. Gregory. These are Morgan J. O'Brien, formerly justice of the New York Supreme Court, and Eugene A. Philbin, formerly district attorney in New York. This is a simple recognition of service done to the church, and the knights are not asked for fees. In fact, they have always been liberal benefactors.

Mr. Lemieux, the Canadian postmaster-general, heads a movement which recently culminated in a meeting that urged the government to buy out the existing cable companies and establish an imperial penny-a-word rate, with one shilling minimum for the message. If the cable companies object, it is proposed to attain the object desired by extending the land systems and that of Marconi, who is said to favor the scheme.

Augustus Thomas, long a successful playwright and now author of the novel, "The Witching Hour," comes from Missouri. The University of Missouri has notified Mr. Thomas that at the next commencement the university will confer upon him the degree of LL. D., the degree which it recently gave to Mark Twain. The president of the university, in presenting him for the honor, referred to Mr. Thomas as the most distinguished living son that Missouri has with the exception of Mark Twain.

President Roosevelt will in December award medals for two years' continuous service on the Panama Canal. The medal, of bronze, will bear on the obverse a new portrait of the President, modeled by Victor Brenner, the medalist, and on the reverse is a so-called bird's-eye view of the canal, over whose mountain barriers is incised the inscription, "The land divided, the world united." On the rim appears the words, "Presented by the President of the United States," and the shield of Panama will have wrought beneath it the name of the man it is given to.

The Emperor of Japan rejoices in the notable increase of his navy. On the 18th of November the fighting fleet of Japan, comprising 110 vessels, exclusive of submarines, passed in review before the emperor, who, on his way to the Kobe harbor front, drove through streets crowded with people and gorgeously decorated in his honor. Embarking on the battleship *Asama*, the emperor was welcomed by Admiral Togo and the other admirals of the fleet. As dozens of guns volleyed their salute the *Asama*, with Admiral Togo on the bridge, steamed slowly between the lines of warships and auxiliaries, with every band playing the national anthem.

Mr. Lewis Harcourt, recently admitted to the British cabinet as chief commissioner of works, is one of the comparatively few speakers who can count upon a well-filled and deeply interested House whenever he makes a speech. He is an extremely tall, very thin, and exquisitely dressed man with a rather weary look in his eyes. He is groomed to a degree not seen in the House since Mr. Robert Spencer left it for a seat in the House of Lords. His high, upright collars, his tie, correct to fastidiousness, his well-cut frock coat, are all part of a popular personality. Stalwart radical and aristocrat at the same time, he by his personal gifts has endeared himself to every section of the House.

President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, who has resigned and will leave next May the position he has filled for forty years, will be seventy-five years old next March. Professor Eliot's name will always be associated with the elective system which, since he introduced it at Harvard in place of the compulsory curriculum, has been adopted to a greater or less extent in the more progressive institutions of learning throughout the country. The influence of Mr. Eliot in the academic councils, not merely of Harvard, but of the nation, as is pointed out by more than one critic, is in large measure ascribable to his extraordinary gifts as a writer of dignified and beautiful English, and a speaker of eloquence which never "tore a passion to tatters," or exaggerated for the sake of the immediate impression or sought the enhancement of the reputation of the speaker. He found Harvard poor and ill equipped, and leaves it with an endowment of \$20,000,000 in funds and probably nearly as much in the value of the plant.

A JUDGE IN CONTEMPT.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XLII.

On the day set by the Federal tribunal for the decision in the Salem case, the court-room was crowded. Not as before with men and women of fashion—"Society" had long since lost all interest in the affair. This time the room was crowded with lawyers. "Society" had lost interest for two reasons—first, because all the scandal had been at once disclosed; second, because the case had become such a legal labyrinth that even the judges could with difficulty understand it. But just as actors spend their off-nights at the theatre, so do lawyers haunt the court-rooms. And on this field-day in the Salem case the judges had a crowded and attentive gathering of listeners learned in the law.

Arthur Alden was no longer of counsel in the case, but naturally he desired to be in at the death. He found himself seated next to Brewer, and while waiting for the judges to enter he interrogated the colonel about conditions at Gold Gulch, where some clients of his owned mining lands which they did not seem to be able to enjoy.

"You have been up to Gold Gulch recently, I believe, colonel," he began. "How are things up there?"

"Bad for the mine-owners, but good for the miners. I was up there some time ago, representing the Yarrow, father and son, who have large interests at the Gulch. But I began to get letters from 'Six Hundred and One.' I was told so threateningly that the miners had no use for lawyers from the Bay that I got out, and I got out quick, too, you'd better believe."

"My clients have had their claims jumped by the miners, and they want me to go up and straighten things out."

"Take my advice and don't go! Let your clients go instead. That's what I'm advising Eugene Yarrow to do."

"Don't you think it would be as dangerous for him as for you?" inquired Alden, in surprise.

"Oh, no! I'm not dodging the job for that reason. But the miners have a wild and unreasonable prejudice against lawyers, particularly lawyers from down here. So the actual owners themselves can make much better terms with the claim-jumpers than the lawyers can. Changing the subject, you were of counsel in this case, were you not?"

"Yes, but only in the State courts."

"It is a very mixed-up affair. What is the exact condition of the suit since the death of Salem?"

"Well, Sophia Lucretia got a decree of divorce in the State court. The judge decided that the so-called marriage contract was genuine, and he gave her half of old Salem's property, twenty-five hundred dollars a month alimony, and sixty thousand for counsel fees. Thereupon old Salem took to his bed and died."

"Sincerely mourned by his widow, I suppose?"

"It is generally so believed," rejoined Alden dryly. "However that may be, such a decree of divorce, granting alimony against a dead man, is not of much use when his heirs are full of fight. And so they turned out to be. The case was at once appealed to the State Supreme Court. But prior to this old Salem had brought suit in the Federal court, he being a citizen of another State, petitioning that court to declare the marriage contract and the 'dear wife' letters to be forgeries. With that suit I have had nothing to do. I was retained in the suit in the State court, and have not appeared in the Federal court, as my uncle is on the bench there."

"Then your connection with the case has terminated?"

"I think so, for I do not believe the appeal to the State Supreme Court will ever be pushed, as the proceedings in the Federal court will settle the case effectually. Probably the appeal to the State Supreme Court will eventually be stricken from the calendar."

"When was it that Tower married Sophia Lucretia?"

"Almost immediately after the death of old Salem," replied Alden. "As her counsel their relations had for a long time been very confidential, and as soon as Salem died they married, and Tower became her counsel for life."

"In what shape did the State's affirmation of the marriage contract come before the Federal tribunal?"

"When the case came up, the Federal court ordered Sophia Lucretia to appear with her marriage contract and her letters. She refused. The court then ordered her to be sent to jail for contempt. Before this order was carried into effect, her husband, Tower, consented to show these documents to the court, but refused to let them pass out of his possession. They were examined in court by experts, and declared to be forgeries. So the court ordered them to be destroyed. In the meantime Sophia Lucretia had succeeded in escaping from the court-room with the papers, and refused to obey the order. She remained in hiding for a time. Finally, when the United States marshal was hot on her trail, her husband made affidavit that the papers had been destroyed when his residence was burned some days before."

"Did the court accept this explanation as truthful?"

"Well, as the sole evidence of the so-called marriage had been passed upon by the court and decided to be fraudulent, its destruction by fire cut no figure. The court therefore heard arguments, and set a day for handing down its decision. Today is the date set. Although no longer of counsel, I naturally want to

hear the decision. It will be interesting, and possibly the happenings may be exciting."

"Yes, there may be some sensational doings today," agreed Brewer. "But the United States marshal knows Sophia Lucretia well, and he will be on his guard."

Alden looked around the room for Sophia Lucretia. Still pushing through the dense mass of humanity were some late comers. The court-room was packed with lawyers, among them all the lights of the local bar. The seated ones rose respectfully as the old crier's voice rang through the room:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having business with the honorable the United States Circuit Court, now draw near, give your attention, and you will be h-c-o-r-d!"

The door leading into the justices' chambers opened, and the three judges in their robes filed in and seated themselves. In the centre sat Justice Fox; on his right Justice Masters; on his left Justice Wilde.

Still seeking, Alden saw, some little distance away, the respondent, Sophia Lucretia, and her husband and attorney, Tower. Around the same table were Verrill and the other attorneys for the respondent. Alden gazed at her intently. During the long legal struggle Sophia Lucretia had greatly changed. A few years before she was a young and comely woman; now she was a hard-featured, elderly one. Her thin lips were firm set and pinched; her white eyelashes shaded shrewish eyes; there were wrinkles in her cheeks and bags under her lower eyelids. She was highly nervous and excitable; she tapped incessantly with her feet and fidgeted with her fingers. Continually she whispered in the ear of her gigantic husband. He was, as ever, calm, immovable, saturnine.

When some unimportant routine business had been transacted, the case of Elisha Salem vs. Sophia Lucretia Tower was called, and Judge Fox at once began reading his decision. It was long. In it he gave the history of Salem's complicated litigation in both State and Federal tribunals, together with the suit for a revivor in equity by the heirs and executors of Salem after his death. The judge's reading in his slow monotonous voice, and the legal maze he was discussing, did not seem absorbing. But his hearers in the court-room followed him with keen interest. Most of them were lawyers, and to them his long and involved sentences, his disquisitions on prior and concurrent jurisdiction, were as vivid as a romance.

Not so with Sophia Lucretia. She soon grew weary of trying to understand him. From his face, which at first she had intently scrutinized, her eyes wandered over the objects around the room. Nervously and fitfully she played with the catches of a satchel on the table before her. Only occasionally, when her name or that of Salem was uttered, did she look up. As the judge droned on, she did not even heed this remark from the bench:

"The genuineness of the alleged marriage contract rests upon her testimony, and it is proved that it is a forged paper, which throws discredit upon her whole testimony."

To the legal audience assembled this was ominous of what was to come. But she did not notice it, or it conveyed no meaning to her. Still reading in the same monotonous mumble, the judge went on:

"The judgment of this court is that the demurrers in both cases be overruled; that in the first case the original suit of Elisha Salem vs. Sophia Lucretia Leigh (now Sophia Lucretia Tower), and the proceedings and final decree therein, stand revived in the name of the executor of said Salem and against Sophia Lucretia Tower and John Tower, her husband—the said executor being substituted as plaintiff in the place of Elisha Salem, deceased, and the said John Tower being joined as defendant with his wife, so as to give to the said plaintiff-executor or his assigns the full benefit, rights, and protection of said final decree."

Even this did not seem clear to the puzzled woman. But the stir among the audience warned her of something momentous. She leaned over, and whispered in her husband's ear. He replied briefly, with no change in his set features. Her own were not so impassive—her face flamed with anger; losing all control of herself, she suddenly stood up and shouted:

"Judge Fox, you've been paid for this decision!"

Looking at her, the judge said icily, "Be silent, madame."

She interrupted him again. "How much did the Salem executors pay you for this?" she cried defiantly.

"Madame," replied Judge Fox, looking at her reprovingly, "you must take your seat, or you will be forced to leave the court-room."

"You are paid, you old rogue!" she screamed. "You are hired to do this dirty work! You know you are!"

Looking toward the marshal, Judge Fox said, "Mr. Marshal, remove that woman from the court-room."

"You can't do it," she shrieked, wild with anger. "You don't dare take me from the court-room!"

The marshal stepped forward to execute the order. He was obliged to step in front of Tower as he did so. The moment he neared her, Sophia Lucretia sprang at him, striking him in the face with both hands, and crying:

"You dirty hound, you shan't remove me! Don't you dare lay a hand on me!"

The marshal made as if to seize her, when Tower threw back his coat-lapel, and thrusting his hand toward an inner pocket, said defiantly and threateningly:

"Stand back! No man shall touch my wife!"

Again the marshal put out his hand toward Mrs. Tower. As he did so Tower struck him a heavy blow

in the mouth with his right fist, and again reached his hand in under his coat for a weapon. At a signal from the marshal, four deputies closed in on Tower, caught him by the arms, and pulled him down into his chair. He struggled violently, but even his giant's strength could not prevail against four cool-headed, powerful men.

While Tower was thus pinioned, the marshal, assisted by other deputies, succeeded in carrying Sophia Lucretia out of the court-room, but with great difficulty. All the way she was scratching, striking, kicking, and using the most violent threats. When the marshal had placed her in his office under guard of two deputies, she demanded her satchel so loudly that he went back after it; but on examining it he found in it a loaded revolver. This weapon he impounded, and turned it over to the custody of the court-room clerk.

During the marshal's absence from the court-room he found that Tower had partially freed himself, had drawn his bowie-knife, and was just about to use it on Hawke, one of the deputies. But the others again threw themselves upon him, bound his arms behind his back, and Hawke twisted his wrist until he dropped the knife. This weapon was also taken possession of by the marshal.

Tower's violent struggle had convinced him of the folly of fighting any longer. "Mr. Marshal," he panted, "if you will permit me to go my wife, I will promise to make no further resistance."

"Search the prisoner," ordered the marshal. "If he is carrying no weapons, take him to the room where his wife is imprisoned."

Tower was searched, and as no other weapons were found on him, he was allowed to be placed in the marshal's office with his wife.

Within the crowded court-room the throng of lawyers listened to the sounds of the struggle with mingled feelings. The doors had been closed and barred; deputies stood guard, refusing permission to pass either from court to corridor or from corridor to court. In front of the bench, at the attorneys' table, the audience saw the powerful form of Tower doubled down into a chair, writhing convulsively in his desperate fight with the deputies. From the corridor they could hear shouts, oaths, screams, and the trampling of hurried feet. With bated breath they listened, fearing to hear the crack of pistol-shots. But soon there was heard the slamming of a distant door—the marshal's office had been reached with his prisoner.

During all of this scandalous scuffle, Judge Fox continued to read his opinion in the same monotonous tone. His face was white as paper, but still he read on. To right and to left sat the two district judges, listening apparently with close attention; each man remained exactly as he had been seated, neither having changed his position since the affray began.

When the reading of the opinion was finished the circuit justice conferred for a few minutes with his colleagues, and then declared the court adjourned for fifteen minutes. The spectators in the court-room rose, and the justices withdrew to their chambers.

When the justices returned to the court-room the marshal was directed to bring before the bar John Tower and Sophia Lucretia Tower, his wife. They were brought in together, the husband manacled, the wife's arms held fast by two deputies.

Reciting the incidents of their flagrantly contemptuous conduct, Judge Fox read an order by which they were adjudged guilty of contempt, and sentenced to imprisonment in jail, Tower for six months, and his wife for thirty days. They were at once remanded to the custody of the marshal, with orders to see that their imprisonment was carried out.

Again sounded through the court-room the mournful call of the old crier:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having had business with the honorable the United States Circuit Court will now depart, for this honorable court stands adjourned until tomorrow n-o-r-n-i-n-g!"

Two of the persons having had business with the honorable court that day departed thence with bitterness in their hearts, and one with irons on his wrists.

The packed court-room was slowly emptying, and the astounded attorneys were pouring out, talking over the spectacle they had just witnessed. Even those who boasted of unusual experiences in this abnormal land were forced to admit that the scene was without a parallel.

As Alden and Brewer paused to piece out together their recollections of this picture in a temple of justice, Brewer shook his head.

"I am afraid that the trouble over the Salem divorce case will not end with the decision of Judge Fox," he remarked.

"Why not?" inquired Alden anxiously.

"As Tower was turning away after the sentence he passed close by me and I heard him growl to his wife, 'When I get out of jail I will kill Fox. The corth is not big enough for both of us to live on it.'"

"I am glad you told me," said Alden soberly. "I must warn my uncle of his danger."

"I think it would be wise for you to do so, for Tower is a desperado if there ever was one, and this woman has made him worse even than he was before."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The New York Stock Exchange was formed in 1792 by twenty-four brokers, but did not have a building until 1865. The London Stock Exchange (Capel Court) building dates from 1801 and that of Paris 1826.

A BIOGRAPHY OF WHISTLER.

Two Fine Volumes Tell the Life Story of a Great Artist and a Brilliant Man.

No artist of this age has attracted so much attention as James Abbott McNeil Whistler. It may be added that no artist so much needs a biography as a permanent record of the capacity and brilliance that remain unexpressed by brush and canvas.

The authors of "The Life of James McNeil Whistler" have done something more than to produce a splendid biographical work. Approaching their task with a fine equipment of intimate knowledge and with a warm and generous sympathy, they have constructed a figure with the undeniable accuracy of a portrait and that is a fine corrective to a popular imagination that has seized too exclusively upon the weird and the bizarre. Indeed, they present us with a picture that is sometimes surprising by its novelty and always fascinating by its vigor and sustained force, a figure gracious and winsome by its loyalty and kindness and admirable for its wit and intellect.

Whistler, although he himself seems to have been unaware of the fact, was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, on July 10, 1834. In the witness box during the Ruskin suit he said that he was born in St. Petersburg, although on entering West Point he had given Massachusetts as his place of birth. Later on he specifically denied the Lowell story to an American who introduced himself to the artist on the ground that he also was born at Lowell and at very much the same time. "There is only the difference of a year—you are sixty-seven and I am sixty-eight." Whistler's reply was characteristic. "Very charming! And so you are sixty-eight and were born at Lowell, Massachusetts! Most interesting, no doubt, and as you please! But I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born at Lowell, and I refuse to be sixty-seven."

Whistler's life in Russia and at West Point was characteristic of the days that were to come. He seems to have had a sort of subconscious knowledge of his destiny and this gave him an utter indifference to everything not consonant with it. At West Point he was a failure. A direct statement in a class recitation that "silicon is a gas" discouraged his chemical instructors and was one of the final blows to his military career. As he says himself, if silicon had only been a gas he might have become a major-general. But the fates were against it.

Of Whistler's life in the art studios in Paris we have as full a description as the records permit. It was the rollicking, care-free, irresponsible existence so strikingly depicted in "Tribly." Here at last was the beginning of the career in which the young artist was to be supreme. He does not seem to have worked very hard in Paris nor to have stinted himself, except from lack of funds, in the peculiar pleasures that the French capital furnishes to those who know how to seek them:

Though frequently hard up, Whistler had an income which seemed princely to students who lived on nothing at all. If Whistler had money in his pockets, Mr. Ionides says, he spent it royally on others. If his pockets were empty, he managed to refill them in a way that still amazes M. Oulevey, who, in proof of it, told us of the night when, after the *café* where they had squandered their last *sous* on kirsch had closed, he and Lambert and Whistler adjourned to the Halles for supper, ordered the best and ate it. Then he and Lambert stayed in the restaurants as hostages, while Whistler, at dawn, went off to find money to pay. He was back when they awoke, with three or four hundred francs in his pocket. He had been to see an American friend, he said, a painter: "And do you know, he had the had manners to abuse the situation—he insisted on my looking at his pictures."

But the idleness in Paris found its compensation in the industry of the life in London. One of his friends says "he worked tremendously," studying his subjects with energy and slowly compelling the public attention that he deserved. Whistler's picture of his mother attracted wide attention, and in connection with this portrait Mr. Harper Pennington writes to the authors that upon one occasion he complimented the artist warmly upon the excellence of his work. "It was perhaps two minutes before he spoke. 'Yes,' very slowly and very softly—'Yes—one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible.'"

Whistler himself relates how he came to paint the portrait of Carlyle. It was through the mediation of Mme. Venturi, who had set her heart upon the project:

I used to go often to Mme. Venturi's—I met Mazzini there, and Mazzini was most charming—and Mme. Venturi often visited me, and one day she brought Carlyle. The *Mother* was there, and Carlyle saw it, and seemed to feel in it a certain fitness of things, as Mme. Venturi meant he should—he liked the simplicity of it, the old lady sitting with her hands folded on her lap—and he said he would be painted. And he came one morning soon after that, and he sat down, and I had the canvas ready, and the brushes and palette, and Carlyle, looking on, said presently: "And now, mon, fire away." I was taken aback—that wasn't my idea of how work should be done. Carlyle realized it, for he added: "If ye're fighting battles or painting pictures, the only thing to do is to fire away." One day he told me of others who had painted his portrait. "There was Mr. Watts, a mon of note. And I went to his studio, and there was much meestification, and screens were drawn round the easel, and curtains were drawn, and I was not allowed to see anything. And then, at last, the screens were put aside and there I was. And I looked. And Mr. Watts, a great mon, he said to me, 'How do ye like it?' And then I turned to Mr. Watts, and I said, 'Mon, I would have ye know I am in the hobit of worin' clean lunen.'"

But Carlyle did not take kindly to sittings that were more numerous than he had supposed. He said that Whistler was "the most absurd creature on the face of the earth," although he had every reason to be pleased with the resulting portrait. Upon one occasion

Carlyle, on leaving Whistler's studio, happened to meet Miss Alexander, a little girl who also was having her portrait painted. "Who is that?" he asked the maid. He was told and Carlyle shook his head sadly. "Puir lassie! Puir lassie!" and without another word he went out.

But the days of poverty were by no means over, and hard work was as much a matter of necessity as of inclination. He took no holidays. Hunting and fishing had no pleasures for him. Of one of his attempts to shoot he says: "I rather fancied I had shot part of a hare, for I thought I saw the fluff of its fur flying. I knew I hit a dog, for I saw the keeper taking out the shots."

But he gave breakfasts and dinners. Mr. Luke Ionides remembers calling one early afternoon when

Jimmy was busy putting things straight—he asked me if I had any money. I told him I had twelve shillings. He said that was enough. We went out together, and he bought three chairs at two and sixpence each, and three bottles of claret at eightpence each, and three sticks of sealing wax of different colors at twopence each. On our return he sealed the top of each bottle with a different colored wax. He then told me he expected a possible buyer to dinner, and two other friends. When we had taken our seats at the table, he very solemnly told the maid to go down and bring up a bottle of wine, one of those with the red seal. The maid could hardly suppress a grin, but I alone saw it. Then, after the meat, he told her to fetch a bottle with the blue seal; and with dessert the one with the yellow seal was brought, and all were drunk in perfect innocence and delight. He sold his picture, and he said he was sure the sealing wax had done it.

Whistler dominated every one at these festivities, and indeed wherever he went. Although short and small, his was the most commanding presence in the room. He had a delightful way of waiting himself upon his guests, going round the table with wine, talking all the time and emphasizing every point with a dramatic pause just before or after filling a glass. Upon one of these occasions he explained his method of hanging the pictures at the Liverpool Exhibition of 1891:

You know, the Academy baby by the dozen had been sent in, and I got them all in my gallery—and in the centre, at one end, I placed the birth of the baby—splendid—and opposite the baby with the mustard pot, and opposite that the baby with the puppy—and in the centre, on one side, the baby ill, doctor holding its pulse, mother weeping. On the other, by the door, the baby dead—the baby's funeral—baby from the cradle to the grave—dead in heaven—babies of all kinds and shapes all along the line, not crowded, you know, hung with proper respect for the baby. And on varnishing day, in came the artists—each making for his own baby—amazing, his baby on the line—nothing could be better. And they all shook my hand, and thanked me—and went to look—at the other men's babies—and then they saw babies in front of them, babies behind them, babies to right of them, babies to left of them. And then—you know—their faces fell—they didn't seem to like it—and—well—ha! ha! They never asked me to hang the pictures again at Liverpool.

We have an adequate account of the libel action brought by Whistler against Ruskin. It was rather a hateful episode, by no means glorious for Whistler and distinctly discreditable to Ruskin. The jury returned a verdict for Whistler with damages assessed at one farthing, but the costs to the artist amounted to nearly \$2000. Whistler, writing to W. M. Rosetti suggested that it would be appropriate that his admirers and supporters should pay these costs, adding "in the event of a subscription, I would willingly contribute my own mite."

In 1888 Whistler married Mrs. Beatrix Godwin, widow of E. W. Godwin, the architect of the White House. The courtship was unconventional, like everything else in the artist's career. Mr. Henry Labouchere holds himself responsible for a marriage that was particularly appropriate and happy in its results. Mr. Labouchere says he was dining with them one evening at Earl's Court. There was an obvious mutual attraction, and in a vague sort of way they thought of marrying. "Jemmy," said Mr. Labouchere, "will you marry Mrs. Godwin?" "Certainly," was the reply. "Mrs. Godwin, will you marry Jemmy?" "Certainly," she replied. "When?" asked Mr. Labouchere. "Oh, some day," said Whistler. "That won't do. We must have a date," was the reply of the matchmaker, who finally took all details into his own hands. An early date was arranged and the marriage duly followed. The banquet was in the studio. There were no chairs, so every one sat on packing cases, and when Mr. Labouchere left the happy couple were still undecided whether they would go to Paris for the honeymoon or stay at the studio. The day before the wedding the bride had been met on her way to purchase the "trousseau," which consisted of a new toothbrush and a new sponge, "as one ought to have new ones when one marries":

Whistler was devoted to his wife, who henceforth occupied a far more prominent position in his life than his friends could have anticipated. Indeed, the course of his life was entirely changed by his marriage. He saw little of his former friends in London, and less even of society. For months he was a wanderer, and these months were barren of important work. Not that Mrs. Whistler was indifferent to his art or stood in his way. She was sympathetic, helpful, interested, and intelligent. He liked to have her in the studio with him; when she could not come, he brought the pictures he was painting home for her to see. He worked conscientiously with her critical eye upon him. He consulted her in his difficulties, he looked to her to rejoice with him in his triumphs, and she shared only too willingly the disappointment inevitable in the career of the creative artist. But it can not be denied that for him the period of great schemes and their successful completion came to an end with his marriage.

We have an entertaining glimpse of Whistler's subsequent life in Paris and of the art studio that he established there. For various reasons it was not a marked success, and it gradually dwindled to disappearance:

Most of the students, elementary or advanced, in the *Académie Carmen* thought that Whistler was going to teach

them how, by some short cut, they could arrive at distinction, better and quicker than elsewhere. When they found that, though the system was different, they had to go through drudgery as in any other art school, they were dissatisfied and left. Moreover, the strict discipline and the separation of the sexes were unpopular. Nor could they understand Whistler. Many of his sayings recorded by them explain their bewilderment.

One day Whistler, going into the class, encountered three new pupils. To one of these, an American, he said:

"Where have you studied?"
"With Chase."
"You couldn't have done better."
"And where have you studied?"
"With Bonnat."
"Couldn't have done better."
"Where have you studied?"
"I have never studied anywhere, Mr. Whistler."
"You could not have done better."

To the young lady who told him one day that she was painting what she saw, his answer was, "The shock will come when you see what you paint." To the man in the early days who was smoking, he said, "Really you had better stop painting, or, otherwise, you might get interested in your work, and your pipe would go out."

Of a superior amateur he inquired: "Have you been through college? I suppose you shoot—fish, of course?—go in for football, no doubt?—Yes? Well, then, I can let you off painting."

Whistler's death had been foreseen for some time before it occurred. An increasing weakness of the heart, a general lowering of the vital forces, warned his innumerable friends that the end was drawing inflexibly nearer. An influenza cold dragged him down, and he lived in constant fear of infection from others, if any one even sneezed in his presence. "I can't risk any more microbes—I've had about enough of my own":

Reports of his feebleness came to us from others. M. Duret, the friend of so many years, was in London, and was deeply moved by the condition in which he found Whistler, who, he thought, wanted to say things when alone in the studio with him, but who could not that day utter a word.

On the 14th E. called again, and again he was dressed and in the studio, and there were pictures on the easels. He seemed better, though his face was as sunken and in his eyes was that terrible vagueness. Now he talked, and a touch of gallantry was in his greeting, "I wish I felt as well as you look." He asked about Henley, the news of whose death had come but a day or two before. He watched the little mother cat as she ran about the studio. There was a sudden return of vigor in his voice when Miss Birnie Philip brought him a cup of chicken broth and he cried, "Take the damned thing away," and all his old charm was in the apology that followed, but, he said, if he ate every half hour or so as the doctor wanted, how could he be expected to have an appetite for dinner? He dozed a little, only to wake up quickly with a show of interest in everything, and when, on the arrival of Mr. Lavery, E. got up to go, fearing that more than one visitor would tire him, he asked, "But why do you go so soon?" And these were the last words he ever spoke to her.

The mechanical work upon these two fine volumes is worthy of high praise. The table of contents and index are elaborate, while the illustrations, nearly one hundred and seventy in number, are worthy of the subject.

"The Life of James McNeil Whistler," by E. R. and J. Pennell. In two volumes. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$10.

The spaniel was so called because the original breed of this type came from Spain. The Blenheim spaniel got his name from Blenheim Palace, where this dog first gained popularity in the time of the great Duke of Marlborough. In the same way the King Charles spaniel owes its name to the merry monarch. Fox terriers did not gain their name from a likeness to the fox, but from the fact that formerly they were used in hunting foxes. Many years ago they were sent by their masters down the fox's burrow to draw and kill their quarry. It was in those days a saying that a good fox terrier never came out of a burrow without the fox. He either brought out his prey dead or never came out alive himself. The bulldog used to drive cattle, and was trained to meet the rushes of his enormous charges by gripping them in their most vulnerable spot—the nose. Thus in time he became known as the bulldog. The dachshund is a German dog, and, as his name indicates when translated, was used for hunting badgers. Hence his name—badger dog. Among hunters in the fatherland this breed is still popular, although as a rule they are now too delicate to face such a ferocious fighter as the badger. Spitz dogs are so named owing to their sharp noses. This is also a German name, spitz meaning sharp-pointed. Another name for this breed is Dalmatian dog, because his native home was in Dalmatia.

President Edmund J. James of the University of Illinois recently issued an address to the students on hazing, in which he declared that hazing would not be tolerated, and that any student found guilty of it would be dismissed from the university. President James said: "Hazing is a violation of good manner and of the right of individual liberty. It is provocative of public disorder. In its milder forms it is a nonsensical and almost idiotic form of amusement unworthy of the support or favor of any sensible university student. In its coarser forms hazing is a vulgar, brutal, always demoralizing, and sometimes dangerous form of sport which the university can not countenance or tolerate."

Lucas Jacobsz, known to the world as Lucas Van Leyden, painter and engraver, when he had barely reached his ninth year, made some engravings after his own designs; at twelve painted his well-known "St. Hubert," and at fourteen gave out an engraving representing the killing of the monk Sergius by Mahomet. At thirty-nine he was dead with a remarkable record of achievement behind him, a life unfortunately wherein the promise of his youth was by no means fulfilled.

A HUSBAND'S MISTAKE.

How His Little Device to Save His Honor Worked Too Well.

Mme. la Baronne de Givone was a reproduction of that famous type of classic beauty, the Greek goddess, examples of which are so rare now and growing more and more so in this *fin-de-siècle* epoch. A woman born for the Olympian cothurne and the simple drapery clasped upon the shoulder, neither pretty, nor witty, nor marvelous in any way, but Greek, plain Greek from brow to instep—upon the word of her estimable husband, the shrewd, far-sighted, and successful financier, M. le Baron and banker, Alonzo de Givone.

The baron, moreover, was not wrong; madame his wife reflected the universal admiration as a polished reflector throws back the light; they always chose her to preside over those functions that required traditionally statuesque patronesses; men bowed before her as before an armed sentinel, and women never thought of such a thing as heaving jealous of her.

The age of this beautiful Greek, however, announced by herself, was of a very vague character, like the age of a statue as given on the hill of sale, "somewhere between nine-and-twenty and nine-and-forty-years."

As for the baron's age, it was that of all husbands when they are loyal spouses—fifty years. Very rich and childless, every evening saw them in the social swim, but leading there, as elsewhere, the solemn, ceremonious, well-regulated, dignified life of the old clock in the salon of their stately old mansion in the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne.

But—alas, that it should be so!—transcendent virtues are always subject to thunder-clap relapses. One day, at the house of a diplomatic personage—a careless parvenu, who opened his doors to all sorts of arts and artistes through an affected democracy—Mme. de Givone made the fatal encounter. She trembled—she the proud, distinguished Baronne de Givone, trembled before a comic singer, the vulgar star of a café concert hall.

He had come there, poor devil, to earn a louis and his supper, without a thought of reanimating goddesses of the Parthenon, and was chiefly concerned, while chirping out his "inimitable imitations," by a suddenly discovered slit that striped with white the sooty black of his coat under the arm, and the necessity for keeping his hand clasped over his heart to hide the fiery stroke of an unpaid laundress's iron, which spread itself out in brownish tint upon an otherwise snowy shirt-front.

The physique of this singer of comic ditties perfectly corresponded with his employment—calf-eyed, thick-lipped, nose like a duck's bill, awkward in gait, and with only the knowledge of making a stage-how fairly well—an ungainliness, all the same, that mattered little; Mme. de Givone was caught by the epidemic that at times seizes all too-perfect women of vaguely defined years.

She believed that she loved César Ihes, and fell upon him, like a bolt from a clear sky, with all the notes, flowers, invitations, *et cetera*, that women of the great world employ in such cases as harometers, so to speak, of the condition of their affections. César did not, however, return this love, though touched a little, of course, like all amiable animals to whom, through an impulse of pity, one speaks carelessly as one passes. He did not love her; and when she called him the "ray of sunlight in the autumn of her life," instead of telling him, as she might have done, of his "inimitable tones," a dull dislike rose up in his heart against her.

César Ihes was not rich, either; Herminie bankrupted him in cahs engaged by the hour, and actually dared to offer him on his birthday a cigar-case embroidered by her slim Greek fingers, when he would have infinitely preferred to the work of the needle a diamond scarf-pin, or even a good imitation diamond, provided the mounting was not too sham.

Still one can taste a little of love and not become a drunkard. César, not knowing what else to do, permitted himself to go on being loved and being ruined by cah hire, in obedience to the will of the goddess, who made of this prosaic and useful vehicle their regular and not too compromising trysting-place.

It went on thus—well, really, it does not matter how long—when, one morning at the breakfast-table, M. de Givone, with frowning brow, announced a sudden departure, possibly a week's absence, and a call to Lyons on a serious hanking errand.

Herminie saw him set out with the joy of an emancipated school-girl, and promptly dispatched a note to her "dear friend" to call upon her that coming evening, closing with directions as to finding the servants' stairway. "My husband deceives me," she declared; "I am sure that he deceives me, because he has grown so cold to me of late. This voyage is but a pretext to join some—some creature. I scorn him, and I wish to see you—to see you here, in my own house. Come!"

* * * * *
The evening came, and the clocks of the quarter were still striking ten as Herminie de Givone, the "deceived" wife, all glittering with diamonds and rustling with laces, as she had come from the concert where Ihes, all the

fashion at the moment, had been the lion of the occasion, stepped from her carriage, dismissed the waiting-maid, and ten minutes later, by the servants' stairway, was ushering the young comedian to the sacred precincts of her private houldoir.

A strange awkwardness, however, seemed to settle upon the two culprits as they crossed the threshold of that severely Greek nest, with its Olympian memories; Herminie slowly and silently unclasped her diamond necklace and turned to lay it upon a table near by, and César, with equal slowness, fumbled nervously with the buttons of his concert-hall paletot.

Then, just as the diamonds fell into the bronze tray waiting to receive them—fell with the light spattering sound of falling tears—the door opened again and M. de Givone appeared.

Herminie uttered a cry and fell prone to the floor, and César began mechanically to rebutton his paletot, his pale face convulsed with terror. The hanker was pale, too, but ominously calm.

"Sir," said he, quietly drawing a revolver from his pocket, "you are poor, you are a coward, and I know why you are here. You came to steal my wife. Happily, I had taken my precautions. I have placed on guard at each side of the servants' stairway of my house two police officers charged to arrest and to search you. They will find"—pointing to the baronne's jewels glittering in the tray beside them—"that diamond necklace concealed between your shirt and waistcoat; they will take you to the police station, and there you will admit the theft; there, also, you will declare that you were here to see the baronne's maid, and this vulgar comedy will end by a just application of the law—that is to say, a certain number of months in prison. In consideration of recovering the diamonds, however, I agree to do what I can to soften the rigor of the richly deserved sentence."

And smiling blandly, M. de Givone placed his finger upon the revolver's trigger. "But—hut, monsieur," stammered the comedian, entering the tragic rôle in spite of himself, "you would compel me to sacrifice my honor."
"And my honor, sir," responded the hanker, drawing nearer, "what of that, sir? Appearances give me the right to hlow out your brains here and now, sir; hut I do not love scandal. Take your choice, then. Carry off the diamonds or—I kill you!"

Briefly, nothing was more cleverly arranged. César Ihes was poor, a nobody, riddled with debt, of a physique to please only chambermaids, and Herminie de Givone as flawless before the world as the statue she resembled. With moist hrow and chattering teeth, César made hut a step to the table where flamed the resplendent necklace.

"To call out is useless," he grumbled, essaying to smile. "If I told the truth, even, they'd take me for a fool, I suppose!"
"No one would believe you, sir."

Givone raised his arm again, and César saw the gleaming harrel of the revolver almost against his hrow. It was an invincible argument. César yielded.

"Well, if I must, I must," said he; "better a prison than death, you know." And the necklace vanished into the hiding-place designated by M. de Givone, who followed him to the threshold, pointed the way he should go, and dropped behind him the portière.

César found himself alone in the corridor. To the left, in the distance, twinkled the lamp of the vestibule, lighting the servants' stairway; to the right, shining in the moonlight, gleamed the long, sparkling panes of the corridor window. Beyond that window was the garden, beyond the garden the Bois de Boulogne, the fields, security, and freedom!

"Bah! why not?" thought César brusquely, dazzled and blinded by that which he had suddenly conceived; "I've time enough to throw myself into a train; eight hours lands me at Havre, and once in England—the devil himself couldn't catch me. Houp-la! my hoy, and that"—snapping his thumb lightly in the direction of the banker's closed door—"that for all the enraged husbands in Paris!"

He threw up the sash, flung a leg over the window-ledge, and—the diamonds with him—was lost in the night.

Six months have gone since then; the worthy financier is still deploring the mistake he made in persuading César to steal against his will, and Mme. la Baronne Givone more than ever resembles a well-groomed statue.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Rachilde by E. C. Waggener.*

Captain Frank Dickson Sweetser, who died a few days ago at the home of his sister, in Lynn, was born in Salem on June 4, 1833, and as a hoy ran away and shipped to California. He first took up mining and later went into the oyster trade in California, in which he was the pioneer in this State. In 1861, when the Civil War broke out, he sailed around the Horn on his return to the East, and in New York he enlisted in the New York Seventy-First Regiment. He served in the Army of the Potomac. He afterwards returned to California and had business offices in San Francisco up to a year ago, when he went East.

Alice Neilsen will head an all-star cast in a revival of "The Bohemian Girl," to be given on tour.

CURRENT VERSE.

Bondage.

I am the slave of day
And underneath the sun
I play my part with stuhhorn heart
Until the day is done;
I do the petty task,
I earn the grudging pay,
And none can guess I wear a mask,
Indentured to the day.

But when the sun has set
And labor ends again,
How easy to forget
The walks and ways of men!
Deep in my heart I seek
The lilac and the rue,
The white rose and the rose of red:
The memory of you.

What though the miles divide,
What though the years are past?
Across the night I dream aright,
And am myself at last;
A handsman of the day,
While day is on its throne,
The secret stars all know I am
Your slave, and yours alone!
—Reginald W'right Kaufman, in *Smart Set*.

The Victor.

The live man victorious
Rode spurring from the fight;
In a glad voice and glorious
He sang of his delight,
And dead men three, foot-loose and free,
Came after in the night.

And one laid hand on his bridle-rein—
Swift as the steed he sped—
"Oh, ride you fast, yet at the last,
Hate faster rides," he said.
"My sons shall know their father's foe
One day when blades are red."

And one laid hand on his stirrup-bar
Like touch o' driven mist,
"For joy you slew ere joy I knew
For one girl's mouth un-kissed,
At your board's head, at mass, at bed,
My pale ghost shall persist."

And one laid hand on his own two hands,
"Oh, brother o' mine," quoth he,
"What can I give to you who live
Like gift you gave to me,
Since now from strife and ache o' life
Your sword-stroke makes me free?"

The live man victorious
Rode spurring from the fight;
In a glad voice and glorious
He sang of his delight,
And dead men three, foot-loose and free,
Came after in the night.
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Hill o' Dreams.

My grief! for the days by an' done,
When I was a young girl straight an' tall
Coming alone at set o' sun
Up the high hill-road from Cushendall.
I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to my feet—
For the thrushes sang in the cool deep glen
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng
An' many a dream as I never told;
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,
Or at seein' a whin-bush crowned with gold.
An' always I'd look back at the say
"Or the turn of the road shut out the sight
Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a decent man,
As many would call a prudent choice,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a changin' voice,
Nor thought to see on the hay's blue wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a king's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The hills seem weary now to my feet,
The miles he's many, and dreams he's few.
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do.
An' I'm that tired at the top of the hill
That I haven't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.
—Helen Lanyon, in the *New Ireland Review*.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The manuscripts lent by J. Pierpont Morgan to Columbia University Library include some verses written by Abraham Lincoln, a letter from Oliver Cromwell to his wife, and many other treasures of like nature.

Lincoln's verses are as follows:
A wild bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain;
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with fear,
And bears preyed on the swine.

A case at the entrance contains Milton's original manuscript of the first book of "Paradise Lost"; some poems and letters of Tasso; the original warrant under which John Bunyan was arrested, and Robert Southey's manuscript copy of his "Life of Bunyan."

Gilbert Neal, by Will N. Harben. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

The author has told an interesting story, but we can hardly take the view of some of his characters that he evidently wishes us to take. Gilbert himself compels our unstinted admiration, and we can hardly count it unto him for weakness when he surrenders to the pressure of his mother and beautiful sister and for the third time impoverishes himself to save his rascal brother from gaol. But for the sister, Lucille, we have small sympathy. She does not at all measure up to the standard of confiding innocence. When she allows herself to fall in love with the clergyman Tidwell she does so knowing that he is married, and her conduct when she finally elopes with him is not much mitigated by the fact that she locks the hotel door between their communicating rooms. Lucille, in spite of her beauty, is by no means a good little girl and does not deserve the fine husband that she gets.

There are other miscarriages of justice that hurt our feelings and that ought to be confined to real life. Dave Neal, a rascal by instinct, is so far appreciative of his brother's generosity that he determines to confine his rascality to legal limits. That, of course, pays him much better than common larceny, and so we leave him wealthy and with a beautiful wife, while Gilbert is surpassingly content with the village store that Dave buys for him. Gilbert's is, of course, the better part, but we should have been better pleased had Dave encountered some form of retribution more obvious than a beautiful wife and had Tidwell been disposed of more lingeringly, so to speak, than by a fall from his horse. But the story is powerfully told and is not one to be left half read.

A Child's Guide to Mythology, by Helen Archibald Clarke. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.25.

Such books as this are a cheering indication of a new and better order of literature for children. It would be hard to find a more wholesome mental food for the young than an introduction to the imaginative and poetic wealth of mythology with its stimulation to the deeper study that must certainly come with advancing years.

We feel a little inclined to disagree with the author when she says that "the chief thing to be remembered about myths is that they are not true, though they may contain some elements of truth." It is surely better to teach children that myths are true, but that they must be translated into the language of natural phenomena. The Egyptian myth of the hull Apis, for example, becomes true when we understand its reference to equinoctial movements. Nor can we admit that "myths gradually grew to have philosophical or metaphysical meanings." Surely the metaphysical ideas came first and they were gradually translated into such simple forms as the people could understand.

But these are small points. The author has given us an admirable book, in which animals, trees, the sun, moon and stars, the sky and air all play their parts in a way acceptable to the child. Twelve well chosen illustrations add to the value of the book.

Lisbon and Cinara, by A. C. Inchbold. Illustrated by Stanley Inchbold. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$3.50.

Portugal is not usually included in the itinerary of the modern tourist, and that the omission is to his loss is made clear enough by this fine book. We are reminded that Light—Sunshine—Beauty are conveyed in every name that has been given to Lisbon from remote ages and that Portugal, of all countries in Europe, is the one to which English-speaking people should most naturally gravitate.

So far as we are aware, no other book of more intimate and artistic knowledge of its subject has been published. The author traveled understandingly and with an eye as keenly sensitive to historic as to artistic charm. Through fifteen chapters we are invited to admire whatever is admirable, and the author's taste is never at fault. That so

much that is valuable and beautiful should lie so near the beaten track and yet not quite upon it may be something of a revelation to the tourist who has been over-faithful to the traditions of travel. Thirty full-page colored illustrations of marked charm help us to realize the valid claims of Portugal to a more general attention.

The Master Influence, by Thomas McKeen. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

The apparent object of the author is to show how love enters into a woman's life and becomes the coping-stone of her development. In this case the woman is Helen Mainwaring, who drifts somewhat aimlessly through the usual round of society and philanthropy and meets her fate just as we had begun to despair of her. She nearly falls in love with Lionel Carrington, who is a Jekyll-and-Hyde young man, a tin saint inside his charity hospital, and a rousé and opium fiend outside of it. Then she is attracted elsewhere, and finally falls captive to a young man whom we do not know long enough to appreciate.

The author knows how to tell a story, but he does not know what story to tell. The heroine is deadly dull, and it is hard to understand why any one should wish to marry her. The only human woman in the book is Rose Barstow, who becomes Lionel's mistress when he is close to the end of the road and threatened by the Black Hand fraternity that he has offended. We can only wonder that a writer with so much skill should select so many dull people to write about from a world so full of incident and drama.

Peter, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

We must disagree with the author when he says that Peter is not the hero of his novel. He is the hero, and he is also a hero, which is quite a different thing. The book is full of charming characters, and some that are powerfully contemptible. There is also plenty of stirring incident, but Peter himself is easily dominant, and we hurry through the chapters in which he does not appear in order that we may the more speedily renew our acquaintance with him.

Peter is the elderly cashier in a New York bank, a man full of fine old-fashioned chivalry and high ideals of kindly courtesy. We feel that he has been doing all his life just such things as he does in this story, and that somewhere or other he is still befriending young men, encouraging them to be brave and unselfish, and generally setting an example of the high-minded culture that makes him delightful and memorable. "Peter" will be called an old-fashioned story, but this may be taken as a compliment while the new fashions run so much to an ugly finance and to still uglier character aberrations.

The War in the Air, by H. G. Wells. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The coming of the airship is used by Mr. Wells in the construction of a vigorous forecast of aerial navigation in warfare. We see a mighty fleet of German airships, built in profound secrecy and suddenly launched across the Atlantic to attack America.

A naval battle is already in progress and the issue of this is settled by the aerial monsters overhead. After a succession of frightful encounters between the airships of the nations, Occidental and Oriental, the struggle comes to an end through sheer exhaustion, and because nothing much is left upon earth to destroy. Mr. Wells tells his story without a love incident, unless the little affair between Bert, the young machinist, and Edna, the London shop girl, can be so considered. Mr. Wells uses his powers of prophetic description to good purpose, but the book gives us the impression that it was written in a hurry.

Principles of Psychic Philosophy, by Charles B. Newcomb. Published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

Mr. Newcomb is well known as a writer along New Thought lines, and although his present book does not contain the close reasoning that distinguished his earlier works, it is none the less sincere and suggestive. Mr. Newcomb proceeds on the theory of a spiritual consciousness in man usually unmanifested in the intellect, but capable of development by certain processes of meditation and action. The awakening of the spiritual consciousness is, he says, the discovery of the true self following upon the recognition of universal law and the sequence of cause and effect in the moral and mental worlds as well as in the material. Mr. Newcomb writes positively and with freedom both from dogmatism and from the rather sordid theorizing which we sometimes find in books of this category.

A Short History of Engraving and Etching, by A. M. Hind. Published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$5.

Ostensibly written for the use of collectors and students, this comprehensive volume has much to interest the ordinary reader who is attracted to a branch of art so important to public education. It is a descriptive survey

of the history of engraving upon metal throughout the various centuries and schools, special attention being given to the more important engravers, the names of lesser account being cited in so far as they contribute toward a connected view of the whole development and a balanced estimate of relative artistic values. The early historical portions of the work are specially interesting, while the one hundred and ten illustrations help us to appreciate the progress of the art and the many developments that have attended its progress. The author is attached to the department of prints and drawings in the British Museum, and he writes not only lucidly, but with an exhaustive knowledge of his subject.

Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman, by Frank McKernan. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The author has given us another fine book for boys and one that combines an accurate history of a stirring epoch with a maximum

of incident and wholesome sensation. We do not know of any other book that so well depicts the character of Boone, or that goes further to sustain him in his place as a national hero. It is a book that every boy ought to read, and it will not be only the boy who will be fascinated by it.

The Green Domino, by Anthony Dyllington. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

This delightful story relates how two young men, bent upon charity and frolic, disguise themselves as itinerant musicians and betake themselves to Waterways, where they earn much money for the children's hospital. They also make the acquaintance of the young and fascinating Lady Hawke, and we are gradually led to a finish through a series of clever situations and a dialogue that reminds us sometimes of Mr. Anthony Hope. The author knows how to tell a story without a single jar or misstep.



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| Sweater Coats | Face Cloths | Blankets | Wide Brown Sheetings |
| Cardigan Jackets | Towels | | |

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Aristocracy" is more than doubly attractive at the Valencia Theatre this week because of the return of Robert Warwick, the handsome and virile leading man, and the introduction of Blanche Stoddard, who resumes a former and mutually pleasing acquaintance with San Francisco theatre-goers. The play was well chosen to give all the prominent members of the excellent Valencia company an opportunity for distinction, and with scarcely an exception the parts are taken with good effect. Mr. Warwick is well suited in the rôle of Jefferson Stockton, originally played by Wilton Lackaye. Miss Stoddard, who will have the leading woman parts from this time on, displays emotional power and natural graces as Diana Stockton. Thomas McLarnie, another new member of the company, is to be commended for a forceful characterization of the unattractive prince. Darrell Standing, Arleen Hackett, Helen Lackaye, and Charles Dow Clarke are not to be passed by without consideration. The play will run up to and including the Sunday performances.

Monday night next the Valencia Theatre management will produce "Zira," the powerful drama made from Wilkie Collins's story, "The New Magdalen." In this play Margaret Anglin achieved a great success, and Blanche Stoddard was second to her in the same company. Next week Miss Stoddard will have the part which Miss Anglin played, and will give evidence of her ability to move her hearers in the most exacting of rôles. Mr. Warwick will be no less fortunately fitted, and the complete cast is well balanced. The week should promise most alluringly to all lovers of the drama.

Louis James in Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" will be the attraction at the Van Ness Theatre next week, including Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Richard Mansfield produced this spectacular comedy during the last season of his career, and for a time it seemed unlikely that it would be revived, but Mr. James decided upon the undertaking, which is important in magnitude, in artistic values, and in its demands upon the ability of the actor. The rôle in which the veteran player appears is wonderful in its scope, for it traces the footsteps of a vagrant irresponsible through years of adventure to a happy home-coming at last. It is one of Ibsen's greatest and most poetic creations, and it appeals to many who have found the subtlety of the dramatist uncheering in other plays. Mr. James has given to this character study much time and thought, and his production is lavish in detail and appointment. It has been seen and favorably noticed during a long tour which has at length included San Francisco.

Kolb and Dill have another characteristically absurd farce with musical interludes in "Wiener and Schnitzel," first seen on any stage at the Princess Theatre last Monday evening, and now evidently settled for a long and prosperous run. The first act of the new offering is particularly lively and fetching. There is nothing to be added to former descriptions of the work of the comedians. They add the antics of bibulous exhilaration to their exploits in this piece, but otherwise are the same twin embodiments of phlegmatic good nature. The company in support does its full share in furnishing entertainment, Maud Lambert, Billy Clifford, and the chorus being especially effective. If hilarious cheer and unstinted applause may be accepted as conclusive evidence, the Princess audiences are now getting just what they most enjoy and plenty of it.

Gus Edwards's Blonde Typewriters, with Arthur Conrad, are the headline attraction in the bill which opens at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. They give a tabloid musical comedy and beauty show, in which the eccentric comedian and dancer is the central feature. Harry Tate's London Company will present "Motoring," a comedy of life on the road in a motor car. The Italian Trio, from Naples, will sing operatic selections of course, and that they are artists worthy of the Orpheum Circuit is recommendation enough. The Majestic Trio is a team of colored singers and dancers that promises much diversion. Next week will be the last of Felice Morris and company, Linton and Laurence, Happy Jack Gardner, and also of Castellane and Brother in their marvelous and sensational bicycle act. A new series of Orpheum motion pictures will conclude the performance.

The final performance of "Paid in Full" will be given at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night.

Arthur Hartmann's Farewell Violin Recital.

Arthur Hartmann, one of the greatest violinists that have ever visited this city, and who will be welcome should he ever return, will give his last concert at Christian Science Hall Sunday afternoon, December 6, at half-past two.

One of the features of the Hartmann concerts is the accompaniments of Albert Calzin, who in a very few years will be heard from as a piano virtuoso.

The programme will include Vicuxtemp's "Concerto in D minor," the Bach "Chaconne," Hartmann's transcriptions of Mac-

Dowell's "To a Wild Rose" and Claude De Bussy's "Je pleur dans mon cœur," "Farfalla," by Emil Sauret, and a fantasy on Southern melodies by Mr. Hartmann. Calzin will play interesting numbers by MacDowell, Liszt, Moriz Rosenthal, and Alberto Jonas.

Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday, after 10 a. m., at the hall, corner of Sacramento and Steiner Streets.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The only remaining unpublished novel by the late Henry Harland is to be brought out soon. It will be entitled "The Royal End."

William Sumner Harwood, an author and magazine writer of character and some distinction, died last month at his home in Los Gatos. Mr. Harwood's best-known book is "New Creations in Plant Life, or Life and Works of Luther Burbank."

Three of the important books on the fall list of the Macmillan Company are by college presidents: "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by President King of Oberlin; "The American as He Is," by President Butler of Columbia, and "The Educational Ideal in the Ministry," recently brought out by President Faunce of Brown University.

Brian Hooker, the author of the recently published novel "The Right Man," is a Yale man of '02 and the writer of the Yale battle hymn, "Mother of Men," which won a \$300 prize last year.

One of the best stories of the late Duke of Devonshire in Lady Randolph Churchill's "Reminiscences" concerns the author's visit to one of the duke's places. When the writer told Lord Hartington that she had been "over" Chatsworth with her husband and his chief lieutenant the virtual owner cut short her expressions of admiration of the glories of the place with "Did you break anything?"

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has prepared a new book, which is virtually an autobiography of this industrious author. The volume is called "New Thoughts, Common Sense, and What Life Means to Me."

For many years the famous "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino," by James Dennistoun, has been out of print. It has just been brought out, carefully edited and annotated by Edward Hutton. The court of Urbino was perhaps the most splendid and cultured in Italy, and Duke Federigo one of the greatest soldiers of his time. Mr. Hutton has left the text substantially the same as the original, but he has added a large number of new notes, comments, and references. It was from

this book that Joseph Henry Shorthouse obtained many ideas and incidents for his "John Inglesant."

New Publications.

"The City of Encounters," by Horace Hazelton, is a story as full of sensations as the most hardened of us can desire. It is published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published a collection of short stories by Charles Belmont Davis. Those who are familiar with this writer's work as it has appeared in various magazines will be pleased to have these stories in more permanent form.

Julia Dalrymple has already shown us in "Little Me-Too" that she knows how to write an imaginative story for children. She now gives us "The Make-Believe Boys," full of real child expression and showing sympathy and comprehension. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.

The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, have published "The Battle of Franklin," by Colonel R. W. Banks. The battle is described as "the bloodiest engagement of the war between the States," and the account is detailed and concise. It is a useful bit of history. The price is \$1.25.

The wisdom of diluting the classics for the supposed benefit of children is much open to question. The boy or girl of twelve years of age ought to enjoy a direct translation of Homer or Virgil, but for those who must have their wine diluted the Rev. Alfred J. Church's "The Æneid for Boys and Girls" may be safely recommended. Mr. Church has handled in similar fashion the Iliad and the Odyssey. The present volume contains twelve colored illustrations. It is published by the Macmillan Company, New York, and its price is \$1.50.

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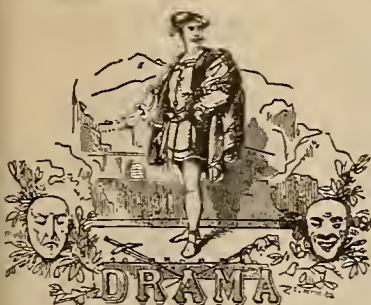
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9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	11:15 A.	12:45 A.	2:45 P.	SATUR- DAY	1:40 P.
Tamal- pais only	1:45 P.	3:45 P.	5:45 P.	ONLY	3:10 P.
1:45 P.	3:45 P.	5:45 P.	7:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
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"PAID IN FULL."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The character of the wife in "Paid in Full," like that of the husband, is also rather too extreme. In this age of literary realism, one rather expects to see, in the character of a woman who is considered sufficiently attractive to be the heroine of a play, a little leaven of lightness, or a dash of *espièglerie*. But Emma is almost too bright and good for human nature's daily food. I really think that such unending patience and sweetness tends to the cultivation of the opposite qualities in a natural cad and domestic hully like Joe Brooks.

Nevertheless, one can not quarrel with idealism. It is already too rare in this age of stifling materialism.

It is apparent that Eugene Walter is an idealist. No wonder that he did not turn to the world of the socially elect for inspiration. The study of the inhabitants of that glorified realism is not conducive to the cultivation of ideals, so we were spared the spectacle of an author, uninformed of the ways of those in the social swim, trying to lug upon the hoards a lot of dummies of whose ways and life and manner of speech and trend of thought he knew, presumably, nothing, since we are told that the author of "Paid in Full" narrowly escaped starvation before he could persuade a manager to put money in his purse by accepting his play.

As it now stands, the play is throbbing with life. The two men, Jimsie and the Captain, who love Emma Brooks in their different kinds of ways, are, however, the really virile creations in the play. They are so real, so natural, so untheatrical, and their ways, their speech, their attitudes, movements, gestures, tones, and inflections are so admirably reflected from life instead of the stage that the actors who so superbly impersonated them performed the feat of giving us an almost continual sense of illusion.

It is hard to know to which of the two to award the palm, but I conclude that, although Clarence Handyside had the more dramatic rôle of the two, in that of the big, hurly captain, with his very evident potentialities for evil, yet Albert Brown's Jimsie was so perfectly played, and the actor gave so many delicate, restrained, yet thoroughly recognized and appreciated shades of feeling to the character of the good fellow, who, we comfortably assume, is destined eventually to win the severed flower, that one places these two splendid players on an even plane of merit.

William L. Gibson gave a contrasting portrait of the husband which contained much merit. He, also, is an excellent actor, but he played the rôle with too unbridled a spirit. The intensely disagreeable aspect of the character was too violently expressed, and at times the raised accents were all but unintelligible.

What was particularly good in the delineation, however, was the picture presented of a man who has suffered the deterioration, the frightful abasement, of manhood that follows upon a deliberate embarking upon a course of speculation. The pallor, the nervous irritability, the furtive eye, the sudden, tense stillnesses, the uneasy watchfulness, the constant suspicion, all were there, trenchant warnings to an honest man to guard his honor as the immediate jewel of his soul.

Sara Perry, who played the rôle of the wife, is a pretty woman with a somewhat too measured and deliberate style of speech, and rather an over-suggestion of sweetness in the manner and attitude of Emma Brooks toward life and her fellow-beings. I am not sure, on the whole, but that a being so overpoweringly and persistently sweet and good would not be prone to awaken unregenerate impulses of a non-ethical nature in the less perfect humans around her. So we approved of Emma all the more warmly when she finally lost patience, and although still with almost unimpeachable sweetness, gently insinuated a few vigorous adjectives like "contemptible" into

her discourse to her husband, whom the captain so aptly termed a skunk.

Miss Perry, while not exactly an emotional actress, rather rose to the situation when things began to grow tense, and gave quite a graphic representation of gentle womanliness turning at bay, when driven to the wall.

I have been rather wondering, by the way, whether the author was concerned with any particular moral, when writing his play, or merely wished to paint one of the commonest incidents of contemporary life. Embezzlers grow on every hush, and broken-up homes are almost commoner than gooseberries.

But one may deduce several morals, if one wishes. Honesty is the best policy. So we gather from Joe Brooks's sordid tragedy. The captain, after triumphantly surmounting an ugly temptation, discovers with surprise that "it feels d—d good to be decent."

And Jimsie, model of chivalrous, gentlemanly, woman-idealizing, woman-shielding manhood, Jimsie, sound, sweet, and wholesome to the core, does not furnish any particularly concrete moral save that which we draw from a recognition of the pleasure we feel in viewing the life-like portrait of a man who is at once lovable and estimable.

Recital of Lawrence Strauss, Tenor.

Lawrence H. Strauss, the young tenor who has just returned from three years' work abroad, and who in addition to his talents as a vocalist is an exceptionally clever pianist and musician, will give his first concert next Tuesday night, December 8, at Century Hall. Mr. Strauss will be assisted by Dorothy Pasmore, the talented violoncellist, and Miss Therese Ehrmann, accompanist. The programme will include German songs by Richard Strauss, Hugo Wolf, Brahms, and Ruckauf, French numbers by Massenet, Faure, and some charming numbers from the old chansons of the eighteenth century, and English works by Haendel, Marian Bauer, Frederick Clay, and Stevens.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Paid in Full" is being played at the Van Ness Theatre by an excellent company, which, nevertheless, includes the names of no stars or notables. True to itself, San Francisco, which adores big, widely heralded names and reputations, showed a comparatively moderate interest on the opening night. The green curtain, unflinching barometer, was down. *La farjam de la bonne société*, or at least of the innermost innermost, was not in the air. Perhaps if the play, which, by the way, is a purely American product, had been devoted to the exploiting of the loves, the follies, the sins, or the prodigalities of the New York or Newport four hundred, the numerical equivalent of San Francisco's pampered worldlings would have hastened to the show.

But Eugene Walter has shown a correct instinct in appealing to the interest and sympathy of a far wider following. The great middle class, the class which, if not the hone and sinew, is, at any rate, the moral pith and fibre of the nation, is here represented.

It is the class which, during industrial disturbances, is crushed between the upper and nether millstone of labor and capital; the class which, feeling the helpless dependence of the rich on the service of labor, without the means to overpay for it, is the first to suffer during strikes. It is the class which labor uses as a huffer against capital, and which capital uses as a huffer against labor. For its sympathy and suffrage are most important to the winning side during the ever-increasing wars between labor and capital.

So to us of the middle class who sat in front on Monday night it was quite a natural situation to see a married couple established in a cozy flat the comfort of which hinted of paid domestic service, yet doing their own work. The husband, inducted into a gingham apron, swept, and wiped dishes, and grumbled and growled, and would have savagely kicked the cat had there been one present.

That part of the spectacle, it must be parenthesized, was not wholly familiar, for anything more angelic than the helpfulness and good will which the dish-wiping type of husband displays in his chivalrous sharing of his wife's burdens it would be difficult to find.

And there he manly men, too; the kind who go duck-hunting, smoke a good cigar that pleasantly perfumes one's parlor with the odor of fine tobacco, talk intelligently of the affairs of the day from a wholly masculine point of view, and never fail to follow with a quick glance of appreciation the passing show of a pretty and prettily gowned woman.

But no such angel had fallen to the lot of Emma Brooks, heroine of "Paid in Full." She was married to a constitutional kicker, a sort of Snarleyow, a man who passed his life in one long, delirious grouch.

And she believed she loved him. Force of habit, you know.

The disagreeable features in the character of Joe Brooks are, however, drawn almost too strongly. In fact, come to think, it contains nothing but disagreeable features. The man's vile temper is almost too impossible for respectability; the fact is, he would cause the gorge even of a patient Griselda to rise.

And come to think, again, he was married to a patient Griselda, and, fortunately for the high-spirited contingent in the audience, her gorge did rise, and we enjoyed the soothing spectacle of seeing much-tried and long-crucified patience suddenly come to a dignified and honorable conclusion, and sweep its possessor away to the freedom she had so hardily earned.

I have often been struck by the cowardly conventionality of novelists and dramatists, in the matter of separating husband and wife. In spite of the culpability and laxity of motive governing many and probably most of the divorces obtained in this country, we can not but recognize that if there were no such thing as the dissolution of marriage, life would be to many much what it means to two prisoners chained in unwelcome and agonizing companionship.

Robert Grant raised a vigorous note of common sense on this subject in his novel advocating divorce for those who have, through long and undeserved suffering, earned the way to escape. And nowadays they do not always insist that the curtain fall upon a reunited husband and wife who will infallibly disunite and hate each other heartily before a week has fled.

VANITY FAIR.

The New York *Sun*, in its well-known solicitude for feminine beauty, prints an article on the chin. It seems that the Directoire gown gives a special importance to this charming feature, and the Directoire gown must be supplemented by the Directoire pose. It is not enough to construct the dress upon given architectural lines unless the figure is persuaded into conformity.

There are two ways in which the attention of a woman may be riveted upon a theory. The first is upon the score of beauty, but this often fails because women do not particularly wish to look beautiful. Considerations of beauty go down like a house of cards before the breath of fashion, and it may indeed be doubted if the average has any sense of the beautiful. But all women wish to look young, and so we are assured that the woman who keeps her chin high will pass as being much younger than she really is. Pitiless time places its mark upon the forehead and temples, but, for some inscrutable reason, it leaves the chin until the last. Now, no one will look at the forehead who has a chance to look at the chin. Therefore, keep the chin well forward.

But while the chin is an attractive feature, it is quite possible to have too much of it. In fact, one chin is enough and superfluity is deformity. The double chin is the result of carrying the head forward and of failing to keep the skin of the neck tight. Even after the double chin has begun to show itself, it can be remedied by a reform of the carriage. The neck muscles need exercise; they must be kept taut or they will take advantage of neglect and accumulate fat. There is no reason except indolence and mental flabbiness why old age should bring a double chin.

Mrs. Howard Gould has been persuaded by the law to tell us exactly what it costs her to dress. There is no need to enter into the marital infelicities that have produced this disclosure. Already they are sufficiently the talk of the town, and our only concern is the light that is now thrown upon the extravagances of a typical lady of fashion.

It costs Mrs. Gould one thousand dollars a month for her outer garments, six hundred and fifty dollars a month for her underwear, stationery, dentistry, and toilet accessories, and one thousand dollars a month for two automobiles that she regards as indispensable. To summarize the position, she simply can not get along with less than \$70,000 a year, and the \$25,000 a year offered by her husband is, therefore, pitifully inadequate. And this from a woman who was once an actress, and not a particularly good actress at that.

It is just as well to know these things, because they have a bearing upon social problems that some people find it hard to understand. We need not ask economic questions as to where all this money actually comes from. That way madness lies. But what effect does such a disclosure have upon those who do not earn in the course of a year as many cents as Mrs. Gould spends dollars upon dress, fripperies, and automobiles? *Brooklyn Life* asks the question tersely and pertinently:

As throwing a sidelight upon the extravagances of such people, who at any trade or profession could not earn more than from nothing to \$10,000 a year, this statement wrung from Mrs. Gould by the machinery of the law is strikingly effective. Can it be at all wondered at that the workers of the nation, many of whom, long unemployed, can not feed or clothe their children, are showering bitter imprecations upon those who, as "people of fashion," are ostentatiously squandering upon themselves millions which, in most instances, belong to them only in a legal sense? Is it not the logical result that the Socialists cast nearly one million votes at the last election and that their ranks are continually being swollen by recruits who think they can discern relief from misery in their mistaken theories? No, the wonder is that the American people have shown themselves so patient and so sane under their unjust burdens.

Truly the wonder is not that the great masses of the people are so had, but rather that they are so good.

England's newly created Territorial force, which takes the place of the old volunteers, is to be instructed in the etiquette of the soldier. A neat little volume has been published telling the young soldier how he must behave upon social occasions, and some of the advice may be taken to heart by those who are not soldiers. Some of the notes on conduct are:

When calling, try to avoid starting the conversation on such "shoppy" matters as drill, details of dress, or interior economy.

On "guest nights" the president and vice-president pass the wine, which is never touched until after the king's health has been proposed. When the decanters have been returned to them, the president and—except in regiments where it is the custom to drink the king's health sitting down—all the officers rise. The president then says, "Mr. Vice, the king!" The vice-president says, "Gentlemen, the king," and the health is drunk, the band, if present, at the same time playing the national anthem. It should be remembered that the king's health may be drunk in water.

A void mentioning a lady's name at mess. In many regiments this entails a fine.

No smoking is permitted in the ante or mess rooms between first mess huddle and the time at which the king's health is drunk.

Officers when returning the salute "should remove the pipe or cigarette."

When marching through the streets with any party of men, officers while marching at attention with swords drawn must pass their lady friends by without noticing them. On the order "march at ease" being given, swords should be returned, and then officers may salute any lady friends they meet, but, of course, must not stop and speak to them.

The New York *Sun* says that the fashionable dinner this season is shorter and merrier than ever and more extravagant. The preferred number of guests is twelve at a private house or in a private dining room at a hotel, and at the most eight when the dinner takes place in a public restaurant. Anybody short of royalty may now be entertained in public with propriety.

"How about dinner giving?" a young married woman, almost a stranger in New York, asked of a veteran New Yorker, and this is the advice she received:

"First of all don't attempt the heavy act, even to please your husband or any great gun he may want you to honor. So sure as you do your dinner will fall flat and your invitations will not be scrambled for.

"Yes, I know, every now and then some high-browed woman—it is nearly always a woman—complains about the inanities of the New York fashionable dinner table and deplors the fact that intellectual discussions are taboo and that persons who venture on anything of the sort are voted bores. The truth is that even intellectual heavyweights crave relaxation, and, wisely or not, they show a weakness for dinners which furnish entertainment and relaxation.

"At nearly every smart dinner now given there are women perfectly well informed as to what is going on in religious, political, financial, and industrial circles, but they are clever enough not to air this knowledge for the benefit of the big men present. Often it takes more brains to be merely diverting than to appear learned."

With all due respect to the writer of the above, it may be suggested that the intellectual brilliance that might enliven a dinner party does not proceed from the mere possession of information, but upon the mental power to handle that information. We are, of course, bored by intellectual discussions carried on by those who have information and nothing more, but we are not bored by the conversation of brilliant people to whom information is simply a working basis. The acquisition of information, of facts, is simply a matter of good memory, but the acceptable use of the facts is a gift of the gods. The average high-school miss is quite a compendium of information and facts, but we never recognize that she knows anything in particular, because she has no mind that can use her knowledge. Latin and Euclid, for instance, do not intrude into ordinary social conversation, but the man of real brilliance who knows Latin and Euclid will show all the more brightly for that knowledge. The "high-browed woman" who complains of the inanities of the modern dinner table will never mitigate those vanities, no matter how hard she may try, because her stock in trade is information and not intellect, and information without the power of thought, without intellect, is an unprofitable servant.

Here is a description of a dinner which was certainly not spoiled by an overweight of intellect:

At a dinner given in a restaurant recently the hostess planned the menu as carefully as if at home. The decorations of the table were thought out by her.

There was a low mound of orchids in the centre of the table. Across each plate lay an American Beauty rose of regulation size and length of stem, but made of satin and silk. On each leaf in gold letters was printed one course of the menu. At the back of the rose was a cotton filled recess which just before the guests sat down was sprinkled with rose extract, so that even in odor the American Beauty was natural.

That was surprise number one. Surprise number two came when what was apparently a croquette was put before each guest. In reality it was made of some sort of composition and opened in the middle, showing a folded, very narrow, long strip of white paper on which was written: "Bryan is in the soup, not in the croquette." As it was just two nights before election this was timely and not displeasing to the guests, who were all Republicans.

Another surprise was the serving of dinner rolls in each of which was a chunk of lead, giving unexpected weight to the roll. It was the jolliest of dinners and yet the four men present were all men of affairs past their first youth a good bit. Counting the relishes and a vegetable entrée, there were just six courses, and the guests sat down at eight and finished their coffee at ten.

Imagine the innocent fun of the chunk of lead in the dinner rolls. But why were the guests spared the time-honored joke of the teaspoons of specially prepared amalgam that melts when placed in hot coffee or tea? The four men guests were "past their first youth a good bit." So we should suppose. They could not have been so very far from their second.

A prominent philanthropic worker in Chicago who was invited to address the students of Northwestern University took the opportunity to speak to his audience with some frankness and to impress upon his hearers the perhaps novel fact that a college education was not necessarily a prelude to "success in life." He said that during the last few years he had been working in the Water-Street Mission of New York. He had learned that one-third of the men who come there

ragged and dirty and begging for food were college bred.

I have found them on the Bowery making up beds or waiting on table, and I have even met them in the street-cleaning brigades. During February of last year more than 400 of them stood in the "bread line" at our mission. Seventy-five per cent of the prisoners at Sing Sing are college bred men.

"Wine, women, and song" in college life are responsible for this condition.

That a college education with its accompaniment of "wine, women, and song" conduces to success in life is one of the most curious superstitions of the day. It persists in spite of the obvious fact that the great men of the world have usually been self-educated and wholly deprived of the "chance" that a college education is supposed to give. But perhaps the "wine, women, and song" are not the greatest of college dangers. Was it not Martin Luther who said

Who loves not women, wine, and song
He is a fool all his life long?

Caste ideals, a mental self-sufficiency, and a hatred of discipline are more serious characteristics than an overindulgence in pleasures, noxious enough, in all conscience, but elemental and incidental to youth.

Managers of London theatres are not unfamiliar with men who are so desirous of comfort that they book an extra stall on which to rest their hat and coat. At the Duke of York's Theatre, however, a man at a recent matinée paid for three stalls for his sole use. He explained that his comfort required that no one should share the arms of the chair he occupied, and for that reason he paid for a seat on each side. On one of them he placed his coat and hat, on the other a bag of biscuits, which he ate during the performance. A lady who wanted to move into one of the three seats because it was in a better position than her own inquired, when the situation was explained to her, if it would not be possible to provide the man with a sofa.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An earnest young preacher in a remote country village concluded a long and comprehensive supplication by saying: "And now let us pray for those who are dwelling in the uninhabited portions of the earth."

Little Charley Maloney, a six-year-old boy, heard a man practicing on the calliope preparatory to playing it in the circus parade. Rushing to his father, he said: "Listen, papa." "What is it?" asked his father. "It's de elephant singing," said Charley.

The hurly prisoner stood unabashed before the judge. "Prisoner at the bar," asked the clerk of the arraigns, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?" The prisoner looked them over carefully. "Well," he replied, "I'm not exactly wot you'd call in training, but I wouldn't mind a round or two with that there fat old jossler in the corner."

An old Kansas citizen, who had been henpecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said: "John, you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Manda," said the old man weakly, "but so far as I am concerned you don't need to be in any blamed hurry about it."

A dear old country gentleman and his wife paid a visit to the seaside. While the simple pair were walking on the beach one evening they suddenly noticed the revolving light of a lighthouse. The old lady gazed at it with open eyes for some minutes, then she turned to her husband with a puzzled look. "Well," she exclaimed, "if the man in that ship hasn't lit that light this forty times, and it has gone out every time!"

Hans came in from his ranch, two miles from Olney, to buy a horse. "I've got the very thing you want," said Ike Bergman; "it's a fine road horse, five years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping." Hans threw up his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said—"not for me. I wouldn't gif you five cents for him. I live eight miles from Astoria, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."

Andreas Pellisarti, who said he lived somewhere in Mulberry Street, was arraigned in the children's court charged with playing ball on the street, says the New York World. "Don't you know it's wrong?" asked Magistrate Olmsted. "Yes, sir," sobbed Andreas. "Don't you know that you are likely to hurt somebody? The streets don't belong to you. Now tell me, son, to whom do the streets belong?" "De automobiles," answered the culprit. "Discharged," said the judge.

A very matter-of-fact person called to see a neighbor, an elderly woman, who had been ailing for some time. "And how do you find yourself today, Janet?" was the greeting. "Ah, Martha, I'm very bad. This cold, damp weather'll be the end of me. I'll be a dead woman before very long." "Hoots, toots, woman. You've been saying that any time these last twenty years. I've no patience with you. I'll tell you what it is. You want firmness of mind. Fix a day for your dying—and stick to it."

It is of Dr. Isaac Barrow that the story is told of a playful match at mock courtesy with the Earl of Rochester, who, meeting Dr. Barrow near the king's chamber howled low, saying, "I am yours, doctor, to the knee-strings." Barrow (bowing low): "I am yours, my lord, to the shoe tie." Rochester: "Yours, doctor, down to the ground." Barrow: "Yours, my lord, to the centre of the earth." Rochester (not to be outdone): "Yours, doctor, to the lowest pit of hell." Barrow: "There, my lord, I must leave you."

Mark Twain's absentmindedness has been equalled by the college professor who made a visit and then suddenly remarked at the dinner table: "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Chopsticks, have you seen your little boy, Willie, lately?" Mrs. Chopsticks: "No, professor, I haven't seen him since ten o'clock and I can't imagine what has become of him. In fact, I am very much worried about him." Professor: "Well, seeing Martha pour me out that glass of water just now reminds me of something that I had on my mind to tell you some time ago, but which unfortunately escaped my memory. It was just about eleven o'clock, I think, that I saw little Willie fall down the well."

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new." The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he

did see was his escaped postage stamp zig-zagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor. "Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

They had been friends at school. But the ways parted, and the one succeeded while the other failed. A. slept on the park benches, and B. reposed in Fifth Avenue. One day A. presented himself at the door in Fifth Avenue and sent up his name. To the surprise of the footman, he was admitted. "My dear old friend," said B., the millionaire, "why this raggedness?" A. told the story—how this and that and the other had gone against him—all tears dropped from the eyes of the millionaire (B.). A minute's silence while B. leaned his head on his hands. Then, "Will you kindly ring the bell?" A. rang it, and with streaming eyes the millionaire said to the footman: "Show this gentleman out; he's breaking my heart!"

It was a former Archbishop of York—Dr. Thomson—who appeared once in the rôle of coachman. He had attended an evening party, and, on leaving the house, discovered that his coachman was drunk. There appeared nothing for it but to drive home himself, and the archbishop, after placing the smiling but unconscious coachman inside the carriage, mounted the box and took the reins. The monotony of the homeward journey was broken by a wheel of the carriage coming into violent collision with a stone just outside the entrance to Bishopsthorpe. The lodge-keeper, unable to recognize the approaching figure in the darkness, called out cheerily: "Hallo, Bill, drunk again!—and howled if you aint got the old cock's hat on!" "It's the old cock himself," gravely responded his grace.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Egotist.

It's either this or else it's that, He lays the law down plump and flat. There's nothing of the diplomat, It's pretty sure, about him. He hardly credits you with sense; To differ shows you're very dense, He thinks it quite a great offense If you should seem to doubt him.

No sort of reason will he deign To give, that he may make it plain. He can not help your lack of brain, So don't you get him nettled. His declaration short and gruff You may imagine is a bluff, But still he says it. That's enough, The matter should be settled.

I've done all that a woman can Since first our married life began To soothe and please the lordly man And bow to his dominion. I would not wish to be unkind, But, oh, I'd love to take and hind And gag him and then free my mind By giving my opinion.

—The Ladies' Own.

Now He's Louceter.

A pretty young matron of Gloucester, One high up in society's rouceter, For divorce has brought suit 'Gainst her husband—"a brute" Who's continually hector'd and houcester.

—Boston Transcript.

Song of the Nature Faker.

The Lightning Bug illumines the night; The Cinch Bug sings, "Lead, Kindly Light"; High up in yonder Sycamore The Bullfrog whistles "Theodore."

The Tiger Lily now hegules The Dandelion with her smiles; But unto her his heart is cold, For he intends to Marigold.

I watch the Caterpillar try To change into a Butterfly; Alas! he must have slipped a cog; He turns into a Pollywog.

In evening dress the Poppy goes To woo the Artificial Rose; Ah, me! this world of sham and fad!— I blush to see the Lily-pad.

The sun is rising in the west; The Holly hocks his evening vest. Across the field of new-mown hay The Milkman plods his Milky Way.

—L. C. Davis, in Puck.

Private John Allen of Mississippi tells good and timely stories. His latest one has to do with politics and tells of the experiences of a certain Major Blank of Mississippi. Major Blank tried for years to secure a Democratic nomination to Congress, but signally failed each time. Finally he turned Republican and was given the Republican nomination. He made a "whirlwind tour" of his district and felt confident of the result. When the returns were counted it was found that Major Blank had received just two votes. And the next day he was arrested on the charge of "repeating."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The coming week promises to be one of the gayest of the brilliant season, and any number of delightful events are planned. From present indications there will be no cessation of entertainments until the winter is brought to a close by the Lenten season.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Wolcott-Thomas, daughter of Mrs. Lillian Wolcott-Thomas, to Mr. Joseph B. Sifton of San Diego. Their wedding will be an event of the spring.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Ellis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Ellis of Los Angeles, to Ensign Clyde Stanley McDowell, U. S. N., U. S. S. *Georgia*. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Anita Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, to Mr. Kenneth McDonald, Jr., will take place on Wednesday, December 9, at the First Presbyterian Church on Washington Street.

The wedding of Miss Irene Moore, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Stauffer Moore of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, to Captain Llewellyn Wigmore, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., formerly of Los Angeles, will take place today (Saturday) at the First Presbyterian Church at Greensburg. Captain Wigmore and his bride will be at home after January 1 at 230 Riverside Drive, New York.

The first Greenway dance of the season will take place on Friday evening next at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening next in honor of Miss Elizabeth Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening next before the Greenway hall in honor of their niece, Miss Ethel McAllister.

Miss Flood will entertain at a luncheon on Wednesday next in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Miss Marian Angelotti will entertain at a luncheon on Wednesday next at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Emily Du Bois.

Miss Marian Miller will entertain at a bridge party on Wednesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at a hall last night (Friday) at the St. Francis.

Miss Augusta Foute was the hostess at an informal dance on Tuesday evening last at the Hillcrest in honor of Miss Innes Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark entertained at a dinner before the Hopkins hall on Tuesday evening of last week. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Major and Mrs. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Miss Genevieve Harvey, and Mr. Edward Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week, their guests going afterwards to the Hopkins

hall. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mr. Reginald Fernald, Mr. Gordon Armshy, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Frank King, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, and Mr. Percy King.

Miss Merritt Reid was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week, her guests going afterwards to the Hopkins hall. Those present were Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Philip Westcott, Mr. Paul Foster, and Mr. Sidney Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin entertained at a dinner on Monday evening of last week.

Miss Florence Hopkins was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home on California Street. Those present were Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Elizabeth Woods.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home at Burlingame on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt.

Mrs. William L. Ashe was the hostess at a luncheon on Saturday last at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Anna Weller.

Miss Christine Pomeroy was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at the Town and Country Club, at which she entertained several of the debutantes.

Mrs. George Cadwalader was the hostess at an informal tea on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Rhoda Pickering was the hostess at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon last at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg entertained informally at dinner last Friday evening. Among their guests were Congressman and Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Irving F. Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Purnell Selby, Mrs. Jane Martel, and Mr. Albert J. Lowenberg.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who are at their country place in the Napa Valley, will leave shortly for Santa Barbara to spend the winter season.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Mrs. Samuel Knight have returned from a trip to Honolulu and Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing and Miss Eleanor Cushing spent the week-end at San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green.

Mr. Christian de Guigne and Miss Marie Christine de Guigne have returned from Europe, where they have been for some months past.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall have returned from a stay of some weeks in New York.

Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval has arrived from Paris and will spend some time here as the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. A. Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin left on Monday last for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Taylor have arrived from their home in Boston and will spend the winter as the guests of Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean have returned from Europe, where they spent the summer and fall months. They are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Helen Baker spent the Thanksgiving season in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, have returned from a stay of some weeks in the East.

Mr. Frank King has returned from a week-end visit to Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., spent the week-end at Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mrs. Gerald Rathbone has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn at Woodside.

Miss O'Connor has returned from a visit to Mrs. William S. Tevis at Bakersfield.

Miss Jeannette von Schroeder has returned to the Von Schroeder ranch in San Luis Obispo, after a visit to relatives here.

Miss Helen Dean will leave in a short time for a visit to New York.

Mr. Royden Williamson has returned from a stay of three months in New York and Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chapin arrived last week from their home in Sacramento for a brief visit here.

Mr. Frank Houghteling has gone to Chicago for a visit to his parents.

Mr. William L. McLaine was in town this week for a brief stay, returning several days since to Fresno.

Mr. Wharton Thurston left this week for a month's stay in Honolulu.

Mr. Boyd Van Benthuysen has returned from a stay of three months in the East.

Mrs. Robert M. Howland and Miss Louise Howland, who have been traveling on the

Continent for the past year, are now in Paris, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Shainwald are at the Hotel Granada for the winter, having returned from the East last week.

The Nordica Concerts.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, the famous prima donna, and her excellent company, which includes Frederick Hastings, haritone, Emma Showers, pianiste, and Andre Benoist, accompanist, will give two concerts in this city at the Van Ness Theatre, on Sunday afternoon, December 13 and 20. On the evening of December 16 Mme. Nordica will inaugurate the concert season of the St. Francis Musical Art Society with a special programme.

The offerings of Mme. Nordica are rare specimens of art in programme making, and while the great prima donna gives her assisting artists splendid opportunities, she still gives her public a great feast of song. Not less than twelve to fourteen important numbers, in addition to a great aria, are her contributions on each programme.

At her opening concert she will sing the great "Narrative and Curse" from "Tristan und Isolde"; "Seligkeit," by Van Der Stucken; "Mein Liebe ist Gruen," Brahms; "In Mitte des Balles," Tschaiikowsky; "Cacellie," Richard Strauss; "Vielle Chanson," Bizet; "Nocturne," Chopin (transcribed for Mme. Nordica); "Neil," Faure; "Mattinata," Leoncavallo; "Twilight," Walter Rummel; "Kashmiri Song," Amy Woodforde-Finden; "A Theme," Andre Benoist; "Spring Song," Hammond; and Schubert's "Der Erlkonig."

Mr. Hastings will sing numbers by Mozart, Hatten, Strauss, and Elgar, and Miss Showers will play compositions of Liszt, Chopin, and Grieg.

Programmes for both concerts may be obtained at the box-office, which opens next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Tuesday night, December 15, Manager Bishop of Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, has consented to lay off his entire stock company in order to afford the music lovers of Alameda County an opportunity of hearing this great artist, of whom America is so proud. A special programme will be given, and seats will be ready next Thursday at the theatre box-office.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were: Dr. Alfred B. Grosse, Mrs. William Grosse, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Burnett, Mr. A. A. Brown.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mr. A. H. Johnson and family, Miss L. Walker, Mrs. G. Larne, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Corbett, Mr. R. M. Hackhall, Mr. C. E. Hart, Mr. E. E. Simpson, Mr. Fred Ward, Mr. Percy Russell, Mrs. Lotta Blakshy, Mr. R. P. Merilion.

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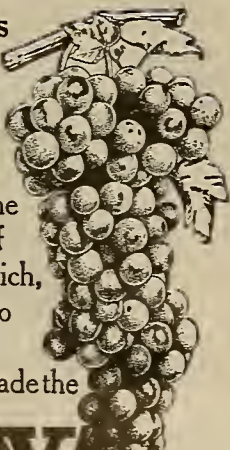
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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed on this Coast:

Brigadier-General James Biddle, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Biddle have gone to Santa Barbara from Washington, D. C., and will spend the winter at the Hotel Potter.

Colonel James B. Hickey, Cavalry, U. S. A., promoted to his present rank on November 15, has been assigned to the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Major William C. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from Fort Hamilton, New York, to West Point, at such time as his present duties will permit, for the purpose of conferring with the superintendent of the United States Military Academy on the subject of the location of a searchlight at West Point. On the completion of that duty Major Davis will return to his proper station.

Captain N. E. Niles, U. S. N., is detached from command of the *Hancock* and ordered to duty as governor of the Naval Home, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Captain W. L. Jolly, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to proceed immediately from San Francisco to Washington, D. C., and to report in person to the major-general, commandant.

Captain Charles C. Pulis, Second Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Captain Arthur T. Balentine, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had his resignation of his commission as an officer of the army accepted by the President, the resignation taking effect December 4.

Captain Frank D. Wehster, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him on October 14 extended twelve days.

Captain Robert L. Mosely, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from treatment at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to join his company by the first available transport leaving San Francisco for Manila.

Naval Constructor L. S. Adams, U. S. N., has been detached from duty on board the *Connecticut* on the fleet staff of the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet and ordered to duty in the department of construction and repair, Naval Station, Cavite and Olongapo, P. I.

Lieutenant-Commander C. B. Morgan, U. S. N., is detached from the *Milwaukee* and ordered to duty as inspector in charge of the Eleventh Lighthouse District, Detroit, Michigan.

Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Caldwell, U. S. N., has been ordered to additional temporary duty as executive officer of the *Milwaukee*.

Medical Inspector F. Anderson, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to command the Naval Hospital, Annapolis, Maryland.

Surgeon C. H. T. Lowndes, U. S. N., is ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and to additional duty in command of the Naval Medical Supply Depot at that place.

Passed Assistant Surgeon F. M. Munson, U. S. N., has been detached from the first torpedo flotilla on board the *Decatur* and ordered to treatment at the Naval Hospital, Canacao, P. I.

Passed Assistant Surgeon P. T. Dessez, U. S. N., has had his orders to the Pacific Fleet modified and has been ordered to temporary duty at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Lieutenant F. B. Garrett, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to the Marine Barracks, Mare Island, for duty.

First Lieutenant John H. Howard, U. S. A., formerly Ninth Cavalry, who was promoted to his present rank on August 2, has been assigned to the Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., and has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Henry F. Lincoln, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., has had his orders amended and will sail from San Francisco on the transport leaving San Francisco on January 5, instead of December 5, for the Philippines. Upon his arrival in San Francisco, Lieutenant Lincoln will report in person to the commanding general of the Department of California for duty, pending the departure of the transport.

Ensign B. J. Green was detached from the *Pensacola* on December 3 and sailed today (Saturday) on the transport leaving San Francisco for the Orient, having been assigned to duty on the *Charleston*.

At the Hotels.

Recent registrations at Hotel Argonaut include: Mr. J. E. Williams, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Haworth and Miss Etta Bancroft, Butler, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. William Button, Canada; Mr. S. B. Hinchman, San Jose; Col. R. E. Treadwell, Ninth Cavalry; Mr. William E. Muse, Chicago; Mr. D. D. Snyder, San Luis Obispo; Mr. Jim Bell, Nevada; Arthur Welby, Calgary, Canada; Senator Harry G. Hall and Mrs. Hall, Chicago; Dr. D. F. McGraw, San Jose.

Visitors at the Fairmont Hotel include: Mr. J. H. von Royen, Holland; Dr. T. C. Teepler, Germany; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Newbold, Mr. and Mrs. H. Knunhhaer, Mr. and

Mrs. R. E. Horton, Miss Hutchinson, Philadelphia; Miss Dorothy Taylor, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Louis Josee, Mr. Pierre Germian, Paris; Mr. and Mrs. William Graham, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stevens Kierstad, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Upper, Seattle; Mr. Earl C. Rand, Mr. J. C. Naylor, Portland; Mr. F. M. Caldwell, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Simon Wolf.

Among recent registrations at the Hotel St. Francis are: Mr. Arthur Hartman; Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Benepe, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. M. Menases, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Gompertz, Amsterdam; Mr. Barney Oldfield; Mr. William T. Jeter, Santa Cruz; Dr. O. B. Doyle, Fresno; Captain J. R. Foster, Marysville; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Kent, San Mateo; Commander W. A. Gile, U. S. N.; Dr. L. S. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes; Assistant Surgeon L. Brechemin; Captain L. W. Jordan; Mrs. Emile Brugiere, Monterey; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight; Mr. Li Sun Ling.

Mr. Hother Wismer, the violinist, whose return from a stay of nearly two years in Europe was noted a short time ago, is making arrangements for a concert to be given at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday evening, December 17. Mr. Wismer has long been known as a player of distinction. While abroad he kept up his studies, with Sauret and other masters, and the result is a marked gain in technic. Mr. Wismer's success as a teacher has been notable. Among his early pupils was Miss Mary Pasmore, who studied three years under him before going to Berlin.

John Fox, Jr., the novelist, and Miss Fritz Scheff, the comic-opera singer, are to be married soon after Christmas.

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Soandso—Barker knows his own business. *Humphreys*—Yes; but he doesn't mind a little thing like that.—*Puck*.

"Why on earth did you ever marry me?" "Oh, don't be so bromidic! That's what everybody asks."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Mamma, can I ever be President?" "Alas, no, my child. You were born before papa and mamma came to Ohio."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband has been just lovely to me all day. *Mrs. Wicks*—H'm! What was it you caught him doing?—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Dyer—Have you had any experience in taking care of children? *Applicant*—No, ma'am. Heretofore I've only worked for the best families.—*Puck*.

"Was his auto going so very fast?" "Your honor, it was going so fast that the bulldog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund."—*Houston Post*.

"Speakin' of de law of compensation," said Uncle Eben, "an automobile goes faster dan a mule, but at de same time it hits harder and balks longer."—*Washington Star*.

"Men worry more than women." "Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that women have, but they also have the women to worry about, too."—*Smart Set*.

Pa—You know, Willie, this thrashing is going to hurt me more than you. *Willie* (*sympathetically*)—Well, don't be too rough on yourself, dad. 'Taint worth it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Shellpod—Hiram, some o' them there hoboes hev stole ther wash often the line agin! *Farmer Shellpod*—Haow dew you know they wuz hoboes? *Mrs. Shellpod*—Becuz they tuk everything but th' towels.—*Chicago News*.

"I'm troubled a great deal with headaches in the morning," said Luschman. "Perhaps it's my eyes; do you think I need stronger glasses?" "No," replied Dr. Wise, meaningly, "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Officer (*investigating old-age pension claims*)—Well, Mrs. Brady, and how old might you be? *Mrs. Brady*—Sorra wan of me knows, indeed, sor. *Officer*—Think, now. Don't you know the date of your birth? *Mrs. Brady*—

The date of my birth, is it? Sure, there was no such things as dates when I was born!—*Punch*.

First Comedian—What's the difference between a beautiful young girl and a codfish? *Second Comedian*—Give it up. *First Comedian*—One has a chance to become a fall bride and the other to become a ball fried.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Morning, morning!" said paterfamilias genially as he entered the breakfast room. "I've had a splendid night. Slept like a top!" His wife agreed with him. "You did," she responded grimly—"like a humming top!"—*Philippines Gossip*.

"I never knew until I attended the horse show what an absurd term 'horse laugh' was." "What impressed you?" "Why, there's no such thing as a horse laugh. The horses looked right at the ladies' hats and didn't even smile."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Yes," said the modest young man, thoughtfully, "I have broken off my engagement. I have been thinking it over for a long time, and I have come to the conclusion that a girl who can love an ass like me must be wanting in both taste and intelligence."—*Tit-Bits*.

"I doubt ye are growing remiss, John," said a Scotch parish minister. "I have not seen you in the kirk these three Sabbaths." John was not duly abashed. "Na," said he, "it's not that I'm growing remiss. I'm just tinkerin' awa wi' ma soul masel."—*London News*.

Passenger—I suppose you've had some hair-breadth escapes during your seafaring career. *Mate*—Yes, indeed! I was nearly drowned once. *Passenger*—You don't say! How did it occur? *Mate*—I went to sleep in the bath and forgot to turn off the water.—*Boston Traveler*.

Mrs. Gaswell—Who is that man who looked at you as if he knew you? *Mrs. Highsome*—He is a man who has done some professional work for me once or twice. He's a chiropodist. *Mrs. Gaswell*—Chiropodist? Oh, yes; I've heard of them. They don't believe in foreordination, do they?—*Chicago Tribune*.

Cobble—You certainly have a good cook. By the way, where do you get your servants? *Stone*—From our neighbors. When we hear of a good one among them, we offer her more money to come with us. *Cobble*—But, my dear fellow, is that honorable? *Stone*—Why not? Can you develop a sense of honor with a poor digestion?—*Life*.

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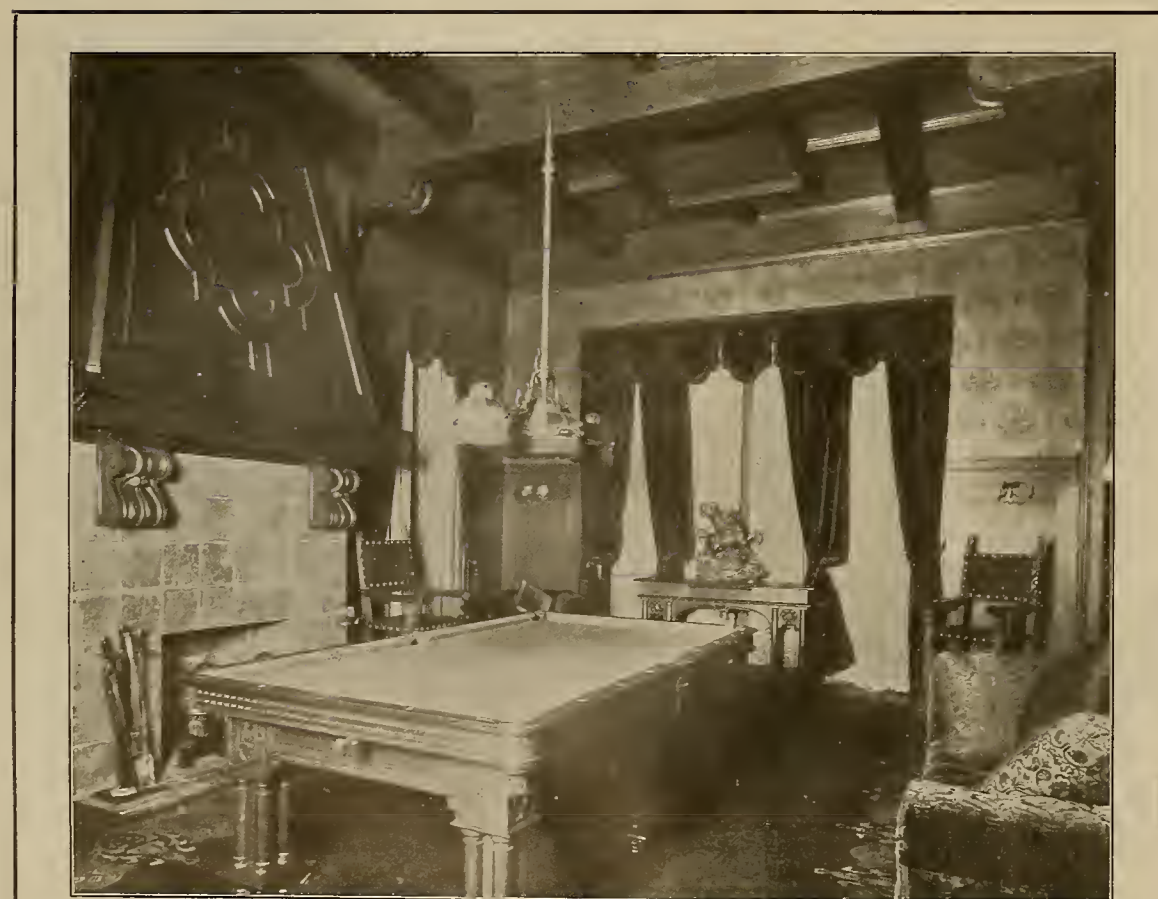
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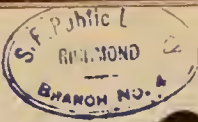
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Congress.

The Sixtieth Congress, which met at Washington on Monday of this week in its second session, will last only until the 4th of March. It will hardly get settled down before the holiday adjournment, which means that the working days of the session will not begin until early in January.

The usual disposition of Congress in the brief weeks which precede a change in the national administration

is to do as little as possible. Every member is busy with his own diplomacies, looking to the new adjustment of things, and is unwilling commonly to do anything that will divert his attention from these objects, or by any chance create personal antagonisms. And even if there were the disposition to get down to active work, there is not time enough to put any serious legislation through the routine which all things must run.

The one possibility of dramatic interest in the coming weeks lies in the chance that those members of Congress who are bitterly hostile to President Roosevelt—and there are many such—will seek occasion to even up old scores by assuming an openly hostile attitude. Under similar circumstances this sort of thing has happened before, and it has always made a lively session. There is in Congress, especially in the Senate, an intense feeling of dislike for Mr. Roosevelt. And it would not be very surprising if among those who, like Senator Foraker, are retiring from congressional life, somebody may be found willing to break a lance with the President just for the sake of relieving the chagrin of long self-repression. Senator Foraker, it is understood, is definitely minded to do something of this kind, and it is quite within the cards that before the session is through with he will give the country in the form of a speech in the Senate the benefit of such opinions as he holds of the man in the White House.

It is safe to prophesy that the session will see little or nothing in the way of general legislation. The regular appropriation bills which provide for the normal and necessary operations of government will, of course, be carried through. But there will be no new legislation involving large appropriations. Possibly we should name the rivers and harbors bill as an exception to this last statement. This bill is almost certain to pass, but it can hardly be classed as new legislation.

Two matters of very considerable interest, passed up to the new session by the session which ended last summer, will come up for consideration at once. The Postal Savings measure, to which the President and the dominant party are committed, is to be voted upon in the House on Monday next, the 14th instant. Two days later, on the 16th, the Senate is to take up the deferred Brownsville business; and it is expected that in this connection Senator Foraker will take the opportunity to disgorge himself of his views about the President as suggested above.

Nothing else of striking interest is likely to mark the course of the session. The President's message, which comes just as the *Argonaut* goes to press, is rather a personal communication to the American people than a message to Congress. It will be read and placed on file, but it will have no practical effect upon legislation during the present session.

New Times and Old Grooves.

The disaster which overwhelmed San Francisco in April, 1906, was in its physical effects purely a local affair. It reduced the city—or the most important part of it—to a desolation of ashes and wreckage, but it altered no external condition. The things out of which San Francisco had grown and which had served to sustain and expand her life were left untouched. The loss was that of local machinery for doing business; and by local machinery we mean the whole list of commercial essentials—buildings, stocks of merchandise, and to a considerable extent the individual capital and credit implied in the existence of these things. The trade, domestic and foreign, upon which San Francisco had lived and prospered was shaken out of its routine, but it was not destroyed. Outside conditions governing business after the fire were everything they had been before. The immediate country was as productive and populous as ever; the facilities for transportation were all that they had ever been; the relationship of San Francisco to the various countries beyond the Pacific was not changed. But San Fran-

cisco was not at once able to transact business on the old scale. Our men of affairs did, indeed, manifest a marvelous courage and enterprise; they did what they could and they did much, all things considered, but it was not within the limits of possibility that they should immediately go forward in the old ways.

Commerce and trade, thwarted and forced back from its accustomed channels, naturally found new connections. Something of San Francisco's jobbing business was diverted to other and in a sense rival cities. Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Ogden, Salt Lake, and Sacramento found themselves more or less immediate gainers at the cost of San Francisco. Similarly, much of San Francisco's retail trade was lost to the cities roundabout, to Oakland, to San Jose, to Sacramento, and other local centres. This loss came about not indeed through the diversion of purely local San Francisco trade, but through the circumstance that interior and suburban shoppers, long accustomed to making certain kinds of purchases in San Francisco, turned to their immediate markets. Even after the leading retail firms had reestablished themselves temporarily on Van Ness Avenue they failed to regain immediately for San Francisco the full volume of trade that had been lost. For all the brave efforts and the surprising success of our retail merchants, San Francisco was not an attractive place for shoppers as of old. For a time there were no hotels worthy of the name; then there were street-car strikes, while moving about the city was hindered by dust and general discomfort. Local merchants in the transbay cities and elsewhere, under the stimulus of increased volumes of trade, were prompt to answer the new demands upon them; and thus the stores of Oakland, San Jose, Sacramento, and other local points took on a character far above their former and ordinary standards.

With progress of time, with the rehabilitation of our hotels and with the restoration of the street-car system, conditions have steadily grown better for the retail trade of San Francisco. None the less, it has not been what it was in the old days, and the prophecy has been general that it will not be until the retail business shall be reestablished in permanent quarters in its old haunts. Let us say frankly that there has been much anxious speculation about the immediate future of our retail trade even when it shall be reestablished in down-town quarters. It has been understood that rehabilitation is not wholly a matter of familiar names, stone walls, mahogany appointments, and plate-glass windows. All these things are meaningless without the patronage which they are designed to serve. It has been recognized that our merchants have the problem not merely of rebuilding and restocking their establishments, but of reattracting their scattered customers. It has been seen clearly enough that many out-of-town shoppers have fallen into new habits, and it has of course been recognized that in buying dress goods, ribbons, and gloves, as well as in other things, habit is among the most profound motives in human life.

All these considerations have given special interest to the venture of the Emporium, a store which appeals to a vastly wide range of buyers, in reestablishing itself in its beautifully restored down-town quarters a full half-year before the general down-town movement. As a rule mercantile establishments are loath to isolate themselves from their neighbors; for retail shopping is commonly done in a fixed district. The removal of the Emporium from Van Ness Avenue was therefore regarded by everybody who takes an interest in such matters as a courageous and somewhat hazardous experiment. It may be remembered that when the move was made the *Argonaut* in offering its compliments and good wishes to the Emporium people speculated somewhat as to the wisdom of their venture.

The results of something more than two months' experience have an interest far beyond that which, under ordinary circumstances, the public would feel in

a private business enterprise. This interest rests upon the fact that the fortunes of the Emporium in its new location may be taken as illustrating conditions and tendencies in local business connected vitally with the future of San Francisco as a centre of retail trade. It is highly significant that the business of the Emporium during the past two months and a half in its Market-Street location should be largely in excess of its previous record on Van Ness Avenue. That it should in its volume be ahead of the corresponding months precedent to the disaster would indicate that there has come to the Emporium in its reestablished home an immense volume of business from the enlarged Mission district, a business of which it knew almost nothing at all in the Van Ness Avenue establishment, and which probably went to Fillmore Street. It is likewise significant that the transbay business of the Emporium is described as "full three hundred per cent" greater than before the removal; and it is still further significant that in the Emporium's record of merchandise deliveries only one district—that immediately adjacent to the old Van Ness establishment—shows a decline as compared with the times preceding the removal.

In brief, the Emporium's venture has been a marked success, abundantly justifying the calculations upon which it was made and illustrating certain tendencies in the retail life of San Francisco which the *Argonaut* considers important enough thus to be exploited for the encouragement of our business community. Manifestly the retail trade of San Francisco, when it shall be restored to its traditional and beautifully restored quarter, is destined to be everything that it was before the disaster. The suburban communities will return to their old habits of shopping in the metropolis when the general condition shall approximate that of other times. Habits of dependence upon the city, disturbed as they have been by the disaster, have not been broken.

Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* has never doubted that we are to have in the rehabilitated San Francisco not only everything we had before, but vastly more. In the months during which San Francisco has been centring her energies upon restoration the outside country has been growing, and growing very rapidly. There is no district anywhere about San Francisco which has not expanded in population, production, and volume of trade. Transportation facilities likewise have grown in every direction, as witness the construction of the Western Pacific, the construction of the Northern Electric system in the upper Sacramento Valley, the development of the Ocean Shore line down the coast towards Santa Cruz, bringing a long isolated but productive territory into immediate connection with the city. Other projected movements, including the building of the extension of the North Coast line to Humboldt Bay, the projected electric system into Sonoma, Napa, and Yolo counties, the promised large development in the transbay suburban systems—all these promise much not only for the general progress of the country, but for facilitating and cheapening access on the part of shoppers to San Francisco.

In the judgment of the *Argonaut* the measure of San Francisco's development as a retail mart is to be the general growth of the country. The relationship of the city to the country has not been changed by what has happened, nor is it likely to be changed by anything destined to happen. It is for this reason that the *Argonaut* takes small interest in municipal boosting schemes. It thinks we would better give our energies to promoting orchard development, the sugar-beet industry, potato growing, manufacturing, large and small, throughout the interior, rather than to "Million Clubs" and such like projects. San Francisco will have its million when the general activities of the State call for a million workers in its metropolitan city. Until that time we shall have no use for a million people and would be infinitely worse off with than without them. San Francisco's ambition for growth and population, let us repeat, should look less to immediate access of population than to the organization and promotion of those industries throughout the State which give employment to industrious hands.

The House of Lords.

A dispatch from London reports that a parliamentary committee named to define a plan of reorganization for the House of Lords has made a report suggesting radical changes. It is thought by the committee undesirable that the possession of a peerage should of itself

give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. All hereditary peers, according to the plan proposed, shall constitute an electoral body for the selection of two hundred of their own number to sit and vote as the "Lords of Parliament," not for life, but for a single Parliament. The plan would reduce the number of lords spiritual to ten, to be selected by the bishops. It would give Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa representatives in the House of Lords. The number of peers qualified to sit without election would by this plan be reduced to 130, and this number should include such as have held cabinet-ministerhips, viceroyships, governor-generalships, high naval and military rank, or had twenty years' service in the House of Commons. This plan would reduce the reformed House of Lords to about 250 persons.

All this, it hardly needs to be said, is mere patchwork and pottering. The charge against the House of Lords is that it represents nothing but tradition and privilege. This criticism will not be answered by cutting down the numbers of the House of Lords or by any other system which leaves the vital and objectionable principle untouched. Progressive and liberal England wants and will insist upon such reorganization of the parliamentary scheme as will eliminate from legislation any authority lacking the direct sanction of representative election.

Fortunately the English spirit in these matters is not peremptory; much is yielded to tradition; changes are not made for the sake of change. But modern England, like the rest of the modern world, rejects and resents the principle of mere privilege, unauthorized and unapproved, in the affairs of government. Something, indeed very much, may be said for the system in its social and political influences; none the less the thing is illogical, outworn, cumbersome. It is surely destined to go the way of other unnecessary, ineffective, and burdensome institutions.

Schemes for reforming the House of Lords all have the same ultimate significance; they mean nothing less than putting an end to the system of privilege in legislation. The thing is destined to come about as surely as time rolls on, but it will not come quickly, since the British mind is not hospitable to radical innovation. Regarding the "ending of the lords" as an ultimate certainty, there is much to be said in regret with respect to it. Every nation needs in close relationship to its legislative and administrative life a group of experienced and wise counsellors. If the lords had been entirely faithful to tradition and opportunity, they would have occupied this place in the British system. But they have not as a body for many years past stood for wisdom and disinterested judgment; they have not reflected the purposes of the nation. They are losing their mandate because they have ceased to hold the kind of respect which in modern times is essential to authority, whether founded in tradition or in popular choice.

Disaffection in India.

The proclamation of King Edward to the princes and people of India deserves special attention at a time when every mail brings reports of unrest and agitation throughout the eastern empire. Fifty years ago Queen Victoria issued a somewhat similar proclamation upon the suppression of the Mutiny, outlining the intentions of the government toward India, assuring the people of that country of a fraternal participation in the prosperity of the whole empire, and promising an orderly progress toward the ideal of self-government. King Edward points to the gradual fulfillment of the guarantees then given, offers new assurances of the extension of the representative principle, and reasserts the resolution of the government to advance the interests of the native population and to eliminate such distinctions of caste and color as may still survive. It is an important document, not alone for its contents, but for the social conditions that accompany it if they did not actually call it forth.

The condition of India during the last year or two has been a perplexing one, and it is safe to assume that those who offer glib explanations or who pretend to condense the problem into an axiom do so either without a full equipment of knowledge or with a too full equipment of prejudice. Agitation for a fuller measure of self-government has certainly assumed a pronounced and aggressive form over certain limited areas in India. This has been accompanied by an outbreak of violent crime and by assaults upon officials, while a general air of insolence on the part of the native classes suggests alarming possibilities in the direction of a concerted and revolutionary movement. What do these

things portend? Do they mean that India is about to turn to a new chapter in her history or merely that she has been touched by the cycle of unrest that will pass away as other such cycles have passed away? Do they mean that England has failed in her Indian mission or only that she is confronted by the forces of independence and self-reliance that have been unchained by example and education?

Such questions can not be answered unless time and events shall answer them for us, as they doubtless will. The problem is too complicated and the nature of the Hindu is too subtle to permit of generalizations, which, indeed, are attempted only by the uninformed. There are three hundred millions of people in India, or nearly one-third of the entire human race. They vary in evolution from the highest culture and the broadest intelligence to the most hopeless ignorance and the lowest savagery. They are composed of races as wide apart as the poles, separated not only ethnologically, but by the deepest sentiments of religion and tradition. They are mutually antagonized by theological hatreds, by the memory of ancient persecutions, by the rancors of recurrent dispossession, and by enmities that appeal as sacred and inviolable duties. This strange medley of races and creeds has been governed by England for half a century. For fifty years the Mohammedan lion has lain down by the side of the Hindu lamb, and Hindus, Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists, Parsees, and Mohammedans have been compelled to silence their differences in the presence of a common law, a *jus omnium gentium*, and to preserve at least an outward semblance of amity toward one another. It has been an ethical education foreign to their fierce and warlike nature. It has been a triumph of civilization over the thinly veneered barbarisms of antiquity.

Now, the *Argonaut* holds no brief for the British government in India, nor can it be doubted that abuses, and some of them grave ones, have crept into an administration of three hundred millions of people by a government thousands of miles away and through the machinery of a civil service. It would indeed be strange if there were no points open to the attack of the critical, if there were no administrative mistakes deserving of censure. But the fact speaks for itself, that for fifty years the volcanic hatreds of India have been stilled and her teeming populations have been at an unprecedented peace. Can we imagine that peace would continue for many weeks if these explosive elements, with the traditions of war in their blood, were thrown upon their own resources or allowed to scramble for predominance?

Although there can be no general or inclusive explanation of the present turbulence, we can at least identify many of the contributory causes without adopting a general accusation of misgovernment or entertaining the extravagant idea that India wishes to throw off British control. Indeed, we see the same discontent in every part of the world. A sort of social idealism, ill-governed, misdirected, and vague, has assailed in turn every country in civilization and has been cultivated industriously by disorderly forces, such as socialism and anarchy, to their own advantage. There is no reason why India should be exempt. When we realize that nearly 278,000,000 of her people can neither read nor write, we can only wonder that the material has not proved more inflammable than it has. Let us suppose Europe or America similarly illiterate and then exposed to the glamoring incendiaryism of a Debs or the fanatical precepts of a Tolstoy. Need we ask for a moment what the result would be? India has partially awakened from the sloth of centuries. In his efforts to educate the whole, the white man has succeeded in partially teaching a small fringe of the higher and more ambitious castes. They have been given a key with which to unlock the doors of western literature, and naturally they have devoured all the irresponsible things that have been written on human freedom, the rights of man, and the divinity of the ballot-box. That self-government is the crown of self-restraint they have no conception, nor that administration requires other faculties than a college education and a glib tongue. With this equipment they have easily become leaders of the dense masses under them, and they have found no difficulty in persuading the Hindu that he is a much abused person and that his ultimate bliss depends upon his power to vote. And when the Hindu is thus persuaded his discontent takes the form of insolence and crime.

The trouble has been inflamed by European agitators who ought to know better, but who seem to have no conception of the appalling explosion that they invite.

Mr. Keir Hardie, for example, a Socialist member of the English Parliament, recently went to India, and by a course of such harangues as he is accustomed to deliver to English labor unions so inflamed the natives that they reached a point where he himself became terrified at the frightful possibilities that were so clearly in sight. Mr. Keir Hardie has since been in America, and we know something of his quality and the mischief that he can do even when speaking to educated white men. The effect of his eloquence upon the Bengalese can easily be imagined, coming as it did from a white man and a member of the House of Commons.

It seems very clear that the Hindu agitator has no clear conception of what he wants, although he has the clearest appreciation of the delights of a sort of tinsel leadership. His sense of political disability is of the vaguest kind. He has read a little of Rousseau, a little of Voltaire, and that he can understand portions of Mr. Spencer's materialistic philosophy has given him a boundless conceit and an inexhaustible self-complacency. We have seen some examples of the *babu* political missionary in this country, where they have been much admired for their classical features and much adulated by the sort of women who find it inconvenient to live with their husbands. But they have not impressed us as being qualified to organize a representative government of three hundred millions of heterogeneous and illiterate people, nor indeed to supervise a well-stocked chicken yard. Yet we may suppose that they are among the best of their kind.

When we turn to the really representative men of India we hear a very different story. Speaking recently before the All India Moslem League, Mr. Seyd Ameer Ali, after explaining that he represented some seventy millions of Indian people, used the following words:

While they desired to work in harmony with the rest of the loyal elements in India in advancement of the general interests of the country, their position was perfectly distinct. They believed that the continuous development of their country was dependent upon the permanence of British rule in India and on the loyal coöperation of the people of India with the servants of the British crown.

So much for the Mahomedans. Now we find the Maharajah of Benares, one of the most responsible and dignified of the native rulers of India, writing to the *London Times* in indignation at the vague talk about self-government. "We in India," he says, "were almost accustomed to hear such unmeaning and hollow cries and would scarcely have troubled our head about them had it not been for their echo, which is now and then ominously reflected from the white cliffs across the English Channel." The maharajah points out that there are already 689 self-governing States in India whose independence is clearly defined by treaty:

What is this new self-government meant to be? Is it meant to be the 690th State coördinate with those already existing, making each State free to make peace or wage war with each other and thus bringing India once again on the verge of the internecine warfare from which it was luckily saved by the timely advent of the British power? . . . The British public should know that the native chiefs of India will not brook such nonsense talk.

It would be possible to quote very many such opinions from enlightened natives, but these will suffice to suggest that charges of general maladministration are unfounded. They would also seem to show how illusory are the expectations that representative government, beneficent to more politically advanced nations, could mean other than anarchy and civil war to three hundred millions of uneducated Indians who have never before even heard of such a thing as self-government.

But the English government must take warning, and the terms of the king's proclamation in which he promises that the principle of self-government shall be extended show that it has done so. Perhaps the English people have failed to realize that there can be no finality about any arrangement under which a small minority governs a vast majority, and that so far as the governing class does its duty by the governed, so far it advances the day when self-government becomes inevitable. But the test of administrative ability is self-control and social order. Where these are lacking there can be no advance. If the natives of India allow themselves to be persuaded into violence, they will do no more than show conclusively that they are unfitted for the privileges that they demand. Fortunately, there is no reason to believe that the present movement has any intelligent leadership or any other basis than an unreasoning and incoherent irritation. Otherwise the murderous element would not have selected Sir Andrew

Fraser for assault. Sir Andrew Fraser is the lieutenant-governor of Bengal and is said to be of a peculiarly kindly and sympathetic nature. Indeed, he has been subject to criticism for his constant and sometimes ill-judged attempts to conciliate Indian prejudice. But the attempt to assassinate him that was recently reported is the fourth within recent years. Agitation by assassination has never yet been successful and it can find no palliation in a country like India, where men of all colors stand upon absolute equality before the law and where all considerations of race and creed are kept at arm's length. India has been disturbed by agitators, by the unsuccessful revolution in Turkey and in Persia, and by the fortune that has followed Asiatic arms in China. But if she wishes to accelerate her pace she must do it in the accepted way, by moderation and by an orderly self-restraint.

A Foreign Entanglement.

The announcement that the Elkins-Abruzzi marriage will not take place and that all negotiations have been terminated should put an end to a stream of unpleasant personalities, although we shall, no doubt, be favored with the usual diatribes upon international weddings in general. The duke is said to be satisfied that the difficulties in his way are too great, and by this we may take it that he means that the Queen Dowager Margherita, who is practically at the head of social life in Italy, will not yield her assent. The king himself was warmly in favor of the project, hoping that a brilliant and beautiful American woman would compensate for the social dullness of his wife, who finds that her maternal claims exclude everything else. Queen Elena is all that a mother should be, and nothing that a queen should be, and Margherita, as a result, represents the social side of Italian royalty. Margherita would have been willing enough to see a morganatic marriage, but she set her face firmly against the introduction of a commoner to the full status of the court and crown. It does not seem that the insult of a morganatic marriage—that abomination of some European courts—was actually offered, but it was certainly discussed. No doubt it would be abhorrent to the duke himself, who has not only acted irreproachably all the way through, but who has a record of industry and honorable usefulness. On the whole, it is easy to believe that events have turned out in the best interests of the parties concerned. The bride would not have been happy in the face of social antagonism, which would certainly react to the disadvantage of the duke, while Senator Elkins was simply expressing the fine Americanism to be expected of him in deprecating a marriage ill-consonant with his traditions and involving such distasteful formulas as a change of religion.

The case is rather a peculiar one because it involves royalty. If the Duke of the Abruzzi had not been royal, with a possible crown in front of him, there would have been no difficulties in his way. The Italian aristocracy has few of the exclusive traditions to be found elsewhere, and is usually so impoverished as to welcome a marriage that brings money. As a matter of fact, very few American women have married Italians, but there is no traditional prejudice against such matches. So far as the Italian people have expressed an opinion in this particular instance, it has been antagonistic to the marriage, but solely on the ground of the royal principle involved, and this in spite of the fact that the father of the Duke of the Abruzzi, when he was King of Spain, himself married a commoner. It remains to be seen what other European courts would say to such a contingency. A marriage between an English princess and a commoner has never been seriously suggested, although the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, married the Marquis of Lorne, who, while not a commoner, was certainly not royal. There is no reason to suppose that there would be any insuperable obstacle to a marriage between an English princess and an American of unquestionable family, and except at the point of nationality the case of the Marquis of Lorne might be said to be almost a precedent. There have been innumerable marriages between American women and the English nobility, and despite common assumption most of them have been happy. The wife has taken her husband's rank and has not only been warmly received, but in many instances has become a social and political force. Among these may be mentioned the late Lady Curzon, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. Cornwallis West, who was formerly Lady Randolph

Churchill, Lady Lowther, Lady Goschen, and Lady Waterloo. No question has ever been raised in England as to the wisdom of such marriages, and the brides have been received exactly as though they were English and have shared their husband's rank in every respect. King Edward, in fact, has taken every opportunity to show his appreciation of the American women who have come to England as wives, and there is no reason to suppose that he would disapprove of a closer and family relationship.

It is in France—a sister republic—that American wives find their greatest difficulties. This is due not alone to the rigid exclusiveness of the French aristocracy, but to the fact that the unit of French society is the family, and not the individual. The woman who marries a Frenchman marries also the Frenchman's family and must be acceptable to every member of that family. The French family is more closely knit and preserves more intimate relations than in any other part of the world. It is almost like a domestic club where every member feels at liberty to veto a new admission on the ground of personal incompatibility. A marriage is an affair for the whole family to consider, an affair in which the status of the husband is hardly greater than that of the cousin or the aunt, and where the most conservative opinion usually carries the day. Where American women have married Frenchmen it is usually because there has been some consideration—monetary or otherwise—heavy enough to outweigh the inevitable family objections, and then, of course, the wife is made to feel that she is an intruder. In the matter of marriage imperial Germany is far more democratic than republican France. American wives have been received with the highest consideration, and while German sentiment does not sanction the interference of women in public affairs, there has never been the faintest suggestion of incongruity in the marriage of American women of family with titled Germans. The Countess Waldsee, for example, is an American, and the persisting and tender sentiment between herself and the count was one of the romances of Europe. The Baroness von Sternburg is an American, and so is Princess Hatzfeld. In fact, the number of American wives in Germany is considerable, and no scandal of note has ever been associated with these marriages. What would be said if royalty should become involved remains to be seen, but it is doubtful if there would be any serious obstacles. Monarchies may be just as democratic as republics, and common sense is not a monopoly of either of them.

The Oregon Situation.

The embarrassing situation in Oregon with respect to the coming senatorial election will not be cleared up even by so pointed a hint as that given by President Roosevelt in his greeting to Governor Chamberlain as "senator-to-be."

Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

—hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

All this did not save the doomed Macbeth against the precipitate and fatal laying on of MacDuff. Nor is the President's greeting to Governor Chamberlain likely to be more effective. Everybody in Oregon admits the validity of the pledge under which a majority of the State legislature rests; all see the embarrassment of the situation. None the less, all the authoritative forces of the Republican party are urging the Republican legislative majority on one pretext or another to disregard the promise of "Statement No. 1" and to be guided solely by the national law governing the election of United States senators. The *Oregonian*, a tremendously potent force in the political life of Oregon, is preaching rebellion against the rule of "Statement No. 1" in a thousand ways, both direct and subtle. All the practical politicians and most of the leading Republicans of the State are urging the legislators to disregard a pledge which is now characterized as a "bunko game." Even the Hon. George H. Williams, ex-supreme judge, ex-United States senator, ex-Attorney-General in President Grant's Cabinet, ex-mayor of Portland, easily the largest, the most venerable, the most venerated, and intellectually the ablest figure in Oregon, has been able to find law and morals, at least to his own satisfaction, for repudiation of the engagements involved in "Statement No. 1."

On top of all, those Republican members of the legislature who made asses of themselves by acceding to "Statement No. 1" are chagrined at their own stupidity and folly. There is not one man among the number

who would not make very considerable sacrifice to get out of the hole in which he finds himself. Every shame-faced figure in the group wants to cast his vote not for the Democrat Chamberlain, but for some Republican, and would be more than glad to find a salve for his own conscience and self-respect in doing it.

When affairs are in this posture it does not take any very close acquaintance with human nature or a very profound gift of prophecy to foretell what is going to happen—or at least what is not going to happen. Mr. Chamberlain, we think, will not get all the votes pledged to him under the scheme of "Statement No. 1"; nor will he get enough Republican votes in combination with the few members of his own party to elect him. Under one pretext, one device or another, a sufficient number of those committed to "Statement No. 1" will sneak out of their pledges to defeat Mr. Chamberlain. And in the end the election will go to some Republican, possibly to Senator Fulton, whose defeat was brought about through a dishonest and shameless trick played boldly and at the psychological moment.

Nevertheless, in the opinion of the *Argonaut* President Roosevelt is right in the assumption that the men who pledged themselves formally and publicly and under the attest of solemn oath to vote for the man to be "chosen by the people" are bound in honor to vote for Mr. Chamberlain, who was so chosen. We can see but one even fairly decent way of evading this pledge, and that is for every man who made it and who now wishes to avoid it, to resign and go before the people for reëlection upon a revised statement of his intentions. No way has ever yet been found for a man solemnly to promise one thing and then deliberately to do another without making himself a liar; and this is a thing which men of sensibility take care to avoid.

Private Control of Public Powers.

The tragic climax of the career of William J. Biggy ought to serve as a fresh reminder of the evils of a principle in public affairs which has long cursed the life of San Francisco and will continue to curse it as long as it is persisted in. The prime ill, the thing which lies at the base of all our troubles, is the practice of choosing public officials not for their character, their strength, their resource, their self-sufficiency, but rather for their subserviency. Biggy's case illustrates this principle. Biggy was made State senator not because he had any qualification for the work of a senator, but because he was a weak and subservient man and could be depended upon to do what he was told to do. He was made an elisor of the court and put in charge of the person of Abraham Ruef not for the purpose of keeping Ruef safely, since he could have been kept far more safely at the county jail, but because he could be depended upon to "carry the responsibility" while yielding to Detective Burns such privilege as he desired of "sweating" the man in custody and of working upon him for such "testimony" as it was desired to get at his hands. In other words, Biggy was made elisor because it was known that he would be subservient to Mr. Burns—that he would allow Burns to do whatever he wanted to do with the man in custody, without himself incurring any kind of responsibility. Again, Biggy was made chief of police not because he had the experience, the personal decision and resolution, the fixed character, or the bold initiative desired in that position, but because he was counted upon to be submissive at all times and in all ways.

The principle embodied in Biggy's public services is precisely that which made our city government so gross a stench under the bossship of Abraham Ruef. For years there was a situation in San Francisco in which the vital and effective powers of the city government rested in the hands of a man wholly detached from official responsibility. The mechanism of his vile trade was the organization of the city government in hands subject to his control while at the same time he bore no sort of responsibility. Ruef governed the city through a subservient mayor, a subservient board of supervisors, a subservient department of police, and a subservient department of public works. He "protected" his agents and his "clients" through a subservient public prosecutor—at least until such time as somebody else outbid him for the favors of this particular officer.

So fixed have we become in this bad habit that we permit it to be carried forward under the name of reform and with the approval of many elements which

esteem themselves highly moral. Who, for example, does not know that behind certain departments of our city government there are personal forces strong enough completely to overshadow and overshadow the men nominally in office? Who does not see that the authority and powers of the prosecuting office are exercised by one who has literally bought his way into authority?

We shall not have decency and efficiency in our municipal life until we heed the sound rule of combining responsibility and authority in the same hands. As long as we permit the powers of office to be wielded by men who keep under cover and who avoid all responsibility we shall have just such exhibitions as those which have injured and discredited us in recent years.

Tariff and Finance.

Already it is plainly to be seen that the tariff issue, in relation to which the Republican party and the President-elect stand so firmly committed, is going to be very difficult in the matter of practical adjustment. Half a dozen distinct plans of tariff treatment are proposed by men not likely to yield easily—for example by the President-elect, by the Vice-President-elect, by Speaker Cannon, by Senator Aldrich and those whom he represents, etc. All speak blandly and plausibly in assumed support of the party pledge, but none the less there are various keen knives deep down in various bootlegs. The hope of the situation lies first in the manifest sincerity of the President-elect, and second that the political necessities of the situation may enable a measure of real tariff reform to triumph promptly over the manifold obstacles which lie in its path. This is the hope of the situation, and we wish it were possible to add to it the promise of the situation as well. But it is impossible not to fear that the fight is to be an intense and bitter one, possibly a prolonged one.

The money laws of the country, which are so fruitful a source of legislative difficulty, are happily in better shape. We have it from a close and wise observer, familiar with the immediate situation in Congress, that no radical currency proposals are likely to be made within the next two or three years at least. The alarm which filled the country last year, and which formed the motive of the hurried and none too carefully considered legislation of the last congressional session, has given place to a mood of optimism, with the probable result of an extended period of congressional inaction. And in these matters congressional inaction commonly means the advantages inherent in repose.

The country is now fairly well past the alarms created by last year's panic. Conditions have toned up the country over, and if we are still below the general high levels of 1906 and the early months of 1907, the kite is still well up in the air—perhaps as high as it ought to go wholesomely and safely. Even in the teeth of a presidential election, and with the certainty of a tariff discussion ahead, the values of securities, great and small, have steadily advanced to levels reasonably high. The bankers of the country have adjusted themselves to the new law and are prepared to do business under it upon a liberal basis. The industries of the country are rapidly renewing their activity, satisfied with the outlook as it stands.

And since the situation is what it is, since it would be almost criminal to disturb conditions tending so positively to general prosperity, the financial commission will be justified, or something more, in taking all the time it wants for the investigation authorized by Congress. The members of the commission are said to be highly gratified with the opportunity thus afforded them to examine minutely not only those domestic conditions which deserve attention at their hands, but the systems enforced in foreign countries. Their work has been in progress now for nearly a year, but the date of report to Congress is probably as remote as 1910 or possibly 1911. The commission will report progress in a general way and ask for such allowances of time as the magnitude of the work requires and as domestic conditions abundantly justify.

With all its defects, the measure adopted last year does provide the means of checking panie tendencies. The machinery is provided by which a total of \$500,000,000 may at any time be added to the currency of the country. For this special currency bankers will have to pay at the rate of 5 per cent per annum for the first month, the interest rate increasing each month until a maximum of 10 per cent is reached. These rates are not excessive for panie times, and they are

absolutely necessary for the prompt curtailment of panic circulation. It is certain that the substantial banking interests of the country will much prefer to work under a system of fairly high interest for special panic circulation duly authorized than to proceed as they did last year upon the basis of unauthorized issues, without legal tender quality, resting solely upon the faith of clearing-house organizations. The system has the merit of giving to little country banks, provided they have the right securities in their vaults, the same rights and privileges with respect to panic circulation as the greater banks at the financial centres.

A development tending to affect the volume of circulation, and therefore vitally related to the finances of the country, is likely to grow out of the movement for a system of postal savings banks. In spite of the opposition of various private and State institutions, who naturally fear the rivalry of the projected postal banks, the plan seems destined to be carried out. And by it, it is the belief of capable financiers that large amounts of money ordinarily held by small savers will be poured into the common circulation. Hoards, so it is declared, will come out of old stockings, ginger jars, and wash boilers and from secure burial under the roots of friendly trees. And in order to make the money thus entrusted to it earn the interest which it is proposed to pay, the government must of necessity invest it. The natural resource of the government will be the national banks, and the meaning of this is that these banks must have the handling of vast sums which are now withheld practically from circulation.

There are those prominent in the financial world who believe that the system provided last year in conjunction with the postal savings bank scheme will give everything that is needed for the financial welfare of the country, at least for the time being; and it is suggested that the congressional commission may be able to serve the country best by not bringing in new proposals of financial legislation, but by recommending that good enough be let alone. In the financial world, as in other spheres, better is often the deadly foe of good enough.

A Prospective White Man's Burden.

Just what the latest revolution in Hayti signifies, politically or morally, is among the things which, in Lord Dundreary's phrase, no fellow can find out. It appears to be just another turn of the wheel which has been turning with a monotonous regularity this past century or more. Along with unnumbered revolutions which have gone before, it confirms the long fixed opinion of the more progressive and capable of mankind that the negro, left to his own devices, is incapable or at least unprepared for self-government.

There is perpetual conflict in Hayti between the two classes of its population, one numbering perhaps 10 per cent of the whole formed of mulattoes or mixed bloods, who monopolize pretty much all there is in the country of intelligence and property, the other forming 90 per cent of the population practically of unmixed African descent and ignorant and debased almost to that degree in which their barbarous ancestors lived in their original home. The conflict between these rivals for domination of the so-called Black Republic is perpetual, and it will continue, no doubt, until some nation of higher political instinct and larger powers shall step in to quell the tumult and enforce order something after the manner of the United States in Cuba ten years or more ago.

The actual condition of Hayti is not much of an advance upon savagery. The veneer of civilization left in the island by the French is worn thin, leaving little except an outside glimmer of tinsel and pretension upon a basis of savage instincts and propensities. The civilization of Hayti, indeed, is hardly civilization at all, and even the terms and pretensions of it would quickly be lost but for those influences suggested by the presence of diplomatic representatives from the outside world and supported by the operation of a none too secure or prosperous commerce.

Nord Alexis, the so-called president who has just been driven out by force of arms, was a dictator of a red-handed type whose powers rested wholly upon force and had for some time been maintained by force. Reports of his bloodthirsty deeds and of his savage revels have more reflected the spirit of sheer barbarism than that of even a pretended civilization. His departure has ridded Hayti of a remorseless tyrant, and time only can tell whether the newest usurper is a better man or worse. The situation is one from which nothing may reasonably be expected excepting a con-

tinuation of the political and military convulsions which have long marked the history of this distempered land.

It would be a bold guesser who should prophesy where the ultimate fate of Hayti is to lie. Pacification and civilization of the country must come, if it is ever to come, through foreign intervention. France, from her traditional association with island affairs and from the dominance of French ideas among the more intelligent of the Haytians, might, without very great presumption, assume a position of political domination. But at the threshold she would surely be met by a reassertion of the Monroe Doctrine on the part of the United States. Indeed, it is not easy to see how any European power could take a hand in Haytian affairs without facing remonstrance in positive form from this country, which has already asserted its right to police the little world of the Antilles. And this being the situation, it would seem to impose upon this country a definite responsibility for the social order of the island, with such maintenance of productive and commercial conditions as the interest of the world has the right to insist upon. The case of Cuba furnishes an implied if not a direct precedent which must ultimately cause the United States to do in Hayti what she has already done for her western neighbor.

That the day may be long postponed will be the devout wish of all Americans of conservative mind. Already we have on our hands non-assimilables, unassimilables, and unspeakables more than enough in Cuba, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, not to mention our domestic problems in the shape of black and copper-skinned races. We would like to see the country have time to take stock of its responsibilities and get a new endowment of second-wind before proceeding to fresh ventures under the classification of the white man's burden.

Editorial Notes.

The woman suffragists who are so loudly venting their disappointment and resentment against the President because he is not an eager supporter of suffrage proposals are not doing their cause any good. If woman suffrage be an issue at all, it is a practical issue. The arguments for and against it, in so far as they have weight, are practical arguments; and nobody cares anything about fine-spun theories which have no foundation in practical considerations. The question is: Would or would not woman suffrage increase the political and social welfare of the country? The President, while sentimentally a suffragist as he declares, is unable to see that any practical good could come from extending the franchise to women. Secretary Root, a far abler and more judicious man, holds practically the same view. They have a right to their opinions and to their decent expression without suffering any penalty in the form of loud and frenzied personal abuse. Loud and frenzied personal abuse, indeed, is offensive from any source, and it is doubly so when it comes from women who assume to be engaged in a social issue of high moral claims and pretensions. If woman suffrage is ever to be won—and it may be won in time if it shall be able to show that it can serve the interests of society—it will be through reason and courteous persuasion, and not through strident reproaches of persons in public office or out of it who have decided opinions with the candor and the courage to declare them.

Ex-Secretary Metcalf is right undoubtedly in the prediction that aerial navigation, even in its present state of development, is in the way of having a profound effect upon the methods of warfare. The Wright machine can remain in the air for four hours with a flight radius of two hundred miles. The Zeppelin machine is capable of still more sustained efforts. This means that in future conflicts the work of scouting will be done accurately from the region of the clouds, and possibly that offensive assaults may be made from the same region. It is easily conceivable that tremendous havoc might be wrought by discharges of high explosives from an airship passing far overhead. Mr. Metcalf expresses the hope that the powers will do away with mines and torpedoes. This is good so far as it goes; but pray why, when the powers shall come to friendly agreement respecting this matter, may they not go further and do away with the whole barbarous business of international warfare?

The retirement of Secretary Metcalf, with the advancement of Mr. Newberry to the secretaryship, gives to the Naval Department its sixth official head since Mr. Roosevelt came into office seven years ago.

Within that period the secretaryship has been held by John D. Long of Massachusetts, William Henry Moody of Massachusetts, Paul Morton of Nebraska, Charles Bonaparte of Maryland, and Victor H. Metcalf of California. Not one of these had any individual preparation for the work of the Navy Department, and no one of them has had time, even if he had the disposition or the talents, to make an impression upon the department. The real work of the department has been done by subordinates who have regarded, and with entire justice, the Secretary to be a mere figure-head, a more or less ornamental fifth wheel to a coach so adjusted as to run alone, at least after a fashion. Mr. Newberry has really better qualifications than any of his immediate predecessors. He served in the Michigan naval militia and as a lieutenant on board the U. S. S. *Yosemite* through the Spanish-American war. He is a rotund little man with a bald head who is vastly liked for his amiability.

There are indications that the senatorial mix-up in Ohio between Congressman Burton and Brother Charles Taft, with Mr. Foraker somewhere behind the distance flag, will be solved through a friendly arrangement. Burton has been down to Hot Springs by invitation to see the President-elect, and gossip has it that he was tendered and is disposed to accept the Secretaryship of the Treasury, for which he is entirely fitted. This would leave the coast practically clear for Brother Charles, who, gossip further declares, is anxious for the senatorship whether his candidacy be regarded in good taste or not. It is noted, by the way, that Brother Charles's senatorial candidacy is a subject of wide although entirely amiable criticism. The view of conservatism and good taste is thus fairly set forth by the *Springfield Republican*:

Brother Charles's \$110,000 for the expenses of Mr. Taft's campaign does not include his expenditure in the preliminary canvass, whose object was to secure the Republican nomination. Mr. Hitchcock's expenses prior to the Chicago convention were believed to be very large, so that the total sum invested by the Cincinnati millionaire must have been considerably in excess of \$200,000. No one will criticize such a display of fraternal affection and regard. What one of us, worth millions, would hesitate a moment to pay the legitimate campaign expenses of a worthy and able brother, who was without a fortune, on his way to so exalted an office as the presidency? Mere family pride, if nothing else, would move one to untie the purse-strings. Yet a sensitive man would be content with such reward as the consciousness of having been useful and generous would afford him. He would not make political capital out of his fraternal service as financial promoter and promptly seek a place in the United States Senate.

A straw which may fairly be taken to indicate the lay of the wind in Oregon with respect to the coming senatorial election is to be found in the choice of the Multnomah (Portland) County members of the legislature of an anti-"Statement No. 1" man as delegation chairman. The Statement No. 1 men were in the majority, and if they had acted together they might have chosen one of their own number for the chairmanship. But when it came to voting, six of the Statement-Number-Oners broke away from leading strings and assisted in making an unpledged man the official head of the delegation. This is characterized by local politicians as "the entering wedge," and is taken to indicate that the six men who broke away from their colleagues will not abide by the pledge under which they stand to vote for Governor Chamberlain. Plainly things are taking shape for a grand mix-up when the Oregon legislature shall meet next month. This will be strictly in the line of precedent, for when did anybody ever hear of an Oregon legislature which met and got through with its work without making a new record in the line of scandalous performance.

The *California Weekly* is the name of a journalistic venture which has just made its appearance in San Francisco. The paper is owned by a group of stockholders, something like two hundred all told, and is under the general editorship of Mr. A. J. Pillsbury, a writer of exceptional character and merit. Mr. Pillsbury was associated with the Pardee State administration as secretary of the board of examiners, later becoming an editorial writer on the *Sacramento Union*, where he won attention as an ardent supporter of the Lincoln-Roosevelt political movement. Associated with Mr. Pillsbury in editorial authority is Mr. Chester H. Rowell, editor of the *Fresno Republican*, a man of exceptional writing talent and lately active as an organizer and promoter of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Mr. A. J. Waterhouse, the well-known writer of light philosophies and of humorous verse, is also

actively associated with the new publication. The *Weekly* declares itself to be independent of political or other domination. It will stand presumably for those social and political aims with which its editors have been identified. The paper is beautifully printed, and it is the manifest aim of its promoters to claim for it a place in the sphere of higher journalism. There are none too many journals of this class in California or elsewhere, and the *Argonaut* gives the new venture its cordial wishes for success and usefulness.

There is great interest among automobilists in a motor-car to be put upon the market next year by Charles F. Herreshoff, whose name has hitherto been identified with yacht construction. Herreshoff's car will be light in its weight and its purposes, and is intended to occupy a field "bearing the same relation to the big and expensive touring car as the light station wagon and high-bred horses bear to the heavy carriage pair and phaeton." Herreshoff hopes to make a car which will have merits quite its own and be characterized by the thoroughness and finish which invariably mark Herreshoff products. By no means the last word has been said in the matter of motor-cars, and probably it will not be until the cost of a light and serviceable machine shall be reduced to the point of rivalry with the cost of a horse and runabout. Edison, be it remembered, is still working with the idea of producing an electric machine at once lighter, cheaper, and better than anything now on the market.

The new arrangement with Japan under close scrutiny is found really to say nothing, to bind neither country to anything. At the same time it is not without value as a formal declaration of good-will between the two nations and as an assertion, by universal consent, of the right and purposes of Japan and the United States in the Pacific world. It is a fair implication of this treaty that domination of the Pacific is to be in the commercial rather than in the military sphere. If the United States shall have the wisdom to make proper arrangements, she may make the Pacific Ocean her own. But if she neglects her opportunity, the commercial master of the Pacific will be Japan. This is the whole situation in a nutshell.

The selection of Edward J. Stellwegen to manage the forthcoming inauguration is remarked as another evidence of the political liberality which has characterized Mr. Hitchcock's management of the Republican campaign. Mr. Stellwegen has always been rated as a Democrat, and in at least one of his campaigns as a supporter of Bryan. He is a business leader of the District of Columbia, however, and a man of great personal charm, who can be trusted to perform this great work creditably. Mr. Hitchcock himself served as secretary of the committee four years ago, thereby filling in the interim between the termination of the campaign and his assumption of the duties of First Assistant Postmaster-General. For the federal district the inauguration amounts to a quadriennial world's fair, evoking a surprising amount of local interest.

Rear-Admiral Capps, chief of construction in the navy, spoke at a banquet in Chicago a few days ago, tendered to Western alumni of the United States Naval Academy. He alluded briefly to the development of battleships and declared that the vessels of this country were fully abreast of the times. Six rear-admirals sat at the banquet board, and letters scathing recent critics and praising the navy were read from Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Schley, and Rear-Admiral Evans.

Field Marshal Earl Roberts made a speech in the British House of Lords recently in the debate on the danger of the invasion of Great Britain which has been seriously discussed in Germany, but without comment of a disturbing nature. Berlin newspaper editorials treat the matter as an indication of Great Britain's irreconcilable hostility to Germany and as symptomatic of the prevailing gloominess of the international situation.

Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel" and "Mr. Crewe's Career," is said to be favorably regarded by Mr. Taft as a possible minister to Spain or to Italy. Because Mr. Churchill is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, the uninformed have taken it for granted that his ambition is towards the Navy Department. There is no good ground for this supposition. Mr. Churchill quit the navy when he left the academy.

Dr. Virgil C. Reynolds, American consul at Ceiba, Honduras, has resigned his position. His announcement was in the form of a cablegram which said, "I will not serve in a country governed by bandits. You have my resignation." Dr. Reynolds declares that an almost indescribable state of anarchy and misrule exists in Honduras.

SIX HUNDRED AND ONE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XLIII.

When Arthur Alden descended from the stage-coach in front of the Palace Hotel at Gold Gulch, he looked around that squalid burg with an expression of distaste. It was the typical decaying mining camp. Here the original prospectors had found a rich gulch on the very edge of the desert. Out of alkali plains, low sand-dunes, and limestone cliffs rose the foothills which gradually grew into an ugly mountain range. The foot-hills were forbidding, the mountains were grim. On the limestone hills grew no trees, no grass; there was no undergrowth or brush to mask the harshness of their outlines. On the mountains was a scanty growth of greasewood, scrub, and chaparral. Under the pitiless sun the dull reds and browns and buff of the mineralized mountains made them seem to Alden unlike the mountains of other lands, with their myriad shades of green; these seemed to him like a scene-painter's nightmare. The talus at the base of the bald limestone cliffs lay in crumbling, dirty-white heaps, looking like gigantic cones of ashes. Running along the perpendicular faces of the mountains were horizontal lines extending for scores of miles as far as he could see, as he turned and looked from north to south. These were old water-lines—ancient beach-marks, showing the shore line when the desert on the edge of which he stood was once the bottom of an inland sea.

This forbidding country was fissured with deep ravines running up through the foothills till they melted into the mountains. These natural fissures were cross-seamed by the artificial gashes made by the miners. Here and there the neutral tints of the slopes suddenly turned into the raw red of the miner's cuttings or the duller red of the tailings washed out from their sluices. It had been a "dry diggings," and the skeleton line of a long flume ran thread-like along the mountains, at times spanning some deep ravine with a straddling walk like that of a spider or a "daddy long-legs."

Along the gulch or fissure running up from the desert into the foothills there stretched a line of shambling shacks. Into the bald, treeless landscape they fitted exactly. Many of them appeared to be bar-rooms, although most of them claimed the dignity of "hotels." They were all alike in point of architecture. Each had what some would call a veranda with a gallery above it and what others would call a "two-story porch." On the lower story of each porch were to be seen numerous loungers, all in chairs tilted backwards with their feet braced on the pillars supporting the upper story. Any guest desiring to walk along the porch was thus obliged to ramble in and out around the extended legs of the loungers. These gentry conversed in fitful flashes, their talk punctuated by long stretches of silence with languid exhortation interjected. Through the open doors of the bar-rooms nude pictures were plainly visible, at which passing children stared from the streets in goggle-eyed wonder. In the main street there was little sign of life except when the "pony express" flashed through, or a slight bustle betokened the arrival or departure of the valley stage.

As the coach drove up to the hotel, Alden expected to see the usual stage crowd awaiting their mild diurnal excitement. But the accustomed loungers were not there. Where they were was shown by the presence of a crowd further up the street. Sounds of feminine wailing came from the centre of the crowd, accompanied by roars of masculine laughter. In a few minutes the head of the procession appeared. It was a drabbed and weeping trollop who was being "chivareed" out of town. With noisy beating on pots, pans, and kettles, her cohorts accompanied her along her forlorn way. Bursts of burlesque sympathy came from the bystanders on the weed-grown plank sidewalks. The lady's loud lamentations would have moved Alden more had he not detected by her alcoholic intonations that she was intoxicated. A chorus of jeers came like an obligato from the loungers on the bar-room porches as the Magdalene made her melancholy way out of the town. It puzzled Alden to think what she could have done to affront the morals of Coarse Gold Gulch.

But that was no longer the town's title. This was emphatically in the post-placer days. The camp used to be called "Coarse Gold Gulch," but the first portion of the name had become so uncomfortably sarcastic that the denizens had dropped it; it was now occasionally called "Gold Gulch," but usually "The Gulch." There was very little gold dug there now. It was a "played-out camp." The great heaps of "tailings" left by the first miners were now being carefully washed over again by the patient Chinese. It is true a livelihood might thus be earned, but it was condemned by the porch loungers as beneath the dignity of the whites, as it meant only "grub wages." So sternly, in fact, did they look upon this derogation to white dignity that they had driven out of the camp some "Portygees" who had dared to undertake working over the tailings as the Chinese were doing. Incidentally, much innocent amusement had been derived in the performance of this high moral duty, by carrying ropes to the Portuguese camp and threatening them with hanging if they dared to return.

Some of these facts about the town were communicated to Alden by the hotel clerk, an affable individual who proposed to "shake him" for the drinks, and grew so much offended when Alden offered to treat instead of leaving it to the hazard of the dice that the newcomer was obliged to apologize. As Alden placed his

name on the register he noted with a start that a line or two above appeared in a firm round hand the name of Eugene Yarrow.

"Is that gentleman still here?" he asked.

"Y-a-a-s," replied the clerk, stretching and yawning. "He's gone to look at a mine he claims he owns up the mountain a ways. Said he'd be back tonight." "A mine he claims!" exclaimed Arthur. "If he owns it, I should think there would be no doubt about the matter."

"There's a heap of doubt about mines and titles and claims up hyar, mister. There's so many lawyers and other fellers comin' up here lately lookin' at old locations that the boys hyar are gettin' some suspicious. They've begun to do a little locatin' themselves lately." "But most of these men from the Bay have bought and paid for the mines from the miners themselves."

"Can't help it, mister! It seems like they might have to buy some of 'em over again."

This did not augur well for the success of Alden's mission—nor Yarrow's either, for he knew that Yarrow's father owned, or thought he owned, valuable mineral lands up here. It was odd that they should happen to be in this little mining town together—odd also that in a few months their feelings should have so changed that each was indifferent to the other's presence there. While they had not quarreled, the two young men had come to feel that they were rivals for the affections of Diana Wayne, and their friendship had cooled. There was no open break, but they avoided each other when they met. Arthur now hoped that they would not meet, as such a meeting would only be embarrassing.

"To think," he mused, "that had we met in this little place a few months ago we would probably have been together all the time. Now if he sees my name on the register he will avoid me, as I shall him. If we meet, it will be with a distant nod. But we probably shall not meet at all." And with a sigh, he turned his thoughts from his former friend to the business he had come for.

Alden's business was the ejection of a band of miners who had "jumped" lands belonging to his clients, a mining company of Sacrosanto. His clients had purchased a number of worked-out claims, and held a valid title to the same. They had even purchased from miners who held no title, for to stop work on a placer claim constituted abandonment. His clients acquired the government title where the land nominally was government land, and had purchased from every claimant, whether claiming only a miner's right or to own the land in fee. Thus they had apparently acquired a clear title to the land, under which they believed there lay quantities of ore, rich but refractory, and capable of being worked only with elaborate mining and milling plants and at great expense. But when it came to be known in Gold Gulch that a rich mining company had been buying up some of the old placer claims, a rush ensued on the part of the miners. They immediately took up claims under the old placer mining laws, seized all the land in the suspected quarter, and began working in a sporadic way just enough to constitute "holding a claim" under the mining laws.

Alden asked the clerk which way lay the claims he had come to examine. That worthy told him, and added:

"Perhaps you've come to take up some of the old mining claims, mister?"

Alden replied indifferently that he had, and left the hotel. As he did so, he noticed the clerk making some mark or memorandum on the register.

He needed no guide—the town was small, and back of the single row of shanties on each side of the solitary street the sides of the gulch rose up steeply. He had a diagram of the land, but the contour of the country was so simple that the diagram was not needed to find the land. There was but one street in Gold Gulch, but one way into the town, but one way out, and when you were in the town you were out again before you knew it, the place was so small. Along the single street he walked, lined with its rough board shanties, with an occasional "Fashion Saloon" made of undressed planks, out of which raddled hurdy-gurdy girls stared at him, with their reserves at the back in the shape of Mexican musicians with harps, guitars, and fiddles. It was broad, garish daylight—it was not yet noon; and these painted women of the night looked inexpressibly out of place. But what could they do? Where could they go? The desert on one side, the bald mountains on the other. There was absolutely no place at Gold Gulch for them to go in their off hours, so they stayed at the saloon in the daytime, waiting for the night and the revelers to come.

When Alden reached the confines of the town he saw that another mining company had already got to work. They had a small plant up, and work was going on briskly. A tunnel was bored into the hill, and the rattle and roar of rock was heard at the end of the tunnel track as it slid down the dump to the little stamp-mill and the ore-house below. An ominous circumstance that he noted was the presence of armed guards lounging around with magazine rifles and belts full of cartridges. One of these stopped him, but the superintendent at once gave him the freedom of the place when he learned that Alden represented a company like his own. It was evident that the man craved for moral support, and that the environment was hostile.

"No wonder these miners around here are worked up over other men finding such rich ore deposits," said he, "but what do they expect? Why didn't they find the ore themselves? They've been here long enough."

Alden agreed with the superintendent. But he did

not like the looks of the many miners he saw "holding down" claims on lands which belonged to his clients, and making a transparent pretense of working them. He made a cursory inspection of the ground, saw how shameless was the attempt to steal his clients' land under false pretenses, and returned to the town. There in the course of a few hours he had prepared and filed the necessary affidavits and other papers preliminary to ejecting the claim-jumpers.

That night, after he had gone to bed, Alden heard a loud rap on his door. He arose and opened it, but there was no one there. Lying on the threshold, however, he saw an envelope, which contained a folded sheet of paper. At its head was printed a triangle containing a human eye, with the legend "Vigilance." Beneath were the words:

"A. Alden, Attorney, etc.—

You are hereby ordered to leave Gold Gulch at once. If you are found here twenty-four hours after receipt of this notice, you will be arrested and tried by this tribunal. By order of 601."

"Six Hundred and One"—Alden remembered to have been told that this was the strange name appended by the Mountain Vigilantes to their sinister notices. At first he was inclined to smile, but it occurred to him that he had heard the Mountain Vigilantes were generally held in abject fear. Unlike those at the Bay, he had been told the character of the Vigilantes in the mining camps was open to suspicion; there were many gamblers, thieves, and thugs among them; the proportion of decent men was much lower than in the cities. He had been told that the Mountain Vigilance Committees were frequently used to accomplish private ends, such as individual ruin or revenge. Still he did not see how he could abandon his business because of an anonymous threat.

On the following day Alden made another inspection of the land his clients claimed. Evidently his steps toward legal possession had inspired dormant claimants, for the ground was now completely covered with miners, all of them engaged in ostentatious if useless labor. The activity of the claim-jumpers contrasted strongly with the lethargy of the court officials, whom Alden had vainly endeavored to incite to action. Gazing with annoyance on the busy scene, he turned, intending to make another attempt at accelerating the officers of the law.

He had gone not many rods when he was stealthily approached from behind, jerked to the ground with a lasso, and in a moment bound, blindfolded, and gagged. He was convinced that twenty or thirty miners must have witnessed the attack, but not a word was uttered. In this helpless condition he was carried some distance by several men, and when the gag and blindfold were removed, he found himself in a fairly large room furnished with plain chairs and tables, at which were seated some half-score of men.

"Prisoner," said the one who seemed to be the chief, "you have been brought before the bar of this court to answer to the charge of murdering Ezekiel Stewart, in the town of Treasure Hill, this county, on the night of the 22d of February of this year. What do you plead—are you guilty or not guilty?"

Alden looked up in surprise. "But I never was in Treasure Hill," he exclaimed, "and I never knew any man named Ezekiel Stewart."

"We have heard the testimony of a competent witness," went on the judge, "who swears that you had a quarrel with Stewart at the time and place mentioned; that you drew a pistol; that Stewart, being unarmed, turned to run; that you shot him in the back, killing him instantly; that you escaped, although the Vigilance Committee of Treasure Hill offered a reward of one thousand dollars for your apprehension. What say you, James Burdew?"

Alden stared at him with increasing wonder. "My name is not James Burdew, and I never was in Treasure Hill in my life. Besides, on the night of February 22d I was—well, I was elsewhere. My name is not Burdew, but Alden—Arthur Vernon Alden."

"If you are an honest man, it should be easy for you to prove where you were on the 22d of February, and what your true name is."

"I will show you papers which will prove my identity," said Alden eagerly. But he found that his pockets had been rifled during the scuffle.

"Is there no one here who can identify you as Alden, if that is your true name?"

The prisoner hesitated. "I know no one in this place," he said at last. Then, after a pause, he went on, reluctantly: "I believe there is one man here who knows me. I have not met him here, but his name is on the hotel register."

"What is his name?"

"Eugene Yarrow."

"Does he know you well enough to swear to your identity?"

"Yes," admitted Alden hesitatingly, "but I do not know whether he would come here in answer to a summons from me."

"He will come if we summon him," remarked the judge laconically, and turning to one of his aids he said: "Go and hunt up Eugene Yarrow—I think you'll find him at the new mining company's mill. Tell him to come here at once. If he is slow about it, tell him he's wanted by Six Hundred and One." And as the messenger hastened away the judge added: "That will bring him pretty quick."

Alden was still lost in wonder at the strange and terrible accusation made against him.

"Who is the witness that swears I committed this murder at a place I never saw?" he demanded.

"Call Strang," replied the judge by way of answer. In a moment there entered the room the man on whom his fate depended.

Alden looked at him closely. The witness was a hard-looking man with a tallowy, yellow face, and cold, cunning eyes. There was something faintly familiar about his face, but Alden could not remember where he had seen him. He ransacked his memory, but no clue came.

"Witness, do you identify this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes," promptly replied Strang, "in Treasure Hill he was known as Jim Burdew. But lots of fellers there said he was an ex-convict, so he may have other names."

"And you identify him as the murderer of Ezekiel Stewart?"

"I saw the scrap begin. I saw him fire the shot and run. I saw Stewart fall, and helped pick him up."

"Then you are positive that this man is the murderer?"

"Certain sure," replied Strang, earnestly, "just as sure, judge, as that you're a-settin' there."

Alden gazed at the witness with a feeling of wonder mixed with anger. At first he thought the man might be honestly mistaken. But his speech and his manner were those of a man who was deliberately lying. Alden concluded that Strang had already been hired by the miners to entangle him in this mesh to get rid of him. But what did the Vigilantes mean to do? To hang him? His heart stopped beating for a second at the thought. Not on such flimsy testimony surely—it was incredible. To frighten him, perhaps—to drive him away, so that his attempt to gain possession of his clients' mines might be balked?—that seemed more probable.

Again he gazed at the man who was trying to swear his life away. Where had he seen that face? He could not recall. But stay—could he not remember Strang's hands?—those crooked, claw-like hands, the bony wrists, the gnarled and clutching fingers, the square spatulated thumbs? Where had he seen those hands? Was he the Vigilante who had led the flogging at the pier?

Alden gazed intently at the judge. He looked like a decent man. Could he and his fellow-Vigilantes be in league with this cold-blooded scoundrel, who was murdering an innocent man for hire? Could they be the creatures of the claim-jumping miners? Or were they deceived? Either supposition was difficult of belief. But if the latter was true, why should Strang's testimony outweigh that of Yarrow? That is, if Yarrow would testify. Alden felt a slight twinge of shame at even doubting whether Yarrow would testify. Still, he reflected, all that Yarrow could testify to would be Alden's identity, and not his whereabouts, while Strang would swear explicitly on both issues.

Yarrow, meanwhile, had been found at once by the messenger, and ordered to report before "Six Hundred and One." Lest he should be unduly alarmed, the messenger kindly informed him that he was summoned merely for purposes of identification.

"Who is to be identified?" Yarrow asked.

"Feller named Jim Burdew. He killed Zeke Stewart at Treasure Hill. Now he says his name's Arthur Alden, and that you kin identify him."

Alden arrestel, and before the Vigilantes! Yarrow heard this with mingled feelings. Surprise, alarm, indignation—and then a horrible thought entered his mind. Suppose he did not testify? or testified in a doubtful manner? He knew how merciless were these Mountain Vigilantes. He knew how speedy were their trials, how brief the time between the sentence and the rope. Suppose he denied definite knowledge of Alden's identity. How could he know his name was really Arthur Alden? They were merely casual acquaintances. How could he swear to a knowledge when it was merely a belief—a faint presumption? Suppose he swore that he thought the accused man was Arthur Alden, but that he did not know. Was not that the truth? And if he swore to the truth, and if the remorseless decrees of fate should remove from his path a rival, was it his fault? Was it not the fault of fate?

"Here we are!" said his guide, rapping at a door.

The sound seemed to waken Yarrow as from a hideous dream. With a shudder he dismissed the evil thoughts that obsessed him, and turned his attention to what was before him.

His salutation to Alden was grave and undemonstrative—both men seemed to think that this was not a time to make apparent either reconciliation or hostility.

He was sworn, and without further preamble, the judge began: "Do you know this man?" he asked of Yarrow.

"Yes, he is Arthur Alden, an attorney, well known down at the Bay and all through the valley."

"But we have a witness here who swears that this man's name is Burdew and that he murdered Zeke Stewart at Treasure Hill. The prisoner Burdew here claims to be named Alden, but he has no papers about him to prove what he says. Can you prove that he is Alden?"

"I can swear that his name is Alden—or at least that is what he is called by every one who knows him."

"Did you know him before he came to the Coast?"

Yarrow hesitated. "No," he was forced to admit.

"Well, then, how can you swear that his name is Alden, or that he was never called Burdew?"

Yarrow was forced to admit that he could not swear that the prisoner had always been called Alden.

"Well, if you've lived very long around here, you

ought to know that men often change their names," said the judge to Yarrow. Turning to Alden, he added: "Your witness is not making much of a showing as to your identity. He only swears that he has known you a short time, during which you have called yourself Alden. Now, as to your whereabouts. Can he swear where you were on the night when Stewart was murdered at Treasure Hill?"

Alden shook his head. "We were not together," he said briefly. "He can not swear where I was."

"You see," said the judge, turning to his associate Vigilantes, "Strang swears that the prisoner is Burdew, and that he saw him shoot Stewart at Treasure Hill on the night of February 22d. This other man, Yarrow, only swears that he thinks the prisoner is named Alden, and he doesn't know where Alden was on that night." The other members of the Vigilante tribunal nodded significantly.

The eyes of Alden and Yarrow met. Like a flash there shot through Yarrow's mind the thought that he was doing the very thing which had thrust itself upon him and which he had dismissed with loathing—by his luke-warmness he was condemning Alden to a shameful death. But no—it was not his fault! What could he do? He determined to make an appeal for time.

"Gentlemen," he said earnestly to the Vigilante tribunal, "I am convinced in my soul that this man is really named Arthur Alden, that he was not in Treasure Hill on that date, and that he is innocent of this murder. I believe that I can prove all these things. Give me a little time. If you are honorable men, as I hope and believe, you surely would not send an innocent man to a shameful death without a little time in which to prepare his defense. Give me a few days—give me time enough at least to get word to the Bay, and I am confident I can clear him of this dreadful charge."

The judge conferred for some minutes with the other members of the tribunal. They seemed to waver. At last he spoke:

"The action of this court is usually sharp and quick. But there seems to be some uncertainty in the minds of my associates. Hence we have agreed to postpone final action in this case. We will give you two days' reprieve. But we warn you that the prisoner must either have proved that this is a case of mistaken identity or else have established an alibi by sunrise of the second day."

"That is to say, the day after tomorrow?" queried Yarrow anxiously.

"Exactly—that is Friday morning at sunrise. If by that time the prisoner has not clearly established his innocence, the judgment of this court will be duly carried out. In the meantime we will assume that you are counsel for the prisoner and will allow you access to him at all reasonable hours during the rest of his—during the next two days." With some parting directions to the Vigilante officers, the judge and his associates withdrew.

When Yarrow found himself locked up alone with Alden he made haste to learn all he could from the condemned man. There was no time to lose. The Vigilante judge was a higher type of man than he had expected to find, and seemed inclined to be fair; but his colleagues on the tribunal had low and brutal faces. No—if he was to save Alden, no time must be lost. So he made haste to learn all he could, and questioned the prisoner closely.

"If you can only prove where you were on February 22d, on the night of the murder," cried Yarrow, "that settles everything. Where were you?"

Alden hesitated, and was silent.

"Surely you can remember where you were on that day," persisted Yarrow; "it is easily identified because it is a holiday."

"I can not say," replied Alden.

"But certainly you were at Plancha Grande or thereabouts. You must remember that I left you there a little before. Were you at the Hacienda?"

"No."

"Then you were not at Plancha Grande," went on Yarrow musingly. And then, half to himself: "His silence is incomprehensible. He had been ill—I wonder if he could have had a relapse of the fever for a few days?"

Alden was silent.

"Could Captain Belmont swear to where you were?"

"No."

"Or Mrs. Lydon?"

"No."

Yarrow paused; then with an effort he said: "How about Miss Wayne?"

"I would not care to drag her into this," replied Alden doggedly. But despite his effort to maintain his self-control, it was evident to the eyes of Yarrow, made additionally keen by jealousy, that it was something more than Alden's love for Diana which so strongly moved him. From Alden's demeanor Yarrow became convinced that there was some secret between him and Diana; that Diana alone could tell where he was on the fatal night; and that for some reason Alden would not ask her to speak.

What was that reason? What could the secret be between these two that the man was unwilling to let the woman reveal where they were on a certain night? The hateful thought pierced Eugene's heart like an arrow, and when he strove to stifle it, the attempt felt like turning the barbed point in the wound.

Again the other suggestion lifted its snaky head. "How can I do anything for this man?" Yarrow asked himself. "He obstinately refuses to let me help him. He will tell me nothing of his movements on the day of the murder. He will not give me any clue as to any

other person who could do so. Evidently one person—a woman—knows where he was. He will not admit this. He will not permit me to ask her. Why should I try to save him if he will make no effort? This is suicide—if he is bent on suicide, why should I save him? If I do what he is forcing me to do—that is, nothing at all—these Mountain Vigilantes will surely hang him. And when he is dead, then perhaps Diana—"

But the thought of her again made him stifle what was unworthy. He sighed, and said to himself, "I must get word to her. She is brave. If she loves him, she will save him at any risk—even the risk of her fair fame. But I shall not tell Alden what I am going to do."

Yarrow shook hands with Alden, and bade him be of good cheer.

"I will go to the telegraph office," were his parting words, "and set in motion all the wires I can. I will try to exercise all the influence possessed by your uncle, my father, their friends, and my own. Don't be discouraged. It will come out all right. Good-bye. I shall be back soon." And he hastened away.

But he soon found that it would not be easy to get news through by the telegraph, as he had hoped. The phlegmatic operator told him that the wires were down, and to Yarrow's question when the line would be working he replied: "Well, to tell you the truth, the wires are down more often than they're up. The Ute Indians around here think that the noises the wires make are 'bad medicine,' and they're all the time breaking the line."

"My God!" cried Yarrow startled, "is there no way then by which I can get word quickly down to the Bay, or at least to Sacrosanto? It is a matter of life and death!"

"Why don't you try the pony express?" said the operator startled out of his drawl by Yarrow's earnestness.

"When is the rider due?"

"At the postoffice half an hour from now."

Before the words had left the operator's lips Yarrow was on his way out.

At the postoffice he was told that this was only a horse-changing station—that few way-letters were taken at any stations, but none at all here; as the rate was five dollars an ounce, the correspondence from Gold Gulch would scarcely have paid for opening the bag and stopping the rider.

"Then how can I get the rider to take a letter so it will reach a person near Sacrosanto?"

"Fasten the letter to the saddle of his fresh pony," replied the postmaster, "put it inside of another envelope, addressed to the last rider on the Sacrosanto end, then put inside of the envelope whatever you like for the rider. He'll see that it's delivered."

"Would fifty dollars do?" asked Yarrow anxiously.

"Fifty dollars! Great snakes, yes! The riders only get that much a week for riding over the mountains and deserts, and past hostile Indians. So it's enough to deliver a letter. Have you the letter ready?"

"No."

"Better get to work quick. The westbound rider will be here in a very few minutes, and he doesn't stop long, I tell you!"

Yarrow hurriedly prepared a brief note to Diana, telling her of Alden's peril, his strange silence, and the hope that her testimony might establish an alibi. There was no time for phrase-making—he sealed this, and enclosed it in another envelope directed as the postmaster had advised.

"Are you ready?" he shouted. "Here they come!"

"They? Are there two?"

"East and west-bound riders," replied the postmaster briefly; "they meet here. See—here are the two fresh ponies waiting for them. Look off there."

Yarrow looked where he pointed. To the west, out on the desert, there was a little dust-cloud. To the east, dashing down a rough trail, he saw the rider who was to bear his missive.

"Shall I have a chance to say anything to him?"

"Hell, no—not here," replied the postmaster. "Where they change riders, yes—but not here. Here they only change ponies. The stations are about twenty-five miles apart, and the men are relieved at every three stations. But here they don't have much chance to pass the time of day."

As he spoke the two riders dashed in at either end of the long, rambling street. Like a flash they dismounted and vaulted into the saddles of the waiting ponies. The animals did not wait for whip or spur, but each was away before the rider had his foot in the off stirrup. They were come, they were gone, almost before Yarrow could say he saw them. And the only evidence of the relay was the sight of the two perspiring ponies, with drooping heads and heaving flanks, being led away to the stables.

"And you are sure my letter will get there all right?" queried Yarrow anxiously of the postmaster.

"Sure," he responded, "it will get there if the rider does. It might even get there if he didn't. For sometimes the ponies come in with an empty saddle covered with blood. And sometimes they come in with a dead rider clapping the pony's neck, as he stooped to dodge the arrows. But the letters nearly always get there, and I think yours will. You see we're only on the western edge of the Indian country."

"I hope to God it may!" fervently prayed Yarrow, as he turned away, "and that it may find Diana, for it carries a man's life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM KEITH, ARTIST.

William Keith, acknowledged as one of the leaders among the best artists of Western America, was seventy years old on November the twenty-first, and in recognition of this and as an appropriate celebration, the members of the San Francisco Art Association arranged the special exhibit of his paintings which lasted a fortnight and which proved to be one of the most notable events of the year in local art circles.

Seventy pictures were shown—the number coinciding by chance with the years of the artist—of which about fifty were new and were exhibited for the first time.

General regret was expressed that among the other canvases might be found nothing of Keith's earlier work, for although they dated—according to the inevitable dividing line in San Francisco history—from "before the fire," none were painted more than ten years ago.

Hundreds of people visited the exhibit during the two weeks, for Keith's fame does not depend alone upon the praises of the cultured and discerning critics. He is beloved no more by the artist who can estimate to a fraction the value of every bold or delicate line, every touch of light or shade, than by the wayfaring man who knows nothing of art and can only respond to the touch laid upon his soul by the painter's skill.

Despite the success of the exhibit, however, there were certain features in connection with it which detracted in greater or less degree from the pictures. Insufficient wall space made it necessary to hang them in double lines both in the main exhibition room and the glass gallery of the Art Institute, and the result was a congestion—an embarrassment of riches which made it difficult to appreciate the individual values. Keith himself realized and regretted this, saying that there should have been only a single line. The lighting was bad also—cross lights and reflections proving disastrous in several instances in the exhibition room, while the strong southern glare coming through the windows of the glass gallery shone on the pictures there with such merciless intensity that one felt as though one sat among the footlights.

Save for two portraits, all of the seventy canvases were landscapes, and in almost every instance trees in an infinite variety.

George Wharton James has said: "Fra Lippo Lippi painted 'saints and saints' until he was sick to death of them. Keith paints trees and trees and then more trees, until every human being who sees them learns unconsciously, if not voluntarily, to love trees more than he ever did before."

Of the pictures in this exhibit, none brought forth

more admiring comment than the five loaned by Dr. Harry L. Tevis—"The Woodland Pasture," "A Country Road," "When Storm Clouds Gather," "The Grazing Flock," and "The Forest Pool." These are somewhat similar in type, being of unusually dark, rich coloring with marvelous tints of skies and clouds. Keith, who considers this group among his most notable achievements, calls them the "gong pictures," and the tale he tells of their inspiration makes them doubly interesting.

Japanese and Chinese gongs are his delight and in his home in Berkeley he has a collection of them. Pausing before a beautiful antique bronze bowl about three feet high, placed on a pedestal, he said, "This gong was given me by Dr. Tevis and from the sound I painted those pictures for him. Listen now and you will hear the pictures." Striking the edge of the gong gently at first until all the air was filled with a murmuring sound, as though bees hummed on a summer day, he increased the force of the blows until the bowl gave out a barbaric clamor like the battle call of savage nations.

"Hear the pictures," he said in the midst of the tumult of sound. "There are dozens of pictures there—hundreds of them—wonderful pictures." This theory of Keith's that sound may be reproduced in color was explained by him a few years since to Professor Oswald of the University of Berlin, who received the idea with enthusiasm and has since written a book upon the subject.

Two other paintings in the exhibit which Keith says are among the best he has ever done were "The Enchanted Pool" and "The Portal of the Woods." Unfortunately, the first of these was hung in such a light that it was impossible to gain any idea of its beauty, the impression being merely of excrescences of queerly colored paint, but the other is a bit of exquisite woodland.

"Sunset in the Hayfield," a golden-tinted scene in which a group of children is playing; is another of the artist's favorites, as is also "Autumn Afternoon, Lagunitas," loaned by Mrs. Fisher Ames—a picture filled with a warmth of light and languorous feeling and by many artists pronounced one of the best shown.

Some one has said that there is no sign in Rudyard Kipling's writings that he has learned from his critics or made any concessions to his public's demands: that we must take things as they come from him, knowing protests are vain; that it is his mood, not yours, that he is interpreting in his writings.

And the same, only more mildly and more courteously, may be said of William Keith's paintings. He will tell you quite frankly that he paints to enjoy himself and that he paints what pleases him best when he works from an inspiration arising from within. His pictures he divides into objective and subjective work, and it is only the latter that he values.

"My subjective pictures," he said, "are the ones that come from the inside. I feel some emotion and I immediately paint a picture which expresses it. The sentiment is the only thing of real value in my pictures, and only a few people understand that. Suppose I want to paint something suggesting meditation or repose. If people do not feel that sensation when my work is completed, they do not appreciate nor realize the picture. The fact that they like it means nothing. Any one who can use paint and brushes can paint a true scene of nature—that is an objective picture. The artist must not depend on extraneous things. There is no reality in his art if he must depend on outside influences—it must come from within. I have really in a way a very limited clientele because so few people grasp this feeling of mine in regard to my pictures." Proof of his

if you had that picture around all the time and saw it every day, you would grow to like it—you couldn't help it." This was a picture that he considers subjective.

"The Golden Hour" is a canvas in softer yellow tints which pleases alike the artist himself and the public. A flock of sheep are nibbling beneath brown-leaved oaks; in the background are distant hills, topped with creamy clouds, and over all is the rich golden light of the sunset hour.

Oaks are Keith's especial delight, and he rejoices in the fact that when he began to paint them more than thirty years ago, he was the pioneer and demonstrated their possibilities to the artists who have followed in his footsteps in depicting these trees.

Probably two of the best of his pictures of oaks exhibited were "The Quiet Woods," loaned by Mr. A. Chesebrough, and "Woodland Scene," loaned by Mr. William F. Herrin. In the first the trees are in the green shade of the deep woods, but the other shows a pleasing contrast of shadow and brilliant sunshine. But few mountain scenes were in the exhibit, but the first sale made was a large canvas, wrongly entitled in the catalogue "Streamside," the correct name being "In the Mountains of California." This shows a stretch of lofty mountains, partly covered with snow, and is a bit of scenery near the headwaters of the Merced.

Some views of the Hetch Hetchy which have been very recently completed met with little favor from critics or public, although the beauties of the valley were readily realized. The general criticism was that the coloring was too brilliant and a trifle crude, but it must be borne in mind that these pictures were unsuitably framed and were hung in the direct glare of the sunlight in the glass gallery. Keith is particularly fond of the Hetch Hetchy Valley and his indignation is great at the scheme to dam it and form a reservoir.

"It's nothing short of a crime to do such a thing," he declares, "and it's all nonsense to say the artificial lake will be as beautiful as the valley is now. God knows best, and if He had wanted a lake there He would have put it there Himself." The portraits were a quaintly graceful picture of Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, loaned by her, and another, loaned by the Rev. Joseph Worcester, of an elderly woman looking up from her knitting with an air of shy dignity that is very lovable.

Keith but seldom turns his attention to portraits, but he has been working for some time on one of E. H. Harriman which is said by those who have seen it to be a wonderfully characteristic picture of the financier.

For ten days last summer the artist was entertained at the Harriman country place at Pelican Bay, and then made the studies for the portrait, as well as a number of sketches of the surrounding country to be developed for Mrs. Harriman. None of these were exhibited.

Nature has always been Keith's best teacher, he declares, and what he has achieved he considers has come largely from the inspiration gained by diligent study and hard work out of doors—among the trees and in the mountains.

Keith was born in Old Meldrum, Scotland, and came to America when he was about twelve years old. He was apprenticed to a wood engraver in New York and worked for some time on *Harper's Weekly* and *Monthly*. In 1859 he came to California, and when a few years later work as an engraver was difficult to secure, owing to the introduction of the photo-engraving process, he "went out of doors and tried to paint," to quote his own words. First he worked in black and white, then in water colors, selling his sketches readily and thereby earning a livelihood and saving enough to go abroad in 1869.

For a year and a half he studied in Dusseldorf and gained from the routine of the art schools the exact training, the lack of which had so hampered the expression of his genius.

Keith has given up water-colors entirely now and says he paints only in oils because he thus gets so much more satisfaction.

After Germany he went to Boston for a time, returning to California in the early '70s. Since then he has been to Europe twelve or thirteen times. Spain, France, Germany, Italy, and England—all of these lands have been visited and the work of the painters of each studied, but it is to California that he comes back always for his inspiration—that motive power within which produces his best pictures. Weeks and even months at a time he has spent in the high Sierras,



William Keith.

feeling Keith gave later in discussing two pictures hung in the exhibit.

One of the largest canvases shown was loaned by Mr. F. W. Zeile and was a source of keenest pleasure to most of those visiting the exhibit. "There is a typical Keith. How fine it is," was the remark heard not once, but many times. "After the Storm" it is entitled, and it would seem that it is wonderfully presented. It is in deepest, richest greens—a "juicy" picture, as Keith is fond of saying—a forest scene of splendid oaks with heavy wet grass in the foreground and a bit of muddy, deeply rutted road. The sky is filled with piled-up masses of clouds from pearly white to darkest gray, with glimpses between of stormy, deep blue sky. The popular admiration for the picture was received by the artist, however, with something amounting almost to contempt.

"That's a good picture, yes," he said, "but it's objective—entirely objective. Most any one could paint it as well as I did if he knew anything about how to work. It's good, but there's no inspiration in it."

The other was "The Sun Worshipers," three vaguely outlined figures in the heart of a wood, facing the setting sun in attitudes of adoration—the whole done in the deep brownish orange tints that seem to please Keith of late years and which are to be found in so many of his paintings.

Not all of his admirers, even the most ardent ones, share his enjoyment of this peculiar coloring, but he demonstrates persistently that, like Kipling, he is portraying his own moods and not yours.

"You don't like that picture?" he asked. "Well, I don't care, it's good anyway—it's a 'crackjack.' You say it's irritating, and that proves it is good because it made an impression. If it didn't arouse any feeling in you at all, it would be worthless. And I'll tell you,

studying their beauties in minutest detail. Now he knows the meadows; the mountains, green or snow-clad; the trees; the rocks, even the atmosphere, so thoroughly that he can sit in his studio in the heart of the city and paint a picture that will make your heart and mind after one little glimpse fly in mad revolt away from reinforced concrete, sheath gowns, electrical appliances, and all the other things that seem for the moment the abominations of civilization.

John Muir, whose wonderful word paintings of the California mountains have done no less to bring them before one than Keith's pictures, is an intimate friend of the artist, and together they have explored the wildernesses for many years. Keith, in speaking of their trips, said: "Muir is a delightful companion to go off with—agreeable, appreciating beauty thoroughly and all that, but I must say he is a mighty poor provider. Doesn't think much about it, you know, and goes off forgetting half the things he ought to take. Sometimes when I've been away with him for three weeks without any sugar the whole time, I feel that I'll never go on another trip with him—but I generally do, just the same."

Despite his seventy years, Keith gives no impression of great age. In appearance he seems ten years less, at least, and his work and conversation convince you that he is in the prime of life. In manner he is so modest and unassuming and so simply direct that one feels that his genius is great enough to lift him above the petty things of life. Strangely enough, he uses no technical terms in speaking of his pictures—there are no painters' phrases to confuse the layman's mind. In fact, he will tell you, "I can't talk about my pictures; I just paint them, that's all. I don't know much about colors. I just fool along and enjoy myself."

He paints indefatigably and declares it is solely because he finds pleasure in it. "I'm just having fun," he will tell you. "I've been at it so long it isn't hard any more. I used to fumble around, trying to do things, but now I know how and I must do them. It keeps me busy and happy." He is at the present time doing almost two days' work in every one. Each morning he comes to his San Francisco studio and paints for three hours, returning to his Berkeley home in time for luncheon. Afterwards he works there for two or three hours more, going out whenever the weather permits for a walk about four o'clock, accompanied by his two devoted dogs, who are like twin shadows. He works with wonderful rapidity and his studios are both crowded with canvases, either partially or entirely completed.

When asked how long it took him to paint a certain picture, he answered with the quaint whimsicality of manner he sometimes shows: "Oh, about forty years. That is, I put it on canvas in a pretty short time, but it is, as a finished picture, the result of about forty years' work." And that may be said to be typical of his ideas. He regards his pictures as a faithful priest might his parishioners. The externals of flesh and blood and mannerism or of canvas and paint are but outward and necessary adjuncts, and the real interest centres in the "inward grace" of soul or inspiration.

Keith is a Swedenborgian in his beliefs, and the beautiful little church of his faith on Lyon Street in this city has four of his most exquisite landscapes set as panels in the northern wall. His politics are as vague as those of an artist should be, but he is strongly in favor of equal suffrage and is a life member of the national organization.

MARY A. MILLER.

As if to supply a want before it exists, Paris is already supplied with a roof station for aeroplanes in the very centre of the city. The house is situated at the corner of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle and belongs to a wealthy architect, M. Morin, who has taken time by the forelock. No flying machines are, of course, in the habit of landing on the top of this six-story house as yet, but the tenants are warned beforehand by a clause in their lease that they will not be entitled to any compensation, if, in the near future, the roof is used as a station or garage for "aerial vehicles." Meanwhile the tenants are entitled to the use of the "terrace" as a roof garden.

The retirement of President Eliot of Harvard has given the trustees of the Carnegie foundation for aged college workers an opportunity to emphasize that its pensioners are not the recipients of charity. Dr. Eliot has been promptly voted the highest annuity possible under the rules, and in this action Dr. Eliot promptly acquiesced, although the compensation he has received during his long service has lifted him above the risk of indigence in his old age. It is probable that one of the motives influencing Dr. Eliot in becoming a pensioner was a desire to set an example that might release other pensioners of all thought of shame.

This is the list of mile records for speed made by land travelers: Electric locomotive, 27 seconds, 1903; automobile, 28½ seconds, 1906; steam locomotive, 32 seconds, 1893; motor-paced cycle, 1 min., 61-5 sec., 1904; bicycle, unpaced, 1 min., 49-2-5 sec., 1904; running horse, 1 min., 35½ sec., 1890; pacing horse, 1 min., 55 sec., 1906; trotting horse, 1 min., 58½ sec., 1905; man, skating, 2 min., 36 sec., 1896; man, running, 4 min., 12¾ sec., 1887; man, walking, 6 min., 23 sec., 1890.

England's turbine fleet already includes sixty-two warships and forty-four vessels of the merchant marine.

A TEXT FROM MENCIOUS.

By Edwin H. Clough.

Four years at Yale in law, civil government, and a smattering of political economy had sufficiently venerated the Oriental understanding of Tuan Peng Tsun with "Western learning" to make him a very capable secretary under his very indulgent uncle, the viceroy of the Kiang Nan provinces. I say that the uncle of Tuan Peng Tsun was "indulgent" because, recognizing the peculiar abilities of his nephew, he had taken the precaution to provide the young man with a superior secretary, instead of inducting him immediately into an office that commanded personal observation from the powers at Peking. Such scrutiny might be favorable, but unless it was favorable it was certain to be permanently fatal, and the uncle of Tuan was not so sure of the stability of the "reform" movement at the court of the emperor that he would risk jeopardizing the future of his brother's son by bringing him too prominently into view of the dowager. A first secretary, therefore, served as a temporary buffer between the intrigue of the Yellow Palace and a relative of a high official whose position had been originally acquired by bribery and could only be maintained by judicious distribution of the provincial "squeeze" among those who bought the favor of the eunuch Li, high chamberlain of her imperial majesty.

Moreover, the wise old politician could not be sure that his nephew was himself stable enough after the Chinese fashion to breast the eddies and currents of Chinese politics. It was not with entire satisfaction that the viceroy had heard of Tuan's button-bedecked mortar board at the American institution of learning; nor did he wholly approve of Yale "colors" as an additional adornment upon his official costume on state occasions. The old gentleman, punctiliously conservative, saw no necessity for ostentatiously announcing to unappreciative barbarians that the wearer of the button was a third rank mandarin; nor could he reconcile himself absolutely to the equally ostentatious display of insignia that could convey no meaning to Chinese eyes unless its purpose was explained to be allegiance to something entirely foreign to Chinese ideas. The button and the ribbons seemed to smack of a dangerous vanity, however innocent, intrinsically, it might be. The old viceroy had known heads to fall on slighter pretext than the color of a button or the hue of a silken ribbon.

Tuan was, apparently, indifferent to all opinion except that which he might himself utter. At twenty-six a Chinese of good family who could inscribe "Chuang Yuan" or "Senior Wrangler" over the door of his hall in proof that he had successively gained the degrees of hsiu-ts'ai, ling-sheng, and kung-sheng, is, perhaps, justified in arrogating to himself the right to disregard the opinion of other people not so familiar with the Four Books, the Five Classics, and the Sacred Edicts of the Emperor Yung Cheng. When a young Chinese can write an essay in the "eight-legged examination character," it is not for less learned mortals to guide him in the way he should go. But on top of all this learning, painfully or deftly acquired, Tuan had won a foreign degree that entitled him to look down from a still higher altitude upon the struggling scholars of the triennial examinations, some of whom were old enough to grandfather him twice over.

In truth the only person that really counted with this Admirable Crichton of two widely differing schools was Harry Gardner, second assistant to the commissioner of imperial customs at Nanking. Tuan had known Gardner in New Haven in the latter's junior year, and the blasé Chinese "special student" had liked the volatile, uncertain, restless youngster. It was on the advice of Tuan that Gardner "took up" the study of the Manchu dialect, and when he had somewhat mastered the "four tones" it was Tuan, again, who advised the young fellow to forsake his alma mater as an undergraduate and accompany him "on a trip" to China. It was with little regret that Gardner left behind him the possibility of a bachelor's degree, and it was with positive joy that he listened to the golden-tongued Tuan depicting the probabilities of a career in the Far East. Of course Tuan would help him; and that would be no mean advantage from the nephew of a viceroy ruling three provinces and with a strong pull at court. So it happened that these two were together in the ancient city of the Mings, the one wearing a peacock feather in safe service at the yamen of a cautious old fox who happened to be his uncle, and the other by the grace of Sir Robert Hart a member of the "indoor staff" of the "maritime." Tuan was unquestionably sincere in his determination to use his influence in the advancement of his friend from the customs to the diplomatic service, and Gardner had full faith in the intention and ability of the second secretary. But before he had been in China six months he had learned many queer things, among which was the fact that unless a Chinese politician is rich enough to buy what he wants, or shrewd enough to pay for what he wants out of the pockets of other men, he is as the tablets in the temple of his ancestors—something to be revered and something to be smothered with incense, but otherwise harmless for good or ill. Everything, it was clear, depended on the viceroy's "pull" at Peking; and this pull in turn depended on the old gentleman's ability to meet the demand for the official "squeeze." It might happen, Harry thought, that the demand would become too insistent or too voluminous and that the uncle of Tuan would finally (or at any moment) be compelled to "let go." Bereft of that uncle, what would be the fortune

of the nephew? Harry's gift of prophecy was not far-seeing enough to guess what would happen to his own patron if the source of the patron's "influence" were suddenly cut off.

So matters stood when Mary Griffin came down the great Yang River from the Methodist mission at Hankow. The Rev. Hiram Griffin and his wife had been Methodist missionaries in China fifteen years. Mary was only three years old when her parents elected to toil in this corner of the vineyard, and she had never known an environment other than that in which she had been reared since she was brought to China. Old-fashioned folk were Dr. Griffin and his wife; earnest in their faith, sincere in their endeavor, devoted to their cult and their vocation. They had brought their daughter up in the old-fashioned way of her old-fashioned forbears, and hitherto pretty blue-eyed, golden-haired Mary Griffin had honored her father and mother in accordance with the precept of her religion. As for her destiny marriage-wise, that had been decided irrevocably in family council, behind the parental curtains, long since—Mary should be the wife of some congenial Methodist young man, some eligible missionary of suitable age and good prospects, preferably, of course, a sinologue mastering the roots and radicals of the Chinese language for the greater glory of the mission service generally and the doctrines of the immortal Wesley particularly. And until the Griffins came to Nanking all had gone as had been ordained. Apparently an obedient daughter awaited the choice of loving and judicious parents, heart-free to accept at parental valuation any husband so winnowed from the tares and wheat of the vineyard. Twice had Mary voyaged from Hankow to Shanghai, and once she had crossed the Yellow Sea to Japan, meeting on these excursions many young men, some of them fully eligible from the strictest missionary standpoint and some of them secular and rather inclined to scoff at missionaries and therefore not at all eligible in the view of Dr. Griffin and his wife. But never, at consulate, informal tiffin, afternoon tea, or within the cloisteral purlieus of the mission houses, had Mary Griffin shown other than the demurest interest in young men, Methodist or otherwise, abounding with grace or of the world worldly.

"Rather a nice girl," remarked Harry Gardner to the second secretary over the after-tiffin pipe in Harry's bungalow. The comment was somewhat irrelevant, although they had been reviewing the events of the previous evening at the consulate reception to Dr. Griffin, and had decided that the addition of Miss Mary Griffin to the Nanking colony would be an acceptable acquisition in the way of women, a social adjunct somewhat lacking since the departure of the American consul's two lively daughters on their annual hegira to the lower coast and the flight of the commissioner's family to the cooler climate of the Japanese watering-places.

"I have always believed in what you foreign devils call 'love at sight,'" Tuan answered, poking the tobacco in his briar and looking at his companion out of the lower corner of his eye. "A very nice girl, Harry, but I wouldn't encourage that sort of thing if I were you. The commissioner wouldn't mind letting you off for a month or so at this season—you haven't had a vacation for eight or nine months and there's nothing much doing just now. I'd advise you to go up the river to the Gorges; I hear the pheasants are flying near Ichang."

"Stop chaffing, Tuan," Harry retorted. "I'm not in love with the little Puritan; and besides, when she hears what the conventicle thinks of me, she'd as soon kowtow to old Bud as return my bow on the maloo."

"Maskee the lady," Tuan returned gravely. "Woman is a negligible quantity when she is in love with a man—it isn't the girl that will object, Harry; it's the patriarch of the Griffins who will say 'get thee behind.'"

"You're a wise lama, Tuan," said Harry with a laugh; "tell me how I may reach the beard of the patriarch."

"Follow the precept of Mencius."

"Which one, oh learned scholar?"

"That which the most eminent disciple of the Sage of Lu propounded for the edification of King Hwuy of Leang. Listen. I translate from memory of the First Book as arranged by Chau K'e, that perfect mirror of commentators: 'Your majesty greatly desires to enlarge your territories, to have Ts'in and Ts'oo coming to your court to rule the Middle States, and to attract to you the barbarous tribes that surround them. But to do what you do (give heed, you unlearned Western barbarian)—to do what you do in order to seek for what you desire is like climbing a tree to seek for fish.'"

Gardner arose, drew himself to his height, placed his heels together with audible emphasis, and in mock deference to incomparable wisdom, gave the Chinese obeisance thrice. Having performed this rite he clapped his hands and to the "boy" who responded gave the order:

"Whisky and soda; plenty ice; chop chop." Then he sat down and softly whistled the chorus bars of "A Man There Was in Our Town." No word was spoken until the liquor had been brought and drank. Then Tuan resumed:

"I had intended," he said, "that you should some day attain to the lucrative if somewhat ticklish post of foreign adviser to my honorable uncle; and in due course I should have made it possible for you to achieve distinction by a matrimonial alliance with the noble family of Ching, late ambassador to France, now a very harmless member of the Wai Wu Pu; who as you know is the sire of two exceedingly handsome daughters, born and reared in Paris, educated in France and themselves half French. But now I wish

my hands of you in that matter and devote myself to you as a mere friend. Proceed with your conquest of the little missionary and I will answer for her father's consent in spite of your disfavor at the mission on account of your heresies, your agnosticism, your rank infidelity, your atheism and your ribald jesting at missionaries in and out of season, to their faces and behind their backs."

"But, my dear Tuan," Harry protested, "I am not in love with the girl and have no intention of courting her."

"I hear you, my friend," answered the secretary in an indifferent tone; "therefore I repeat that you shall win the girl with my help. I propose to climb the tree while you seek your fish, and I promise that in the words of the Sage uttered for the guidance of King Hwuy, you shall have no subsequent calamity. Good-bye, Harry; I hear my official duties calling from my reverend uncle's yamen. I must go. Remember, my friend, what I have said—you shall do what you do according to the gospel of Mencius; and the fish can not escape." Saying which the secretary went away and Harry Gardner strolled over to the German consulate to play tennis with the Frau Gierstacher and Miss Campbell, the first assistant commissioner's old maid niece.

No brand of the burning could have been offered for more eager plucking than was vouchsafed when Secretary Tuan of the viceregal yamen announced to Dr. Griffin after a long expository disquisition in the Kiang Nan dialect, delivered as a prelude to the regular Sunday morning service in the mission chapel, that he would like to "go deeper" into the "metaphysical, or spiritual exegesis of the subject."

"I know your theology fairly well," Tuan continued. "Perhaps you know that I was four years at Yale and necessarily more or less in contact with the Congregational denomination of the Protestant Christian Church. I am passingly familiar with the philosophy of your religion; and if I am not too intrusive I would ask you to instruct me in the more intimate faith of your propaganda."

Tuan's ironical pedantry imposed on the simplicity of good old Dr. Griffin. He had been too busy sowing his gospel seed in barren places to observe minutely the ways of other men in that vast field, rank with the weeds of pagan philosophy and overgrown with tendrils and creepers to tangle the feet of those who attempted to thread the vague and tortuous paths of that ancient wilderness. There was only joy in the old man's heart that the opportunity had come at last for the realization of a lifelong dream—a belated glimmer of hope that he might procure for his sect a convert from the

Chinese nobility who would carry the glad tidings of Christianity to the *literati* and the conservative classes of the Chinese aristocracy. For years he had sweated and toiled to gather the coolie to the fold of Methodism, forced to endure the scarcely veiled contempt and the courteous contumely of the intellectual masses annually vomited from the examination halls of the Middle Kingdom. Gladly, therefore, he received this representative of the literary and political force that governs the empire, convinced at once of the novitiate's sincerity by the circumstance that he had studied in the Western schools and was, therefore, conversant with the fundamental truths of Christian teachings.

The conversion of the secretary kept pace with the wooing of his co-conspirator. As Tuan had predicted, opposition to the suit of Harry Gardner was wholly from the parents of Mary Griffin—the girl was finally as eager as her ardent and insistent lover to bring their affair to an issue. But both were aware of the utter futility of an appeal to Dr. and Mrs. Griffin. As they had expected, the very first onslaught upon the parental citadel had been repulsed with slaughter; Harry's second visit to the mission had been rebuffed with a polite intimation that until he could convince Dr. Griffin that he was no longer what he had been—a scoffer, a jester upon things sacred, an unbeliever openly antagonistic to the God of his fathers—he could not be received on terms of social or friendly intimacy at the mission. Perhaps it would have been easy to deceive the missionaries, but Harry revolted at such duplicity and his adviser, Tuan, counseled him to a more honest course.

"I will climb the tree," he declared; "you catch the

fish. It's Mencius versus Wesley, and I think it will be a nonsuit for Wesley."

All the world loves a lover and all the consulates, all the official residences, of Nanking afforded havens of clandestine refuge for these lovers. All the foreign colony of the city except the "missionary set" knew what was occurring, and all approved "the match."

Six months went by and Tuan, having served a satisfactory "probation," was about to be received into the church over which Dr. Griffin sat. The time had arrived when the final test of strength should be applied in the struggle between Mencius and Wesley. On the day preceding the one appointed by Tuan for bringing the plot to a dramatic climax, the secretary told Harry that all was favorable to a successful issue of their plans.

"Provided, only, that Miss Griffin will do as I say without question," he admonished. "It is not essential that you should know what I intend to do; and it will be only necessary for Miss Griffin to speak three words that I will dictate to her." Harry demurred somewhat to this programme, but he was compelled to yield when Tuan told him that he could battle for the prize in his own way if he wished; but, deprived of the secretary's aid he must know that the only alternative to a complete surrender of his "liberty of conscience" would be an elopement with his sweetheart—a dilemma horned with disaster both ways.

On the following day Harry Gardner sat on the veranda of his bungalow trying to overcome his nervous impatience by nibbling at his tiffin. Tuan had informed him that about this time he would be sent

absorbed in a far-away contemplation of an intricate tapestry on the opposite wall. Dr. Griffin waited impatiently. He was stern but obviously much discomposed.

"Dr. Griffin," Harry began, "that I love your daughter I will not deny; and that I have told her so is also true. It is as you have heard concerning our meetings; but I was not permitted to call on her at her home, and if we met at the houses of other persons it was chiefly because we could not meet in the house of her parents."

"You know why we refused to receive you," Dr. Gardner answered. "You are not only not a Christian, but you are directly in opposition to the teachings of Christianity."

"I think, Dr. Griffin," Harry expostulated, "that you have misconstrued my attitude towards the Christian religion. It is true that I have uttered my disbelief in some of the doctrines and dogma of professing Christians—to be candid with you, I may on occasion have ridiculed those tenets; but I assure you that I have never disputed the basic truths of your religion, and I think that I could, in argument, convince you that I have as deep respect, if not as profound reverence, for the truths of the Christian religion as you have yourself."

Dr. Griffin turned suddenly to his daughter. "Mary," he said; "you desire to receive the attentions of this young man as a suitor for your hand in marriage?"

"I do," murmured the girl, bending her head still lower.

"Well, mother," he continued, addressing his wife; "I see no other way. Shall it be as they wish?"

"I only desire that Mary shall be happy," was the mother's answer; and instantly the daughter was sobbing on her mother's breast.

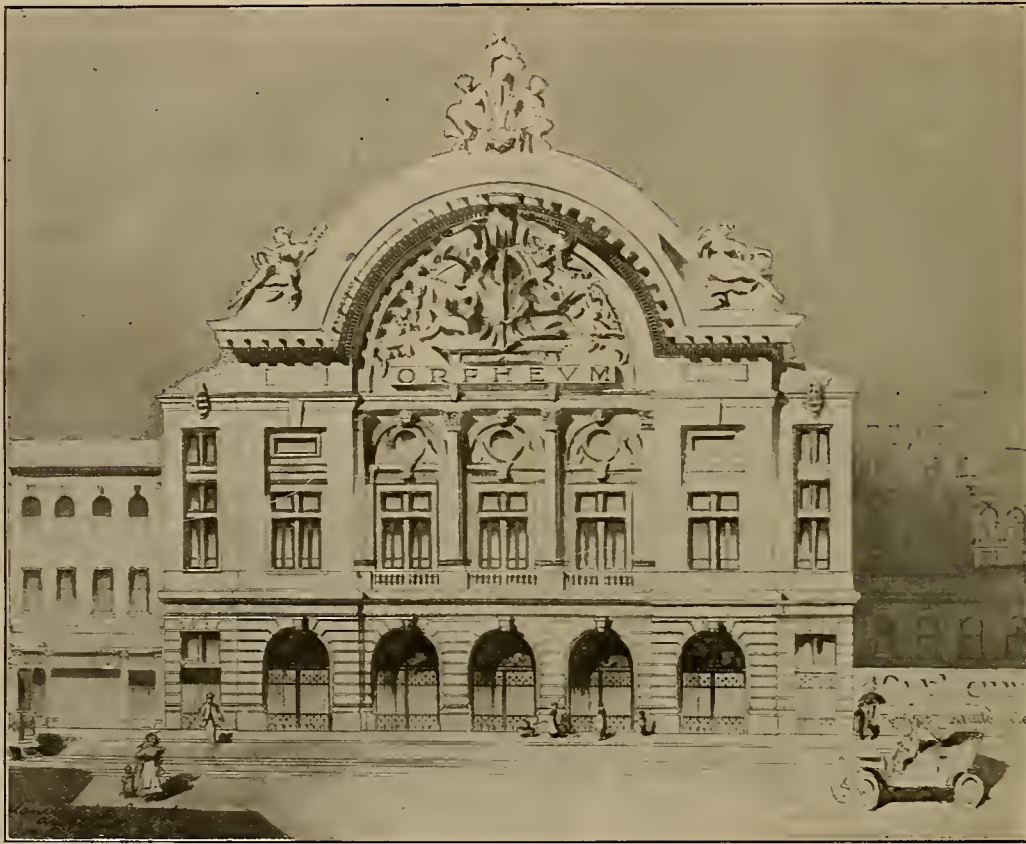
Turning once more to Harry, Dr. Griffin extended his hand. "Mr. Gardner," he said, "let us try to be friends. Mary has made her choice and I am sure she will abide by it. Mrs. Griffin expresses my own thought in the desire for the happiness of our daughter. As for yourself, I may have been misled or mistaken concerning your real attitude towards our religious belief and the purpose and profit of our missionary labors. I hope I have been. We shall see. You may call on Mary hereafter at her home. The future will determine its own result. Mr. Tuan—"

He turned to the place where the secretary had been seated, but that uncertain young man had disappeared in the confusion of the swift reconciliation, having, with characteristic precaution, posted himself close to one of the half-open French windows, through which access to the porch overlooking the compound was easy.

With some embarrassment, but happy beyond all words, Harry soon after took his leave and sought the subtle Tuan where he knew he would be.

Over a tiffin of unusual variety and almost sumptuous quality Tuan recited the story of his "campaign in the country of dragons" as he called it.

"I climbed the tree as advised by Mencius," he said; "and from that height I looked down on the situation. I found Dr. Griffin more than willing to receive me, and after many intricate discussions which you would not take the trouble to understand, but which amused me immensely, I finally compelled him to an explicit agreement that I, a Chinaman, was, if also a Christian, in every respect the equal of a Griffin or any of his race-mixed and race-mixing lineage. At first, of course, he tried to get away from me by putting my soul on an equality with the soul of the Saxon white man, but I was too wily for that sophistry, and gradually brought him to an acknowledgment that if my soul was white the color of my face didn't matter. I learned that sort of logic at Yale, where there is no prejudice against my people. Having firmly entrenched myself on that basis of personal and racial equality, the rest was easy and natural. On my part, after I had fully mastered all the requirements of the Methodist faith I would immediately take up the work of spreading the Methodist propaganda among the *literati* and the members of my social order. Then, when the mine was laid, the match lighted, and the time appointed, I set her off. I put it to him point-blank: If I was worthy to be saved by the Christian missionaries, and if my white soul redeemed the taint of my yellow skin, I was worthy to aspire to the hand of a daughter of the missionary who had taught me these



The New Orpheum, which is being erected on the old O'Farrell Street site, and will open early in the spring.

for in haste. He was waiting for the messenger, wondering, worrying and dipping desperately but without appetite into a dish of curry, constantly tempted to reach for the brandy and soda, but sternly resisting in obedience to the express and oft-repeated commands of Tuan, who had adjured him as he hoped for success in his love quest to "keep his breath free of the mocker's fumes and his lips unsullied by the kiss of the adder."

The tingchai came at last. "Two piece man two piece woman say you come my side Joss house chop chop," was the message, and Harry was down the front steps and out into the road almost before the coolie had ceased speaking. Arrived at the mission residence of Dr. Griffin, he was ushered into the presence of the pastor, his wife, his daughter, and Tuan. Dr. Griffin lost no time in announcing the purpose of this sudden call:

"Mr. Gardner," he said, his voice trembling with suppressed emotion; "Mrs. Griffin and myself have been for some time aware that you have been paying court to our daughter. Only recently, however, within the hour, in truth, have we learned that you have been meeting her in various places away from her home, and that everybody in Nanking, except ourselves, is cognizant of this fact. We have called you to our presence to hear what you have to say in defense of such conduct."

Harry looked round on the company. His first glance was at Mary Griffin; her eyes were downcast and her face flushed. He looked at Mrs. Griffin and that lady returned his gaze steadily, inquiringly, and not unkindly. Then he looked at Tuan. That subtle diplomat was apparently unconscious of his surroundings,

things and honestly lifted me to his own plane of being. I could see that the old gentleman was stumped, but he had to come to the scratch or let Satan mock him unrebuked. I must say that he was game. He recovered from the shock like the grand old warrior that he is, and tacitly accepted me as a prospective son-in-law on condition that his daughter should be of the same mind. I can forgive him the small hypocrisy of that subterfuge, Harry—because you were my rival for the hand of the daughter. You understand me, of course; if he had been genuine in his belief that a yellow man is as good as a white man, he would have tried to argue his daughter into his own belief; as it was he was not quite genuine, so he left the decision to the daughter—quite Mencian, you will say, in the matter of indirection. Well, I consented, somewhat reluctantly, to be sure, for I had imbibed a fool idea from our arguments and discussions on Christian duties, that children should be absolutely obedient to their parents—as they are in pagan China. However, all went well in your interest, for, with your consent, I had coached the girl, and when she was asked in full family council if she would take me, a Chinese convert to the religion of her parents, as a suitor to be her husband according to the most binding Christian rites, she sobbed out, 'If I can't have Harry I'll take anybody—one's as good as another, and, next to Harry, Tuan is the best I know.' I had to get that in, Harry, to save my own face—you'll forgive me, I know. Then we had to make a clean breast of it all; how you had been courting the girl for months behind the lattice of consulates and in all the tennis courts of Nanking. It was a double cross on the missionaries and it was irresistible. 'It was better than a play, Harry—and our Chinese comedy is full of just such situations; really, my friend, you ought to pay more attention to our drama; it's not only amusing when it's not stupid, but it's instructive. And you ought to take up a long course in Mencius—I fear that you will need a lot of that very practical philosophy after you are married to the little girl I hooked for you from the branches of my tree of knowledge.'

OLD FAVORITES.

The Mirage.

As an Arah journeyeth
Through a sand of Ayaman,
Lean Thirst, lolling its cracked tongue,
Lagging by his side along:
And a rusty-winged Death
Grating its low flight before,
Casting ribbed shadows o'er
The blank desert, blank and tan:
He lifts his hap toward where the morning's roots are
His weary stare—
Sees, although they plashless mutes are,
Set in a silver air
Fountains of gelid shoots are,
Making the daylight fairest fair;
Sees the palm and tamarind
Tangle the tresses of a phantom wind—
A sight like innocence when one has sinned!
A green and maiden freshness smiling there,
While with unblinking glare
The tawny-hided desert crouches watching her.
—Francis Thomson.

The Closing Year.

Faster than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open hut to die,
And little pleasures
Divide the long sad year that labors by
Into short measures.

Yet, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded, springs
No new endeavor.
—F. W. Bourdillon.

To My Ring.

So go, fair emerald; my loving message take
To her who has my heart, and rest thou well content
That henceforth thou art hers to whom I have thee sent;
Thy purity her hand will only purer make.
Be with her if she sleep; he with her if she wake;
She'll ask thee oft of me and what thy message meant.
Be thou like other gems; within thy brightness pent,
Keep what thou seest hid, for her and my sweet sake.
And if it come to pass that she, in thoughts half lost,
Should press her lips to thee, then save the kisses for me
Until the evening come. Unless the zephyrs see
The imprint of her kiss, and, enviously crossed,
Demand to bring it me, ere I to claim it go,
Then send it me by them, and let no mortal know.
—Paul Fleming.

It was reported a short time ago, in a press dispatch, that a passenger had been killed in a train accident on the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway. The management of the "Katy" immediately denied the correctness of the report, and stated that there never had been a passenger killed on its lines. This statement was true. During the forty years that this road has been in operation no traveler has met death upon one of its trains through a train accident.

The Austrian government is spending for improvements on a stretch of the Danube 180 miles long, between Vienna and Passau, the sum of \$40,000,000. That stretch is some fifty miles less than the distance between St. Paul and Dubuque. Yet the sum appropriated is twenty times as great as that voted by Congress some two years ago for the improvement of the whole 500-mile stretch of the Upper Mississippi—\$500,000 a year for four years.

THE JOY OF THE FOX HUNT.

"Piccadilly" Shows How Rural England Makes the Best of the Only Sporting Animal Left.

Fox hunting is a sport almost exclusively British, and the American is sometimes a little puzzled to understand the charm of amusement that differs somewhat from his ideas of hunting and that carries with it no risk beyond the chance of a fall. We all remember the story of the fox-hunting squire who tried to explain to the puzzled American girl the delights of his favorite amusement. "But do I understand," she asked, after a voluble description, "that you chase the poor animal round and round the island?" at the same time describing a circle with her finger upon the tablecloth. Equally delightful was the exploit of the inimitable Brigadier Gerard, who tells us how he joined in the fox-hunt between the hostile lines of the British and French armies in Spain, finally succeeding in overtaking the fox and cutting off his head with one blow of that terrible sabre. Brigadier Gerard returned to his own side followed, as he supposed, by the admiring cheers of the hunters that were actually shouts of execration at an act of vandalism. The Frenchman can not understand the fox-hunt; in fact, no one can understand it except those who are born into its heritage of delight.

It seems to be an expensive amusement, if we may

This sum is about \$175 for the season, basing the estimate on figures actually drawn from a personal experience. "Being on leave from India," he says, "I bought three Irish horses. For one I paid \$375, for the other two \$200 apiece. I hunted them hard for a season in a first-rate provincial country. One horse, the most costly, was lamed for a time by an injury and slightly blemished. In March, on the expiration of my leave, I sold the horses, which had cost:

Paid for three horses.....	\$775.00
Railway fares	50.00
Veterinary and sale expenses.....	25.00
	\$850.00
Less proceeds of sale at Tattersall's.....	325.00
	\$525.00

or \$175 loss on each horse, and I think, looking back over many seasons, that this is a fair estimate of the cost in horseflesh of mounting one's self if economy is to be studied. Thus the total keep of the horse comes roughly to \$150 for the season, and we shall pay \$175 for the use of the horse in the hunting field, making a total of \$325 for the five months."

Now we come to the contribution to the hunt. Some years ago it might have been said that a man who keeps one horse would have discharged his obligation to the hunt by sending five guineas to the secretary. But the cost of hunting a country has almost doubled



The New Columbia Theatre now in course of construction at the corner of Geary and Mason Streets.

judge from the fact that it costs \$2000 to catch each fox. But a writer in the London *Daily Mail* assures us that it is by no means so costly as it seems.

The subscribers to foxhounds are in a great majority men of very moderate means indeed. Any one can test the truth of this by examining the balance-sheet of a hunt. Except in a few favored or fashionable hunts, the great majority are those who pay \$50 or even less to the funds of the hunt.

First and foremost, there is the keep of the horse. A resident in the country, with a stable and paddock to his house, can keep a horse for a comparatively small sum. The cost of feeding and grooming one horse for a period of five months of four weeks each is about as follows:

Best old oats.....	\$35.00
Ton of old hay.....	22.50
Bedding straw or peat.....	7.50
Bran and sundries.....	12.00
Shoeing.....	5.00
Wages of lad or proportion of groom- gardener's wages	60.00
	\$144.00

Thus we may say that \$150 will keep the horse for the season, provided the master keeps a careful eye on everything. If he is not prepared to do this at least \$35 must be added to the wages. However, in practice, if a lad or groom-gardener is fairly intelligent he can easily be taught everything that need be known.

The next point to be considered, so we are told by the writer in the *Daily Mail*, is the cost of buying the horse. No one can lay down rules for this. So much depends on the purchaser, his powers of horsemanship, his weight, the country in which he hunts. But although no one can tell a man what he must give for a hunter, yet it is possible to calculate the sum which the hunting man will be out of pocket on the purchase and sale of his horses, one season with another.

in the last quarter of a century. Writing in 1888, "Stonehenge" put the cost of hunting a country at \$3000 per annum for each day in the week hounds went out; now the expenditure is much more nearly \$5000 per annum for each hunting day. Fifty dollars is the least the one-horse man ought to give, although customs vary. He will like to give the huntsman and whipper-in some acknowledgment at Christmas; for he will be very unlucky if he has not had an immense amount of civility and kindness from them. This will come to ten dollars at least. Then there are the "caps" for charitable purposes, which will take another five dollars. A man who has done this may hunt with a clear conscience, knowing that he has paid his share of the sport, and he may be permitted to feel that if every one did likewise in proportion to his means the finance of hunting would present no problems to the careworn secretary and harassed master.

And, after all, he will find that he has enjoyed the sport for less than \$200 for the season out-of-pocket expenses.

Lastly, how much hunting will he get? On an average in a season of twenty-five weeks he will, if lucky, have eighteen to twenty days' hunting out of his one horse. Say he will have paid \$20 for each day's amusement. Supposing he has \$2500 a year, he will have spent one-fifth of his income for five months' pleasure. "But then the enjoyment of hunting is so much greater than any other—at least to the man who is bitten by the sport—that he will gladly make any reasonable sacrifices rather than miss the music of the pack."

Fox-hunting will never become popular in countries where big game is to be found, but Great Britain offers nothing more dangerous than wily reynard, who generally succeeds in getting away and furnishes a vast amount of fun in the process.

LONDON, November 21, 1908.

PICCADILLY

GENTLEMEN OF THE GUTTER.

By Harry Davids.

Greece had fallen before Turkey. The dapper little soldiers, so brave in the cafés of Athens, had fled helter skelter through sunlit Greek villages, and at their heels had swung the Turkish army, singing, vainglorious. The news flashed to the four corners of the earth, even unto the domains of Swaziland, which is an insignificant little spot athwart the gateways of Northwestern India. There it was welcomed with great rejoicing.

"Behold," said the mullah, the priest of the tribe, "even in his own land has the accursed feringhee fallen before the sword of the True Believer. Is it meet, my brothers, that we here in the midst of our own crops should lie content like outcast dogs with the heel of the English upon our necks? Allah ilallah, ilalaha, bish-millah."

He spoke on, and the tribesmen, tall, hairy, hook-nosed demons, grunted within their sheepskin coats. Then they departed in silence over the slopes of their mountain lands, happy in the thought of what was to follow. There was but one God and Mohammed was his chosen prophet, the gates of paradise were thrown open to those who fell in the holy war—and, besides, three years of prosperity and peace had left them spoiling for a fight. Truly, God was great! Whereupon there went the whisper for rifles—rifles such as would be of worth against the new Lee-Metfords and the dumfries of the English soldier men.

The whisper traveled down the line along the unofficial underground trail. A Cabulese horseman brought it down from the mountain tops. A fakir, ash smeared and naked, jingled his tongs as he repeated it to an opium-eating Eurasian, formerly a clerk in government employ, and from thence it was passed through the dust and press of the Grand Trunk road until it reached the ears of Mackrodt, the lean German, sweating and fuming in the heat of Lucknow.

Mackrodt lifted his feet from his desk and ruminated and, as he planned, a scar, chopped across his face, stood out vivid and red. He was always so in moments of excitement. Years before, in the long ago which he did not care to remember, had he received the mark. But Bonn and dueling bouts were in the far away. He planned till late at night, and swore softly in German as the magnitude of the game took root in his mind. He sat thinking till the stinking kerosene lamp flickered and went out, and then he pulled himself together to set the machinery in motion.

Larry Doyle, Irish gentleman-at-large, who was vowing eternal love to a doubtful Neapolitan countess at Port Said, received one telegram. He forgot his love and disappeared. Fay, a cashiered captain of an English Lancer regiment, posing as an invalid at Colombo, received another. He became healed and silently departed. They met at Mackrodt's bungalow in Lucknow two weeks later and gave heed to his words.

"Everything is ready," said Mackrodt. "You vass after big game—or small game—and vass just shooting. You must go north und den south—so as to seem dot you vass coming from der north. Der skins, der deer heads, und der odder tings, dey are ready. You vass only hunters. Hein!"

"And to whom do we deliver the rifles?" asked Doyle. "Joost to der mullah. The tamm fool is preaching holy war. Der money he will to me send und den—und den—Mebbe, Larry, you goes lovin' mit some odder girl. Dot's wot."

The three men put their heads together over a map and spoke softly. It was as Mackrodt had said. North they would go as hunters, and under their piles of skins, purchased for the purpose, would lie some of the rifles. Others would be hidden as best possible. Then, at the opportune moment, they would swoop down south to Swaziland, innocent hunters, fresh from Europe.

"Ontil you reach der border line all iss right," said Mackrodt. "Den it iss in your hands to push dem across. Und look! Dere you will meet dot tamm Briggs. He iss in charge of der nigger police und dere. Look out for heem. He knows mebbe one or two tings."

That night Doyle and Fay left Lucknow, and ten days later were breasting the cool, scented breezes of the mountains. Behind them followed a train of bearers, coolies and shikaris, heavily loaded with skins, camp equipment, and patent cooking pots. They halted seldom and hunted not—except when they ran across some lone white man. Sometimes when an ibex offered a good shot or when the trail of mountain sheep appeared a trifle more than enticing, Doyle, the younger man, longed to take his chances; but Fay held him on. They plunged down the mountain slopes, through vast shadows and great silences, picking their trail over hummock crest and through pine copse. To their ears came the talk of the snows of the north—the gurgling, musical whisper of the eternal snows. Through the leafy branches of the deadens ran the nonsensical love songs of the mountain winds. It whispered of hope and faith and purity—primarily purity. Nature, speaking, spoke of cleanliness, of the soul free from sin, of the heart free from strife; and Larry, with all the imagination, dreams, and ambitions of the Irish, gave heed.

"My God!" he half sobbed, "my God!"

Fay, as befitted a cashiered officer of the Queen's Lancers, frowned and, to hide the emotion tugging at his heartstrings, gave unruly answer.

"Brace up, old man," he said. "It's tough—but it is th' game."

"I'm—I'm—game," said Larry.

In silence they marched—Larry with his head bowed down on his breast and Fay erect, upright, as if defying the world. And from the north came the winds, mocking them and their futile endeavors. The scent of the clean hillside struck their nostrils and the memories which would not be stifled surged within their breasts. In County Monaghan a mother mourned her handsome, laughing boy. In Kent a stern-faced father awaited the kindly curtains of night to weep over the downfall of a reckless son. And the two, marching through the shadows, touched each other's hands, simply, quietly, as behooved gentlemen of the gutter, two black sheep who had gone astray. The reaction came. Larry that night sobbed out his heart, unashamed and unafraid, before the camp fire, and Fay tugged at his mustaches.

"It's a tough game," said he, putting a kindly hand on the boy's shoulder. Larry shook him off.

The spell passed, just as others of a similar kind in various parts of the world, under various circumstances, had passed, and they became again very practical men, seeking for that which they could loot.

"We'll have to trick 'em," said Fay. "Briggs has the border line too well patrolled to allow us any chance of rushing the stuff over. How d'ye think?"

"I'm not thinking until it is time to," said Larry. "We will have to wait until we reach Kotgar and take a lay of the land."

Kotgar was a small village near the border line. There lived Briggs, district superintendent of police, who, with the aid of half a hundred native troopers, saw to it that no salt or rifles were smuggled across the line—more particularly rifles, for the administration had discovered to their great cost that a Swazi with a rifle was not open to arguments except through the medium of mountain batteries.

Briggs heard of the arrival of the two white men and beamed, for whites were scarce in the land and he was hungry for the talk of his kin. "The one," said the orderly who imparted the news to him, "is a young sahib, pleasant of face and laughing. The other is like unto a trooper, walking as one accustomed to a saddle. He does not laugh." Briggs rode to the village to offer the hospitality of his bungalow.

"There's no need for you to camp," said he to them. "Come over to my place and—"

"Thanks awfully," said Fay dryly. "Couldn't possibly think of troubling you." Briggs controlled himself and rode away. "Damn 'em," he muttered, "blasted idiots can't understand that England is not India." His surmise was that the two were newly arrived English of the intense kind—which was exactly Fay's idea.

Larry laughed. "Personally," he said, "I don't like to break bread with a man and do him up afterwards."

They sat down behind a woodcutter's hut, wherein the rifles had been deposited, and talked in undertones. "What now?" said Fay. Larry shrugged his shoulder and gazed up the long white road leading to Swaziland. The road cut through a mountain pass guarded by native police. The lumbering, squeaking bullock carts were there halted and examined. Beyond it, in a gut, lay the burning ghat of the villagers where the corpses were burned. "We'll have to take that road," said Larry.

At the end of the village street a collection of children gathered and burst into a droning song. Larry looked and smiled, for he liked children. Fay did not smile.

"Larry," he said quietly, "do you know what those kiddies are playing?" He looked at the Irishman squarely. "They are playing," he continued calmly, "the game—the game of 'haija'—the cholera."

Larry stiffened and his face paled, for he understood the significance.

"That means—" he said.

"It means," said Fay rising briskly, "that there is cholera in the village and it is going to be deuced unpleasant for us."

They gazed at the children in silence. "Haija, haija," came the childish voices. Fay beckoned to a villager. "Who's dead?" he asked in the vernacular. "A camel driver, sahib," was the response. "He came from the plains but a day ago and mayhap brought it with him." The man walked on. Then Larry laughed, and Fay looked up in inquiry.

"Don't you see?" said the Irishman. "Faith, don't you see? This thing will put the trumps right in our hands." He leaned over and whispered and Fay nodded. Long they discussed it.

They burned the camel driver that day, the body being taken up the white road, through the mountain pass to the burning ghat. The bearers went at a jog trot and the police patrol at the line drew back, knowing well the danger. An hour later another funeral party swung up the trail and four more followed. The bodies were placed on charpoys—native bedsteads—reverently covered with a cloth, a handful of flowers scattered on top.

Briggs swore and telegraphed for medical aid; but it would be a week before that could arrive, and in the meantime the villagers were dying like flies. The processions to the burning ghat he could see from his barrack office.

"It will have to wear itself out," he growled. "Nothing can be done." A week later he thought of the two whites who were encamped near the village and wondered if they knew their danger.

He spoke to an orderly and the man departed to find out. "I'll not go near them again," said he to himself. The orderly returned perturbed.

"They have gone, sahib," said he, "and—" he hesitated.

"Well," asked Briggs.

"And there is a strangeness which one may not understand. The woodcutter, who was formerly poor, has much money. Four men who were body carriers have also gone. And when I questioned about the sahibs the woodcutter's daughter—a comely maiden—threw curses at me. She now mourns for the smile of him who was of pleasant face and laughing."

"Huh!" said Briggs. "Where did the woodcutter get the money and where have the sahibs gone?"

"That none can tell."

"Bring the woodcutter to me!"

The woodcutter trembled and vowed he was a poor man. Briggs picked up a horsewhip. "I like not mysteries, O son of a pig," said he. "Tell what thou knowest. What have you done with the sahibs. You who were poor are now rich and two sahib log, who perchance had money, have disappeared."

The man saw his position and fell before Briggs, cringing and crying. "Sahib, I know not—I know not"—Briggs raised the whip—"except—"

"Ha!"

"Sahib, I vowed I would not tell, but I am a poor man, and lower thou the whip. I will tell all. The money they gave me, though my daughter, who is a fool, would not take any for herself. It was in payment for the use of my hut for the storing of rifles—"

Briggs jumped from his seat. "It is straight talk," said the woodcutter. "I was a poor man and they paid me. What harm was there in letting them use my hut for their merchandise? That, I know, is not against the law. Sahib, did I do wrong? Ai! Ai! How was I to know—"

Briggs sighed and then spurred himself to action. "And then, blockhead?"

"More I know not—sahib—sahib—strike not—my daughter—"

She was brought in by an orderly, and on her entrance threw back her head and laughed. "Know?" she said. "By my mother's breasts, I know full well. He—they—have gone. Fool," she flung out her hand toward Briggs. "On the biers did we pack the rifles—and I helped, because he, the lord of my soul, said I was the light of his eye. As corpses we passed them through, and now—now—they have gone—and—and he has gone." She ended with a half sob.

Briggs did his best, but he was not given the time to close the stable door. Swaziland poured itself from village and mountain tops, each man fighting with a rifle of a modern kind. Then, as Briggs sent his telegrams which would bring joy to a few thousand soldiers pining on the plains and made known his own failure he muttered:

"And they were white men," he said. "Good God! I never thought—I never thought—"

Addressing the members of the Royal Geographical Society recently on "Unknown Western Asia," Mr. David George Hogarth, the geographer and explorer, said that in Western Asia there were vast areas on which no European foot is known to have trod, nor even any European eye to have looked. The greatest unseem area lies in Arabia. Almost all the southern half of Arabia was occupied, according to native report, by a vast wilderness called generally Ruba el-Khali, i. e., "Dwelling of the Void." No European has ever entered this immense tract, which embraces some 600,000 square miles. It would take a bold man to venture out for the passage of either 850 miles west to east or 650 north to south in the isothermal zone of the world's greatest heat, with no better information than is now possessed. Perhaps some air-pilot in the far future will be the first to try.

The old seventeenth-century house near Kensington Garden, built in Tudor style of architecture and inhabited in turn by Cromwell, Pitt, William Penn, and Macaulay, has had its history over and over again related. Men of literary and political eminence from time to time gathered in its library with Henry Fox, Lord Holland, as their host and the witty and brilliant Lady Holland as his supporter. The guests who there assembled from 1799 to 1840 included almost every politician, scientist, or author of eminence. Perhaps Holland House was the last scene of an English literary salon, for the ruling spirit was always Lady Holland and those of her own sex who shared her tastes. In the library might be seen Greville and Sydney Smith, Macaulay and Brougham, with the lesser lights of poetry and fiction, Moore and Rogers, and their contemporaries.

During the presidential campaign sixty-four years ago certain Whig newspapers published an absurd statement derogatory to the Democratic candidate for President, James K. Polk, under the caption: "Baron Roorback's Tour Through the Western and Southern States." The statement was easily disproved and probably did little or no harm to the man it attacked. Ever since then, in American political parlance, the "roorback" has been the campaign lie, particularly the one uttered so soon before election as to make its answer a matter of difficulty.

In 1585 the potato was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards, who found it in Chile. At almost the same date it was introduced into England by the English, who had found it cultivated by the Indians in North America.

CHRISTMAS SORROWS.

By Harry Davids and Tom Springer.

Illustrated by A. L. Scherzer

Mistletoe and holly,
Gay the Christmas tree,
Lord forgive our folly
For we could not see.

For the long trail stretched before us, for we heard the call,
Left the hearthstone and the homeland, felt the rover's
thrall;

Wandered to the far horizon, sought the joy of life—
Now the wanderlust is waning, heimweh now is rife.

Mistletoe and holly,
Shining eyes of old;
Lord forgive our folly
These we could not hold.

Now we mock the joy of strangers in a foreign land,
We, the world wide, careless rangers, clasp no friendly
hand,

For we left our hearts behind us—God, we did not know
That their echoed beats would find us wheresoe'er we'd go.

Mistletoe and holly,
Thorns among the leaves;
Lord forgive our folly,
Balm the heart that grieves.

We, the flotsam of the ocean, driftwood cast aside,
Hide our aching hearts with laughter, 'neath the cynic's
pride;

Now the mask is dropped unheeded, now the smile has fled,
Now the heartstrings tug for homeland, wanderlust is
dead.



Mistletoe and holly,
Loves we had and lost,
Lord forgive our folly,
We have paid the cost.

We have paid in lonely mourning, we have paid in tears,
Left the home-nest spite of warning, gathered wasted
years;

Gathered dead sea fruit for holly, scorned the mistletoe,
Now we hear the jeer of folly, now false kisses know.

Mistletoe and holly,
Oh! for English snow,
But our sheaves of folly
On the hot sands show.

From the desert, from the jungle, from the heaving seas,
Comes the mutter of our sorrows, come the broken pleas,
Comes the whisper of the lost ones, gentlemen astray,
Burning skies are stretching o'er us, mocking Christmas
Day.

Mistletoe and holly,
Ties we have forgot;
Lord forgive our folly,
Bitter is our lot.

Over every stretch of ocean, recklessly we roam,
Yet the lodestone of devotion draws our heart thought
home;

For the girl we left behind us at the Christmas tide
Is the tie that still will bind us and the miles deride.

Mistletoe and holly,
Log of English yew,
Lord forgive our folly,
For our hearts are true.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Alaska, the Great Country, by Ella Higginson. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50.

There have been other books written about Alaska, but none that arrests the attention so much as this. Its charm is mainly due to the fact that it is written by a woman, and is therefore free from the excess of commercialism that often disfigures the description of a new country. Mrs. Higginson looks at Alaska with the eye of an artist, and also, it may be said, of a humanitarian. She is interested in people and she knows how to make her interest contagious. She has also a sense of humor, and the value of humor in a book of travel is not to be lightly estimated.

Mrs. Higginson is enthusiastic about Alaska, not in any one pointed way, but because she herself was charmed with what she saw. By a simple narration of events she easily awakes an enthusiasm in her readers by a demonstration of the infinite possibilities that lie dormant in the far northland and the infinite charm of scenery and people that we are apt to overlook in more sordid pursuits. For the first time we realize to the full that Alaska is not only a country in which to amass wealth, but a country that can easily offer happy homes to a vast population, and that it is no unworthy link in the great Pacific chain that will one day mark the centre of the world's activities. It will indeed be strange if Mrs. Higginson's book should fail to arrest the attention of the tourist and the artist, the modern pioneers of commerce and population. She writes with the perfection of conversational fluency, she observes whatever is worth observation, and she relates her experiences in a warm-blooded way that gives to her book the interest of a novel. Fifty well chosen illustrations, including a colored map, complete a book that ought to be a landmark in Alaskan development.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi, translated from the Italian by T. W. Arnold, M. A. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$3.

There is an unalloyed delight about the stories of St. Francis of Assisi. Laying aside the skepticism of an age that sees some mysterious virtue in believing only the things that are not true, we positively revel in the account of how St. Francis made Brother Masseo "turn round and round several times"; of how he preached unto the birds, which was easy, and made the swallows hold their peace, which was difficult; of how he converted the fierce wolf of Agobio, and tamed the wild turtle doves; of how he healed the leper and converted the thieves, and knew in spirit that Brother Elias was damned, and of how at length through fervor of meditation he developed the holy stigmata that were seen and touched by Jerome and many others. We disbelieved in these stigmata for a long time—even Jerome disbelieved once—but it seems that some eminent modern scientists are graciously pleased to admit that stigmata may have occurred then and since, so that in this instance faith no longer merges into credulity.

Every one ought to know St. Francis of Assisi. He is outside the boundaries of creed, he belongs to the religious life of the world. This fine book with its exquisite frontispiece will help to popularize the story of a saint whose beautiful humanity should be the admiration of the world and whose record is a great piece of literature.

A Damaged Reputation, by Harold Bindloss. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of mining in the Canadian Rockies, and while it is full of the strenuous life it has a psychological vein of some wealth. Brooke, an English tenderfoot, has been heguled into the purchase of a worthless tract of land for a ranch. Determined to recover his \$6000 from Devine, he enters into a sort of alliance with the unscrupulous speculator Saxton, only to discover that the lady of his dreams, whose acquaintance he made casually upon his ranch, belongs to Devine's household. Then we have a picture of a fine struggle between his obligations to Saxton, who tries to jump Devine's claims, and his conscience, newly awakened under the impetus of love. None the less, he makes an effort to steal Devine's claim drawings, and when this comes to the lady's attention she naturally gives him his *congé*. But penitence reinstates him, for which we are glad, as he is really a fine fellow, but we are not sure how much conscience owes to the external stimuli of a beautiful girl and the inheritance of a fortune that makes the \$6000 dwindle in importance. But that, after all, is no mar to a stirring story.

Counsels by the Way, by Henry Van Dyke. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

No books of their kind are so thought productive as those by Dr. Van Dyke, nor could any be better designed to call a halt to the rudderless steering of modern individual life. Dr. Van Dyke writes with the perspective that comes from a realization of the eternity of conscious existence, and he invites us per-

suasively to step into that same perspective and to regulate conduct in its light. He divides his book into four sections: "Ships and Havens," "The Poetry of the Psalms," "Joy and Power," "The Battle of Life," and "The Good Old Way," and while he never deviates into dogmatism, he yet succeeds in showing us the beauty of a religion that depends for its vitality upon a calm and reasonable philosophy.

Leonore Stubbs, by L. B. Walford. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The story is a clever one, but we are not sure that we are allowed to get a clear view of the character of the heroine. Poor little Leo is left a widow while she is still a girl, and she has to return to her detestable old father and her unsympathetic sisters for a home. Worst of all, she married a rich man who was ruined immediately before his death, and for some dubious reason, based upon her father's cringing pride, she has to pose as a rich widow seeking conventional shelter with her family. She flirts a good deal in an hysterical sort of way, and then falls in love with her sister's fiancé, who, by the way, is a little too pious to be popular. Some tender and irregular passages between the two are overseen, a breach between the sister and her lover follows, and so at last Leo finds her path to renewed happiness is open for her. We wish to believe that Leo and her very religious husband live happily ever afterward, and, indeed, we know nothing to the contrary, but we don't quite see how they do it.

Barry Gordon, by William Farquhar Payson. Published by The McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a fine story of a real man—a welcome relief from the money grubbing or emasculated heroes of modern romance. Barry Gordon has inherited a weakness for drink from a long line of otherwise splendid Southern ancestors. Full of the traditional chivalry of his race, hot-headed, brave and honorable, he runs away from school after a fight in defense of his father's good name, falls in love with his guardian's daughter, disgraces himself by getting drunk in her presence, and then, in desperation, throws himself upon the world. After seven years of adventurous wandering he comes home and finds that Muriel has unwillingly engaged herself to his brother Tom, who, however, goes off on an engineering expedition to Morocco and is supposed to be murdered by the Moors. The most dramatic incident of the story is Barry's discovery that his brother is still alive and a prisoner, and his heroic rescue by the old method of substitution. Everything comes right in the end, but our admiration for a hold and straightforward plot is almost eclipsed by the tense and vigorous character picture of Barry, a picture that will not readily fade from the mind of the reader.

Vera the Medium, by Richard Harding Davis. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This attractive little story shows considerable psychological insight. Vera is a girl of naturally fine impulses who, through the perversities of fate, is thrown into the society of mediums and fortune-tellers, who make her their bright and particular star. But she preserves a romantic adoration for the district attorney who once befriended her when she had fallen within the meshes of the law, and when the district attorney intervenes at the seance cleverly arranged to hegule old Stephen Hallowell out of his money Vera allows herself to be persuaded into recititude. The author knows how to leave something to the imagination, and this is one of the marks of the true story-teller.

The Revolt of Anne Royle, by Helen R. Martin. Published by The Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

It is to be feared that the parents who really study their children are few and far between. Still more rare is the fine discrimination between repression and license.

Anne Royle is a repressed child. Why she was repressed, the domestic scandal involved in her birth must be left to the reader to discover. But in depicting what repression meant to Anne Royle and how she gradually evolved the force to emerge, the author shows first an extraordinarily sympathetic knowledge of childhood and secondly a striking power to express herself in a winning romance.

Solthaven, by W. W. Jacobs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Jacobs's vein seems inexhaustible. The rare humor of his characterizations renders plot almost unnecessary, but, nevertheless, the plot is a good one. Robert Vyner, son of the rich ship owner, falls in love with the daughter of his father's clerk. The old man threatens to disinherit him and to discharge his faithful old clerk unless he can effectually remove his daughter from the danger zone. Joan is sent to London, but, having ingeniously spread the report that she has married an ancient mariner named Tremblett—said Tremblett being about to depart upon a voy-

age and therefore beyond the temptation of nautical veracity—she is allowed to return to Solthaven, where the original courtship proceeds apace and unsuspected. Every character in the story, and there are a great many of them, has its own particular brand of fun. Mr. Jacobs does careful work and remains unspoiled by success.

The Gentle Grafter, by O. Henry. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

That a fool and his money are soon parted is a well-known fact, but the actual processes of separation have seldom been more humorously told than in this little volume of short stories. The gentle occupation of the grafter is painted for us under a variety of aspects, while we are grateful for an introduction to the female grafter. But, as Jeff Peters says, women are not to be trusted as partners even in the most innocent line of graft and must be looked upon as too honest for any serious use. And, indeed, why should they not be honest, seeing that "they've got the other sex either grafting or working overtime for 'em."

The Boy Forty-Niners, by Everett McNeil. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

This belongs to the best type of stories for boys, and shows how good a story can be without recourse to the deeds of the imag-

inary desperado. Here we have an account of crossing the plains in forty-nine full of the most wholesome sensation and incident, but without deviation from the facts as they he-fell hundreds. No hoy could read it without healthy excitement or without imbibing some of the spirit that made the West what it is today.

The Adopting of Rose Marie, by Carroll Watson Rankin. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Children who play doll with real babies should take care that the mothers from whom they borrow said babies will not decamp. Little Mahel, who is one of a charming quartet of children, borrows a baby from a half-breed woman and then finds that her maternal responsibilities are of a permanent nature. "The Adopting of Rose Marie" is a sequel to "Dandelion Cottage," and quite as worthy the attention of girls.

Uncle Tom Andy Bill, by Charles Major. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Uncle Tom Andy Bill, surrounded by a circle of little folk, tells a series of fascinating adventures that befell him in his youth. Indians, bears, wolves, and beautiful girls figure largely in a story of adventure that will rank high with any of its class.



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SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Christmas books of all kinds compete for the attention of the generously disposed. They are not necessarily books about Christmas—we need a new genius to say anything original here—but they are books peculiarly appropriate to Christmas gifts, books for all sorts and conditions of men and women, books for children, books for wise people and for foolish, for the rich and for the poor. After all, why not give a book at Christmas? Where else can we find such catholicity of quality, where else can we find such absolute correspondence between gift and recipient? Here are some of the books, unsorted and unclassified—just as they come to hand.

BOOKS ABOUT FAIRIES.

Fairy books will continue so long as children continue, and while the old ones maintain the hold that they have won by their excellence, there is always room for new ones, especially when they are told as well as those by Holme Lee. The whole title, which indicates a hidden and insidious moral, is as follows: "Legends from Fairy Land, Narrating the History of Prince Glee and Princess Trill, the Cruel Persecutions and Condemned Punishment of Aunt Spite, the Adventures of the Great Tufflongo, and the Story of the Blackcap in the Giant's Well." The stories are good and the illustrations artistic. The book is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York.

Another fine book from the same publishers is "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," with 180 illustrations by Helen Stratton. Hans Andersen is as popular as ever and those who want him in his best form can find it here. The price is \$1.50.

ABOUT IRELAND.

Lovers of Ireland are like the sands of the seashore for multitude, and for such there could be no better gift than "Shamrock-Land," by Plummer F. Jones. The author is an American without Irish affiliations. He spent a summer in Ireland, as thousands of others have done, and this handsome book is the result. Not only did he see everything worth seeing, but he was wise enough to make the personal acquaintance of the people and to lay up a store of direct and sensible impressions on current conditions, mingled with folklore, tradition, and sentiment. Its deep penetration into realities, its freedom from convention and prejudice, its colloquial humor and pathos, and its fine illustrations make it one of the best of modern books about the

Green Isle. It is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, and its price is \$1.50.

A GLIMPSE AT SPAIN.

Another handsome book of travel is "Sun and Shadow in Spain," by Maud Howe. Miss Howe has already proved that she can describe a journey, and now she succeeds in making a prospective trip to Spain still more fascinating than it was before. She traveled by easy stages through the country and she has a pleasant facility for recording impressions by means of dialogue. She shows that she is well qualified to appreciate art and natural beauty, and she writes with an ease that reminds us of Howells. The illustrations, some of them colored, give an added value to the book, which is published by Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$3.

A BOOK ABOUT EGYPT.

Going still further afield, we have a sumptuous book about "Egypt and Its Monuments," by Robert Hichens, with gorgeous illustrations, colored and plain, by Jules Guerin. We are thankful to the author for sparing us learned historical disquisitions about the antiquity of Egypt. We have some of these, but not too much, and none at all of the theories that are so valuable to the owner, and to no one else. Mr. Hichens is content to share with us the impressions of an intelligent and cultured man who knows how to admire the present as well as the past, and who can discriminate between the reeds of the savant and those of the educated tourist. He has given us a delightful book, while the illustrations are a temptation to their surreptitious removal. "Egypt and Its Monuments" is published by the Century Company, New York.

ABOUT FAR JAPAN.

From the Macmillan Company, New York, comes a beautiful book by Florence Du Cane on "The Flowers and Gardens of Japan," with fifty exquisite colored illustrations by Ella Du Cane. This is purely a flower and garden book. Less interesting mortals hardly appear at all, and as for disquisitions upon treaties, disputes, and such unimportant matters, we are allowed to forget them thankfully.

The author is a flower lover rather than a botanist. No doubt she is a botanist also, but she writes with an untechnical enthusiasm that brings her within easy reach of all and sundry. She does not claim that her book is exhaustive. So far as the flowers are concerned, she writes only of the most beautiful and profuse, such as chrysanthemum, lotus, maple, bamboo, azalea, cherry, peach, and

plum. That she had to condense the section on landscape gardening is unfortunate, as it is particularly interesting by its comprehension and historical touches, but perhaps she will write some more on a topic that she handles so well. The book is fortunate in its illustrations that are works of art. The atmosphere is apparent even in the reproductions, and there are few among them unworthy of preservation in a frame. The gardens of Japan are certainly fortunate in having attracted so much literary and artistic ability to their description. The book is handsomely and appropriately bound, and its price is \$6.

SOME GREAT SCOTCH WOMEN.

Harry Graham, the author of "A Group of Scottish Women," published by Duffield & Co., New York, tells us that when the Scottish National Portrait Gallery was built, some twenty years ago, a number of Edinburgh ladies raised a subscription to erect a statue of a famous and typical Scotswoman in one of the niches in front of the building. But when the final choice came to be made, it was found impossible to decide upon the name of any woman of pure Scottish birth and breeding who was worthy, in the opinion of the subscribers, of such an honor.

The author disclaims any intention to solve such a problem, but he none the less gives us a series of biographical portraits of some of the women from whom such a selection might have been made. He does it so well that at least twenty niches will be needed in any future building of the kind.

Among the characters that the author selects for delineation are Lady Grissell Baillie, Miss "Nicky" Murray, Mrs. Elison Cockburn, Elspeth Buchan, Duchess of Gordon, Lady Anne Barnard, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Lady Louisa Stuart, and Miss Clementina Sterling Graham. Some of these seem worthy of more extended treatment, but the condensation is well done, and in every instance we have a clear-cut delineation and a portrait. There are fifteen well executed illustrations. The price is \$3.50.

THE CHIMES.

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, have published a fine edition of "The Chimes," by Charles Dickens, with illustrations in color and line by George Alfred Williams. The binding is decorative and the letter-press clear and bold.

A POPULAR POET.

The works of James Whitcomb Riley are always appropriate to every rank and condi-

tion in life. "Home Again With Me" has just been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, and we miss none of the poet's homely charm, and we miss none of the poet's homely charm, and we miss none of the poet's philosophy. The illustrations upon every page are by Howard Chandler Christy, and are purely and delicately drawn, while the decorations by Franklin Booth help to make up a beautiful volume.

ABOUT CHAUCER.

A book of delight to old and young is "The Chaucer Story Book," by Eva March Tappan, published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston, handsomely bound and with quaint illustrations. Such a translation of marvelous stories into simple language fills a need and will be welcome. Price, \$1.50.

CHRISTMAS ESSAYS.

Another book from the same publishers is by one of the foremost of American essayists, Dr. Samuel M. Crothers. He writes on "Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion," "On Being a Doctrinaire," "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy," "The Ignominy of Being Grown Up," and "The Bayonet Poker." The essays have a real charm and take rank among Christmas literature. Price, \$1.25.

SANTA CLAUS.

E. Boyd Smith, already favorably known as a writer for children, is now responsible for "Santa Claus and All About Him." The book has sixteen full-page illustrations in colors and twenty-nine in black and white by the author. It is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

A STORY BY HOWELLS.

The author's name is a guaranty of excellence. "Christmas Every Day" is along the best lines of children's literature. The letter-press is set in the middle of artistic full-page illustrations and the binding is a blaze of color. The book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and the price is \$1.75.

ABOUT HOLLAND.

A new touch to the child's book in verse is given by Estelle M. Kerr in her "Little Sam on Volendam." It is all about Holland, with plain and colored illustrations of Dutch life and children. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, are publishers.

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ROMANCE OF TRAVEL RESTORED.

Edith Wharton's Delightful Record of Motor-Car Journeys in France.

It is hardly necessary now to find terms of praise for the distinction which marks all that comes from the pen of Edith Wharton. Whether in story, in essay, or in more familiar chat of every-day experiences, the same graces of literary art, the same allurements of insight, fancy, and research, are displayed. Her latest book, the record of motor-car journeys in France, perhaps the lightest, least studied of her works, is charming in every way. From the introduction, in the paragraph that follows, to the very end, the story is never dull, but always vibrant with life, warm with harmonies of color:

The motor car has restored the romance of travel. Freeing us from all the compulsions and contacts of the railway, the bondage to fixed hours and the beaten track, the approach to each town through the area of ugliness and desolation created by the railway itself, it has given us back the wonder, the adventure, and the novelty which enlivened the way of our posting grandparents. Above all these recovered pleasures must be ranked the delight of taking a town unawares, stealing on it by back ways and unchronicled paths, and surprising in it some intimate aspect of past time, some silhouette hidden for half a century or more by the ugly mask of railway embankments and the iron bulk of a huge station. Then the villages that we missed and yearned for from the windows of the train—the unseen villages have been given back to us—and nowhere could the importance of the recovery have been more delightfully exemplified than on a May afternoon in the Pas-de-Calais, as we climbed the long ascent beyond Boulogne on the road to Arras.

It is a delightful country, broken into wide waves of hill and valley, with hedge-rows high and leafy enough to bear comparison with the Kentish hedges among which our motor had left us a day or two before; and the vil-

lages, the frequent, smiling, happily placed villages, will also meet successfully the more serious challenge of their English rivals—meet it on other grounds and in other ways, with paved market-places and clipped *char-milles* instead of gorse-fringed commons, with soaring heifries instead of square church towers, with less of verdure, but more, perhaps, of outline—certainly of line.

Stages of acquaintance that are so much more likely to be interesting in towns than in people; but the deprivation is partly atoned for by the sense of adventure with which, next morning, one casts one's self upon the unknown. There is no conjunctural first impression to be modified, perhaps got rid of; one's mind presents a blank page for the town to write its name on.

Here is a characteristically fanciful discussion of salient features in the monument of the two Cardinals of Amboise in the Lady Chapel of Rouen:

A magnificent monument—and to my mind the finest thing about it is the Cardinal Uncle's nose. The whole man is fine in his sober dignity, humbly conscious of the altar toward which he faces, arrogantly aware of the purple on his shoulders; and the nose is the epitome of the man. We live in the day of little noses: that once stately feature, intrinsically feudal and aristocratic in character—the *maschio naso* extolled of Dante—has sunk to democratic insignificance, like many another fine expression of individualism. And so one must look to the old painters and sculptors to see what a nose was meant to be—the prow of the face; the evidence of its owner's standing, of his relation to the world, and his inheritance from the past. Even in the profile of the Cardinal Nephew, kneeling a little way behind his uncle, the gallant feature is seen to have suffered a slight diminution: its spring, still bold, is less commanding; it seems, as it were, to have thrust itself against a less yielding element. And so the deterioration has gone on from generation to generation, till the nose has worn itself blunt against the increasing resistances of a democratic atmosphere, and stunted, atrophied, and amorphous, serves only, now, to let us know when we have the influenza.

Such bits as this gem every chapter, and the reader goes back to catch a new and more entrancing gleam by a second reading:

The Seine, two days later, by the sweetest curves, drew us on from Rouen to Les Andelys, past such bright gardens terraced above its banks, such moist, poplar-fringed islands, such low green pruntories deflecting its silver flow, that we continually checked the flight of the motor, pausing here, and here, and here again, to note how France understands and enjoys and lives with her rivers.

Modern improvements, induced by the visits of motorists, are noted everywhere, even in the most out-of-the-way villages:

Dourdan, too, has the crowning charm of an old inn facing its *château-fort*—such an inn as Manon and des Grioux dined in on the way to Paris—where, in a large courtyard shaded by trees, one may feast on strawberries and cheese at a table enclosed in clipped shrubs, with dogs and pigeons amicably prowling for crumbs, and the host and hostess, their maid-servants, ostlers, and *marmions*, breakfasting at another long table, just across the hedge. Now that the demands of the motorist are introducing modern plumbing and maple furniture into the uttermost parts of France, these romantic old inns, where it is charming to breakfast, if precarious to sleep, are becoming as rare as the medieval keeps with which they are, in a way, contemporaneous; and Dourdan is fortunate in still having two such perfect specimens to attract the attention of the archaeologist.

Following the windings of the Loire, Mrs. Wharton came to the Berry, the land of George Sand, and there her motor-flight found a rest. Approaching the memory-haunted house, every view and every incident inspired the tourist:

... it was undeniably disappointing, as we reached its outskirts, to find Châteauroux—aside from its fine, old châteaux on the Indre—so exactly like other dull French towns, so provokingly unconscious of being one of the capital cities of literature. And it seems, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, unaware of its distinction. Fame throws its circles so wide that it makes not a ripple near home; and even the alert landlady of the Hotel Sainte Catherine wrinkled her brows perplexedly at our question: "Is one permitted to visit the house of George Sand?"

After reflection the answer came, and it was reassuring though far from enthusiastic:

Yet here was the northern gate of the Sand country—it was here that, for years, the leaders of the most sedentary profession of a sedentary race—the *hommes de lettres* of France—descended from the Paris express, and took a diligence on their pilgrimage to the oracle. When one considers the fatigue of the long day's railway journey, and the French dread of *déplacements*, the continual stream of greatness that Paris poured out upon Nohant gives the measure of what Nohant had to offer in return.

As we sat at breakfast in the inn dining-room we irreverently pictured some of these great personages—Liszt, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Dumas fils, Flaubert—illustrious figures in the queer disshabille of travel, unwinding strange *cache-nez*, solicitous for embroidered carpet-bags, seated in that very room over their coffee and omelette, or climbing to the coupé of the diligence outside. And then we set out on the same road.

Near a small, lonely village—Vicq—the roof of a plain-faced fawn-colored house came into view:

No other house is in sight: only, from behind the trees, peep two or three humble tiled cottages, dependencies of the larger pile. There is nothing to tell us the name of the house—nothing to signalize it, to take it out of the common. It stands there, large, placid, familiarly related to the high-road and the



From "A Motor Trip Through France," by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is philosophy and matter for reflection in most of the paragraphs, speaking not merely the artistic eye, but the keenest observation, the ever-present inclination to weigh differing values:

This part of France, with its wide expanse of agricultural landscape, disciplined and cultivated to the last point of finish, shows how nature may be utilized to the utmost clod without losing its freshness and naturalness. In some regions of this supremely "administered" country, where space is more restricted, or the fortunate accidents of water and varying levels are lacking, the minute excessive culture, the endless ranges of *potager* wall, and the long lines of fruit-trees bordering straight, interminable roads, may produce in the American traveler a reaction toward the unkempt, a momentary feeling that ragged roadsides and weedy fields have their artistic value. But here in northern France, where agriculture has mated with poetry instead of banishing it, one understands the bigger beauty of land developed, humanized, brought into relation to life and history, as compared with the raw material with which the greater part of our own hemisphere is still clothed. In France everything speaks of long familiar intercourse between the earth and its inhabitants; every field has a name, a history, a distinct place of its own in the village polity; every blade of grass is there by an old feudal right which has long since dispossessed the worthless aboriginal weed.

There is philosophy and matter for reflection in most of the paragraphs, speaking not merely the artistic eye, but the keenest observation, the ever-present inclination to weigh differing values:

The motor-car and its occupants arrived at Amiens at nightfall, and this brought out a new and consoling thought:

It is always a loss to arrive in a strange town after dark, and miss those preliminary

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farm, like one side of the extraordinary woman it sheltered; and perhaps that fact helps to suggest its name, to render almost superfluous our breathless question to the pretty goose-girl knitting under the hedge.

"Mais oui, madame—c'est Nohant."
The goose-girl—pink as a hawthorn bud, a "kerchief" tied about her curls—might really, in the classic phrase of sentimental travel, have "stepped out" of one of the novels written yonder, under the high roof to which she pointed: she had the honest savour of the *terroir*, yet with that superadded grace that the author of the novels has been criticised for bestowing on her peasants. She formed, at any rate, a charming link between our imagination and the famous house; and we presently found that the miracle which had preserved her in all her 1830 grace had been extended to the whole privileged spot, which seemed, under a clear glass bell of oblivion, to have been kept intact, unchanged, like some wonderful "exhibit" illustrative of the extraordinary history lived within it.

This, of the church and graveyard, is an etching, not a pastel:

Farm-yard and court both face on a small grassy place—what, in England, would pass

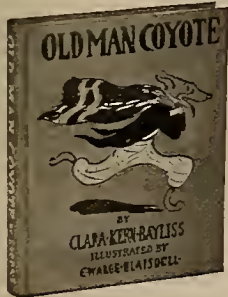


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for a diminutive common—in the centre of which, under an ancient walnut-tree, stands a much more ancient church—a church so tiny, black, and shrunken, that it somehow suggests a blind old peasant woman mumbling and dozing in the shade. This is the parish church of Nohant; and a few yards from it, adjoining the court of the château, lies the little walled graveyard which figures so often in the "Histoire de Ma Vie," and where she who described it now rests with her kin. The graveyard is defended from intrusion by a high wall and a locked gate; and after all her spirit is not there, but in the house and the garden—above all, in the little cluster of humble old cottages enclosing the shady place about the church, and constituting, apparently, the whole village of Nohant. Like the goose-girl, these little houses are surprisingly picturesque and sentimental; and their mossy roofs, their clipped yews, the old white-capped women who sit spinning on their doorsteps, supply almost too ideal an answer to one's hopes.

Mrs. Wharton found a "sombre Brontë background" suggested by the pictures the French novelist had drawn of this place, and calls up a vision of the past:

When one recalls the throng of motley characters who streamed in and out of that



Cover Design from T. Y. Crowell & Co.

quiet house—the illegitimate children of both sides, living in harmony with one another and with the child of wedlock, the too-intimate servants, the peasant playmates, the drunken boon companions—when one turns to the Hogarthian pictures of midnight carouses presided over by the uproarious Hippolyte and the sombrelly tippling Dudevant, while their wives sat disgusted, but apparently tolerant, above stairs, one feels one's self in the sinister gloom of Wildfell Hall rather than in the light temperate air of a French province. And somehow, unreasonably of course, one expects the house to hear, even outwardly, some mark of that dark, disordered period—or, if not, then of the cheerful but equally incoherent and inconceivable existence led there when the timid Mme. Dudevant was turning into the great George Sand, and the strange procession which continued to stream through the house was composed no longer of drunken gentlemen farmers and left-handed peasant relations, but of an almost equally fantastic and ill-assorted company of ex-priests, naturalists, journalists, Saint-Simonians, riders of every conceivable religious, political, and literary hobby, among whom the successive tutors of the adored Maurice—forming in themselves a line as long as the kings in "Macheth!"—

perhaps take the palm for oddness of origin and adaptability of manners.

A second visit to Nohant in the spring following resulted in another view of that quiet, melancholy place of rest:

A gate leads from the garden into the corner of the graveyard where George Sand and her children lie under an ancient yew. Feudal even in burial, they are walled off from the village dead, and the tombstone of Maurice Sand, as well as the monstrous stone chest over his mother's grave, bears the name of Dudevant and asserts a claim to the harmony. Strange consequence of human desires, that the woman who had made her pseudonym illustrious enough to have it assumed by her whole family should cling in death to the obscure name of a repudiated husband; more inconsequent still that the descendant of kings, and the priestess of democracy and Fourierism, should insist on a right to the petty title which was never hers, since it was never Dudevant's to give! On the whole, the gravestones at Nohant are disillusionizing; except indeed that of the wretched Solange, with its four tragic words: "La mère de Jeanne."

Among the many beautiful word-pictures in the volume that tempt the reviewer to their removal from their frames, this is one of broadest view and brightest colors:

The stretch of coast from Toulon to Saint Tropez, so much less familiar to northern eyes than the more eastern portion of the Riviera, has a peculiar nobility, a Virgilian breadth of composition, in marked contrast to the red-rocked precipitous landscape beyond. Looking out on it from the pine-woods of Costehelle, above Hyères, one is beset by classic allusions, analogies of the golden age—so divinely does the green plain open to the sea, between mountain lines of such Attic purity.

After packed weeks of historic and archaeological sensation this surrender to the spell of the landscape tempts one to indefinite idling. It is the season when, through the winter verdure of the Riviera, spring breaks with a hundred tender tints—pale green of crops, white snow of fruit-blossoms, and fire of scarlet tulips under the gray smoke of olive groves. From heights among the cork-trees the little towns huddled about their feudal keeps blink across the pine-forests at the dazzling blue-and-purple indentations of the coast. And between the heights mild valleys widen down—valleys with fields of roses, acres of budding vine, meadows sown with narcissus, and cold streams rushing from the chestnut forests below the bald gray peaks. Among the peaks are lonely hermitages, ruined remains of old monastic settlements, Carthusian and Benedictine; but no great names are attached to these fallen shrines, and the little towns below have no connection with the main lines of history. It is all a tranquil backwater, thick with local tradition, little floating fragments of association and legend; but art and history seem to have held back from it, as from some charmed Elysian region, too calm, too complete, to be rudely touched to great issues.

Another of the great women of France is recalled to memory by the description of the high-perched castle where the lieutenant-governor of Provence, Mme. de Sévigné's son-in-law, ruled. Of its ruin and the cause Mrs. Wharton writes with brevity but forceful application:

This princely edifice remained in unaltered splendor for sixty years after the house of Adhémar, in the person of Mme. de Sévigné's grandson, had died out, ruined and diminished, in 1732. But when the Revolution broke, old memories of the Comte de Grignan's dealings with his people—of unpaid debts, extorted loans, obscure lives devoured by the greedy splendor on the rock—all these recollections, of which one may read the record in various family memoirs, no doubt increased the fury of the onslaught which left the palace of the Adhémar a blackened ruin. If there are few spots in France where one more deeply resents the senseless havoc of the Revolution, there are few where, on second thoughts, one so distinctly understands what turned the cannon on the castle.

The son-in-law of Mme. de Sévigné was the most exorbitant as he was the most distinguished of his race; and it was in him that the splendor and disaster of the family culminated. But probably no visions of future retribution disturbed the charming woman who spent—a victim to her maternal passion—her last somewhat melancholy years in the semi-regal isolation of Grignan. No one but La Bruyère seems, in that day, to have noticed the "swarthy livid animal, crouched over the soil, which he digs and turns with invincible obstinacy, but who, when he rises to his feet, shows a human countenance."

Handsomely printed, illustrated with nearly fifty fine reproductions of photographs, the volume is in every way worthy of its subject, its author, and its publishers. With this book in hand there are many who will decline to envy those who may take such a journey in reality.

"A Motor-Flight through France," by Edith Wharton. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2 net.

South Dakota has voted overwhelmingly to end the famous divorce mill, and it will no longer be possible for discontented wives and husbands to live in South Dakota six months and obtain divorce in secret. The new law provides that the plaintiff in an action for divorce must have been an actual resident of the State in good faith for one year and of the county in which action is begun for three months preceding the suit.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Professor Brander Matthews is delivering a series of lectures on Molière before the Lowell Institute, Boston. There are good reports of his story of Molière the dramatist, outlining the steps by which he advanced from the writing of brisk farces to the composition of true comedies, rich in social satire and peopled with characters alive and veracious.

A new book by Mr. Lang on Joan of Arc will appear soon under the title of "The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." Mr. Lang hopes that he has been able to throw new light on certain obscure parts of the history, and conceives that he has refuted many old and new imputations against the intelligence and greatness of the martyr. The "visions" and "voices" and the discussions of other difficult matters are relegated to appendices.

The first serial began in the London Post in 1719, and was none other than "Robinson Crusoe." Of course, in a sense the serial is much older than that. Boccaccio's "Decameron," for instance, was issued at intervals, and seeing there is some connecting thread running through it, might claim to be the first serial.

William J. Locke, author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus," and "Simple Septimus," is very tall, slender, middle-aged, with the face almost of a scholar behind gold-rimmed eyeglasses, his brows often concentrated in a frown of earnest attention, serious, though kindly, reserved, self-possessed. His yellow hair brushed back from his forehead gives his face a curious alertness.

It has been said of Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, that he ran away from his wife because he objected to being compelled to wear a dress suit. There are writers still who object to the conventional in dress, particularly in the matter of collars, but most of them have found it easier to follow than to resist conventions. Even Bernard Shaw has renounced his red tie for evening wear and has succumbed to the inevitable.

Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, writing from Florence of his "life," in response to a request of those interested in his "nature books," says: "Born in Emporia, Kansas, where William Allen White was. I began cbumming with him in the cradle and have kept it up always. Went to University of Kansas (still with White), and there we added Frederick Funston to our crowd of two, and we have kept it a crowd of three ever since. We were fraternity mates and roommates. Liked birds and butterflies from the beginning and have kept liking them." Then follows a detailed account of his travels, his work at Leland Stanford University, and his writings. In conclusion he says: "Married 1908 in Florence to Charlotte Hoffman of California—and am still married and still in Florence." The Funston referred to is General Funston, the captor of Aguinaldo.

All quoters at second hand justify every plagiarism that ever was committed by their current falsifications of Molière; and the able biographers of Whistler have joined in the habitual error (remarks the London Chronicle). Molière never said, "I take my goods where I find them." There is all the difference between a plagiarist by him (which he never was guilty of) and plagiarist of his work by others (which was exceedingly frequent). He came on the track of the pilferers, and reclaimed his property. Unfortunately, all those who copy each other in attributing to him the phrase that was not his are apt to add: "Of course he took whatever he wanted; geniuses always do."

The lecture delivered by Professor Barrett Wendell on "The Privileged Classes" in Chicago last fall will form a portion of a volume to be issued at once by Charles Scribner's Sons. The lecture will lead the volume, and it will be followed by a chapter containing and developing some of the ideas therein set forth, and a paper on "Education," published three or four years ago in the North American Review.

New Publications.

"Dream Blocks," by Aileen Cleveland Higgins, is a book of pleasant verses for little children with excellent colored illustrations by Jessie Wilcox Smith. It is published by Duffield & Co., New York.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company have published "The Child's Rip Van Winkle," adapted from Washington Irving, with twelve illustrations in color by M. L. Kirk. The fine old story is well told and the illustrations are vigorous.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published a convenient little volume of "A Hundred Great Poems," selected and arranged by Richard James Cross. The choice is a discriminating one, and the little volume should be a useful library companion.

"Toast and Maxims," published by R. F. Feno & Co., New York, is described as "a book of humor to pass the time, collected from various sources." The numerous illus-

trations are by Meissonier, Calderon, W. L. Wylie, Glendon, Phil May, P. Jerome Campbell, Frank Reynolds, Edmund Dulac, Lawson Wood, etc. The price is \$1.50.

"The Card Club Record," published by Brewer, Barse & Co., Chicago, contains the rules of the best-known card games, with complete record blanks for the games played. It is a useful book for Christmas parties.

"The Henry Hutt Picture Book," published by the Century Company, New York, contains about seventy-five large full-page reproductions of Mr. Hutt's pictures, colored and plain, together with a short biography of the artist. The workmanship is admirable.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have issued a revised edition of "American Charities," by Amos G. Warner, Ph. D. This work when it first appeared became at once the *vade mecum* of American philanthropy, and by this new issue, revised, enlarged, and reset, it will certainly maintain the position that it then won. Price, \$2.

A delightful book for little children is "The Spring Cleaning," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, published by the Century Company, New York. The story is supposed to be told by Queen Crosspatch, and it gives us one more illustration of the astonishing range of Mrs. Burnett's literary gamut. The colored illustrations are by Harrison Cady.

"The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch" is a delightful story of a persecuted waif child who is rescued by Jim Felton and taken by him to his claim in Sweet Briar Gulch. The description of the boy's gratitude and the practical way in which he shows it is a finely pathetic piece of artistic work. The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The American Unitarian Association, Boston, has published the story of "Captain Thomas A. Scott." Captain Scott was a master diver, and he is described as "one who was not afraid and who spoke the truth." Some of his adventures are unique and all of them are worth remembering. The volume appears in the True American Types Series. Price, 60 cents per volume.

"The Suspicions of Mrs. Allonby," by Maxwell Gray, is an amusing story of a woman who, in a fit of pique, undertakes a solitary vacation journey to the south of Europe, only to discover after endless vicissitudes that she has been watched over by her husband and guarded at every turn. The book is rather longer than it need be, but description and dialogue are bright and real. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The God of Clay," by H. C. Bailey, is a story of the concluding days of the French Revolution and the dawn of the Napoleonic power. The author deserves credit for an attempt to understand Napoleon and to depict him in fiction. Perhaps he fails to understand the emperor's position in the designed scheme of human advance, but he has at least given us a bold and original portrait as well as a satisfactory if somewhat loosely knit romance. It is published by Brentano's, New York.

A well illustrated story of "How Canada Was Won" has been written by Captain F. S. Brereton and published by the K. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston. There is no need to draw upon the imagination for adventures while such thrilling records can be drawn from the pages of history. The hero is a young trapper appointed captain of a band of scouts by Washington. He is at the defense of Fort William Henry, is made prisoner and taken to Quebec, where he is just in time to join the British force in the attack upon Louisbourg and subsequently in the capture of Quebec.

James Whitcomb Riley is certainly doing his share for children this Christmas. The "Orphant Annie Book," illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts, is for small people, but the adult who can read it without delight ought to be placed under restraint. It is inscribed To all the little children:—The happy ones, and sad ones; The sober and the silent ones; the courteous and glad ones; The good ones—yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones.

"The Orphant Annie Book" is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

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AN AMERICAN HUSBAND.

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Don Juan Nepomuceno Mata was giving, as he did every year, a *novena* of *posadas*. They had now reached the last celebration of the nine—the 24th of December. To a Northern eye, this would seem a strange eve of Christmas. In the great court-yard of Don Juan Nepomuceno's house a cocoa-palm was rustling; banana-trees drooped their long, silky leaves, with edges whipped to ribbon-fringes; the intense tropical moon-rays brought out, almost as sharply as would electric illumination, the vivid scarlet great whorls of bracts of tall poinsettias, the "Flower of the Nativity"; pink *crêpe* myrtles made little clouds of pallor against the darker herbage; a clarin—the "hugle-bird" of tropical Mexico—from his cage, hung on a column of the long-arched corridor, was pealing his jubilant call, clear as a trumpet-blast, sweet and tender as the tones of a nightingale.

In the splendid salon of Don Juan Nepomuceno were assembled many persons; most of an extensive *parentesco*—his kindred—had come, besides numerous friends. They sat, in decorous stiff rows, on the sofas and chairs ranged around the wall, after the fashion of the country. Without leaving their seats, each talked softly to his neighbor.

At the farther end of the long *sala* was constructed the *Nacimiento*, desired at this season by every householder, whether high or low, of the faithful. Don Juan Nepomuceno, conservative in all things, was a most consistent churchman.

In this house it was a luxurious display, this objective allegory of the birth of the Saviour of mankind. Here was an artificial hillock, a terraced mound covered with moss, with twigs and branches that stand for trees, banked on a firm foundation against the wall; there were the figures of the three kings, the magi, the shepherds, with their flocks and herds; there, in the little grotto at the apex, were the Virgin Mary and the reverent, reverend Joseph; as yet the *Niño*, the image of the sweet Babe Divine, was not visible—it would be added on this, the last night of the *pasadas*. In this *Nacimiento* of opulent Don Juan Nepomuceno, the trees and moss were not powdered with flour, but with glittering, flashing diamond-dust; for bits of crystal, embedded in the moss, to imitate lakes and pools, here were flakes of rich plate mirror; instead of lighted shreds of wick, floating in clay pannikins of rank oil and shining through colored water in coarse glass bottles, the lights here were scented tapers, shaded by softly-tinted globes; the figurines of angels and men, and all the lower creatures come to the Adoration, were not of cheap, common clay or wood, but of costly wax and porcelain; the canopy of the vault overhead was of rich azure silk, and the stars, sparkling among its veiling clouds of sheer, fine tulle, were all of precious gems. Yet, rich as it was, beautiful as it was, costly as it was, only in cost and finish did this shrine of Don Nepomuceno differ from the *Nacimientos* built in thousands of homes of the abjectly poor, where the porters, hucksters, washerwomen, water-carriers, aye, heggars themselves! sought by direct appeal to the responsive eye of the flesh to revive and deepen in their hearts the impression of the Divine Passion. And, remembering the humble origin and lowly surroundings of Him whose birth they thus commemorate, who shall say that the poorer showing is not the nearer to His likeness?

"But how the Señor Mata must lavish money!" said Pablo Melendez, one of the guests, to another, José Quintana. "It is easy to see that he has no children for whom to save. Yet—stay—do I mistake? I seem to remember—is it not so that he has a daughter?"

"*Hombre!* man! pray speak not of that!" cried Señor Quintana, who was a resident of the seaport town, knowing all about their host, whereas Melendez was from the plateau up near Durango; "it is easy, *amigo mio*, to see that you are a stranger here, and know not whereof you speak. *Valgame Dios!* if Juan Nepomuceno had heard you! Why, this subject of his daughter is the sorest of all topics. Even his confessor dares not mention her to him!"

"*Virgen Santissima!* what an escape!" ejaculated Melendez; and, indeed, such a breach of social tact is a very serious matter among the Mexican aristocracy. "But, my dear friend—it is a natural curiosity—we will speak very low—what, then, of the daughter? Is it a question of dishonor?"

"Of disgrace black enough in the eyes of Juan Nepomuceno—yes!" gurgled fat Quintana; "of dishonor, no! Dishonor runs not in the blood of the Matas. The thing is that Elenita married a *gringo*."

"Married an *Americano!* But how, then! I fain would marry to one my own Rosita—they make excellent husbands for our maidens. Was this one ill-bred—a pauper? or *mala gente*—a bad lot?"

"No! no! Nothing of that! He is *ingeniero*—a civil engineer—you know how well that profession succeeds in Mexico in these days. And he has money of his own, moreover. But Juan Nepomuceno hates all Americans. His father and brothers fell in the War of '46—he himself fought against the

stormers of Chapultepec—he had just been entered as a cadet there. He will not see that it was the fortune of war—he makes it a personal wrong—Juan 'Cheno always was *terco*—pig-headed! Well, when this young Meestair Leencone—a *partido* all of the most desirable—asked for Elenita, her father raged like a *renegran*, a black jaguar of the jungle, and covered the young man with insults. But Elenita has of her father's resolution; she invoked the law of appeal for lovers, and had herself given in care of General Valle's family, pending investigation of the character of her *pretendiente*, which proved beyond suspicion. So, in spite of her father's prejudice, they were married. Since then—it is six years—Juan Nepomuceno will hear no mention of Elenita or of the Americans."

Pablo Melendez wagged his head: "*Qué lástima!* what a pity!"

"Yes," went on Quintana, "and a pity for the town, too. This new company to put in good and cheap, but they would spend much money and employ some thousand *peons*—think of that, in these hard times! But our State laws require for this the consent of the *Jefe Politico*, and Juan 'Cheno will not give it, for the *empresarias* are American. And he has only just been reelected"—this with naive regret; "but we must be silent; the procession begins."

Most of the guests had formed in double file, and, bearing lighted candles, they marched through the rooms and corridors, singing chants, intoning the Litany, and now and then pausing to ask for *posada* (lodgings), in imitation of the movements and halts of the Holy Family, seeking shelter in Bethlehem of Judea. The uncomfortably stout among the matrons remained seated, to represent the *pasaderos*. Presently the *cura* gave his blessing, that the march might not be prolonged to fatigue, and so interfere with the subsequent dancing.

As the chosen one started to lay the babe's image in the manger, there was a stir, whispering, and tittering among the servants hanging about the court-yard for peeps through the doors. Then came the clip-clap of light but decided little steps, and a child entered the *sala*. She looked about five years old. She carried herself with confidence. She was dressed prettily and simply. Her face was very fair, and her long hair was light, but her eyes—"Son ojos del país" ("They are the eyes of the country"), said they who looked upon her.

As if by instinct, she went straight to Don Juan Nepomuceno.

"Señor," she said, very plainly and clearly, "I knocked, and your *partero* wished not to let me come in, but I would! And the people in the *patio*—I made them let me pass to the *sala*—they were but servants, and I knew their master would let me rest here—is it not so, señor—until Mamacita and Papacito come to find me. I came out of the hotel to see the toy-sellers, and I lost me, and I am very tired and sleepy."

"The precious child!" "A little seraph!" "And she has come to seek *pasada*, like the *Santa Niño!*" cried the ladies, moved fairly to tears by the little stranger. Child-like, she swerved aside, to the waxen image, and touched it gently.

"It is not—I thought it was a real baby, but—oh! I know! it is the Holy Child! Why! why! he was tired, too, and there was no house for him. But"—she turned back to Don Juan Nepomuceno with sweetest confidence—"you will take care of me, for my Mamacita—no, señor?"

"Of a truth, then, I will, *mi alma*—my soul!" said the old *caballero*; by this only he in the room had not seen that the artless face of the child was a lovable replica of his own stern features; "but to find thy parents—tell me thy name!"

"Oh, they will find me! But my name is Juana Nepomucena Lincoln y Mata"—she added her mother's to her father's surname in real Spanish fashion.

Don Juan Nepomuceno gasped. "I knew not there was a child," he said to himself, "and they have given her my name!"

The iron-mailed hand on the great street-door clanged on the buckler that was its knocker. A moment later a voice spoke in the *patio*, in excellent Spanish, but with strong foreign accent:

"Oh, Señor Arriaga! I am glad you chance to be in the court—you will kindly bear my message, and spare my entering to intrude on Señor Mata? The *gendarme* on the corner told me he saw my little daughter wander in here. We came to the port again to take ship tomorrow and the child slipped away from the hotel—we have twenty men out searching—my wife is frantic with distress and dread. Will you kindly bring the little one out to me?"

Don Juan Nepomuceno strode to the *sala's* door: "Carlos Lincoln, you took my child from me, and yours has brought her back again. Go quick and fetch your wife. Your little girl!—the old man looked down fondly at the child nestled in his arms—"has found her *posado*—her true and rightful lodging!"

Y. H. ADDIS.

Alice Nielsen has signed a contract to appear with the National Opera at Mexico City January 2. Miss Nielsen will be there six weeks. This arrangement cuts short her previously announced American tour.

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LYDIA THOMPSON'S CAREER.

Memories of the Famous Burlesque Actress Stirred by Her Death.

Lydia Thompson, the best-known burlesque actress of her day, died suddenly at her home, Westminster Mansions, near Westminster Abbey, London, England, on Tuesday, November 17. The news of her death was cabled to her daughter, Zeffie Tilbury, the actress, whose husband, L. F. Woodthorpe, is stage manager for Nat C. Goodwin. The following brief and authoritative summary of her achievements is from the *New York Clipper*:

Miss Thompson was born in London, England, February 19, 1841, and made her first appearance on the stage as a principal dancer in the ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, England, in 1852. On December 26 of the following year she began her dramatic career as Little Silver Hair, in the pantomime at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in which she created a great impression by her original and natural acting and dancing. The following season she made a great success in "Little Bo-Peep," and her next engagement was at the Drury Lane, London, where she remained for three months, during the performance of the German Opera Company.

She then went to the St. James, then under the management of Mrs. Seymour, where she created a sensation by her imitation of the celebrated Spanish dancer, Perea Nena. Fol-

After three years in America Miss Thompson went back to England to get new costumes. She brought with her on her return to America Rose Coghlan and Eliza Weathersby, the latter afterward the wife of Nat C. Goodwin. The successful burlesques were continued. A tour to the Pacific Coast at that time spread Miss Thompson's popularity. Her personal success may be indicated by the fact that even the hoothlacks in Cincinnati are said to have subscribed their dimes when money was being raised to present Lydia Thompson with a silver wreath.

In all Miss Thompson made four visits to America, appearing in "Oxygen" and other old burlesques. Her last visit was cut short by the death of her husband in England. The American tours are said to have brought her \$500,000, the greater part of which was lost.

Lydia Thompson made her last stage appearance with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in "A Queen's Romance," at the Imperial Theatre, London, England, in 1895. She had lived in retirement in London for many years, making rare visits to her daughter in this country. In 1899 she was the recipient of a memorable complimentary benefit in the Lyceum Theatre, London.

In the *New York Dramatic Review* there is a column of editorial comment, from which these paragraphs are taken:

The graybeards, who may enjoy the theatre of today yet cherish surpassing mem-

ories, will mourn at once their youth and the passing of Lydia Thompson. This was the woman who introduced to this country the "British Blondes" and a type of burlesque that had a legitimacy lacking in the modern style of entertainment which passes under that description. It was more or less witty—though possibly also more or less heavy, considered by modern standards—dealing with such characters, real and mythical, as Christopher Columbus and Ali Baha, the clever person associated with the Forty Thieves, Little Bo-Peep, and others. Such men as Burnand, long the editor of *Punch*, and H. J. Byron wrote these pieces, and they were the pleasing stage sensations of their period.

Lydia Thompson, too, was the introducer here of the feminine form in tights, but was not that a logical part of her scheme of beautiful women? She used to say, too, that there was nothing wrong in tights when tights were properly worn, and brought forward certain apparitions of Shakespeare's heroines in proof of her contention.

And why should she have objected, indeed? She adorned tights, as tights were an adornment to her and her companions. And there were fine women in her company, intellectually as well as physically. Several of them won distinction in after years on the dramatic stage and others ornamented domestic life. One of them, Pauline Markham, won classic compliments from Richard Grant White, that exemplar in diction, who called her voice "vocal velvet," and declared that she possessed the missing arms of the Venus de Milo.

Lydia Thompson, like so many of her company, won a clearer dramatic distinction in later life than when she was more definitely an object of exceptional sightliness. The memories she left are in the main admirable, though she will be remembered best by the grandfathers.

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lowing her St. James engagement she played the continent, her first appearance being in Berlin. Later she went to Russia, and Hungary was also visited, her last engagement during that tour being in Moscow.

Returning to England, she reappeared at the St. James October 1, 1859, in a new piece called "Magic Toys." This engagement was followed by appearances at the Lyceum, Drury Lane, Prince of Wales and, at the Strand, in Brough's burlesque, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," in which her remarkable versatility was shown to great advantage.

On August 12, 1868, Miss Thompson sailed for the first time for America, bringing with her Ada Harland, a charming little lady, later the wife of Brander Matthews; Liza Weber, Pauline Markham, Michael Connolly, musical director, and Harry Beckett. Not any of these players had been to America before that time. Alexander Henderson, their manager, whom Miss Thompson afterwards married, was with them, Mr. Colville having preceded them.

The company, which later came to be known as the British Blondes, first appeared in America at Wood's Museum, now Daly's Theatre, September 28, 1868. The burlesque was Burnand's "Ixion," and the cast, with the exception of Venus (Pauline Markham), Mercury (Liza Weber), Jupiter (Ada Harland), Minerva (Harry Beckett), and Ixion (Lydia Thompson), was composed of American actors and actresses. In Wood's regular company which supported them were Mary Wells, Alice and Kate Logan, Aggie Wood, Sol Smith, Jr., M. C. Daly, Lewis Mestayer, and others.

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How Gaston de Banville Mingled Amateur Mendacity and Love.

The little Vicomte de Banville in his younger days made no small pretensions to being a "sad dog." He particularly enjoyed flirtations, which is not to be wondered at; but he preferred them complicated, which, to my mind, is a mistake. In love, as in cookery, the simplest is the best, and, moreover, does not pall so quickly.

He was forever dreaming of intrigues, disguises, and mysteries. If he had had the task of reconstructing the old legends, he would have made Romeo scale Juliet's balcony as a telegraph-line repairer.

One day after a luncheon—which would have been a dinner if the sun had not still been up, so much champagne had been consumed at it—Gaston de Banville laid a wager that before six o'clock that evening—it was then nearly four—he would return with at least three francs collected by singing in the streets.

Twenty minutes later, an unkempt, tattered, and generally suspicious-looking individual emerged from the famous restaurant where the party had been dining, and stopped at a large house in an adjacent street. It was Gaston, who lacked nothing for his rôle of street-singer. An hour later, his companions beheld him reënter the room where they were awaiting him with the best patience in the world.

"There you are," he announced, tossing on the table a louis and a voluminous package. "I have won my bet, and stand a fair chance of winning a very pretty little woman."

"In so short a time!" they cried. "But what is the trophy?—the husband's head?"

"No," said Gaston, "only his trousers. But I can say no more, the tale involves the honor of a lady of high degree."

In vain did his friends endeavor to extract anything more from him. Topsy as he was, the hero of the afternoon's adventure was dumb as an oyster. Less discreet than he, I shall recount his adventures.

When De Banville entered the court of No. 75, Rue Duphot, the Baronne de Pompinet was leaning out of a window, watching the movements of her pet fox-terrier, which was playing in the court. Evidently the dog had no ear for music, for no sooner did the pretended heggar open his mouth to sing—at the same time, from force of habit, directing an admiring glance at the fair lady before him—than Punch trotted up to him, and, on a hostile demonstration from the singer, flew at the latter and planted his teeth in an undefended portion of his anatomy.

The haroness uttered a shriek, and Gaston, foreseeing his inability to collect the stipulated sum, and his consequent loss of the bet, was departing, furious, to repair his wardrobe, when a trim little maid came running after him.

"Here," she said, slipping a franc into his hand; "here is something the baroness sends you. Is it enough?"

"Enough!" cried De Banville, with a disgust that was not all simulated, "why, my pants is all tore, to say nothing of my wounds!"

"Well, you can come and settle the matter with my mistress. It would be better than going to the police."

Miss Annette could have added that her mistress had already been defendant in a dozen suits for assaults of this kind committed by Punch, and had lost every one of them.

Half an hour later, Gaston took leave of the baroness, hearing away, beside his twenty francs, a collection of delicious smiles, a worn pair of the haron's trousers in place of his own, which had suffered heavy losses in the encounter with the dog, and even a letter of credit on the druggist at the corner. But the pretended heggar had no need of liniments and salves, for Punch, for once in his life, had leaped too short and Gaston's hide was whole.

As he was going down the servants' stairway, the pretended invalid gallantly saluted Mlle. Annette on her blooming cheek. The girl did not get angry, for the viscount was not so badly grimed that he was not still a good-looking young fellow.

"What do you mean, sir?" she cried; "are you crazy?"

"Yes," replied Punch's victim; "your dog has given me hydrophobia, and that's the way I bite."

But De Banville was revolving in his brain a machiavellian scheme directed against the peace of the haroness, who pleased him prodigiously. That very evening he sent her anonymously a handsome houquet. The next day he appeared beneath her window again, wearing the haron's trousers, a particularly delicate attention. Mme. de Pompinet appeared again, and hestowed on him a franc and a smile, on which latter he set a very high valuation. The following day, another smile and another piece of money, but in an envelope this time, and with a note. The affair was becoming interesting. Scarcely had Gaston got out into the street, when he tore the note open.

"At about four o'clock [it ran], go to No. 82, Rue du Cirque, and sing an air from 'The

Huguenots.' You will be repaid for your trouble."

"Well, well," thought the viscount, "if I please her in these atrocious togs, what will she say when she sees me in all the splendor of my own apparel? What extraordinary creatures these blasé women of society are! But why does she send me to the Rue du Cirque? She will be there, doubtless, concealed behind some friend's curtains. Well, we shall see."

Promptly at four, Gaston was at the appointed place, singing:

"Piu hianca del velo."

But he saw nothing unusual and went away at last with two sous given him by a little girl.

The following day the haroness again sent him to the Rue du Cirque; but this time it was "Faust" that he must sing. You should have seen the feeling with which De Banville sang:

"Salve dimora casta et pura."

But again nothing untoward happened. Still, instead of his lover-like impatience, his pride as an artist was satisfied. He hore away with him a collection of fourteen sous.

It was now time to take a decisive step. That evening, in his offering of flowers—the fourth—the haroness found the following note, unsigned and in an unknown hand:

"It is an admirable trait to love music, but the artists themselves deserve encouragement. Do you not think that the duo from 'Faust' is worthy of being sung in some more private place than a court?"

As she read these lines, the poor Baroness de Pompinet almost fainted.

"Great heavens!" she cried, "some one knows my secret. I am lost!"

She did not close her eyes that entire night.

While the haroness was rumpling the lace of her pillow under her uneasy little blonde head, Gaston, in the smoking-room of his club, had just ended the recital of the events narrated, keeping to himself, of course, the names of streets and persons.

"And what are you going to do now?" he was asked; "for you surely do not intend to keep up your present rôle forever?"

"What am I going to do? Tomorrow the street-singer will give way to the man of the world. You can imagine the stupefaction of the lady when I say to her: 'I still come to heg of you. But I am not a mercenary heggar, and I prefer the gift of your smiles.' Eh, hoys, what a tableau that will make!"

"What new joke is Gaston telling you?" asked the Marquis de Plessin, who entered the room just then.

"Oh, nothing much," said Gaston, nonchalantly, "just a little adventure of mine. I was amusing them with the tricks of a woman."

"Faith, in the matter of tricks, men need not try to rival women. Just listen to this: A charming friend of mine has a most dependable husband, you can never tell whether he is going to go out or to stay at home. Now, can you guess what she has devised to keep me posted on the programme of the day? Why, she hires a poor heggar of a street-singer to come and sing before my house. We have a code agreed upon beforehand. Each opera has a special significance. 'The Huguenots' means 'I am waiting for you.' 'Faust' is 'Not today.' 'William Tell' is 'I shall be in the Bois.' And so on. It is a great scheme."

The shout of laughter that greeted this recital could be heard four squares away. Gaston alone did not join in it.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinseau.

Thais Lawton is acting with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide."

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THOMAS HILL, ARTIST.

The recent death of Thomas Hill, the landscape painter, was one of the closing events, it is felt by Californian artists, of an important epoch in the development of things artistic in this State. He was one of the first to make the world at large realize, forty or fifty years ago, that on this western coast—generally regarded as a region, somewhat beyond the bounds of civilization, where comfortable fortunes were uncomfortably made—there were men who painted pictures that were worth considering. Hill was, in fact, one of the "pathfinders" for those artists who have since won fame for themselves by sending out pictures exploiting the beauties of California.

"Tom" Hill, as he was universally known, did more to create an artistic "atmosphere" in San Francisco, probably, than any other one man. Cheery, genial, and jovial, he was an acknowledged leader among the artists here during the early seventies, when he was at the height of his fame and was doing his best work.

In addition to this, he was making his influence felt among the younger men who have succeeded his generation of painters. He and his intimate friend and associate, Virgil Williams, were among those most interested in forming the San Francisco Art Association, and a few years later he aided Williams in founding the School of Design. Hill was also one of the founders of the Bohemian Club.

It has been said of him that he was temperamentally a painter rather than an artist in that he was possessed of a well-balanced mind and had few of the peculiarities and vagaries that are usually considered attributes of men of genius. To this, too, may be ascribed much of his personal popularity.

Liberal to an extreme, although "red hot after money," to quote an old-time friend and companion, he insisted upon being the host on all occasions. To quote again, "He must always pay for everything—his friends must all smoke his cigars." He loved company, and could always paint his best pictures when a half-dozen friends were wandering in and out of his studio, gossiping, smoking, and criticising his work.

Another proof of his type of disposition lies in the fact that he had no "fads" in his work, but painted nature in all its phases with equal ability and understanding. Landscape artists are prone to develop their talents in some particular line—one will devote himself to moonlight scenes, another to sand dunes, another to oaks, heeches, or Monterey cypresses, but Hill painted anything, from babbling brooks to mountain ranges.

It was through his Yosemite pictures that he won his greatest fame, although he did many other Western scenes. Huge canvases he painted—5x7 feet and even larger, giving wonderful glimpses of the valley, its cliffs, its peaks, its waterfalls and streams—and these he sold readily both in this country and Europe. Apart from the artistic worth of these pictures, they had the charm of novelty. The Yosemite Valley was comparatively unknown then. It was difficult of access, was visited by none save the most enthusiastic, and pictorially it was altogether an unknown quantity.

Hill's work there was reciprocal in a measure, for, as he won fame through his presentations of the views in the Yosemite, he in turn did more than any one else to bring the first recognition and appreciation of its marvels.

One of the largest of his pictures is a view of the valley which hangs in the Crocker gallery in Sacramento, and which is pronounced by artists to be probably the best he ever painted.

Many of the newly made millionaires of California and the Middle West were among Hill's best patrons, and from them he received many thousands of dollars for his pictures.

Hill, like many other artists of note, began his career in an humble way. Born in England in 1829, he came with his parents to America in 1840 and made his home in Massachusetts for some years. Before he was fifteen years old he discovered, through working with a carriage painter in the little town where his father had settled, that in paints lay his delight, and he determined to be an artist. Going to Boston, he began work with a decorator, earning his first money and taking the initial step in his artistic life by making pictorial and floral designs for window shades.

While very young he began painting pictures, but achieved nothing worthy of recognition until he was nearly twenty-five, when he went to Philadelphia and studied in a life class of which Rothermel was the president. In 1858 he won the first medal for a picture he exhibited at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore. A few years later his health began to fail and he decided to try the climate of California.

Portrait painting was occupying his attention at that time, and when he came here in 1861 he opened a studio and painted the portraits of a number of prominent San Franciscans. The whereabouts of practically none of these portraits is known at the present time, and the few which hung in the Bo-

hemian Club rooms were destroyed by the fire of 1906.

At this time Hill did some figure work as well, his most notable picture of that period being the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," which won the first prize in the San Francisco Art Union in 1865. This is now the property of his son, Robert Hill, and hangs in the latter's home in this city now.

Even at this introductory stage of his career Hill found his art remunerative, and in 1866 went abroad to study, leaving his family in San Francisco. His stay of a year in Europe seems to have been singularly rich, both in artistic development and personal experiences. He studied in Paris during most of the year under Paul Meyerheim, by whose advice he gave up portrait and figure painting and devoted his talents altogether to landscape work. While there Hill was thrown in contact, in an informal and, in fact, intimate way with many of the most interesting people both in and out of the artistic circle, and he never wearied of relating tales of men and women who were then or subsequently became famous.

When he returned to America he decided to remain in the East, and sent for his wife and children to join him in Boston. In his studio in that city he began to paint his Yosemite views, and did a number of scenes in New England as well. Several of the latter were purchased by Prang and were reproduced as chromos.

Three or four years later Hill's health began to fail and he came to San Francisco again. Then began the most brilliant period of his life. Popular and talented, he was surrounded by an admiring throng of friends and followers and achieved his greatest successes. Some of his best pictures were "Yosemite Valley" and "Donner Lake," which were purchased by Senator Stanford, after having been awarded the first medal at the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia.

Other notable paintings of the Californian mountains which he made about that time and which he sold for small fortunes were "The Heart of the Sierras" and "The Grand Cañon of the Sierras."

Owing to ill health, Hill spent the last twenty-five years of his life among his beloved Sierras, living most of the time at Wawona and having a home near Raymond as well.

Because of his illness, Hill painted little of value for several years before his death, although he left a number of small paintings and sketches in his Wawona studio. A curious bit of his later work is a panel owned by his son, Robert Hill. It shows a giant redwood tree, with a glimpse of road and other smaller trees, painted on a smoothly planed redwood board. The trunk of the big tree is unpainted, however, the bark being represented by the redwood panel itself.

When Hill died, at the end of last June, he left an estate which is valued approximately at \$45,000 and consisting almost entirely of his paintings. His son, Robert Hill, and his son-in-law, John S. Washburn of Wawona, are the executors, and they expect to arrange for the sale of these pictures a little later, although nothing has been decided as yet as to the details of their disposition. There are but few of Hill's larger canvases left to sell, and among these are the famous picture, "The Driving of the Last Spike," painted in commemoration of the connection of the East and West by the joining of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads; "Grand Cañon of the Colorado," "Muir Glacier," and "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone," all of which are in the Golden Gate Park Museum; a "Yosemite Valley" hangs at Del Monte, and another view of the valley is in Los Angeles; at Wawona are "Waverly Oaks," and "Salmon Festival, Alaska."

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CURRENT VERSE.

Millet.

"Twas truth he sought, and men's hearts, not their praise,
Nor glory, wealth, or idle tinkling word.
Rich Nature's gifts his noble mind preferred
To those of men; and in a thousand ways
She was revealed unto his raptured gaze.
He loved the charm found in the changing sky,
Or from it bid in forest gloom to lie;
Or watch the light upon the slopes where graze
The bleating herds. So loving Nature be
The crowded streets and shining halls did shun
To seek the woods and open fields; where none
There dwelt, but toiling, sweating men; by toil
And sweat thus gaining life. Calm majesty
He found in these bent laborers of the soil.
—T. C. Cole, in *The Craftsman*.

In the Passage.

"Mark you his look," they said,
"How rapt, how fond! Fair on him, still at sea,
Foregleams the haven where he longs to be."
Yet tho aright they read
His dying eyes, 't was be alone that saw
The wind-swept curtains down a silent flaw
Slant toward the candle's bead.

And when his lips grown chill
Half-shaped a whisper strange, they said, "He greets
Celestial escorts now, and welcome meets
This side the shining Hill";
And he the while, far off along the lane
Of dreams, went whistling home the cows again
By meadows dusk and still.

They thought in that husbed room
Almost they heard the heavenly voices call
As at the last he listened toward the wall;
But outside, in the hloom
Of passing summer, in his passing ear
The cricket-choir sang vespers quaint and clear,
And early piped him home.
—William Hervey Woods, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Melancholy in the Garden.

"Nature bath spent at last her shining store,
And I have lived my day," the painter said
Who felt the arrowy throe, the dizzied bead,
And laid his palette down for evermore.
Well had he learned the melancholy lore
That trains the rose, without a murmur made,
To create the clusters of her royal red,
And strew her beauty on the windy shore.
Some warning, surely, 'rust I read tonight,
In flower, tree, in flying light and cloud;
It is the voice of Death, not near, nor loud,
But whispering from some cypress out of sight,
That bids me hearken for the feathery flight,
And drawing robes across my shoulders hewed.
—Edmund Gosse, in *"The Autumn Garden."*

On a Portrait of Servetus.

Thou grim and baggard wanderer who dost look
With haunting eyes forth from the narrow page—
I know what fires consumed with inward rage
Thy broken frame, what tempests billed and
shook!
Ab, could not thy remorseless foeman brook
Time's sure devoutment, but must needs assuage
His anger in thy blood, and blot the age
With that dark crime which virtue's semblance
took!
Servetus! that which slew thee lives today,
Though in new forms it taints our modern air;
Still in heaven's name the deeds of hell are done;
Still on the high road, 'neath the noonday sun,
The fires of hate are lit for them who dare
Follow their Lord along the untrodden way.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

Prices at the Kaiser's royal opera house have again been put up, parquet and first balcony seats now selling from \$2 to \$2.50. Two or three years ago the same seats sold for \$1.50; later they were raised to \$2, and now have gone up again. The people of Berlin declare that it is unjust to treat German opera-goers on a transatlantic basis, because in comparison with the United States, England, and France the fatherland is a poor country. The Kaiser is accustomed to meet the annual deficit at the royal opera out of his own pocket, and it is possible that he cherishes the not abnormal desire partially to recoup his losses in these days of universal retrenchment. The increasing expense of seats at the royal opera has induced the managers of several local theatres to convert their establishments into opera houses, where the best seats are obtainable at prices the royal management demands for places immediately under the roof of the royal.

The news that the Duchess de Chaulnes (who was Miss Theodora Shonts of New York) was the mother of a son, a posthumous child, came recently by cable. The posthumous boy is heir to his father's ancient title, he inherits the chateau Dampierre and, in the natural course will inherit the fortune his mother will receive from her parents. The duchess is the mother of a duke, and so is as closely related as before to half the aristocratic families in France. Had the baby been a girl the De Chaulnes title would have passed to the family of the Duke de Luyne. Besides giving her the happiness of motherhood, the boy preserves her social position.

Some one has discovered a new design for the hrooch, which may not unreservedly commend itself to all who read. This is to have the State of the Union in which one was horn "done" in enamel with a jewel to mark the place of hirth, preferably, no doubt, the hirthstone. Jewelers might have a hard time keeping up with the demand if the fad once got fairly started.



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MASSENET'S "JONGLEUR."

First Production of the Opera in New York, at the Manhattan Opera House.

At the Manhattan Opera House in New York on November 27, Mr. Hammerstein gave the first American production of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." Of the opera and the occasion, the critic of the New York *Evening Post* says:

Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet is a most prolific composer. In thirty-six years he has written seventeen operas, and a considerable proportion of them have held their own, which means that he, who once made his living by playing the kettledrums at \$13 a month, is now a man of wealth, who need not write operas unless the spirit moves him to do so. Oscar Comettant relates how Massenet, when he was a pupil in the Paris Conservatoire, was dismissed from Bazin's harmony class as a dunce, and shortly afterwards was advised to leave Reber's class because he learned too rapidly. However it may have been about his learning, he certainly composes too rapidly for one who would like to have his works survive him. But perhaps Massenet doesn't care. Few things survive in the modern flood of productions, and probably he is content if he can agreeably entertain his contemporaries with a new opera every year or two.

With the aid of Mary Garden and Renaud, Oscar Hammerstein has already made one

diæval miracle play—one of those legends of monks and marvels which used to be so popular that they had to be enacted in cemeteries and market places because the churches would not hold all who were eager to hear them. Jean, a young juggler, poorly attired and hungry, joins a fourteenth-century crowd of peasants, monks, clerks, knights, and their wives and daughters, in front of the Abbey of Cluny. He mentions diverse tricks of his trade wherewith he offers to entertain them, but they will have none of these old things. Finally they consent to listen to a drinking song. While he is singing it the door of the abbey opens violently, and the prior appears. All escape except Jean. The prior reprimands and tries to persuade him to abandon his wicked profession, and turn monk. Jean is disinclined to give up his freedom, but when Boniface, the cook, appears with a donkey laden with vegetables, sausages, poultry, and other things good to eat, not to speak of flasks of wine, his hunger becomes the prior's ally, and he succumbs.

In the second act we find Jean an inmate of the monastery. He has grown rotund, and indolent. Four other monks, each intent on his work as painter, musician, sculptor, or poet, get into a dispute as to the superiority of their art, each one advising Jean to adopt his one. The prior ends the dispute and takes them to the chapel. Jean is left alone with Boniface, the cook; he laments that he alone, knowing no Latin and no fine art, has nothing to offer the virgin; but Boniface tells

one breathes the very air of mediæval legend in listening to it; and the same is true of the "Jongleur de Notre Dame," which is equally mediæval and monastic.

Massenet has not Wagner's faculty of creating original themes, of developing and combining them polyphonically, and clothing them in an orchestral garb of unearthly

heauty and novelty; yet he is a real melodist in his own way—one of the few now existing—and there is a peculiar Gallic charm in his orchestral coloring, which is delicate, varied, and appropriate. From this point of view the "Jongleur" is commendable, and it is needless to say that Mr. Campanini allowed none of the charms of the score to remain hidden.



From "The Fire-Fly's Lovers," by William E. Griffis. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

of the neglected Massenet operas—"Thais"—popular here. Last night he produced another one at the Manhattan, with the same artists. "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" took six years to reach New York; it had its first hearing in 1892 at Monte Carlo, and on June 14, 1906, it was given in London. In a number of German cities it has also been produced successfully.

It is a work of singular aspect. Wagner's "Siegfried" is an opera in which men have to do most of the singing and acting. Nevertheless, there are feminine episodes—the charming song of the forest bird and the thrilling warning of Erda, while the last half-hour is a duo in which Brünnhilde's voice and soul are gloriously revealed. In "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" all the rôles are for men—a juggler, a cook, and five monks. Would such an opera—without the Ewig Wehliche in the guise, or, rather, the disguise, of a prima donna to attract the public—appeal to New Yorkers? Oscar Hammerstein had his doubts; so Massenet was prevailed upon to alter the rôle of the juggler sufficiently to make it possible for Mary Garden to assume it in male garb; and with this change it was heard last night.

As compared with "Tiefland," "Thais," "I Pagliacci," "Tosca," and most other modern operas, "The Juggler of Notre Dame" shows what an ideal, peaceful abode this planet is in the absence of woman. The libretto (by Maurice Lena) is based on one of the stories in Anatole France's "Etui deacre," which in turn harks back to a me-

him a legend about Mary and the infant Jesus, whose life was saved by a humble flower, which convinces Jean that the Virgin is not proud and that in her eyes the juggler is as good as a king.

He makes up his mind to do homage in his own way, and in the third act he carries out this plan, going through his various juggler's tricks in front of the image of the Virgin. He is seen by one of the monks and the prior is hastily summoned. Scandalized by the sacrilege, the prior shouts "Anathema!" while Boniface pleads for pardon. The juggler has sunk exhausted on the steps of the altar, and the monks, furious, are about to throw themselves on him, when Boniface stops them with a gesture toward the statue of the Virgin, which has come to life, and with a loving look and gesture of the hands blesses Jean. "Miracle!" cry the monks; the voices of angels are heard, a bright light envelops the Virgin, the monks fall on their knees, and Jean, exclaiming, "At last I understand Latin!" expires.

Massenet has much in common with Gounod. Like the composer of "Faust," he loved two themes above all others—frail femininity and religious ecstasy. In "Thais" the two are combined; in the "Jongleur" we have only the mystic ecstasies of the monastery, and those the composer expresses musically with a delightful art of creating atmosphere. Atmosphere is what modern audiences crave above all things; to Debussy's skill in creating it the success of his "Pelléas et Melisande" is owing. "Parsifal" is intensely atmospheric—

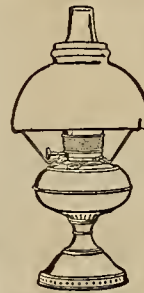
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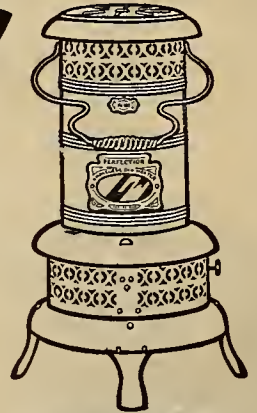
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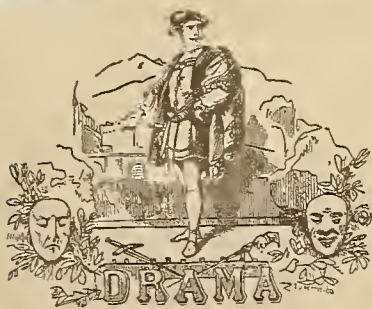
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UNDRAMATIC "PEER GYNT."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Richard Mansfield, during the later years of his career, was the king of the American stage, and the king could do no wrong. The time came that all notable actors dread, when he needed a new play, and there was no new play forthcoming. So he looked over the field of dramatic literature, selected the undramatic "Peer Gynt" laid in a supply of fine scenery, and lo! because he was Richard Mansfield, all his following turned out, and his faithful admirers studiedly or unstudiedly—according to temperament—overlooked the fact that "Peer Gynt" is essentially undramatic, utterly lacks continuity of action, and is intrinsically unsuited to stage representation.

Louis James, being likewise in need of a new play, cannily brought out the Mansfield fixings, and is trying to make "Peer Gynt" a go. But it is only as an Ibsen curio that it will draw. It is really almost as unsuited for the stage as the second part of "Faust," which, by the way, it is apt to bring to the mind, on account of certain resemblances.

The philosophy of life, as outlined by Ibsen, leads, after all, to the same summing up as in Goethe's stupendous work. The redemption of the erring soul of man, in both cases, is brought about by the union of constancy, purity, and love in the soul of the Ever Womanly. For Solveig's place in the destiny of Peer Gynt forms a parallel to that of the purified and hallowed Marguerite, who, at the close of Faust's long, restless, earthly pilgrimage, guides him to his high place among the angelic hosts.

There are also excursions made by Peer Gynt into the realms where magic is practiced; which, by the way, affords opportunity for the most effective spectacular scene in the whole play.

The assembling of the Trolls in the hall of the Dovre King, the aspect of the elfish, malicious ruler over his snarling gnomes, the weird noises emitted by the hand, and their strange hoppings and crouchings, faintly seen in the mysterious shadows of the rocky glen, formed a scene and picture that would thrill an imaginative youngster with ecstasy, and that interested and entertained the grown-up contingent more than anything else in the play, more particularly as there was an extremely unique and clever representation of the Dovre King made by J. Arthur Young, whose work received from a somewhat puzzled and stunned audience something of the appreciation it deserved.

Louis James, in acting the rôle of Peer Gynt, foreswore exaggeration and over-comic uncton, and acted with simplicity and sincerity. This was particularly felt in the scene in which Asa, mother of Gynt, dies, while the hare-brained son is amusing himself and he-guiling his mother by feigning that her bed is a sleigh which he is driving to the gates of St. Peter. Her death, and the grief of the son, following upon all the fantasy of preceding scenes, comes as a human interlude that, in spite of its sadness, is peculiarly acceptable.

But so large an element of egotism, foolishness, selfishness, and restless vanity go to the making up of Peer Gynt's character that, although he is, presumably, typical of man with his inconstancy, his cruel heedlessness in the pursuit of pleasure, and the colossal egotism of his imaginative flights, still, metaphysics are not properly located in the theatre, which should be a temple for the cultivation of sympathetic emotion.

While witnessing a dramatic representation of "Peer Gynt" our poor sympathies are left dangling, their threads waving helplessly in the rarified atmosphere of imaginative philosophy, trying to find something normal and simply human to which to attach themselves.

Solveig's is the only figure that appeals to our grateful perception of what is gentle, pure, and tender, and to it we willingly extend almost the sympathy that is naturally granted to more conventional characters in the drama. That we do not altogether do so is due to the fact that the mist composed of a blending of poetry, philosophy, and metaphysics, which obscures the true significance of "Peer Gynt," is altogether too much for us.

Louis James has not permitted himself to lapse too far from Mansfield's original achievement, and the piece is put on in first-class style, and well acted. There are several tremendously effective settings, among others one showing a ship tossing upon huge billows, and eventually going down to its doom.

A further element of pleasure to the audience is found in the exquisitely beautiful "Peer Gynt" music of Grieg, which is heard, in connection with the more dramatic scenes, almost continuously throughout the performance.

"A-many years ago," or, no, not so very, very many, unless one is in the teens and counts a decade as a century—well, at any rate, quite a sizable number of years ago, a first-class New York company (Frohman's, probably) gave an excellent representation here of Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," the play selected by the Valencia Theatre management for the bringing out of their new stock company.

The hero of "Aristocracy" is one Jefferson Stockton, a Western multi-millionaire, who is a man of character and large ideas. In the beginning of the play he had already treated himself to a handsome young wife, and in order to silence some doubts and repinings she has been expressing about her social status in the effete East, he calmly spends a fortune for the purpose of securing his pampered bride an historic town house, and a social hacking in London town that would be sure to make her Eastern sister aspirants green with envy. In London Mrs. Stockton is socially and successfully launched, and there meets, subjugates, and is almost subjugated by a Viennese prince, whose character, career, and ambitions approximate very closely to those of the various European noblemen wedded to American heiresses who figure freely and numerously in divorce courts, and suits to secure slices of their wives' millions.

Sometimes it is apparent that the strict rules of precedence governing the assignment of rôles in a theatrical company are altogether too strict. I remember in the Frohman production that they assigned the rôle of Jefferson Stockton, of all men, to Maurice Barrymore, an actor who had an ineradicable elegant accent and could no more shed his air of being a man of the world than the leopard can change his spots.

Jefferson Stockton is a man, the real thing, you know, and no mistake, while the prince is a sort of broadcloth dummy, made up, externally, of the plunthio of social etiquette, and internally of rank immorality and secret license. He is like dozens, hundreds, of his peers, while the American millionaire, who is supposed to be a little crude and abrupt in the drawing-room, is a virile enough figure, and has a fine scene, which makes American blood rather tingle with satisfaction, in which is shown the immense moral and physical superiority of the sturdy Westerner of clean life and genuine manliness over the corrupt, debased descendant of a hundred princes, who crumbles to nothing when it comes to an issue between primitively fighting, hare-fisted man and man.

At the past and gone representation of which I speak William Faversham was the prince—a very satisfactory representation of one, too—and Blanche Walsh, always a little inflexible and unalluring, in spite of her undeniable beauty and fine physical equipment, was Mrs. Stockton.

Curiously enough, the same incongruity exists in the assignment of the leading characters at the Valencia as existed then. In spite of the superior acting possibilities in the rôle of the husband, Robert Warwick, who made him too easy and elegant in appearance and manner, and too much a well-bred man of the world, should have been the prince. We could then better have understood the spell that Von Holdenwald exerted over the troubled senses of the American wife.

And, as with Blanche Walsh, Blanche Stoddard, in spite of her excellent stage presence, is a little too stern and commanding in style

to fit into one's conceptions of the young wife whose glowing Western beauty acts as a lure to the unprincipled aristocrats in her newly purchased circle.

Psychology has come very much to the fore since Bronson Howard's days, but that dramatist, who was rather more progressive than his fellow-authors, brings in quite a psychological point when he allows the American wife to all but yield, in rebellious subjection to the trained fascination and the dominance of evil in the nature of the prince. It is an ugly fact in human nature, but a true one, that Bronson Howard brings out, and one calculated to make American husbands and fathers thoughtful.

But in spite of Bronson Howard's little psychological issue, it was interesting to observe how soon, in the course of the years, had descended upon the play the atmosphere of old-fashionedness.

The Valencia management has gathered together a new company with a good record, who gave a sufficiently satisfactory if indistinguished performance of "Aristocracy" to make one look forward with some interest to seeing their work in more up-to-date pieces.

Blanche Stoddard has had much valuable experience, and is an actress of considerable poise. Helen Lackaye proved herself a capable, if conventional, young actress in a sentimental rôle, while Thomas McLarnie and Darrell Standing, in the rôles of the Viennese prince and the English marquis, made a better showing than we have a right to expect in a house in which such low prices prevail.

The death of the original Topsy must recall vividly the stirring era when the drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a power in the land. Mrs. George C. Howard of Cambridge, Mass., was reared in a theatrical atmosphere, appearing as a child with such actors as Edwin Forrest and Charles and Fanny Kemble. Abandoning all other rôles to assume that of Topsy in 1852, Mrs. Howard was an instant success. In the same presentation her daughter was Eva, and her husband St. Clair. Mrs. Howard continued to play Topsy until the death of Mr. Howard in 1887. The play in its early years had some runs until then unprecedented, and possibly it possessed no single stronger feature than that essayed by Mrs. Howard.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Charles Klein's drama of modern business life, "The Lion and the Mouse," will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre for two weeks, beginning next Monday night. The demand for seats, already large, is an indication that the popularity of the play still holds, and there is good reason for this. In other hands the theme might easily have suffered in treatment and in force, but the author is skillful as well as hold. It is not difficult to understand why his work held the boards of one theatre a year in New York, and in other cities has made a scarcely less remarkable record. More than a little credit is due the company presenting the play. Paul Everton, who has the part of John Ryder, the richest man in the world, and the "lion" in the drama, is now in his third year of success in this rôle. Edna Archer Crawford, the "mouse," is credited with no less clever a characterization. Others in the cast are Frederick Malcolm, William Burton, George O. Morris, James Cooley, Harris L. Forbes, Clifford Leigh, Eleanor Sheldon, Hazel Temple, Eileen Errol, and Ida Glenn.

"Zira," as was expected, is a hit at the Valencia Theatre. Robert Warwick and Blanche Stoddard are especially effective in their rôles, and their support is distinctly capable. The last performance of the play will be Sunday afternoon and evening. On Monday evening "The Lost Paradise," adapted from the German of Ludwig Fulda by Henry C. DeMille, will be presented. This is a drama of every-day life, with many complications and strong scenes. It tells the story of a forceful, intelligent workman who has earned his way to the superintendent's desk of a big mill, and at the same time permitted himself to fall in love with the millionaire manufacturer's daughter. Robert Warwick will have this exacting part, and Blanche Stoddard will be Margaret, "the pearl of the works." The supporting stock company will have acceptable places in the long cast of characters. As ever, the stage sets will be elaborate and realistic, the second act showing some novel and notable mechanical effects. Under Herr Heller, the orchestra at the Valencia Theatre has become a strong attraction in itself.

Kolh and Dill continue to be the "important noise" at the Princess Theatre, as the going phrase describes it. Certainly they are filling the theatre nightly with their new offering, "Weiner and Schnitzel," and there

are no indications of any ebb in the tide of their popularity. Some credit may be given to their support, however, for the comedians do not wish to be the whole show. Maud Lambert, Billy Clifford, Sarah Edwards, and Marie Howe, with a bright and handsomely dressed chorus, do their share in making the piece not merely lively and funny, but tuneful and many-hued as well. Next week will be the third of "Weiner and Schnitzel," and a successor, "The Politician," is in preparation, but there is little need of announcing it yet.

The Orpheum seems never at a loss for vaudeville attractions of the highest class. Next week's bill, which opens Sunday afternoon, will present Eva Taylor, an actress of skill and personal charm, in "Chums," the amusing comedy, by arrangement with Charles Frohman. Miss Taylor's supporting company includes Lawrence Grattan, Louis Alhion, and Eleanor Pierson. Another feature of particularly attractive quality is the return of Billy Gaston and Ethel Green, who made themselves such favorites here a year ago. They have a new playlet, called "Spoonville," which is suited to their refined and entirely captivating style, but in any act they would be welcome. Mr. Gaston composes all the songs introduced. The Four Franklins are aerial artists from Europe, and their turn is said to have created a sensation everywhere. Carrie Clark Wardle will appear in a farcical hit called "The Cook Lady," which is alleged to be the work of Sedley Brown, the well-known stage director, and author of "A Navajo's Love." Next week will be the last of Harry Tate's English Company, the Italian Trio, the Majestic Trio, and of Gus Edwards's Blonde Typewriters and Arthur Conrad, who have made a great hit.

Among advance announcements for the Valencia Theatre are promises of production in the immediate future of "The Unforeseen," by Captain R. H. Marshall; "The College Widow," by George Ade; and a new and untried drama by Upton Sinclair, entitled "Prince Hagen."

The final performance of Louis James's "Peer Gynt" at the Van Ness Theatre will be on Sunday night.

Madame Cavalieri's Emeralds.

The sensation of the opera season just closed has been Mme. Cavalieri's emeralds, says a London paper. Not Mme. Cavalieri's beauty, which is great; nor her grace, which

is unusual; nor her singing, which is very fine indeed; nor her acting, which is the best we have ever seen on the stage of Covent Garden—but those big, green, flawless stones with which she arrays herself to the tune of many thousands of pounds. They are emeralds said to have belonged to an empress, and their like has yet to be displayed in England. The Roman singer is one of the few women who has ever succeeded in looking well in emeralds, which are hard and masculine and distinctly unbecoming.

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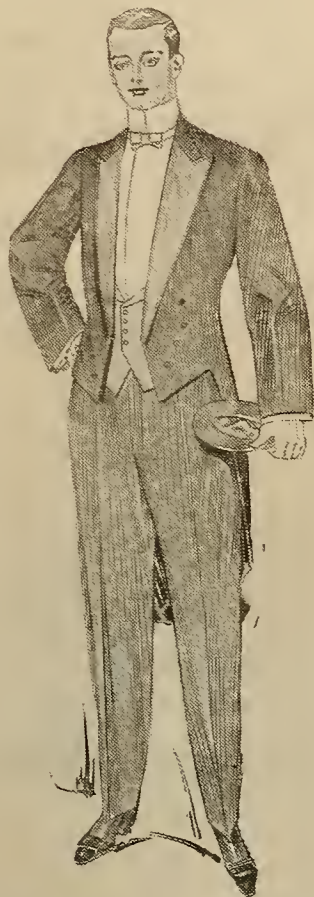
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VANITY FAIR.

Lady Auckland has been good enough to come to New York and to stay there for six weeks. Furthermore, she condescends to express her intention to write a hook about New York, having in the aforesaid six weeks made herself intimately familiar with the many phases of life to be found in the metropolis. She will produce "one of the smart hooks of the year," as she expressed it to a *World* reporter, and the hook will be illustrated by her own sketches.

We shall await this volume with a palpitating uneasiness. To see ourselves as others see us is something of an ordeal, especially when there is reason to believe that the picture is not a pleasing one. Indeed, Lady Auckland is already laughing at us, and we may expect a perfect explosion of merriment by the time her ideas are coordinated into a novel. "Yesterday," she said to the reporter, who seems to have listened with becoming abasement, "I had a funny experience. Riding downtown on a tram car, a great, stout woman—so many New York women are so unmercifully stout—annoyed me beyond endurance. She had on one of those ridiculously high hats—which women wear here for the street." Lady Auckland, while she talked, had on a close-fitting, jaunty toque, which, she says, is the proper thing for street wear. "Well, this woman," she continued, "had a dyed turkey feather in her hat about two yards long. I said: 'Would you please take your dyed turkey feather out of my eye?' She glanced at me fiercely. I moved to a seat across the way and took out my pad and pencil and sketched her right then and there. I intend to put this woman in my hook, to show some of the annoying things one has to put up with in New York."

Then Lady Auckland turned her attention to society. "New York society is awfully small and confined to such small limits," she said. "London society is immense and many times more interesting. There is no comparison. Of course, London society has changed in the last ten years, with so many new people coming in. Lots of them bring wealth, but brains—well, there is not an over-stock of them. One has to be more careful going about in London society. It is not like it used to be, when every one knew every one else. New York women need to know lots of things. I was walking down Fifth Avenue with a New York society girl. She walked with a stride and swung her arms until she resembled a windmill. I finally asked her if she would not please walk with her feet instead of her arms. That may be the style here, but I do not admire it."

Then Lady Auckland took a rap at New York men.

"Your men lack, what shall I say? Backbone; yes, that's it. They are too namby-pamby. Our men are fine specimens of manly men. Well, I guess that comes from fighting, don't you think so? If the New York men had more fighting ancestors hack of them, who had really distinguished themselves in war as ours have done, well, it would give them more real character and manliness. As for your suffragettes," continued Lady Auckland, "well, I met some of them one afternoon at the Colony Club. Funny looking women. They all looked as though they had been disappointed in love or something of that sort, and wanted to fight somebody or something just to relieve their minds. They all wore stiff linen collars.

"And goodness knows most of them looked untidy enough. Their hair hung down into their eyes or trailed and sagged at the sides, and most of them looked awfully out of date. Like most American people, they take themselves so deadly serious that it is funny, awfully funny. Yes, I have some good sketches of them I shall use. It won't do a hit of harm, will it?"

"Now I am not going to say anything more," said Lady Auckland, with a majestic wave of the hand. "I want to use my opinions and my ideas for my own purposes. I am not here expressing opinions. That is so American like. Americans tell everything they think and talk so much. We English think a lot and do little talking."

Lady Auckland comes from a long line of English aristocracy. She is the daughter of Colonel George Hutton of the English army, and a descendant of Bacon, the first haronet in England, created in the eleventh century of the family of Guillaume de Stracey, who came over with William the Conqueror.

Mme. Melha is evidently of an optimistic temperament. She believes that women will gradually discard the fantastic and the grotesque and that daintiness will be the prevailing mark of the really new woman. It is true we shall have to wait a hundred years, but no one minds that with such a glittering goal in front. Mme. Melha says:

"In a hundred years from now I believe the prevailing type will be of extreme daintiness. Greater use of her brain will spiritualize the woman of the future. Her countenance will be alight with intelligence.

"Freak fashions will die. There will be harmony in dress, daintiness in manner and speech, a shunning of hollowness and affectation."

The diva had been talking about woman suffrage, in favor of which she has strongly declared herself.

"Woman's freedom," she argued, "which she will surely win, will not rob her of woman's love of home.

"After a man has battled with the world and been huffed by it he returns with an ever-growing longing for the peace and beauty of the home environments. So when a wider hook of life opens before a woman, she will surely find the bonds of home life drawing more tightly around her.

"A woman will always be a woman. The hard, unsympathetic facts of life will make her home seem even more of a haven than ever."

There is something of idealism about this, but it is pleasant to think that in a hundred brief summers or so we shall be able to read our newspapers in a street-car unobscured by the hat of the lady in the front seat.

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In developing the idea of truthfulness, a teacher asked the question, "What is the best thing in the world to do, and at the same time the hardest?" A little girl raised her hand timidly. "Well, Emma?" "To get married."

One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation, when one of them said to an investor who had some disastrous remembrances: "Old chap, as an

"Been four highway robberies there in the past month. Aren't you afraid that somebody will hold you up and go through you some night?" "Should say not," said the big Texan. "Why, Ah've got so few means on my person at the present time that the robber who goes through me will get himself in debt."

This was overheard in the lobby of a big hotel in Cincinnati when a bus load of traveling salesmen came from the station. Every man of them, as he signed the register, paused to shake hands with the hotel clerk—fatherly

"please give my best thanks to the young lady for these pretty feathers. I was aware of the fact that she plucked her admirers, but I really did not imagine she did so on my account."

In the Hungarian parliamentary session of 1841, a certain Baron Szjel lived in Pressburg, with two intimate friends, George Majlath and Barthel Szemere. One day, the baron became envious of their laurels. He called Szemere aside and said to him: "My good Szemere, write me a speech." "Most willingly, my dear friend; about what would you

reëchoed with "vivas" and applause. At this moment, the president rose and asked: "Is anybody here to answer this speech?" The baron looked sneeringly around. The members all remained silent. Then Bartholomæus Szemere arose. He began: "Worthy gentlemen, what the orator said is from beginning to end incorrect," and then he began to show, in an able speech, the mistakes the baron had made. "Don't you believe him, gentlemen!" the baron cried angrily, interrupting him suddenly: "it was he himself who wrote the speech for me." Every one of the fifty-two members rolled in his seat nearly



Presidio Terrace. Artistic residences of Dr. Hartland Law, Winfield S. Davis, and C. W. Clarke in San Francisco's new residence park.

expert, give us a definition of the term, 'honzanza.'" "A honanza," replied the experienced man, with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar."

A little chap in Philadelphia, whose father is a prominent merchant, and, as such, never loses an opportunity to descant upon the virtues of advertising, one day asked his mother: "May Lucy and I play at keeping store in the front room?" "Yes," assented the mother; "but you must be very, very quiet." "All right," said the youngster; "we'll pretend we don't advertise."

Champion Hayes of Marathon fame praised, at a dinner in New York, a walker. "He a walker?" some one said. "Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next race he enters, mark me, he will win." "Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other, in a puzzled voice. Mr. Hayes laughed. "No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an \$80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

Michael MacDonagh, in "Irish Life and Character," tells of a prisoner, refractory and obstinate, who flatly refused to work in the treadmill. The man was brought before the governor of the prison for disobedience. The governor asked him what reason he could give for not following out his orders. "Me go on the treadmill!" exclaimed the prisoner, drawing himself up to his full height of offended dignity. "Never, sir! I'd rather leave the jail first!"

A man who had been playing golf with a clergyman heard him swear two or three times under his breath. Suspecting the lapse, he could not be sure of it, until one monosyllable came out with unmistakable clearness. After he had finished the match, a friend of his said: "I saw you playing just now with the Rev. Mr. Dash; of what denomination is he?" "Some people say he is a Congregationalist," replied his late opponent, "but I should call him a Profanitarian."

Most golfers will have heard of the old lady from a remote country district who visited Edinburgh for the first time and happened to arrive as a party of golfers were hurrying to catch a suburban train for the links. "It's a braw toun, Mr. MacWheezele," she informed her minister, after her return; "but it hurt me sair tae see sae mony decent-like men carrying bags o' broken umbrellas. There maun hae been sair douncomes, an' though I widna mention it for the war! to anither, there was twa or three that lookit as if they had been ministers."

Charles Edwards of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, a few nights ago, in Washington, was warned by a friend that he lived in a dangerous neighborhood.

old fellow who had been there many years. "Ah," said one of them to the clerk, "it's a good thing you're still on deck, Uncle Dave; I don't think the house could run without you." "Couldn't it, though!" said Uncle Dave. "You fellows would come in here, and if there was a strange clerk you'd say, 'Where's Uncle Dave?' And the clerk would say, 'Why, didn't you hear? He died a month ago.' And then you'd say, 'Well, I'll be darned! That's too bad. Say, when'll dinner be ready?'"

In a Southern town a lady was approached by her colored maid. "Well, Jenny," she asked, seeing that something was in the air. "Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the afternoon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added, hastily, "I want to go to my finance's funeral." "Goodness me!" answered the lady. "Your fiancé's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die." "Yes'm," said the girl, doubtfully; then, with a triumphant note in her voice, "I'm sure about him, Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung!"

Preston Kendall, the actor, tells a story of a ne'er-do-well in a little New England town, where he has often spent his summers. "I was walking down the main street one day," said Mr. Kendall, "when I saw old Silas grinning from ear to ear. I hardly thought that he was that glad to see me. So, after speaking to him, I said: 'Why the smile that won't come off, Silas? What has happened to make you so happy this morning?' 'I've been a-gittin' married this morning,' was the unexpected reply. 'Married! You?' I exclaimed. 'Why, Silas, what on earth have you done that for? You know you can't even support yourself as it is.' 'Wall,' said Silas, 'you see, it's this way: I ken purty near support myself, an' I kind of figured out that she could finish up the job.'"

A Parisian journalist recently wrote a rather unfavorable criticism of the performance of a well-known actress. The latter was keenly wounded, and watched for a chance to avenge herself. She was one evening at the Varieties, with a young aristocrat for an escort, when she espied the critic. She had a package with her, which she requested her friend to deliver in person. The dandy rose and, taking the package, walked over to where the journalist was sitting with a party, and presented it to him, saying: "Mademoiselle, who admires your talent, has requested me to present you with this souvenir from her." The critic took it and opened it before his friends, who had heard the dandy's little speech. It contained about a dozen goose quills, and smiles and suppressed laughter went around. But the critic was equal to the occasion. "Ah, my dear sir," said he to the messenger,

like to speak?" "It is all the same to me, if the speech is only a nice one—wonderfully nice." "You will be satisfied with me," he answered, and next day brought the manuscript. The baron memorized the speech and delivered it on the third day. The chamber

convulsed with laughter, and then and there the baron made a vow never again to speak in public.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Many society folk are planning to spend the holidays out of town and the nearby hotels and country places will be filled with guests. In the meantime affairs go on merrily here and much is in prospect for the coming fortnight.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Christine de Guigne, daughter of Mr. C. de Guigne, to M. Elic de Dampierre of Paris. The wedding will be celebrated in San Mateo in February.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Stevenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Griffith Stevenson of Menlo Park, to Ensign Ferdinand L. Reichmuth, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Grace Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, to Mr. Welbore Stewart Burnett will take place today (Saturday) at noon at the home of the bride on Broadway, the Rev. Edward Morgan of St. Luke's Church officiating. Miss Daisy Hammond, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor and her only attendant, and Mr. John Young will be the best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present at the wedding. Mr. Burnett and his bride will leave on a wedding journey of a month's duration, and on their return will live in this city.

The wedding of Miss Anita Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, to Mr. Kenneth MacDonald, Jr., took place on Wednesday evening at nine o'clock at the First Presbyterian church, the Rev. William Kirk Guthrie being the officiating clergyman. The bridesmaids were Miss Marian Wright, Miss Juliet Coleman, and Miss Elsie Benedict. Mr. Allan MacDonald, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man and the ushers were Mr. Allen Dimond, Mr. Frederick Nickerson, Mr. George Applegarth, and Mr. William Volkman. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents at 3 Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. William Ford Nichols and Miss Claire Nichols will entertain at a tea on Tuesday next at the Episcopal residence on Webster Street.

Mrs. Harry T. Scott entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt. The guests were Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. James Robinson, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Miss Helen Dean entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Innes Keeney.

Mr. Frank B. Anderson was the host at a dinner at the St. Francis followed by a theatre party on Wednesday evening last. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. James Robinson, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Miss Jennie Crocker was the hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week before the Henry T. Scott ball.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander was the hostess at a dinner at the St. Francis on Friday evening of last week, going afterwards to the Scott ball.

Miss Margaret Calhoun was the hostess at a dinner at her home on Broadway before the Scott ball on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver entertained at a large party at her home on Webster Street on Wednesday last.

Mrs. John McMullin entertained at a tea on Saturday last at the Fairmont in honor of her granddaughters, Miss Anna Weller and Miss Eliza McMullin. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Mrs. Frank West, Mrs. Thomas Ashburn, Mrs. Joseph Norris, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Miss Carrie Gwin, the Misses Morrison of San Jose, Miss Bessie Zane, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Ethel Cleary, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Margaret Shepard, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Madeline Clay, Miss Irene Farrell, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Florence Henschaw, Miss Marie Churchill, Miss Emily Du Bois, and Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Miss Sophie Coleman and Miss Lucy Gwin

Coleman entertained at a tea on Thursday of last week at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Richard Hammond. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Walter Bonner, Miss Julia Langborne, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Hill, and Miss Christine Pomeroy.

Miss Helen Bowie was the hostess at a tea on Thursday of last week at her home on Jackson Street. Assisting in receiving were Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Helen Baily, Miss Violet Buckley, and Miss Alyce Sullivan.

The marriage of Miss Florence Rosenberg of Hollister and Mr. Howard Joseph Friedlander of this city will take place in the red room at the St. Francis Hotel on Wednesday, December 16, at high noon.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who were in town last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, have returned to their country place in the Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan have returned from an Eastern visit of several months' duration and are again occupying the house on Buchanan Street which they had last winter.

Mrs. William Kohl and Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will spend the rest of the winter season at Riverside.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle left this week for New York, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson will spend the holiday season in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin left last week for the East, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker left on Saturday last for a brief Eastern trip and will return before Christmas.

Miss Agnes Tobin has left for London, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. David R. C. Brown has arrived from her home in Colorado for a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

Mr. James Otis and Miss Cora Otis left this week for a brief trip to Vancouver.

Mr. Samuel Hamilton has left for a brief Eastern trip.

Miss Laura Hamilton and Miss Alexandra Hamilton, who have been abroad for some months, are spending the winter in Florence.

Miss Edwina Hammond and Miss Daisy Hammond returned on Sunday last, after a stay of a year in Europe.

Mrs. Thomas Leggett and Miss Constance Borrowe left on Monday last for Mrs. Leggett's home in Plainfield, New Jersey, where Miss Borrowe will spend the winter.

Miss Lucie King has returned to New York, where she is spending the winter as the guest of Mrs. William P. Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., returned last Thursday from New York, and are receiving a most cordial welcome home from their many friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis D. Meed, formerly of Byron Hot Springs, have come to San Francisco to live and will for the present make their home at the Colonial.

Mr. H. Michaels of Los Gatos has just returned from Japan, whither he went as a member of the San Francisco touring party. Mr. Michaels has taken a house in Alameda for the winter.

Mr. O. H. Harrison and Mr. Walter Cox left this city November 27 for Mexico and expect to return early in the new year.

Mr. Edgar J. DePue will leave San Francisco on Saturday of this week for New York, where he expects to meet his wife and daughters upon their return from a year's visit to Europe. After a brief stay in the East, Mr. DePue and his family will come on home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and family expect to visit the Hawaiian Islands next month.

Mr. F. Bopp, German consul, and family have returned to their former residence, 2313 Hearst Avenue, Berkeley, after an extended European trip.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brayton and Mrs. J. J. Rauer.

Father Junipero Serra.

The bronze statue of Father Junipero Serra, done by Arthur Putnam for Mr. E. W. Scripps—to be presented to the city of San Diego—will be on exhibition at the Studio Building, 147 Presidio Avenue, daily between ten and three, from Wednesday, December 9, to Thursday, December 31. The figure of the priest is monumental in size and of quite extraordinary force and simplicity. It is to be hoped that the proposition to erect a statue of St. Francis, to be placed before the old Church of the Mission Dolores, will meet with financial encouragement, and that it may receive as dignified treatment at the sculptor's hands.

The firm yet delicate portrait busts of Mr. Ralph Stackpole are shown for the first time since his return from Paris, and paintings by Olga Ackerman, Julie Heyneman, Anne Bremer, Mary Menton, Emily Travis, Mary Brady, Martinez, Piaggioni, Bruce Porter, Del Miré, and William L. Carrigan make this exhibition one of unusual interest. The admission will be 25 cents, and the proceeds will go to the hospital fund for artists.

A Popular Reading.

Mr. Walter Risley Hearn, British consul-general, will give a reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" on behalf of the British Benevolent Society at Lyric Hall, on Larkin Street, Friday, the 18th instant, at eight o'clock p. m. There will also be a selection of music. The society has heavy calls on its benevolence at Christmas time, and donations and subscriptions will be gratefully received by Major H. D. Gerrard, the secretary, at 268 Market Street. Tickets for the reading and concert (price, 50 cents) may be had from the secretary and from any of the British societies and from Sherman, Clay & Co., corner of Kearny and Sutter, Mr. J. J. Newbegin's book store, 242 Market Street, or George T. Marsh, corner of Polk and California Streets.

The Nordica Concerts.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, the famous dramatic soprano, assisted by Emma Showers, pianiste, Frederick Hastings, haritone, and Andre Benoit, accompanist, will give her first concert Sunday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre, presenting a remarkable programme, in which she will sing no less than fourteen great numbers.

Some of the most interesting features will be the rendition of the "Curse Scene" from "Tristan und Isolde," a number never before given on the concert stage; a transcription of a Chopin nocturne (made expressly for Mme. Nordica), and Schubert's greatest epic, "The Erlking."

At the second concert, which will be given the following Sunday afternoon, the dramatic aria from Bemberg's "Death of Joan of Arc" and Schubert's "Die Altmacht" will attract the music lovers, although every work on the Nordica programmes is worth hearing.

Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where programmes may be obtained.

Next Tuesday evening, December 15, Nordica sings a special programme at Ye Liherty Playhouse, Oakland, Managers Greenbaum and Bishop deeming the occasion of such importance that the entire stock company will be laid off for the night at full pay in order to make this great event possible. Seats for this concert are on sale at the box-office of the theatre.

Hother Wismer's Concert at the Fairmont.

Mr. Hother Wismer, the violinist, will make his first public appearance since his return from Europe at his concert at the Fairmont Hotel, Thursday evening next, December 17. Mr. Wismer will be assisted by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mrs. Mathilde Wismer, and F. Maurer. The programme is as follows:

Suite, op. 11, E major, *Goldmark*, H. Wismer and F. Maurer. Songs—"Ständchen," "Mairnacht," *Brahms*; "The Deep Sea Pearl," *E. F. Schneider*; "May Morning," *Manney*; Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. Scotch Fantasia, for violin, op. 46, *Max Bruch* (introduction, grave—adagio—allegro—andante—finale, allegro guerrier), Hother Wismer. Prelude and Grand Fugue, A minor (violin alone), *Bach*, Hother Wismer. Songs—"Lass deine Stimme ertönen," "Snow Queen," *Gade*; "Vor meiner Wiege," *Fr. Schubert*; Mrs. Mathilde Wismer. Valse Caprice, op. 52, *Saint-Saëns*-*Ysaye*, Mr. Wismer.

Not only the friends of pupils of Mr. Wismer, but the public as well, may look forward with pleasing anticipation to this event. Mr. Wismer has an assured position as a player, won in years of serious if enthusiastic study and practice, and his work gives proof of his ability to sustain it. Tickets for the concert are \$1.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Robbins—I didn't think you had any idea of marrying the widow. *Newlywed*—I hadn't; it was an idea of hers.—*Saturday Sunset*.

"He's a sociologist, isn't he?" "I should say he is. He can entertain a whole room full of company."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"That prince didn't pay his hotel bill." "Must be a bogus prince." "That doesn't necessarily follow."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mrs. Jawback—Do you know I came very near not marrying you? *Mr. Jawback*—Sure—but who told you about it?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice. "Not guilty." "Den what do you want here? Go about your pusiness."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"I live in a state where there are absolutely no divorces." "Indeed! What State is that?" "The state of single blessedness."—*The Tatler*.

*Glody*s—My brother is just awful. He can't save a cent. *Harold*—He has saved a ten-spot of mine for the last eight months.—*New York Herald*.

"A young man has telegraphed me that he has just wedded my daughter." "I hope he's a good, practical man." "I guess he is. He wired me collect."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Celestine—And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation? *Hilda*—Yes, indeed. Every time he says "Dearly beloved" you feel as if you had received a proposal.—*The Bahemian*.

Hyker—I attended a successful sleight-of-hand performance last night. *Pyker*—So? *Hyker*—Yes. I lent a conjurer a counterfeit dollar and he gave me back a good one.—*Chicago News*.

Judge—You have not yet established the prisoner's insanity. *Attorney*—But, your honor, we mean to introduce witnesses to show that the prisoner habitually argues politics with women.—*Puck*.

Ellison—Halloa, dear boy, you look very sad this morning. What's the trouble? *Green*—I've just undergone a most annoying operation. *Ellison*—What was it? *Green*—I had my allowance cut off.—*Tit-Bits*.

Lady—I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week and I haven't received it yet. *Postoffice Clerk*—Yes, madam. Kindly fill in this form and state the nature of your complaint. *Lady*—Well, if you must know, it's hilioussness!—*London Punch*.

Goodart—You didn't actually tell him that I didn't think him much of a poet? *Wiseman*—Sure. *Goodart*—Oh! I wouldn't have had you do that for the world.—*Wiseman*

—Nonsense! That doesn't hurt him. It only makes him pity you.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Miss Knox—What was it you said about Miss Giddy? *Mr. Goodley*—I said her age surprised me greatly. She doesn't look thirty, does she? *Miss Knox*—No, not now. I suppose she did, though, at one time.—*Stray Stories*.

"What is it, madam?" asked the man behind the desk in an intelligence office. "I want a cook," explained the lady, patting the director's knot on the back of her head, "and I want her bad." "Quite simple, madam," the clerk assured her. "We have no other kind."—*New York Herald*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Pugilistic.

Here lies a fighter
All forlorn,
Who tried to lick
John Barleycorn.
—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Dry Weather.

They hired a girl to dust,
A girl both tried and trusted;
She took all the dust in sight—
And then the dust girl dusted.
—*Chicago News*.

A Distinction.

"She's as pretty as a picture"—
There is sunshine in her smile,
And she has a pair of dimples
That are fashioned to beguile.

"She's as pretty as a picture,"
But it may as well be known
That she isn't, to be honest,
Quite as pretty as her own.
—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Pedestrianism.

Talk, talk, talk,
Till he's frazzled all themes to a shred;
And walk, walk, walk,
Till his officers wish they were dead.
Hill and thicket and creek,
Creek and thicket and hill,
Till the officers stumble and wobble and creep,
And long for a chance to be still.

Walk, walk, walk,
And the leader never flags,
Walk, walk, walk,
While the sturdiest follower lags.
Oh! but for one short minute!
A respite, however brief!
If only a second to tie a shoe
And gain a hit of relief.

With shoes all muddy and worn,
With feet as heavy as lead,
The officers trailed on after the chief
As faster and faster he sped.
Walk, walk, walk,
Through bramble and briar and brush,
And it's oh for the end of the strenuous life,
And its dazzle and fizzle and rush!
—*New York World*.



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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Taft and the Tariff.

We do not find it easy to get a satisfying "line" on the tariff situation at Washington. On the surface everybody is in favor of the kind of revision espoused by Mr. Taft last year and promised by the Republican convention at Chicago. At the same time there is universal question if those who have hitherto supported the stand-pat idea are sincere in their professions of friendship for revision or if they mean to make the revision on a genuine and thoroughgoing system. Somehow the feeling grows that unless Mr. Taft shall exercise his powers to the utmost, the revision pledge will come to nothing better than a hollow and nominal enactment more pleasing to those who profit by the tariff than to anybody else. Mr. Taft manifestly is resolute in his purpose to see the revision scheme through on the line of strict integrity and good faith. The only criticism of his attitude is that he has possibly gone too far in publicly declaring that he will veto any bill which does not meet his ideas of reform. While it is eminently proper that Mr. Taft should take a strong position, while he would be eminently right in vetoing an inadequate and unsatisfac-

tory measure, he is none the less a little out of bounds in threatening to use the veto power full four months before entering upon the presidency. To threaten is oftener than otherwise a vexatious and irritating and therefore a mischievous policy. Probably Mr. Taft in talking about a possible veto spoke rather in careless frankness than upon the basis of fixed purpose. Probably very much more has been made of his "tariff threat" by the Washington gossips than his utterances have really deserved.

A Knock at a Closed Door.

Every little while something crops up to demonstrate that the law which excludes Chinese laborers from the United States is a special and tentative thing, accepted in the spirit of tolerance rather than under conviction of its utility and propriety, chronically subject to assault by those whose sentiments or interest it crosses and who have no sympathy with its motives and aims. It is not going too far, we think, to say that a majority of the people of the United States, duly represented by majorities in both houses of Congress, are critical of if not hostile to Chinese exclusion, and that today, if the whole subject were to be taken up anew, legislation upon existing lines would be out of the question. Restriction was conceded to the Pacific Coast, partly as a means of quelling a vexatious social disturbance, more directly perhaps by the Republican majority in Congress as a point of partisan tactics. If this general statement be questioned as lacking in discretion from the Pacific Coast standpoint, the answer is that nothing is to be gained by concealments or through shutting of eyes to the real situation. It is commonly the best as it is always the sincerest policy to look at things as they are, to cherish no illusions. It is better, therefore, that in any consideration of the Chinese issue we should understand that the general attitude of the country is critical and even condemnatory of Pacific Coast opinion, which is the basis of the policy under which we have been operating for something now more than twenty years. The reasons are plain enough. First, there is tradition, based on the old sentiment of America as a refuge for the down-trodden and the oppressed. More vital still is the commercial ambition which looks to extension of trade and which sees clearly enough that there can be no very great growth of intercourse between this country and China so long as we draw a hard and fast line of exclusion against the Chinese people. A free commerce implies other forms of interchange, among them hospitality and protection, with freedom in all forms of legitimate activity for the people of one country within the territories of the other. Whatever our wishes may be as to the presence of Chinese subjects in this country, we must not disregard the fact that we shall have no close, friendly, or largely profitable relations with China so long as we discriminate against the Chinese, refusing to them privileges which we freely extend to the other peoples of the earth.

The latest suggestion of the persistent pro-Chinese sentiment above referred to comes in the form of a paragraph in the annual report of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor given to the public within the week. Dealing with certain problems growing out of our restrictive arrangements, Secretary Straus says:

The obvious course to pursue is to place the matter of Chinese immigration where it essentially belongs, namely, within the operation of the system of regulation applicable to immigration generally; in other words, to let the methods and the machinery provided with respect to the admission and exclusion of aliens generally be applied in the case of aliens from China as well.

There is nothing obscure in this very bland suggestion. It aims at nothing more or less than complete repudiation of the laws and regulations under which Chinese immigration is now so restricted as to be in effect a negligible quantity. Mr. Hart North, commissioner of immigration, put the matter bluntly in a

newspaper interview a few days back. "To place the Chinese," he said, "on the same footing with other immigrants would mean that any healthy Chinese, able bodied, could come into the country. Of course, this would mean an increase in the number of Chinese in this country, and one man can make as good a guess at the probable increase as another." This states the case precisely. As to what would happen, we need only to remember what did happen before the period of restriction and to what has more recently happened in the case of the Japanese. With Chinese immigration "within the operation of the system of regulation applicable to immigration generally"—with the bars down—we should have a large influx of Chinese coolies, followed by the same sort of social agitation which marked the excited and bitter days of the middle and late seventies. Indeed, we should probably have something very much worse, since the universal system of labor organization, grown up since the old period of Chinese agitation, would afford ready-made the machinery of class protest. As to how far this protest would go and as to what forms it would take—these are questions which few among us would care to answer. At the very least the open door to Chinese coolies in this country would add another to the graver social problems of the Pacific States and tend still further toward that separation of interest and sentiment which is rapidly creating here a system of class divisions even more serious than those of the older world because no traditions or sanctions, no accepted system of practice and usage, lie behind them. We had something very like civil war in California, Oregon, and Washington twenty-five years ago with respect to the Chinese issue; probably we would have the same sort of thing multiplied and intensified if the old aggravation should be restored.

While the laws restricting Chinese immigration may fairly be set down as a concession to Pacific Coast sentiment, there could be no greater mistake than the presumption that opinion on the Pacific Coast with reference to Chinese immigration is all one way. Labor sentiment, political sentiment, superficial sentiment—the general tone and atmosphere of opinion and expression—stand opposed not only to the Chinese, but to all Orientals. None the less, we are by no means assured that if the issue were put to popular vote, restriction would not be repudiated. The economic interest, in other words the property interest, would certainly favor the incoming of Chinese laborers in moderate if not in unrestricted numbers. It is the common notion of those whose opinions are dominated by economic motives that the material interest of the Pacific States would be largely promoted by an increase in the supply of disciplined, contented, and reliable labor. Perhaps the greatest of our material problems is that of getting the work of the country done efficiently and promptly and at a cost within the limits of commercial profit. Wages are high with us, but it is not so much the wage rate as the indifference, unreliability, and general insufficiency of labor that embarrasses enterprise and stifles progress on this Coast. Very much of the work required to be done here is of a kind calling for disciplined and patient hands. The work of the orchard, the work of the packing-house, the work of the sugar-beet field, the work of our great fishing industry—these and a thousand other kinds of work cry aloud for willing and reliable hands, but they cry in vain. Nobody excepting under protest seems willing to perform those labors necessary to original production and therefore essential to the highest development of the potentialities of our country.

How large a part of the acreage of the Pacific States lies unused or used only in a secondary and subordinate sense for want of willing and capable labor, we will not undertake to say, but it is certain that the figures, if it were possible to present them, would be startling. The conditions of the labor market are such

that few feel justified in enlarging the scope of those industries and enterprises whose success and profit depend upon coöperation of hands. Indeed, the tendency is the other way, since it appears to be the desire of every man who can do it to get his business in such shape that he may operate it with few hands instead of many.

In the old days before restriction, John Chinaman was a main if not the main dependence of those who exploited the resources of the country in large ways. The Chinaman did not work cheap, for the wages paid in California always compared favorably and even extravagantly with the wage schedules of other regions and countries for the same kind of work. But the Chinaman, if not cheap, was patient and dependable. The universal testimony of employers is that he was not only patient and dependable, but honest. The employing classes in the Pacific States have always liked the Chinaman either outdoors or indoors; dislike and enmity have always been confined to those with whom the Chinaman, either actually or in imagination, came into competition. If the truth were told—and there is no reason why the *Argonaut* should not tell the truth—the main opposition to the Chinaman came from other classes of aliens, from those whose claim to preference lay in the color of their skins and in their racial affinities. The anti-Chinese crusade of twenty-five years ago was largely an Irish movement, chiefly participated in by persons whose claims and pretensions were sentimental rather than tangible and whose individual capabilities as mere workers were far below those against whom their animosity was so great. That there was ever any serious ground for industrial or moral opposition to the Chinese is a doubtful matter; and probably no small part of the famous anti-Oriental crusade proceeded from a fixed propensity to opposition and agitation, allied with a traditional and temperamental love of a free fight.

The Japanese who have come to California in such great numbers in recent years have succeeded the Chinaman in many departments of our industry without by any means occupying his place in the esteem of employers. In olden days, as we have already said, employers liked and trusted the Chinaman and found him equal to every responsibility he assumed. Nobody on the Pacific Coast has ever come to like or trust the Japanese as a class. They are less persistent and patient than the Chinese, far less faithful to their engagements, notably less honest in their dealings, and as completely alien and unassimilable. Go up and down the farm, garden, and orchard districts where Japanese are largely employed, go into households where Japanese help is kept because no other is to be had, go through the length and breadth of California, and we venture to declare you will not find ten men or women to say that they prefer Japanese over Chinese or would accept their service on any terms if it were possible to replace them with Chinamen. As between the two races, California—employing California—favors the Chinese a thousand to one.

Curiously enough, not many of our people appear to have taken the commercial argument seriously. Perhaps we have been too absorbed in the social and industrial aspects of the question to consider it in its broader relationships. In the East, at the centres of finance and industry, the limitation to trade between this country and China implied in our discrimination against the individual Chinaman, is much more seriously regarded than in California. Indeed, this point is rarely raised in local discussions excepting by those who have some immediate and direct interest either in the business of export and importation or in the interest of transportation. The Chinese issue with us presents itself chiefly in those phases which relate directly to the industrial and social aspects of life. Perhaps we should add the interest of politics; and in this connection it is safe to say that if the Chinaman, like the Irishman and the Sicilian, had been capable of political action, in other words if he had been a voter, we should never have had any such thing as the Chinese issue. The political interest which espoused the anti-Chinese cause and which forced the enactment of our exclusion laws would have taken quite another course if in dealing with the Chinaman there had not been something to gain with nothing to lose.

As the Chinese question stands today, we believe that the economic argument—certainly the immediate economic argument—is all on the side of a freer if not an entirely free incoming of Chinese laborers. The

Pacific Coast region would profit immediately and enormously in a material sense by letting down the bars to the extent, say, of fifty or a hundred thousand Chinese per year for a period of several years to come. This suggestion, be it remembered, was formally and seriously urged some two or three years ago by various commercial bodies up and down the Coast, having the backing of the orchard interest and of many other employers who found their operations restricted by the limitations of the labor market.

On the other side, nothing can be more certain than that the letting down of the bars to Chinese laborers would be the signal for a social ruction even more embittered than that which marked the period preceding restriction. We should have on our hands an agitation bordering on social warfare in its hostility to the new order of things. That it would be or might be pitifully mistaken in its calculations—this would in no sense mitigate the condition. There are those, among them our best and wisest, who declare that the true policy would be to do what the material interest of the country suggests, leaving time to justify that policy and to heal all wounds growing out of it. The *Argonaut* is not of this mind. In its judgment no material advantage is worth the cost of social confusion and discord. We think California will be better off with less production, less convenience, slower progress, than to gain these advantages through social conflict. And we believe that conflict would surely come if the attempt were made to restore conditions as they prevailed before the days of restriction.

Mr. Taft's Southern Aims.

No President of the United States since Abraham Lincoln has exhibited so warm and intelligent an interest in the South as Mr. Taft. He has long lived within eye-shot of Dixie land and in constant association with men of Southern breeding and sympathies. More than one of his public addresses have betrayed not merely his sympathetic interest in the South, but the fact that he has been a student of Southern problems, particularly of that preëminent problem illustrated in the rigid status of Southern politics. In a recent speech before the North Carolina Society, Mr. Taft has revealed a positive sentiment, a real affection, for the country "below the line." He sees plainly the illogical and unhappy situation of the South, and quite as plainly he hopes to do something to relieve it during his term in the presidential office.

All the political troubles of the South, including the practical paralysis of Southern initiative and influence in the government, rest upon the stubborn insistence of the Southern people in making one obsolete and outworn question the measure and inspiration of its political affiliations and policies. In the South the negro question overslaughes and subordinates every other political suggestion and interest, in spite of the fact that this question has practically no existence save as a memory and a tradition. In the North we know of no negro question; our politics rests upon a multitude of interests which have arisen since the time when there was in fact a negro question. It is because the South does not or can not or will not see that times are changed, that there is no rhyme or reason in hugging an outworn delusion, that it does not address its political thought and purpose to newer and more vital subjects.

If the South is to be censured as well as pitied for its illogical devotion to a fixed political habit, it is to some extent the fault of the North, for it is the attitude of the North toward the negro which persistently stimulates Southern apprehension and stirs Southern resentment. The South has the negro as its special problem. It knows the negro as the North can not know him. Intelligent Southern opinion believes that the maintenance of civil order and domestic peace in the South, with the political and social domination of intelligence and property, requires the complete social separation of the races, and the unreasoning popular instinct seconds and emphasizes this judgment. The South would make, in fact it does make, a special caste of the negro. The South holds the North to be not only stupidly wrong, but stubbornly and designedly unfriendly in such "coddling" as it gives to the negro, or rather to particular individuals of the black race. It finds or thinks it finds its own problem made more difficult by the attitude of the North toward the black race—or at least to the Southern part of it, for the North gives to its own relatively few blacks a no larger measure of social recognition than does the South.

We suspect that Mr. Taft in pursuance of his manifest aim of rescuing the South from the slough of confirmed political error and failure will find his best field of operations in the North. He may do something towards solving the special problem of the South if he can persuade the North to leave the negro to the South. We believe that if the South could be assured of a policy of non-interference on the part of Northern men with any phase of the negro problem, she would, perhaps not immediately but in course of time, pigeon-hole the "issue" which has so long dominated her political thoughts and motives and address her politics to more timely, more rational, and more vital subjects.

But, seriously, we fear that the prospect of disjoining the South from an outworn political idol is not a very hopeful one. Prejudice and habit are among the profound motives of life, and when to the force which they exert in Southern politics there is added that legacy of hatred and distrust which still abides with many of the older generation and which to some extent has been passed on to the new, the problem seems hopeless, at least with respect to an immediate solution. Probably nothing but time will remedy a condition which has no leg of expediency to stand upon and which only becomes more stubborn and impregnable by reason of the hardship it puts upon those who sustain it.

The Mote and the Beam.

In another column we print a very interesting, albeit a very critical, letter from a citizen of New York who is severe not because he hates but because he loves San Francisco. Mr. Wiel's suggestion that San Francisco imperatively needs a period of total eclipse is neither unwarranted nor untimely. None the less, we must protest against a judgment which classifies San Francisco somewhere "beyond the limit" for the reason that we are fighting over conditions not more grievous in a moral sense than those which other cities, very notably New York, are enduring without protest, even with something very much akin to unresenting tolerance.

The return as a visitor of Mr. Richard Croker, after a prolonged absence in Europe, is giving the country an opportunity to see how New York regards one who long occupied in her civic organization a status precisely parallel to the position of Abraham Ruef in San Francisco prior to two years ago. For nearly a month Croker has been the centre of what the *New York Evening Post* styles "the politico-social activities of the city." He was received at the dock not only by representatives of various civic organizations, but by a vast concourse which hallooed itself hoarse as Croker drove in a beflowered carriage to a suite of reserved apartments in the finest hotel in the city. There have not been hours enough either in the day or in the night for the attentions with which an admiring city has deluged him. A great banquet was given in his honor at which the mayor, three supreme judges, and no less a personage than District Attorney Jerome sat as guests. Dinners, luncheons, special receptions, followed without number, and as a climax—to be duly followed by other climaxes—a grand luncheon and "woman's reception" was given last week to Mr. Croker by the National Democratic Club. There were flowers by the wagon-load and other flub-dubs, including a striped canopy duly carpeted for this all-conquering hero to walk through as he passed from a carriage to the club-house. We may well applaud the conscience and the courage of Rabbi Stephen Wise, of whom we know something on the Pacific Coast, who from his pulpit has pronounced all these orgies of conscienceless sycophancy as shameless beyond words.

Whatever may be said in criticism of the methods by which San Francisco is pursuing the devils of her municipal corruption, it must at least be said that she is actively, aggressively, and to some extent successfully pursuing them. San Francisco is not sitting supine, tolerant, complacent; much less is she studying ways and means of manifesting her consideration and devising schemes to honor those—either on one side or the other of her graft warfare—who have corrupted and discredited her.

The *Argonaut* understands the motives of Mr. Wiel in what he has to say about San Francisco. It does not resent his strictures; on the contrary, it deems them entirely deserved. At the same time we think it would not be amiss for New York to cast the beam from her own eye before she makes overmuch of the mote in the eye of San Francisco. In view of the interest which New York has shown in the return of Mr. Richard Croker, in consideration of the place held by

that fine gentleman in a dozen local associations of capitalists and other eminent citizens, we can but feel that New York might do well to look to her own conditions before growing over-censorious towards San Francisco.

The Invasion of England.

When Lord Roberts, speaking a week or so ago in the House of Lords, impressively urged the English government to raise an additional force of one million men for the purpose of resisting a German invasion, he spoke as a soldier rather than as a statesman. Lord Cromer, whose own far more diplomatic utterances and predictions have done not a little to quicken the national pulse, was quickly on his feet in praise of Lord Roberts's foresight, but not of his discretion. Lord Cromer readily agreed that the danger was a real one, but he said that to press the government for a statement of intentions would be unwise. Such a statement must be based either on an adoption of the invasion theory, which would be an insult to Germany, or on its rejection, which would disquiet England. The nerves of Europe, said Lord Cromer, were already strained overmuch, and needed a sedative rather than a stimulant. It was enough to point out the danger from the military point of view, to indicate the remedy, and then to leave the government to find such salvation as it might feel itself to need. Lord Roberts pressed his motion notwithstanding, and it was carried by a large majority, but emanating as it did from the House of Lords it was no more than the expression of a pious opinion.

If Lord Roberts stood alone, if he were unbacked by a large body of public opinion, there would be no need to take his forebodings very seriously. It is the custom of military experts all over the world to magnify dangers from abroad and to beat the drum in support of large armies. Lord Roberts himself has done it before, and there is general and good-humored recognition in England that the late commander-in-chief is unable to understand why any man should wish to be born except for military purposes. But Lord Roberts did not stand alone. His opinion was sustained, as we have seen, by Lord Cromer and also by the Marquis of Lansdowne, while it is notorious that the government has gone a long way to rehabilitate itself in popular approval by its sudden determination to build fourteen new warships a long way in advance of the naval programme. The nation seems to be satisfied that Germany is planning an invasion and that to rely upon a sea defense would be a serious mistake. While Lord Roberts made no claim to a knowledge of German intentions, he did say in the most emphatic manner that a German army of 150,000 men could be landed in England, that it could be prepared and dispatched so secretly as to elude the English fleet, and that after it had once effected a landing it could only be dislodged by a total force of one million additional men. He evidently believed that such a scheme was contemplated. Duplicate every ship in the navy, he said, and the million men would be just as necessary as before. He might have gone further to quote Sir Hiram Maxim, who has just gone upon record as saying that if war with Germany should break out within a year London could be reached and bombarded far over the heads of the fleet. But has aerial navigation actually reached that point?

English alarm at the prospect of invasion is not to be silenced by even the most conclusive demonstrations that Germany has nothing to gain by such a step. If the future were to see no wars except those based upon reasonable calculations of profit and loss, we might be much more tranquil than we are. As a matter of fact, very few wars have been undertaken by intelligent self-interest, but a great many have been caused by racial hatreds, by jealousies, and by gusts of unreflecting passion, and sometimes the very factors that seem to preclude war have precipitated it. England at the present time has many hundreds of thousands of men out of work, and banners bearing the words "work or revolution" have been not uncommon sights upon the streets. Germany, on the other hand, is facing a constitutional crisis; her debt is increasing by \$100,000,000 a year; she is now forced into an additional expenditure of \$17,000,000 for new ships; her government credit in the money market is lower than that of Italy, while the debt of Prussia alone is twice that of the United States. England, in spite of unprecedented distress, can yet afford to build fourteen new warships and to consider the question of raising a million more soldiers. War itself might be less expensive and less calamitous than the preparations for war, and nations have some-

times chosen war as a solution to the problems of internal dissensions and domestic discords. The German emperor has suffered a severe rebuke from his own people and is smarting under a conviction of incapacity in diplomacy. Gloomy reports of his mental health have once more become current, while the circle of his unofficial advisers, drawn in the main from the army and navy, are known to look upon war with England as the natural culmination of years of patient preparation. We may well hope that a better feeling will presently prevail between the two countries, but if there should be a continuance of the present fanatical enmity there can be but one result.

Mr. Johnson and the Graft Cases.

The Citizens' League of Justice or some other of the movements organized in support of public morals has now opportunity to do a real service by engaging Mr. Hiram Johnson, who has just brought about the conviction of Abraham Ruef, to continue as a special prosecutor. That Mr. Johnson's services are not desired by those who are managing the graft prosecution is apparent; none the less, under all the circumstances they could hardly discover the hardihood to decline coöperation with him if the League of Justice should insist upon it. Mr. Johnson's capabilities as a prosecutor need no exploitation. When he came into the Ruef case, some weeks ago, hope of its successful prosecution had practically been abandoned. The procedure had degenerated into a Kilkenny fight between opposing lawyers, each seeming more eager to vilify his antagonist and to exhibit himself before the public as a "fighter" than to promote the cause before the bar. Mr. Johnson, assisted by Messrs. Dwyer and Sullivan, who with him volunteered to take up the work of the prosecution after Haas's assault upon Heney, instantly changed the atmosphere of procedure. Acrimonious passages between attorneys ceased; there was no badgering of witnesses, no spectacular stunts like the exposure of Haas, no unseemly threats to shoot, no invitation to "finish fights" on the street. By the dignity and skill of his conduct of the case, Mr. Johnson cut from under Ruef's attorneys the only ground upon which they were qualified to stand and make head. Held severely to the line of legitimate procedure, they broke down completely, as the event bears witness. That this result could have been achieved by methods which in former trials again and again failed, no man of judgment believes.

The man who has won this success—the man who has demonstrated his power by convicting Abraham Ruef—ought not to be allowed to pass out of a service which needs expert legal ability and personal self-command as grievously as it did when he entered it six weeks ago. The work legitimately to be done now by the graft prosecution is precisely what it was a year and a half ago when the *Argonaut* again and again defined it and urged it upon Mr. Spreckels and his associates, namely—to "*pursue criminality wherever it may be found, in places high and in places low, without fear or favor as to individuals.*" Mr. Johnson is precisely suited to this work; and in view of recent events it is not going too far to say that he is better suited to it than any other man. By all means he should be held in it. And since the prosecutors, although means ample for all legitimate purposes are being supplied to them from the public treasury, have not retained him, it would seem entirely proper for the League of Justice to step into the breach and insist upon Mr. Johnson's continuance in the work, even providing the means to retain him if that be necessary. With Mr. Johnson in the conduct of affairs there is a reasonable prospect for further success in those cases where convictions ought to be achieved. Without him—with the course of procedure turned back into those channels of passion and contention with which we have become too familiar—there is the smallest possible chance for a successful outcome.

It is to be considered that Ruef though formally convicted is not yet in stripes. Once before he was convicted, and the public has not forgotten the extraordinary combination of procedures which followed, ending in nullification of the finding against him. It would be an assurance to those who want to see Ruef not merely "convicted" but punished, and whose present doubts rest upon the substantial basis of a historical record, if the conclusion of the immediate procedure against the convicted man might be in the hands of one whose resolution, skill, and address have achieved a worthy success and about whose intentions and whose ways of

going about things there exists no question in any mind. Furthermore, Ruef's attorneys are preparing an appeal upon the basis of the long record in Judge Lawlor's court. The conviction which has been achieved must now be sustained in the higher courts, and it is a matter of the largest importance that a lawyer of unquestioned capacity shall present the argument in support of the recent finding. Who, let us ask, is better qualified to do this than Mr. Johnson, especially in the light of his connection with the case and its event?

The graft movement has been and continues to be a very serious and costly thing for San Francisco, directly and indirectly, in ways obscure and in ways plain. It appeared to start right, but later failed of its original purposes because it turned away from straight courses. Mr. Johnson's conviction of Ruef puts the movement, in so far as Mr. Johnson is related to it, back to a point where it stood in the early months of 1907. Upon the basis of his success in the Ruef case, Mr. Johnson is in a position to go forward upon the original lines of the graft prosecution and to regain for it the public respect which it lost through blunders and vagaries. And with this consideration in prospect it would appear a course of stupendous folly to permit Mr. Johnson to go and to again hand over the movement to the condition from which he rescued it.

As to the conviction of Ruef, little remains to be said. That the man is guilty, grossly and colossally guilty, no one has ever doubted for one moment. Nobody of sound moral sense or with the capacity to separate motives of honor from motives of shame, has ever sought or desired immunity for him or has wished him to evade the penalties which his multiplied infamies have merited. So far as Ruef is concerned, the thing now to be desired is that his punishment shall be speedy and severe, that there shall be no further bargainings with him, secret or confessed, that there shall be the fewest possible delays, to the end that San Francisco may point to his punishment as a mark of her power, even under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and stress, to stay and to scourge the hand of municipal corruption.

Dreyfus and Madame Steinheil.

It is a matter of relatively small moment whether Mme. Steinheil, now under arrest in Paris, did actually murder her husband and his mistress. Robbed of its political reminiscences, the crime becomes a very sordid and vulgar one, although of that dramatic and spectacular order that seems to find its home in the French capital. But public interest is legitimately aroused when it is known that the name of Mme. Steinheil was linked with that of President Faure at the time of the latter's sudden death, and our memory at once goes back to the whispers that were common in Paris when it was asserted that the fatal seizure of the president had occurred amid surroundings of the most discreditable kind and in the presence of the very woman who is now charged with a brutal and revolting murder.

Those who followed the Dreyfus case with any attention, and especially those who were in Paris at the time, will remember the very positive evidence that was quietly circulated as to the circumstances surrounding the president's death. Upon a basis of sufficiently ugly fact was raised a superstructure of still more ugly suspicion and innuendo variously colored by the frantic passions aroused by the "affaire." Facts and suspicions alike were suppressed by the authorities, while the reputable press frowned upon an attempt to import yet further bitterness and shame into a situation already threatening civil war. That the president's death was surrounded by disgraceful circumstances there was little question; the eye-witnesses were too numerous, but other questions were asked, and unless official suppression is once more attempted they are likely now to be answered. Was the president's death a natural one? If it was not natural, did Mme. Steinheil have any hand in a crime thus aimed at the head of the state? If so, was she bribed to aid in the removal of the one man who was supposed to stand inflexibly between Dreyfus and the rehearing of his case? Or, on the other hand, was she persuaded to the deed by those who feared that the president was weakening before the growing demand for justice? Did President Faure write to Mme. Steinheil a series of confidential letters embracing the whole secret history of the great cause, and if so, where are those letters now? That such letters existed was a common rumor at the time, and Mme. Steinheil was said to be under surveillance for a long while in the hope of their recovery.

These questions were the talk of the street of the

time of the president's death. Their interest faded away as the solution of the mystery seemed to become impossible. And now, after all these years, Mme. Steinheil's iniquitous life has brought her once more into the limelight. There is no particular reason why the crime of which she is now accused should be related to the tragedy with which her name was linked long ago and of which the president of the French republic was the victim, but the fact that she is the very same woman around whom so terrible a suggestion once hung so closely has aroused a public curiosity that will hardly be satisfied with anything short of a full, if tardy, revelation.

Editorial Notes.

It would be more seemly all round if the President, Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*, Mr. Laffan of the *Sun*, and the Indianapolis *News* man had given more study to the simple facts connected with the canal transaction and less ingenuity to the framing of vituperative epithets. If the transaction was a straight one, there surely must be a way of demonstrating it; and such an exposition gains nothing from the tirades flung by the President and Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Laffan. If the transaction was a crooked one, that, too, must be capable of exposition without explosive talk. An incident, no matter how much or how little scandal may lie at its base, is made a scandal by the vulgarity with which it is treated by everybody connected with it, including the President. What the public wants is not Mr. Laffan's or Mr. Pulitzer's opinions of the President, not the opinions of the President with respect to his critics, but the plain facts. And, since the issue has been raised, the public will have the facts before the incident is dismissed.

In the modern social organization, under the system which substitutes authority of law for authority of force, there is no higher function than that of the lawyer. And by the term lawyer we mean not the mere trader in the mechanism of legal procedures, rather than man whose considerations of the law are founded in regard for it as an agency for the promotion of justice among men. Judge John Garber, dead within the week, was a lawyer of the best and soundest type, sustaining perhaps in a truer sense than any other among us in recent years those high responsibilities which rest upon the legal profession in the larger range of its activities. Judge Garber was no mere abstract thinker, he was no mere moral dreamer; he was above all a man of affairs. He never shot into the air. He always shot at a mark. And wherever the shafts of his logic were aimed they carried unfailingly wisdom and enlightenment. Judge Garber was a great man and a great citizen, perhaps not more by his special activities than upon the basis of the example and stimulus which he supplied to the profession of which he has long been recognized as an eminent figure in California.

There are many, we find, who failed to grasp the significance of the vote given last month favorable to the enactment of a direct primary law. Last month's vote did not create such a law; it merely gave to the legislature constitutional authority to do it. Beyond a doubt we shall have a direct primary law at the hands of the coming legislature, since the sentiment of the State seems to be overwhelmingly for it. None the less, the *Argonaut* regards the whole business as a stupid blunder and awaits the day when it shall be able to say "I told you so." Let us add that all direct primary laws are not alike and that it is quite possible to choose between the utterly bad and the not-quite-so-bad. The muddle into which conditions have fallen in the State of Oregon ought at least to suggest caution to the most radical of innovators. Whatever else we may get, let us avoid a condition under which a legislature overwhelmingly Republican or Democratic may be committed to elect to the United States Senate a man of opposing political views. If we must have a direct primary law, with its inevitable cheapening of political agents, let us at least have one so drawn as to avoid the grosser evils of too hasty legislation elsewhere.

Gifford Pinchot is already chosen, it is said, for Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Taft's Cabinet. Overton W. Price, assistant forester, has been selected as Mr. Pinchot's successor in the office of chief forester. There is a possibility that Mr. Pinchot will enter office while Mr. Roosevelt is still President, but it is admitted that Secretary Wilson may remain until the end of the Roosevelt term if he wishes.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A few weeks ago the New York *Evening Post* published the results of a canvass of New York Democrats as to the causes of the recent political overthrow and the policies that the Democratic party can most hopefully follow in the future. The *Post* has now supplemented this inquiry by another one along similar lines and directed to the editors of Democratic newspapers in the South and West. The editor has sometimes a greater facility in the expression of opinion than the politician. He is more closely in touch with public sentiment and he has a better mental equipment for its analysis. Certainly the replies from the editors are more thoughtful and more judicial than those from the politicians, and this, after all, is what might have been expected.

Charles H. Henry of the *Spartanburg (S. C.) Journal* is decidedly lugubrious. He can find no balm in Gilead anywhere. The election of the Democratic governors brings no solace to his soul, inasmuch as they were elected by the whisky interests, and no good can come of such support. Mr. Bryan's defeat shows that the party can not succeed under a radical banner, while Mr. Parker's discomfiture proves that conservative leadership is equally useless. In point of fact, no party can succeed without the aid of the big interests.

J. H. Bloom, manager of the *Devil's Lake (N. D.) Journal*, is made of sterner stuff than that. He faces the foe and cries no surrender, but he is under no disillusion as to the Democratic governors. He would like to see what these governors will do, and he asks for fruits meet for repentance. Then he says that we "who are neighbors to Minnesota understand why Johnson was elected," and we may understand from this delphic utterance that some tale might be unfolded. "If it is principle we are fighting for, continue the fight on the lines of the last campaign, taking no backward step."

Claude S. Burr of the *Oklahoma State Capital* allows himself to deviate into some regrettable technicalities. He says if the party wishes to succeed "it must first deliberately burn the deck—unwrap a new one—being careful to sort the cards and discard all advertising slips and the joker." These formalities being accomplished, it should then stand firmly for tariff revision, but "revision with reason."

Wade H. Harris of the *Charlotte (N. C.) Evening Chronicle* thinks that Democratic opportunity will come through the exceeding stand-patness of Speaker Cannon, and in the meantime "cut loose from Bryanism in every manner, shape, and form; make tariff reform and the revival of the currency system the issue at the bands of the congressmen."

Richard W. Knott of the *Evening Post*, Louisville, repeats the previous explanation of the election of the Democratic governors. In Ohio and Indiana the success of the ticket was due "to the worst influence in American politics, which is the American saloon, its backers and supporters. I consider the surrender of the Democratic party in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee to the liquor elements the most sinister event in recent politics. You can not reorganize the Democratic party by the assistance of saloons."

Gilbert D. Raine of the *Memphis (Tenn.) News Scimitar* says "we want abler hands" and he asks us to note that he speaks in the plural. There are some men who must be relegated to obscurity. The party has had too much Jeff Davis of Arkansas, too much Guffey "and other camp followers," and perhaps too much of the Murphys and Conners. As to the tariff, "our view is that the minority should not make an exception of tariff on print paper. It should not be a party to organized greed's escape by making a scapegoat of one of the privileged interests. The minority should not contribute towards throwing a sop to the self-interest appetite of the pink-tea reformers in the press. It should rather see that they feel, learn, and inwardly digest the economic and moral deformities of the present tariff."

J. P. Caldwell of the *Charlotte (N. C.) Observer* says that the party must be united on the tariff, that it should be encouraged in the choice of an unobjectionable candidate by the success of the Democratic governors, and that it should eliminate Mr. Bryan. "No plan of action for the future will be worth while until Mr. Bryan announces unequivocally that he will not be a candidate, active or receptive, for the nomination in 1912; that he would not accept the nomination if it were tendered him, but will give his cordial support to the nominee of that year, and bring his influence in behalf of that nominee to bear upon his own followers."

Desha Breckinridge of the *Lexington (Ky.) Herald* also believes that Mr. Bryan must evaporate. He feels that the tariff should take precedence of all such policies as the guarantee of bank deposits, foreign policies, and "efforts to follow the example of Mr. Roosevelt in the bunko game of denouncing rich malefactors, while failing to enact any law which will strike at the source of their power and influence." If Mr. Bryan will aid in developing such men as Johnson, Marshall, and Harmon, the next election can be won, but "if he continues his past policy of attempting to destroy every man who appears who is not subservient to his ambition, it may be within his power to prevent the election of any Democrat."

W. R. Nelson of the *Kansas City Star* suggests that it is difficult to "put" the organization into abler hands. Leadership comes spontaneously from within, and men arbitrarily selected would have no following. Mr. Bryan's strength arises from the fact that he was not imposed on the party. "He grew up from within it." But the right leaders must be found and they must make it clear that they are the enemies of privilege and ready to walk along broad and constructive paths. The Democratic party must develop for itself such leaders as Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, La Follette, Hadley, Cummins, and Beveridge. Then it can make a strong appeal to the nation.

Louis T. Golding of the *St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press* joins in the cry for the subsidence of Mr. Bryan. It must be "final and complete." The present prospects for the party are bright if it will concentrate upon the tariff. Notwithstanding the sincerity of Mr. Taft, the stand-patters will prevail, and

this will be rebuked by the people in 1912. But the leader must be equal to his opportunities. He must have "broad intelligence, wide experience, special training, and, above all, that common sense that amounts to genius." Mr. Bryan has none of this. He is a "splendid exhorter, and would almost make another Moody, but he can not be seriously considered as a national executive." Moreover, why not choose a candidate from the South, or from the border? How about David R. Francis of Missouri?

S. L. Retter, formerly editor of the *Raleigh (N. C.) Evening Times*, says by all means put the leadership into new hands. Good Democrats can hardly be expected to follow the Tammany bosses, Tom Taggart backers, Haskell and his scandals, or Fingy Conners and his saloon chain. There should be no more connection with "ward-beelers and gentlemen who can 'control' and 'swing' votes. The tariff has become the supreme issue and the people are heartily sick of the present schedules. The hallmark of a convention carries little weight with the voter who makes up his own mind upon what he knows of the candidate. Nominate for President in 1912 one of the successful governors of the doubtful States, is my answer to the question as to how the election of Democratic governors can be utilized. Still make the tariff the paramount issue."

Charles I. Stewart of the *Kentucky Evening Gazette* is in no hurry upon the leadership. The problem must solve itself from the inside. Mr. Stewart is somewhat in the minority in his relegation of the tariff to a secondary position. By all means let there be an united and consistent tariff policy, but it must not "obscure the question of the restraint of those who have profited by other forms of special privilege." Future Democratic success must come through Republican dissension. "The antagonism between the different elements in the Republican party has been plain to every close observer of affairs, and this antagonism was not removed by the truce of the factions for the recent presidential campaign. It is not likely that Mr. Taft as President will have the courage to seek the overthrow of the present House machine, and from the moment an extra session of Congress is called we may expect a conflict to rage between the liberal element of the Republican organization led by Taft and the reactionary forces led by the House machine, backed by all of the old stalwart Republican politicians and the powerful interests and corporations that have profited by control of legislation and the public administration."

Last but not least comes Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. He asks who is to select the new leaders, who is to name time and place, and who is to determine the standards of "ability." "It was not 'ability' that was lacking on the Democratic side in the last campaign, or was present on the Republican side. The trend of the popular thought, thoroughly commercialized, reduced the contest to a man-to-man issue; it became a duel between Mr. Bryan's record and Mr. Taft's record; for all his vociferation the President dropped quite out of it; great masses of the voters believed that with Taft they took no risk, but, on the contrary, that they would get an improvement on Roosevelt, while with Bryan they knew not what; certainly continued agitation for something which went by the name of Reform. Decidedly, the bread-and-butter argument had the floor. It was doubtless helped along by money and machinery—fortified by threats and fears. But it was predominant, and it prevailed."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

As Seen from New York.

NEW YORK, December 4, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: There appeared in the *New York Sun* of December 2, 1908, an article descriptive of conditions in San Francisco which produced in the breasts of many San Franciscans abroad feelings of shame, humiliation, and profound disgust. The article is but an index to the opinion of San Francisco which has found a firm lodgment in the minds of a large number, and perhaps a majority, of the people of the East, and, unfortunately, the picture is, in the main, a faithful representation of one view of the present situation utterly detrimental to San Francisco's material interests.

The unenviable notoriety gained through the sensational events of recent years has caused the people in the East to believe that San Francisco has sunk in a state of lawlessness hardly less chaotic than that which prevailed in the days of the Vigilantes. One may pour into the Easterner's ears the wonderful tale of accomplishment since the fire; one may quote the statistics of building operations, customs receipts, bank clearings, etc., but to these he gives only a distracted attention. When one has finished one's speech, he asks with eager interest, "Is San Francisco really such a lawless city and are the streets as unsafe as we are told they are?"

San Francisco should rouse itself from its state of fatuous complacency and realize that these harmful ideas take firm root and multiply, whereas the accounts of her recent remarkable achievements in the line of progress toward rehabilitation fall on barren soil.

What San Francisco now imperatively needs is a period of total eclipse. She has been thoroughly advertised, but, unfortunately, she gave the advertising contract to enemies. If San Francisco would retire from the limelight, if she would permit the influence of time to efface from the minds of men the humiliating memory of the past few years of sensationalism, miserably sordid quarrels, perversions of justice, and municipal misgovernment, and by a concerted effort of her better citizenship resume a normal course of life, she would the sooner reinstate herself in the good opinion of the American public. San Francisco seems to be the helpless victim of some hateful influence blunting her perceptions. She appears to ignore, or to view with equanimity, a state of affairs which meets with the severest reprehension outside. She seems complacently to bear the finger of scorn and pitying contempt continually pointed at her by the Eastern press and people. To be sure, nothing, not even the strenuous efforts of her rivals without and her false friends within, can permanently prevent the fulfillment of her manifest destiny, but present conditions can and do operate to retard greatly the day of its accomplishment.

It is furthermore safe to say that were the San Francisco newspapers as unanimously and as unselfishly devoted to the best interests of San Francisco as is the *Argonaut*, a continuance of present conditions would speedily become impossible. Such, at least, are the views of many San Franciscans in exile, one of whom has the honor to subscribe himself as

IRVIN J. WIEL.

A BUDDHIST POPE IN PEKING.

Visit of the Dalai Lama to the Chinese Capital.

Holier than the Pope of Rome, for he claims to be the reincarnation of a God, and more absolute than the Czar of Russia, for he is spiritual as well as temporal autocrat, the Dalai Lama of Thibet holds a unique position. It is well known that the secret of romance is remoteness, and this his advisers have so thoroughly understood that they have always taken care to shroud their priest-king in mystery. In Lhasa he was seldom allowed to go outside the gilded palace—the wonderful Potala; the faithful who journeyed from all the Buddhist Himalayan States, from the remotest corners of Mongolia, and even from China itself, worshipped him with lowered eyes. He was, in fact, kept impersonal, remote, undividable, for the sake of his spiritual prestige.

When the British expedition entered holy Lhasa in 1904 his unveiling seemed inevitable. Nothing but the most extreme measures could save him from being dragged into the disillusioning glare of publicity. Either he had to suffer the indignity of being gazed on by unsympathetic crowds, of being dragged into durbar as a signatory, or he had to flee. To escape the ordeal he fled—and in the most picturesque and effective way possible at dead of night, silently, up the narrow valley which leads to Mongolia.

Since that unlucky year, he has been traveling continually over mountain ranges and across deserts, and his visit to Peking is by express invitation of the Emperor of China, who wished to consult with him about the tangled web of Thibetan politics. The Chinese capital was certainly not originally included in the programme of his *wanderjahr*, and he came with reluctance.

First he lingered for five months at the holy city of Wu Tai Shan, where the Chinese spent enormous sums in fitting out the temple for his reception. The roofs were retiled with glistening yellow porcelain tiles; the rooms were hung with yellow silk from the imperial looms, and the floors were covered with the finest camel's hair carpets. A continuous stream of pilgrims came daily to ask his blessing.

Among other visitors, he received Mr. Rockhill, United States minister to China, who in former years traveled extensively in Thibet and who still speaks Thibetan fluently. The Dalai Lama, when the first greetings were over, when he had partaken of tea and food with his guest (this was an exceptional unbending), naively inquired, "Well, what have you brought me?" Like all Orientals, he has a mania for new toys, which please and distract him and temporarily break the monotony of his long dull days. The only gift to which he took exception was a phonograph sent him on one occasion by the Maharajah of Nepal. For a few moments the Dalai Lama listened to it attentively. Then he suddenly rose and ordered it removed. "I can not live with a voice that has no soul," said he.

Though greedy for gifts, he is quite willing to repay them in kind, and he presented the American minister with Buddhas and prayer wheels. These, of course, were in addition to the ceremonial scarfs which at every audience the Dalai Lama places on the shoulders of his visitors. The higher the rank of the caller, the finer the scarf, but so far as coloring goes, the very best of them are disappointing. All are simple blue and white, specially woven in the Chinese province of Shantung, and of coarse silk.

It was far from easy to persuade the Dalai Lama to leave Wu Tai Shan for Peking. Possibly he was nervous for his safety in a capital. He finally set out, however, traveling for the first time in his life by train. Two other "specials" transported his attendants and baggage, and the entry into the city was magnificent. Fifty stately camels gay with red and yellow trappings carried his personal possessions. Fifty horses—temporarily detached from the Chinese cavalry—carried his more important followers, and in addition there were numberless carts to transport odds and ends such as tents and camp-followers. As they passed through the mediæval gateways of old Peking, the effect was more than beautiful. Yellows, reds, greens, stood out in vivid contrast to the gray of the walls, and in addition to these sunset colors of the Thibetans, there were the brilliant sunrise colors of the Manchu women come out to see the sights—the pinks and mauves and magentas marvelously and daringly combined in gowns and shoes and head-dresses.

If these good ladies had a lurking feminine desire for a little admiration from the strangers, they were disappointed. The Dalai Lama himself stepped straight from the train into his yellow-covered chair and neither saw nor was seen by any one. As for his followers, they seem singularly incurious. In most of the faces indifference and apathy could be plainly read. There was nothing pleasant or human about them, as there invariably is about a Chinese crowd; on the contrary, thick lips, hawk eyes, and heavy jowls gave them a forbidding appearance. They rode along in silence, turning occasional proud and disdainful glances on the sightseers, and appeared to resent being stared at. Yet they must have realized that the best bred crowd in the world must have stared at their picturesque dresses, their long over-garment shaped like a burnoose and leaving one bronzed arm bare, at their quaint peaked caps tipped with sable, at their single earring set with a heavy lump of matrix turquoise and—most of all—at the kodaks slung over the shoulders of several priests.

The procession passed directly across the city to the temple beyond the outer walls where the Dalai Lama was to lodge. It is situated on the same plain that the Allies encamped upon when they came to Peking in 1860. Now, as then, it is covered with tents—but these latest arrivals, instead of being white and regular, are brown and straggling. Camels lie beside them; shaggy ponies are tethered to their ropes, and before almost every one there is a crowd of Mongol men and women loafing about and talking loudly. There seems to be no attempt at order, and all Mongols, no matter how dirty, are welcome.

The Dalai Lama's own quarters are superintended by Chinese officials, who observe all visitors, and, indeed, take them in charge from their arrival to their departure. What they probably dread is some intrigue—especially a Russian intrigue, for the Dalai Lama is known to favor the Russians, while he detests the British. Rumor says that it was a Russian Lama named Dorjief, by the way, who helped to arrange the famous flight from Lhasa.

Naturally the Russian minister has been to call upon the Dalai Lama, but so have all the other diplomats in Peking. One plenipotentiary asked for an audience not only for himself, but for his staff and the officers of his legation guard. The request was granted and the party made a brave show, all the military being naturally in uniform. But as soon as the Dalai Lama saw the gold lace and swords he looked startled, trembled perceptibly, and asked that the officers retire immediately. He feared that they were meditating a *coup d'état*, that they had come to take him prisoner, and since that occasion he has steadily refused to receive any one in uniform, and never more than two or three persons at a time.

During the audiences he sits upon a high, bench-like throne with his hands folded and his feet carefully placed in the ceremonial attitude—that is, heels together and toes at right angles to each other. He wears a simple flowing garment of dark red Thibetan cloth, and all his surroundings are equally unpretentious. The four Chief Lamas who form his council usually stand round him with bowed heads, and one of them generally translates.

Personally the Dalai Lama is rather above the average height, thick set, with a heavy, square jaw and a nose unusually long and straight for a Thibetan. His eyebrows turn upward and give him a forbidding look. He looks more than his thirty-three years, and his menacing expression seems to be a true index to his character, so far as the character can be judged of one whom it is considered blasphemous to scrutinize and criminal to discuss. There is little doubt, however, that he is cleverer than the majority of his predecessors—as well as proud, headstrong, and determined. The last characteristic he plainly showed in his discussions over his audience with the Emperor of China. He made so many conditions—one of which was that the emperor should drag him into the throne room with a silken cord—that the whole matter nearly fell through. But finally outside influence obliged him to give in and, notwithstanding his sanctity, make his nine kotows before the Son of Heaven like other people. The interview then proceeded amicably, and the Dalai Lama took the opportunity to submit a long list of Thibetan reforms, including the construction of a railway to Lhasa.

And now that some form of agreement—the exact nature of which, of course, the public may not know—has been concluded, the Dalai Lama is impatient to start back to Thibet. The question is, should he return, will the regent who has been governing the country in his absence abdicate gracefully? Since the assumption of temporal power by the fifth Grand Lama in the seventeenth century, the whole history of the Thibetan hierarchy has been a record of bloodshed and intrigue. No less than twelve Dalai Lamas have been suddenly absorbed into the universal essence when their continuance in this mortal coil became inconvenient. Truly the life of the "Eloquent, Noble-Minded Tübdan," as the present incumbent is called, can not be an enviable one. He has no amusements. His days pass in pious abstraction or in the monotonous repetition of "Om Man Padme Om" and he has neither companions nor friends. Surrounded by ignorant and brutal men, he is almost certain in the end to fall a victim to some plot, and meanwhile he has the satisfaction of knowing that when he does suddenly disappear, no questions will be asked—that those who hear of his death will simply say, "Who shall presume to judge the doings of the divine Lord of Mercy and Judgment or to question the hour when he ordains that a spirit shall enter a higher state?"

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, November 15, 1908.

Bremen was the first port of the Continent that undertook to establish a regular steamship service with the United States. From that small beginning in 1847, sixty years ago, it has constantly increased its shipping and trade until during last year, 1907, Bremen ships carried over 225,000 emigrants, and more than \$52,000,000 worth of merchandise to the United States, and brought back to Bremen from the United States \$154,000,000 worth of merchandise.

A kippered herring is a combination of a smoked and pickled fish. To produce it the fresh herring is first put through a light pickling process, and is then smoked the same as is any other fish.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Ida Tarbell has written a letter protesting against the report that she favors the suffrage for women. She actually belongs to the hostile organization of anti-woman suffragists.

Bringing the thanks of a grateful people for the remittance by the American government of a large part of the Boxer indemnity, Tang Shao Yi, president of the Chinese board and created a special ambassador for the occasion, has arrived in Washington.

The French ambassador, M. Jusserand, last week officiated at the unveiling at East Orange, New Jersey, of a memorial tablet to the great French inventor, André-Marie Ampere. It has been set up in the Ampere station, near the Crocker-Wheeler factory, by Dr. Schuyler Skaats Wheeler, head of the company.

Captain Watt, the commodore of the Cunard fleet, retired into private life a few days ago when he brought the *Lusitania* into harbor at Liverpool. Captain Watt's sea career extends over half a century, and his record covers five hundred and twenty-eight voyages across the Atlantic without an accident to any of the vessels under his charge.

Miss Marguerite Frey, winner of the widely advertised newspaper American beauty competition, has just been married to Mr. Wilkins McClair Armour, of Dallas, Texas. Tired of being pointed out as the most beautiful woman in America, Miss Frey wanted to avoid as much publicity as possible, so a quiet wedding was decided upon, and only her parents knew of the date.

Walter Wellman, through his lawyer, Donald Harper, has filed a libel suit for \$100,000 and rectification against the sporting review, *La Vie au Grand Air*, because of the publication of an article characterizing Wellman's expedition to the North Pole as "an American bluff, designed for personal profit and carried out under the cover of impossible scientific conditions." The article of which Mr. Wellman complains was printed last spring.

Miss Cicely Horner, one of the noted beauties of London society and an artist besides, is going to marry George Lambton, a brother of the Earl of Durham, much interested in racing. Miss Horner's is an old Somersetshire family, and it is said that the original "Jack Horner," who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum," was a distinguished ornament thereof, being steward to the abbot of Glastonbury when the abbey lands were distributed, and getting a fine plum.

Ignacio Fragosa, who is in prison in Mexico City under sentence of death for homicide, has saved his life and may lead to his receiving an unconditional pardon and high honors. He has invented an aeroplane while in prison. He drew such perfect plans of the machine, which is projected upon a new theory that promises to revolutionize all that has ever been done along this line, that the prison authorities called the attention of the minister of war to the invention.

Professor Metchnikoff, the Russian sub-director of the Pasteur Institute, who will receive half the Nobel prize this year for medico-physiological research, declares that he will devote the sum to further study of means to promote longevity. He will continue his efforts to discover how the body can get its chance, so to speak, and how it can be prevented from being needlessly sacrificed in early youth—comparatively, that is—at seventy or eighty years of age, when it ought to hold out until it is 150.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, accompanied by Prince and Princess Kalaniano'le and her secretary, Aimoku, have reached Washington from Honolulu. She will appear before Congress and urge the passage of Delegate Kalaniano'le's relief bill to indemnify the queen for certain lands which were confiscated by the United States. She contends that at the time the lands were confiscated—the period of occupancy by American troops in Hawaii—property of the crown yielded an income of \$50,000 a year.

Dr. Ferrero, the Italian scholar and historian, in a recent lecture before the Lowell Institute in Boston, said that Antony's love for Cleopatra is a myth. Latronne, a French investigator of about a century ago, found that in 36 B. C. Antony married Cleopatra and became King of Egypt, although he did not dare so to proclaim himself. He wanted not Cleopatra, but Egypt. He desired to establish a Roman protectorate in the Valley of the Nile, a base within striking distance of Persia. Cæsar knew of the wealth of Egypt, and the intrigue of Antony was political and was based on the plans of Cæsar.

Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang has been elevated to the great English See of York—which shares with the See of Canterbury the archiepiscopal direction of the Established Church. A Scotchman, he was born in 1864, and was educated at Glasgow and at Kings College, Cambridge. At one time it seemed that he might follow the lawyer's life, at another the scholar's. He studied for the bar at the Inner Temple, but when almost on the eve of being "called" became convinced that his vocation should be the Anglican ministry. Dr. Stubbs, the famous Bishop of Oxford, ordained him and he became a curate. Some seven years or so ago he was made Canon of St. Paul's, then Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, which positions he occupied at the time of his appointment to the archbishopric of York.

DIANA'S BANDIT GUIDE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XLIV.

How Diana found herself in the saddle, and galloping through the darkness beside the bandit, she could not exactly tell. She remembered her maid Luisa with a sly smile giving her Eugene's letter: she remembered the shock with which she read the news of Arthur's peril of death; she recalled her sending Pepe to seek Basquez and to bid him meet her with horses. She vaguely remembered also leaving a line for Mrs. Lyndon, but what explanation she made of her absence she could not tell. All she knew was that appalling news had come to her—news that Arthur Alden lay in a Vigilante prison, that he was sentenced to die a shameful death, and that her testimony might save his life. And with this dreadful news had come to her also like a flash the sudden conviction that she loved Arthur Alden—loved him passionately—loved him more than all the world beside. She felt herself blushing in the darkness.

The bandit by her side rode on in silence—although a man of many murders, he was *muy cobolero*, and instinctively felt that she was busy with her thoughts. "Why did I treat him so?" she asked herself in a passion of self-reproach. "Was it his fault if we were cut off by the flood alone together for a day and a night? How could he have helped it? If I had not—that is, if I had—if I had not spoken to him so harshly, perhaps he might never have gone to this dreadful place. His life might not now be hanging by a thread. Why did I treat him so? All for a question of conventionality—something which even in cities is artificial, and which here, out on the frontier, where men and women live free lives and think frank thoughts, is not only artificial, but absurd."

For some miles they had been riding through the valley, as she knew by the cool feeling of the lush alfalfa on either side of the road—it was a feeling rather than an odor. But the heavy clay road began changing to a dry and sandier soil, and the keener odor of the *yerbo santa* reached her nostrils. They were leaving the valley now. Ahead of them in the darkness she thought she could discern the low clumps of sage-brush. They were on the edge of the desert.

How was it the bandit called this desert when they started? It was some odd name.

"*Como se llamo este desierto?*" she said to him abruptly.

"*Se llama 'Salsipuedes,'*" he replied.

Salsipuedes—"escape if you can!" What a strange name, she thought to herself. Baptized by desert wanderers, probably, with death facing them from thirst. And straightway her brain fell to following their horses' hoof-beats, in the rhythmical leaps of the gallop, with the refrain:

"*Sal-si-puedes! Escape-if-you-can!*
Sal-si-puedes! Escape-if-you-can!
Sal-si-puedes! Escape-if-you-can!
Sal-si-puedes! Escape-if-you-can!

Click! Something shut like a shutter in her brain, and the refrain ceased suddenly. "Escape"—here she was babbling of sounds, and names, and words, when across that stretch of desert her lover lay in prison sentenced to death. "*Sal-si-puedes! Escape if you can!*" Would he escape? Perhaps the despairing desert cry was ringing in his ears, but with a different meaning. Could she help him to escape? Ah—God grant that it were so!

She felt a momentary impulse of impatience with the valiant little mustang which bore her along so tirelessly. "When do we reach the camp where we change horses?" she asked querulously.

"*A media noche.*"

It was not until midnight then. But Basquez had already told her—she had forgotten. He had said that they could get no fresh horses until they reached his camp at the old stage station on the abandoned road across the desert. After that, he had said, the moon would be up, and they could ride faster. Oh, that midnight and the moon were come, and they were riding faster—faster—faster—on the further side of the desert—on the side where he was, and not here.

"Click!"

What was that? It was neither the jingle of bridle-chain nor spur-rowel. It was only a bit of flint thrown up by her horse's hoof, and striking the metal band around her spurred boot. Would her strong nerves fail her? But no, she thought, as she galloped on in her high-peaked Mexican saddle. Her sure seat and her coolness with horses would stand her in good stead tonight. She remembered Arthur's look of surprise when he saw her appear ready to ride for the *rodco*. She thought then that, mingled with his look of frank admiration, there was visible a tinge of distaste for the semi-masculine equipment. She remembered that she had mentally resented it at the time. Now, she thought to herself, perhaps he would forgive her for her masculine fashion of riding, if thus she might save his life.

Ah, he had more than that to forgive her for! He did not know that she had innocently shielded the bandit whom the Vigilantes were pursuing—the bandit accused of wounding him on the stage-coach. But what of that? Was she not riding under the protection of that very bandit? She set her teeth as she determined that she would stick at nothing to save Arthur. Were Basquez and his men all red-handed

murderers, she would not hesitate to use them if thus she could save his life.

On and on they rode through the darkness, for what seemed hours. How her companion knew the road, if there was a road, she could not understand. At last ahead of them the stars began to grow pale, the sky luminous. The moon was rising. On the horizon ahead she could see a black line of saw-like mountains, outlined against the cold glimmer of the moon. And as the light gradually transmuted the dark desert into a waste of gray and silver, she thought she saw ahead what looked like human habitations. As they drew nearer her companion bade her draw rein and she saw that she was right. A sharp challenge came from the lookout by the road-side.

"*Que gente?*"

Her companion replied with a password, and they drew up in front of a large adobe house. Out of this there poured a dozen or more Mexicans, who received Basquez with hearty greetings. At her they gazed curiously, but did not venture to address her. It was evidently not yet known to the band who or what she was. Basquez did not always take his cutthroats into his confidence. If the chief had carried off a young *Americano* for ransom—*muy bien*. If not for the band and for ransom, but for a *querida* for himself, why not so well, but *porque no?*

The bandit chief took off his *sombrero* with a flourish: "*Mi cosa, señorita,*" he said, "*es lo nuestro.*"

It was the conventional Spanish greeting for a host to say to his guest, "My house is yours," but through Diana's mind there ran the whimsical thought, how can he offer what is not his? It certainly was not his house to give nor hers to accept. While three or four of his band were making some slight attempt to put it in order before she entered, she asked Basquez what manner of place it was. He told her that it was an old stage-station, disused when the stage-coaches had abandoned the direct road across the desert. As new mining camps sprung up on the edge of the desert, the stage road had followed the more circuitous route around, skirting the mountains. There was a good spring or water-hole here, hence its name "Los Pozos."

By the light of the full moon, now climbing higher above the horizon, Diana could see that the adobe which they were preparing for her was the main building—this must be the old station. The other structures were mere shanties built of upright cactus poles and thatched with cactus leaves. There were two corals, also built of cactus poles; in these there was a large herd of horses—much larger, she thought, than was needed to mount all the Mexicans in the band.

Since their chief's arrival these men were all busy as bees. Several were putting the adobe house to rights for her; one was making a fire there, for the night winds on the desert are often keen and cold. Others were unsaddling their weary beasts, and taking them to the corral. Still others were making preparations for supper; on a fire which was smouldering in a trench, a bunch of dried mesquite twigs was thrown; juicy rib collars were cut from a quarter of beef hanging in front of the adobe, and soon they were sizzling over the clear embers. Another bandit made steaming coffee, while the baker of the band prepared hot *torillas*.

When the two mustachioed housemaids had finished their hasty tidying, Diana was ushered in with much ceremony, and left alone. The room was meagrely furnished—its only contents were the wooden counter of the stage station and two broken chairs with seats made of rawhide thongs. The walls bore for sole garniture several superannuated saddle-trees hanging on pegs. The adobe house consisted of a single large room, lighted only by the fire. To this Diana drew up, seated herself in one of the rawhide chairs, and with a shiver extended her booted feet to the blaze, for the night wind was growing very cold. Not many minutes later Basquez brought her in a smoking hot supper on a tin plate and a tin cup of coffee.

Diana protested that she did not care to eat.

"*Gracias, no tengo hambre, no tomaré nada,*" she said.

But Basquez insisted that she must eat, if only a little, or her strength would fail before her long, hard ride was done. Reluctantly, therefore, she ate a few morsels only, but drank all of the hot coffee, and it gave a fillip to her spirits. She became impatient to be off. She looked out, but there was no sign of activity—the bandits were lolling around their fire, smoking *cigaritos*.

"Why do we not start?" she cried to Basquez.

He hastened to explain to her that it was little past midnight, and that he did not wish to arrive at the town too early.

"But I wish to arrive early! *tengo usted entendido!*" she declared, stamping her little foot. "Understand me! *muy de moñona! Tan pronta como possible!*"

"*No es posible!*" replied Basquez, laughing at her imperiousness. He was not used to taking orders.

"And why is it not possible? Why do you not want to arrive before daylight?"

"Because, señorita," replied the bandit gravely, "that town before daylight is no place for *you*." He added with a twinkle in his eye, "And after daylight it is no place for *me*."

With a sigh Diana turned back within the hut. She realized that if Arthur's life was at stake, there were other lives as well. She had forgotten for the moment the handbill she had seen at Captain Helmont's, offering thousands of dollars for certain men, dead or alive; she did not know—she did not want to know—but she could not help suspecting that some of the men on

whose heads a price was set were seated around that camp-fire a few yards away from her, and that the man under whose charge she had come so far—and with whom she had yet to go many miles—was Joaquin Basquez, the most daring bandit in the State.

But what did it matter, she thought impatiently. If he had brought her so far in safety, he would surely bring her the rest of the way. And a certain recklessness which was in her blood made her dismiss these thoughts of the methods from her mind, and think only of the goal.

The sound of men's voices, the whinnying of the animals in the corral, the grunting of the mustangs that were being cinched—these noises brought her to the door. She rejoiced to see that preparations for departure were under way. Two selected animals were ready saddled for her and Basquez, while six of the bandits were looking over their mounts, tightening thongs, and knotting girths.

"Why are all these men going with us?" asked Diana in surprise.

Basquez replied that in the desert they were at home, and asked no odds of any one. But he frankly admitted that near the towns they were obliged to be wary.

"You mean that you are afraid of capture if you accompany me alone?" Diana asked. She said it innocently enough, but she would have given worlds to recall it when she saw the bandit's eyes flash and noted the look on his face.

"*Eso puede ser,*" he said with an effort, and then went on, quietly enough; "But no—that is not what I meant. The *señorita* is young and beautiful. There are bands of *Americanos* near the town who are worse for women than the band of Basquez."

Diana shuddered.

"Have no fear, *señorita,*" he said. "My six men will protect you to the town—and then—*quien sabe?*—they may be necessary to protect me back again," he added with a laugh. "But have no fear—you will reach there safely. *Con perdon*—may I help you to mount? No?" He looked around. "They are all ready—*todo esto listo? Pues vamosnos!*" And the little cavalcade swung into column, and the light-footed mustangs loped out on the desert highway.

As they set forth, Diana involuntarily looked back toward the miles of darkness over which they had come. Everything was lighted now—the desert was all a-shimmer with moonlight. Around the old stage-station there were patches of shadow, for a scattering grove of cottonwoods grew about the water-hole, and followed the little stream which ran from the spring through bunches of salt grass till it lost itself in the desert. But as she looked toward the East, whither they were journeying, she saw little left of the darkness, save the black shadows of the cactus. Before them, rolling away to the distant mountains, lay broad, moon-lighted stretches of sand and shale. Dotted methodically over the desert were clumps of sage-brush, only a little darker than the surrounding sand. Interminable files of the tall yucca marched like silent soldiers toward the horizon.

And thus they rode on for long miles over the vast plain, gaunt and dreary by day, but by night unearthly and spectral under the cold metallic tones of the moon.

Basquez did not speak to her, nor was there talk among the men riding behind them. Perhaps he had ordered them to maintain silence, as she could understand most of what they said when they spoke. Whether it was through fear of offending her with their speech, she did not know; possibly yes—the talk of bandits on the march might not be suited for a young lady's ears.

Once they passed a clump of ragged greasewood, and two or three animals seemed to start out of the darkness. Long afterward, Diana remembered this group, sharply photographed on her brain—a black mule, a white mule, and two big *burros*, hobbled near a pile of pack-saddles and camp-stuff; two recumbent figures, their heads resting on their saddles; one of them sitting up suddenly as the silent troop swept by. Even this bivouac under the moonlight brought no word from her silent escort—there was no sound save the "pad-pad" of their horses' hoofs, the creak of saddle-leather, and the jingle of bit-chains and spurs.

The miles were rolling away beneath the feet of their tireless animals. The moon had climbed high in the heavens, and had passed the zenith. The black cactus shadows had shortened, and were lengthening again. A faint light was fluttering behind the grim mountains which lay to the eastward. The moon was growing pale and wan. The whitish stretches of alkali which lay like leprous patches on the desert's bosom were turning to a vivid leaden hue. The mountains were coming nearer; in the clear, cold air of the desert night they had stood out sharp and colorless under the chilly light, like the dead peaks of the lunar world; now there was a faint suggestion of color about them—not yet warm and flaming reds and yellows, but cold, dull tints of amethyst and amber.

The desert began to change; the monotonous plain was broken here and there by ravines, while low limestone ridges rose out of the alkali, and traveled, steadily rising as they ran, toward the mountain's base. The cactus and sage-brush found themselves met by chaparral and occasional piñon; the sad-colored dunes of the desert yielded to hummocks and knolls of reddish yellow clay. The dawn was coming. The cool night breeze was dying. Every now and again they rode into basins and hollows filled up to the brim with warmer air. They were on the edge of the desert.

Long before she could distinguish objects at such a

distance, Basquez pointed out to her a blur at the base of the mountain. This, he said, was the town to which she had asked to be guided. As the light grew stronger and the distance less, at last she could discern houses—so clear was the air that she could see smoke rising from a few of them. And when they were within an easy distance of the town, Basquez signaled to his band to draw rein, and turning to her said:

"No pueda andar mas."

"You say you can go no further?" began Diana, when she was interrupted. A babel of voices broke out from the hitherto silent band. Basquez strove to still the clamor, but it would not be stilled. Again Diana began to speak:

"There is no further need, señor. The way is clear, the darkness is over, the town is in sight. I thank you with all my heart for what you have done, but there is no need to go further."

She spoke to Basquez in Spanish, and again the wild clamor broke forth. Although they could understand her, she could scarcely understand their rude dialect, and she turned in alarm to Basquez for an explanation. But his smile as he told of the plight of his bandits reassured her:

"Pardon these *sin verguenzas* for their folly, señorita, but they insisted when we started that they must escort you into the town itself. I strove to convince them that it was unwise, but they would not listen. So to humor the rascals I promised."

"And now?" queried Diana in consternation.

"And now, señorita, I take back my promise. Hence their discontent."

"Why, how could they possibly—" and here Diana stopped. It seemed embarrassing to touch on the fact that her escort were not free agents.

"Their plan was simple," explained Basquez, "it was to ride into the town quietly, and leave you safely within the doorway of the *casa principal*. Then I was to give the signal, and the entire band was to ride at full speed out of town, firing at every one in the streets and into the houses as they rode. Thus they would do you honor, strike terror to the hearts of the *Americanos*, and dash back to the desert victorious."

"And have you persuaded them to keep out of the town?" asked Diana, aghast.

"They have consented very reluctantly, but they will obey. *Pera falta andar*—it is growing late. We must go. *Vaya usted can Dios, señorita!*"

And after him, like a litany, the band repeated, in deep-voiced unison:

"*Vaya usted can Dios!*"

Diana waved her hand to the little group of outlaws, and turned the head of her wearied mustang toward the town. Not the least curious thing in this strange night was the farewell of the bandits as she left them:

"May God go with you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ALDRICH, THE POET AND EDITOR.

The Story of a Literary Life, Told by Ferris Greenslet, and Illuminated by Many Letters.

It is nearly two years since Thomas Bailey Aldrich died, but the sense of loss that came with the announcement of the event is still present, even with the many who knew the author only from his work. Ferris Greenslet has prepared a biography of the poet, now presented in a handsome volume, and though the newspapers and the magazines have printed in the past months many columns of reminiscence, anecdote, and criticism that have served to fix in the memory of his admirers the striking passages of his career, the book is fresh in interest. Aldrich's life was rich in movement and in new and attractive associations. Mr. Greenslet has not merely followed the line faithfully, but has written with appreciation and with skill, and in the main may be commended for the restraint which must mark the ideal biographer. Not the least among the many valuable features of the work is the offering of letters written by the poet-editor to his friends in the literary world. Aldrich did not pose in his letters. He was the artist at all times, the conscientious critic of himself and others, but always the frank and genial correspondent. Almost every one of these familiar epistles might be quoted, with full warrant, and it is hard to choose from among them. The lines selected are fragments from the ore as it runs, and not rare specimens chosen after long search. They are intimate in their display of the author's sentiment, wit, fancy, and dramatic power.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836. All his life he kept in memory the beauties of his boyhood home, and its scenes described in his "Story of a Bad Boy" and "A Rivermouth Romance," and in his verses and other stories, were true to the colors of his youthful admiration. In 1883 he wrote of the old town as follows in a letter regretting his inability to be present at a Portsmouth reunion:

I write in behalf of one of those unavoidably absent sons—a prodigal who would be as glad as he of the parable to get home again. His loyalty to that spot of earth where his eyes first opened on sea and sky, and where, on his arrival, he lost as little time as possible in rigging up a fishing-rod for the smelt at the end of Long Wharf—his loyalty, I repeat, is not to be challenged. Though he has more or less been known as a Bad Boy, he has never been known as an ungrateful one. So far as his slight gift went, he has sung the praises of the Old Town by the Sea; in prose and verse he has sung them,

until he was sometimes afraid that good folk might weary of the strain. Now and then he has veiled Portsmouth in a fictitious name, but his affection for her never went veiled; and nothing has ever touched him more nearly than when some book or page of his has caused the stranger to turn aside from his route of travel in order to take a stroll through the streets of Rivermouth.

The beautiful old town in which we all passed our childhood! How her loveliness deepens and freshens year by year, as if the waters of the Piscataqua, sparkling at her lip, had their rise in those Fountains of Perpetual Youth which Ponce de Leon sought! How our purest memories have crystallized about her! What a strong sentiment it is that periodically impels us to flock back to her from every point of the compass—making her the Mecca of loving pilgrimages! We who are Portsmouth born and bred never get wholly away from the glamour of early association. One night, a year ago, lying half-awake in a hostelry in Russia, I fancied that I heard the nine o'clock bell tolling in the steeple of Old North Church, and was conscious of being out rather late!—Just as it used to be.

Many times has been told the story of the young poet's first success, won with his "Ballad of Babie Bell," written while he was a clerk in a shipping office in New York, and only nineteen years old. Five or six thin volumes of verse came from his pen during the next eight years, all of which time he had occupied in literary work, contributing to the *Sunday Atlas*, writing criticisms as a member of the editorial staff of the *Evening Mirror*, acting as sub-editor of the *Home Journal*, associate editor of the *Saturday Press*, war correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and managing editor of the *Illustrated News*, but it was not until his poems were collected, in 1865, and published in the Blue and Gold Series of Ticknor & Fields, that he felt that he had reached an assured place among American poets. That blue-and-gold volume brought this wise and entirely kind letter from an older poet and no less uncompromising a critic:

My Dear Mr. Aldrich,—Thank you very sincerely for your book of blossoms. I have just been reading them and find them dewy and sweet-scented. "Babie Bell" has most of your heart's color in it. "When the Sultan goes to Ispahan" is *espigle*, lively, poetical—the moons of their full brown bosoms" is succulent and musky. "The Lunch" is a little Keatsy, but very neatly carved and colored. "Dawn" and "morn," p. 20, "dawning" and "morning," p. 46, are, as some kind friend has told you before this, inadmissible cockneys. This utterance is Rhadamantian. You must not feed too much on "apricots and dewberries." There is an exquisite sensuousness that shows through your words and rounds them into voluptuous swells of rhythm as "invisible fingers of air" lift the diaphanous gauzes. Do not let it run away with you. You love the fragrance of certain words so well that you are in danger of making nose-gays when you should write poems.

There are two dangers that beset young poets—young American poets at least. The first is being spoiled by the praise of women; the second being disgusted by the praise or blame—it makes little difference which—of the cheap critics. You may have noticed that our poets do not commonly ripen well—they are larks in the morning, sparrows at noon, and owls before evening. One reason is that our shallow universal culture is wanting in severe standards of taste and judgment. We have no *Fahrenheits* and *Réamurs* and centigrades to gauge our young talent with, and allow it to form false estimates of itself. Now your forte is sentiment and your danger sentimentality. You are an epicure in words and your danger is that of becoming a verbal voluptuary—the end of which is rhythmical gout and incurable poetical disorder. Let me beg you, by your fine poetical sense, not to let the flattery of insufficient persons render you too easily contented with yourself, nor yet the hideous content of reporter-critics alienate you from the love of verse (which does not seem to thrive so naturally and spontaneously as art in your great city), nor lastly your tendency to vanilla-flavored adjectives and patchouli-scented participles stifle your strength in cloying euphemisms.

It would have been cheaper to praise without reading than to prose after doing it. Still, I think you will take these few words kindly, for they are really complimentary—much more so than the vague generalities with which I commonly clear my table of presentation-copies. There is so much that is sweet and true in your best lines that I want you to be fair to yourself and pinch off all the idle buds before the summer of your fruitage. These poems are most of them must, not wine. Happy man, whose voice time will be mellowing when he is cracking those of us your preterpluperfect contemporaries! Very sincerely yours, O. W. HOLMES.

While Aldrich's novel, "The Queen of Sheba," was running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1877, the author wrote to his friend, E. C. Stedman, concerning it, and this paragraph gives a peep at some of his personal convictions and ideals:

I have tried to avoid in this story the fault of James's novel, "The American." I think that characters in a novel should develop themselves by what they say and what they do—as in the drama. It appears to me a mistake to devote one or two hundred pages to the analysis of characters which accomplish nothing. The persons in James's book affect me like a lot of admirably "made up" actors in the green-room waiting for their cue. *Ad resté*, I greatly admire Henry James. He is an essayist of the very finest type; but he is not a natural story-teller. I don't mean to assume by all this that I am a born story-teller. I don't know, and am trying to find out.

When Ticknor & Fields brought out *Every Saturday*, in 1866, Aldrich was chosen to edit the paper. In an adjoining office worked the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, published by the same firm, and there Aldrich met W. D. Howells, who had been brought from the West to be assistant editor under Mr. Fields. Fifteen years later Aldrich succeeded Howells as editor of the magazine. From the first essay in editorial labor, long before, Aldrich took a serious and dignified view of his duties. This is from a letter to Stedman, written when he had been less than a year the directing spirit of the *Atlantic*:

In your letter you speak of having written two poems. I wish you'd send them to me. I am slowly making up my mind to publish none but incontestably fine poems in the *Atlantic*—which means only about four poems per year. What do you think of that plan? If you could see the piles of bosh sent to this office you'd be sick at heart.

There is something more than playfulness and wit in these reminiscences of the editorial presence:

Once when he was annoyed by too many interruptions from the lower office, he sprang up with the insouciance of a bad

boy—"but not such a very bad boy"—plugged the speaking-tube with a cork and drove it in with the poker. On another occasion, his masterful publisher, Mr. Houghton, who had been submitting to the *Atlantic* the manuscripts of divers "friends of the house" with rather ill success, said to him jocosely: "I have written a story and I'm going to send it to you under a fictitious name." "Then," said Aldrich, "I advise you to send it to a fictitious editor."

Good anecdotes of this quick, incisive intelligence are numerous:

Another time he soberly asked the telescope man on Boston Common, who draws a living from star-gazing Bostonians, whether Venus were "naked to the visible eye." The owner of the "ingenious perspicall" twice assured him that she was, before the light broke on him.

A friend once remarked to him that a certain eminent and indefatigable laborer in the field of letters was a very learned man. "Yes," said Aldrich, "a very learned man, but like a gas-pipe, no richer for the illumination he has conveyed."

In 1890 Aldrich gave up his editorial position and then followed years of ease and leisure, yet they were not seasons of idleness. He wrote as the spirit moved him. Many tempting offers were made to him, but he found no difficulty in evading proffered responsibilities. This is from a letter to Stedman, written in 1892:

During twenty-five years of my literary life I have had a salaried position; this has enabled me to leave untouched the small property I had from my father, and to save the income from my magazine writings and that of my copyrights. I am now in a comfortable ease; neither rich nor poor, but quite independent of hack-work, and the lightest sort of editorial harness would gall me. Moreover, the man who undertakes a department similar to Curtis's (Curtis can not be replaced, only succeeded) should live in New York City and be in close touch with the great currents of life there. It would take a great deal more money than my poor services are worth to induce me to break up my home here.

Some of the tendencies of the time or his distaste for them, increasing with age, drew from him this comment in a letter to R. W. Gilder, written in 1898:

But I haven't any business to be writing about poetry, for the Muses have kept their nine snowy shoulders turned on me these many months, and in future I do not intend to make love to any of those capricious girls, if I can help myself. At a time when it is supposed to be poetical to write "Gawd" instead of God and otherwise mutilate God's choicest language, perhaps silence is the best poem for a man who respects his art. Oh, no, this is not sour grapes. My verses still sell—from force of habit; but what the great American public really likes is:

"Her body's in the baggage car."

At the Howard Athenaeum the other night I saw an audience of apparently human beings deeply moved by the singing of this rot. A stereoscopic picture of "the baggage car" brought tears to the eyes of all the burglars and murderers in the upper gallery. For a homely, horny-handed, whole-souled *heart-song* give me "Her body's in the baggage car."

It was in 1904 that Nance O'Neil, after playing an unsatisfactory Italian version of the story of Judith, suggested to Aldrich that he dramatize his narrative poem of "Judith and Holofernes" for her use. The poet was attracted by the suggestion and took up the work. "Judith of Bethulia" was the result, and it was produced at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, October 13, with success. In New York it did not do so well. Miss O'Neil was not a favorite in the metropolis then. On the opening night in New York, Aldrich wrote this letter to the actress, which is illuminating in its revelation of the poet's dramatic instinct:

Boston, Dec. 9, 1904.

Dear Miss O'Neil—In spite of being in Boston, I was with you and the play last night at Daly's! At precisely 8:15 p. m. I took up the little book and waited for the curtain to rise. Then I followed you through each scene and act, making due allowance at the proper places for the heartbreaking time it takes Daly's Theatre to make an "instantaneous" change of scenery. So I came to the end of the fourth act, where my imagination grew blurred. I sat wondering if Judith—"Judith the willful"—again missed her opportunity for a fine dramatic climax. I wondered if she stood there inert, with all the people around her motionless and dead, while the curtain slowly went down on nothing! Or did she take two or three steps towards the wings, and, with a look back over her shoulder, cry, "Let no one born of woman follow me!" Did Achior advance, as if to disobey her, and did Bagoas clutch his arm to restrain him? And did the crowd lean forward, spellbound, standing with outstretched hands? If so, the curtain went down on a thrilling dramatic tableau. Judith's swift exit at the end of Act II—making the whole act a success—was not stronger than this would have been. Judith need not leave the stage, but she must seem on the point of doing so. She said she was going, and she ought to go! What is she waiting for? Is there more to come?

All passed through my mind last night, as I "made believe" I was at the play, and so I write it out for you this morning. I can not tell you, Miss Nance O'Neil, what a rare pleasure you have given me by your acting of my tragedy. I am glad that I did so rash a thing as attempt to be a dramatist!

Yours sincerely, T. B. ALDRICH.

The last word is not yet said of Aldrich as poet, as story-teller, and as editor, but Mr. Greenslet's book will be prized as an intimate, authoritative, and sympathetic record. Its concluding chapter, on the poetry of Aldrich, is kindly criticism, but by no means highly laudatory. The bibliography and thoroughly considered index are of especial value. More than thirty fine engravings illustrate the volume, among them portraits of Aldrich, N. P. Willis, E. C. Stedman, Edwin Booth, W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Bayard Taylor, and Nance O'Neil. In letter-press and binding the volume is most attractive.

"The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Ferris Greenslet. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$3 net.

W. C. Brown, known in the little town of Dallas, Oregon, as "Uncle Billy," entertained seventy-six widows at a banquet recently. The number included all the widows in his town and the immediate vicinity. It was strictly an invitation affair, and if any were omitted it was by inadvertence. The event was in celebration of the eighty-fourth anniversary of Mr. Brown's birth. Mr. Brown is a widower.

LIGHTLY'S GREAT SUCCESS.

How He Combined Hypnotism and Literature, but Overshot the Mark.

When I went into the club the other night, I found Lightly turning over the pages of the Christmas number of *All the World*. His face would have afforded a fine study for a picture of contentment, and my first thought was that he must have an article or story in the magazine. For Lightly is something of a writer, and whenever he gets anything published—which is not very often—he hores us all for weeks afterward, telling how it happened.

As soon as he caught sight of me he beckoned me to his table, and I thought that I was in for at least a half-hour's punishment. But it turned out for once that I was interested in his talk.

"Have you seen it?" he asked, tapping the cover of the magazine, and giving a little eager laugh as he spoke, which confirmed my impression that he must be in luck.

"No," I answered; "have you anything in it?"

"Anything?" he almost shouted. "Why, man, I wrote the whole number."

At this I began to wonder if his brain—never too strong—had not suddenly given way. As you well know, *All the World* is one of the most conservative periodicals—as I will admit that I have found to my own sorrow in the past—and it was preposterous that it should make up a whole number, and a Christmas number at that, from the work of one man. And it was clear to my mind that Lightly would not have been that one man, in any event.

While trying to think of something quieting to say, I took the magazine and glanced over the table of contents. It was one of Lightly's fancies—which did him no good in a literary way—to have a dozen or more pen names. He used these indiscriminately, as the humor moved him, and it happened that I knew most of them. So you may judge of my surprise when I tell you that every poem, story, article, and essay in the entire magazine was signed by some one of the many names that I knew he used. The first was a Christmas poem, signed G. O. Lightly. Then a Christmas story, signed T. S. Weaver (this, he had once explained to me, stood for The Story Weaver). Then an article on "Jerusalem—Nineteen Hundred Years Ago"; "Christmas—Past and Present"; and the usual run of such material as editors have fallen into the habit of serving up for the holiday issue. None of the topics were new, nor, so far as I could discover in a hasty glance, were they treated with much brilliancy. The signatures were all composed upon the same puerile plan as the one I have given.

Poor as much of the stuff probably was, I still could not believe that Lightly had written it all, much less secured its publication in a single number of *All the World*. I turned to him for an explanation.

"Draw up a chair," he said, with what I thought an air of some condescension. "I can afford to fly high tonight, so let us have a bird and a bottle quietly in this corner, while I tell you all about it."

"Of course," he said, as soon as we were fairly settled, "this is all on the quiet. I should not tell even you, if you were not one of my best friends, and if I did not mean presently to ask a great favor of you. You know," he continued, "how people have been talking about the science of hypnotism for months past?"

I nodded my assent, and he went on with an uninterrupted flow of words:

"Well," he said, "I chanced some time ago to be thrown in contact with an adept in this art, or science, or whatever you are minded to call it. I recognized at once the value that a knowledge of it might be to me in making fiction, and I asked the fellow to give me some insight into it. This he did, for a consideration, and to such good purpose that I was soon able to practice the science to some extent. I presently found that it was not difficult for me to gain a hypnotic influence over any man of less robust physique than myself, but I rarely attempted to use the power.

"When I finally did, it was wholly without premeditation, and it happened in this way. A few weeks ago—in fact, just as they were making up the Christmas number—I happened into the office of *All the World*, and while there offered Aldeson this poem," Lightly put his finger on the printed page as he spoke, but went on without pause.

"Aldeson put me off with some stock remark about being full of material, of having more than he could handle, and did not even look at the poem. This nettled me considerably, and it suddenly occurred to me that Aldeson was a smaller man than myself, and that I ought to give him a good thrashing for his impudence. Then it came to me all at once that I could hypnotize him and make him accept my poem. I asked him to send his assistant away, as I wanted to speak to him privately. When we were alone, I at once began the effort to make him subject to my will. In less time than I am telling you, I had him completely under my influence, and he had accepted the poem and promised it the initial place in the number.

Then the thought came to me to try my

power a little further. Calling a messenger, I sent to my rooms for a bundle of manuscript, and sorted out from it everything that would do for a Christmas number. You know," he added, parenthetically, "that I always keep a stock of material on hand, ready for all needs and seasons. I took these Christmas things up, one by one, and brought them to his attention, and he accepted each one and made a place for it in this holiday number. Then he called his assistant in and gave instructions for making up the copy—and I took him away with me and gave him a royal good time for a week. When he got back to the office it was too late to make any changes, and so you see the number has come out with nothing but my work. And a very good number it is, too," he concluded, complacently.

"But what do you expect to gain by it?" I asked; "the story will surely come out, and it will do you no good, but quite the reverse." "You are all wrong," replied Lightly, quietly; "the story will not come out. You can see that Aldeson must be the last man to tell it. And he could have no object in doing so, especially as the number has already made such a good impression."

With that he took from his pocket copies of a half-dozen leading papers and reviews, and showed me comments that were not only favorable, but flattering in the extreme.

"Paid for?" said I, not a little disgusted with the whole business, and particularly at being made a confidant of.

"Yes," he laughed; "but it goes, just the same. And now," he added, with a slight show of hesitancy, "for the other matter."

"Go ahead," I answered, not very graciously, considering that I was dining with him; "I might as well hear it all now."

"You asked me what I expected to gain by it. You know Lettie Underwood." I started at the name, but nodded with what composure I could command. "That dear girl," said Lightly, "has promised to marry me as soon as I have won a place in literature—in fact, or soon as I have an established standing with any of the leading magazines. This settles that point." To emphasize his meaning, he tapped *All the World* triumphantly.

"But, surely," I said, "you would not consider this fair? You would not be willing that she should know—"

"All's fair in love, my boy. And I want you to be my best man."

I managed to get off with some half promise, and then, pleading an engagement, I got out of the club as quickly as possible and into a cab, and gave the driver the number of Lettie Underwood's house.

The dear girl—I could have choked Lightly for using the words; they were in my heart whenever I thought of her, which was all the time—was at home and received me with her usual sweet welcome. But I held her at arm's length, and, with all the sternness that I could command, exclaimed:

"Letitia, you are a wretched trifler. Give me back my heart."

"What is the matter with the poor hoy now?" she cooed, softly.

"Matter enough. You have promised to marry Lightly."

"Yes," she laughed, "I remember. He proposed to me six months ago. I told him I would when he had made a success—"

"Your exact words," I said, severely, "were—when you have a standing with any of the leading magazines."

"Same thing," she answered, airily; "he will never achieve either. It was my way of letting him down easily."

"Letitia, listen to me," I said; "Lightly has written the entire Christmas number of *All the World*."

At this Lettie looked at me reproachfully.

"Dick," she said, "where have you been dining?"

"No, it is not that," I protested; "I dined at the club, and Lightly told me himself, and he showed me the magazine, and asked me to be his best man, and we only had one bottle between us."

"Well, this is a scrape!" she exclaimed, ruefully; "I suppose I will have to keep my promise and marry him."

"And what about your promise to me?" I asked, sarcastically.

"That was indefinite," she answered, thoughtfully; "there was never any time set for that. So I shall have to marry him now, and if he should die, or anything happen, I could marry you afterward."

"Thanks," I replied, dryly; "but that programme does not suit me. Now let me plan a little. You have been a willful creature, never ready to name the day, and see the trouble you have got into. I suppose Lightly will be here bright and early tomorrow to marry you. Now, I propose to marry you myself tomorrow, at noon."

At this her eyes opened in wide protest.

"Yes," I continued, "I shall send a note to Lightly, telling him of your change of plans, and asking him to be my best man."

"But, Dick, this is so sudden. What shall we live on?"

"Love, you practical girl," I cried, catching her in my arms; "besides, the publishers of *All the World* today offered me the editorship of the magazine, *vice* Aldeson, resigned. I suppose his going out has some connection with this business of Lightly's. I am sorry

for him, but I might as well have the place as another."

"And then you can print anything of your own that you want to, can't you, dear? I am so glad that you won't have to be rejected any more."

"Not even by you, sweetheart?"

"Not even by me—any more."

* * * * *

Do you want the *finis*?

We were married on the morrow, and Lettie was as pretty a bride as ever was seen—as pretty as though she had been given months, instead of hours, for making ready. But on second thought, I am not sure that she had not been making ready all the time that I had been vainly asking her to name the day. I confess that I do not understand the sex.

There was but one thing to cloud our happiness. Lightly refused to be best man, or even to come to the wedding. And he has never offered any further contributions to *All the World*.

Perhaps this is because I am not, like Aldeson, "of a less robust physique" than himself.

JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Little While.

'Twas in the mellow autumn.

A haze was on the hill,

That perfect day I walked with her

And all my heart a-thrill.

Through lane and wood and meadow

We strayed a happy mile,

And all the gold my life could hold

Was in that little while.

Her beauty made me silent,

My tongue refused to speak.

I saw the love-light in her eye,

The blush that warmed her cheek.

My heart too faint to follow

The ways of maids and men,

I let her pass unwooded, alas!

Till we should meet again.

And never comes the autumn

With haze upon the hill

But in a dream I walk with her

And all my heart a-thrill.

Through lane and wood and meadow

We stray a happy mile,

And all the gold my life can hold

Is in that little while.

—Nixon Waterman, in *Smart Set*.

A Mile with Me.

Oh, who will walk a mile with me

Along life's merry way?

A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free

And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay,
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,

And the quiet rest at the end of day—
A friend who knows and dares to say
The brave, sweet words that clear the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain—
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!

—Henry Von Dyke.

An Autumn Song.

The shining sickle-blades no longer flash
Among the waving grain. The steady hum
Of tireless threshing is no longer heard—
The thresher's labor finished, it is dumb.

The rust will gather on the unused blade,
The busy spider weave its fairy lace
Across the bins where lies the garnered wheat—
Upon the golden chaff, frost leaves its trace.

And you, O fields, will lie in dreamless sleep
A little while—in snow and darkness hid;
Then wake beneath the subtle touch of Spring,
To once more hear, to once more be harvested.

—Beth Slater Whitson, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Mme. Alhani is not alone among the great singers who have appeared in vaudeville (observes an English paper), for Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. John Coates, and Miss Ruth Vincent have all been heard in London variety theatres; while the beautiful Mme. Cavaliere, it will be remembered, made her debut as a chanteuse at the Empire some eleven years ago. Mme. Tetrassini, after her famous debut in London last November, received numerous offers, at sums ranging from £1000 a week, to sing at the "halls," but at present has accepted none of them.

An official announcement comes from Bayreuth to the effect that the usual lapse of two years will not take place in the festival, which will begin on July 22, 1909, and last until August 22. There will be two performances of the "Nielhungen Ring," seven of "Parsifal," and five of "Lohengrin." Frau Cosima Wagner is reported to have regained her strength, and to be able to take an active part in the preparations for the coming festival.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Professor Lounsbury of Yale and Professor Phelps are in agreement as to the extent of the taste for English literature that has been stimulated by the new college courses. Professor Lounsbury says: "I am sorry to say that, in my opinion, the new English requirements in colleges have not had the slightest effect toward increasing the taste for good literature among young men. Actually, I fear, a great many men have acquired instead a violent hatred for English literature, owing to the preparation required in it." The professor goes on to say that proficiency in English depends not so much upon the pupil's schooling as upon his ancestors and that training at home is what actually counts. In other words, the cultured student is the product of the cultured home, and not of the college course.

Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy, by Vernon Lee. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The republication of these fine essays and in a form so imposing is perhaps confirmatory evidence of the author's contention that there will be a renaissance of the Italian music of the eighteenth century. On the other hand, this second edition may argue more for the charm of the author's style and the extent of her knowledge than for any dormant vitality in the Italian music and literature that she handles with so much lucidity and grace. It is at least a courageous prediction that the music of Pergolesi, of Durante, of Lotti, of Jommelli, and of Cimarosa will soon be remembered and sought for, and printed and performed, ill or well; and that the Italian eighteenth century will yet contribute its share to our eclectic culture. It may be so. If the men and women who are now "mere ghosts" did indeed contribute something of permanent value to the art of the world, we may be certain that it will not be lost and that the recurring cycles will show its worth. Indeed, the author, by her enthusiasm, almost persuades us that we have been unmindful of real treasures.

The present volume contains six chapters, together with the preface to the new issue and an introduction to the original edition. There is also a "conclusion," an appendix, and about forty illustrations chosen for the purpose by Dr. Guido Biagi, of the Laurentian Library in Florence. The six chapters are on "The Arcadian Academy," "The Musical Life," "Metastasio and the Opera," "The Comedy of Masks," "Goldoni and the Realistic Comedy," and "Carlo Gozzi and the Venetian Fairy Comedy." The author has done for Italy what none of her own sons have done, at least with such enthusiasm and skill. Moreover, she has given to us a work of classical excellence and of important historical value.

Along the Riviera of France and Italy, written and illustrated by Gordon Home. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$3.

The man of letters combines pleasingly with the artist in the production of a fine volume. Mr. Home complains gently that the tourist shows an undue tendency to follow a beaten track and to be guided overmuch by the guide-book. A "travel exhausted night" at Genoa is usually enough for that strange city, while as for the Gulf of Spezia, Lerici, and Porto Venere, they are overlooked altogether, although as we travel east both dust and wind disappear.

The author certainly knows how to write an enticing travel book. He describes every place along the whole coast, from Marseilles to Pisa, and he spares us the tiresome statistics of rainfall and other kinds of "promotion" information that are too often a weariness to the flesh. Moreover, he presupposes on the part of his reader an intelligent interest in the history of the places that he visits and he selects the salient points with satisfactory discrimination. The twenty-five colored illustrations are unusually fine in their bold effects, while an equal number of illustrations in black and white are a valuable aid to an understanding of the charms in which southern Europe is so rich. The series to which this notable book belongs should be a popular one.

The Coming Science, by Hareward Carrington. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Psychical research is not perhaps the coming science, but it is certainly a coming science. That is to say, its results are rapidly approaching a point of general acceptance; they are ridding their skirts of the credulities and superstitions that attach themselves inevitably to new explorations in fields hitherto forbidden.

The author is to be congratulated upon his avoidance of mere marvel hunting, upon his attempt to construct some kind of philosophy upon a basis of careful experiment, and upon his freedom from a lofty and intolerable dogmatism that sometimes distinguishes modern writers upon psychical research. His book is distinguished by a true scientific spirit of anticipation and hopeful inquiry.

It is, after all, with the deductions from the marvels that we are concerned, rather than with the marvels themselves. We wish to know whether consciousness and thought are functions of brains and nervous tissue, as is the contention of materialism, or whether we may now say justifiably that the perception of a sensation through nervous tissue is a function of consciousness. And if such perceptions are but a function of consciousness, may we ask what other functions consciousness possesses? May it exist independently of nervous tissue, and if so what is its range and its potentiality?

This brings us very close to the domain of religion, because the states of consciousness peculiarly religious are those that are furthest removed from sense perceptions. It may be too soon to believe, but it is not too soon to hope, that psychical research may move for us the frontiers between knowledge and faith, and our hope is measurably quickened by this thoughtful and speculative book.

The Virgin in Judgment, by Eden Phillpotts. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Dartmoor is prolific in good stories and Mr. Phillpotts has done justice to his subject and to the curious characters that the west country preserves as relics. "The Virgin in Judgment" centres around three families. There is the rabbit catcher, Elias Bowden, with his nine silent and stolid children and his ten dogs. There is Bartley Crocker, clever, lazy, and kind to his mother, and lastly there are the Stanburys, whose daughter Margaret is the gentle and patient heroine. The romantic interest of the story centres around the rivalry of David Bowden and Bartley Crocker for the hand of Margaret, and when we see that David is to win the race we fear that with all his bucolic virtues he will never be able to appreciate the exquisite character of his bride.

Mr. Phillpotts has given us a life picture of Dartmoor, but we wish that his description of the great fight between Bartley and David had been less realistic. It encroaches too much upon the essentials of a strong story, and when we find that David's beautiful but frigid sister Rhoda is to act as his second we are a little disgusted. Rhoda is a remarkable character, and some license in its development may be allowed, but we do not see why she should leave her own home to take up her abode with David and his wife. It suggests an infelicitous expedient in the staging of the final tragedy, and when Rhoda begins at once to spy upon Margaret and to misinterpret her innocent friendship with Bartley we see at once what the end must be, although we are shocked and a little indignant with the author when it occurs. But the story is undeniably powerful, and while it is not great it clings to the memory far beyond the average space of time allowed to the modern novel.

Round the Corner in Gay Street, by Grace S. Richmond. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This simple and unaffected story ought to be popular. It treats of two families, one wealthy and the other poor. The Townsends of Worthington Square, with every luxury at command, yet lack the element of contentment and good-will that is to be found so abundantly among the young people in Gay Street. The two families are gradually drawn together and we watch the development of some very pleasant romances.

Poem Outlines, by Sidney Lanier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

We have here a little book of exceptional interest, affording as it does a glimpse at the building material of a poet. Each page contains a scrap, a fragment, of thought in prose or verse, originally jotted in pencil on the backs of envelopes or torn scraps of paper, and intended for ultimate poetic use. Some of them can be identified in Mr. Lanier's finished poems, while others were never used, but they are all of them of the essence of poetry, visible flashes from a central fire.

The Sunny Side of the Hill, by Rosa Nouchette Carey. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

A simple and naturally told story of a young girl who is invited to become companion to her aunt and who leaves her home unwillingly and from a sense of duty. Maureen is a nice little girl, and we are glad to watch the happy results that are slowly unfolded from her act of devotion. "The Sunny Side of the Hill" is an unpretentious story suited to women rather than to men, but it strikes no jarring notes.

The Children's Treasure Trove of Pearls, edited by Mary W. Tileston. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This substantial volume contains a collection of about forty stories for children, largely taken from books now out of print for many years, but which were favorites in their day and ought to be favorites again. The book is suitable for children of from five to nine years and the illustrations are good.

New Publications.

"In Peanut Land," by Eva Dean, published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, is a rhyme book enlivened by quaint illustrations for little children. Price, \$1.25.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York, have published "The Perfectly Good Cynic's Calendar," by E. W. M. Grant, Addison Mizner, and Oliver Herford, with colored illustrations and decorations upon every page. Price, 75 cents.

Maria Edgeworth's tales ought certainly to be among those that "never die." A tasteful illustrated edition of these tales has just been issued by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston. It is edited by Charles Welsh with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton.

Carolyn Wells knows how to write rhymes for children. "The Happychaps" is a substantial volume full of the work that she does when in her best vein, while the line illustra-

tions by Harrison Cady that appear upon every page form an admirable supplement to the text. The book is published by the Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

From the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, come three useful books for children—"Young Folks' Ideas," "Young Folks' Queries," and "Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores." Almost every subject of legitimate childish curiosity finds a place in these volumes, and a surprising amount of scientific knowledge is conveyed in pleasant narrative form and with quaintly appropriate illustrations.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, have published a valuable book on "Accounts," by William Morse Cole, A. M., assistant professor of accounting in Harvard University. The author explains that accounting is scientific analysis and record of business transactions, that it attempts to tell about every transaction everything that can be of service when known. His work is inclusive and it is lucidly written. Price, \$2.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Holdover attractions are the rule at the theatres for the coming Christmas week, but fortunately they are of merit. At the Orpheum there will be something in the nature of a sensation, as the week will bring the annual visit of the Orpheum Road Show, which is a genuine event in vaudeville. No dearth of entertainment is to be apprehended. Habitual theatre-goers will find satisfaction if not satiety before they have completed the round.

At the Van Ness Theatre good houses have been attracted by "The Lion and the Mouse," a strong play interpreted by a company that in several particulars is above the ordinary standard. Paul Everton and Edna Archer Crawford, in the leading parts, have justified the favor which has been shown by their audiences, and their support is capable. They will continue through another week, with a special holiday matinee performance on Christmas.

"The Lost Paradise," at the Valencia Theatre, is proving to be eminently suited to the demands of the season, partly because of the interesting and moving story told in the play, and partly because the company is making its characters real in appearance and passion. Robert Warwick and Blanche Stoddard seem especially well suited to the rôles in which they appeal to the audiences, and the minor parts are in hardly less worthy hands. Helen Lackaye, Beatrice Nichols, Gerald Harcourt, Robert Homans, Charles Dow Clark, and Thomas MacLarnie should be mentioned for effective work. The play will be continued all next week, with matinee performances on Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Herr Heller and his orchestra have a special music programme which will include the "Reverie" of Vieuxtemps, a violin solo by the leader.

General Manager Martin Beck of the Orpheum Circuit is well pleased with his selections for the Orpheum Road Show for this season. The organization comes to the San Francisco home of the Orpheum Company next week, beginning with the Sunday afternoon performance. Mile. de Dio, the famous French danseuse, who heads the list of artists, will make her first appearance here, and present her European triumph, "Terpsichore's Dream," an electrical, scenic, and dancing novelty in four pictures of light, color, and rhythmical movement. Edwin Holt, supported by his own company, will appear in a one-act play entitled "The Mayor and the Manicure." Hyman Meyer, "the man at the piano," will offer a musical monologue in which he will sing one of Eddie Foy's late songs. Charles and Fannie Van will be seen in their skit of theatrical life, "A Case of Emergency." Frank Work and Reinhold Ower are acrobats and comedians as well. Merian's Canine Players are remarkable performing dogs, and their act is a real drama in which the animals play their parts without assistance. The Four Franklins, the muscular acrobatic aerialists, and Gaston and Green in their delightful songs and pastoral comedy, will be retained from this week's bill.

Kolb and Dill continue to pack the Princess Theatre with their musical farce, "Weiner & Schnitzel," and in consequence of its continued success it will be retained for another week, positively the last. The next production by Kolb and Dill and their company will be an amusing story with music, entitled "The Politicians." Several new people have been brought from the East especially to appear in this play, for which great preparations are being made.

Following "The Lost Paradise" at the Valencia Theatre will be George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow," in which Robert Warwick will play Billy Bolton, the famous half-back, Blanche Stoddard will be the fascinating "widow," and Helen Lackaye will have a great opportunity as Flora Wiggins, the waitress.

"Ben Hur," in Klaw & Erlanger's great spectacular production, will usher in the new year at the Van Ness Theatre, opening Monday evening, December 28.

The management of the Valencia Theatre hopes to be able to give a thousand loaves of bread to the Salvation Army to help out the Christmas dinner, and asks its patrons to bring offerings of bread to the theatre on or before next Wednesday afternoon's performance. Prizes will be awarded to twenty-five of the most successful cooks.

Richard Carle comes to the Van Ness Theatre early in the coming year with "Mary's Lamb."

The Last Nordica Concert.

The farewell concert of Mme. Lillian Nordica will be given Sunday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre, at half-past two. The great prima-donna will again sing a remarkable programme of fourteen numbers in French, Italian, German, and English. The specially interesting features will be the aria

from "The Death of Jeanne d'Arc," by Bemberg, and Schubert's wonderful work, "Die Altmacht." Other numbers by Richard Strauss Robert Franz, Schumann, Cornelius, Vidal Paladilhe. Gomez. Quilter, Henschel, and Branscombe will be included in the offerings.

Mr. Frederick Hastings, the splendid haritone, will sing works by Strauss, Verdi, Schutt, and Kaun, and Miss Emma Showers will play works by Schumann and Liszt.

Complete programmes may be had at the box-office, which is at Sherman. Clay & Co.'s until Sunday, on which day it will be at the theatre after 10 a. m.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Rosa Bonheur: sa vie, son œuvre" is an expensive memorial volume compiled by Anna Klumpke, the American friend and testamentary executor and legatee of the great woman painter. It is published in Paris by E. Flammarion at 50 francs.

Henry Mills Alden, in "Magazine Writing and the New Literature," has assembled so many facts concerning the American magazines that one part of his book is very like a biography of the periodicals. The fact that the *North American Review*, for so many years a literary feature of New York, grew out of a Boston magazine, the *Anthology Magazine*, started by the cluh of that name, has escaped many readers. The *Review* is close to a hundred years old, having been first printed in 1815.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice, in the current *Bookman*, says that the book "Richard Carvel" and the play made from it yielded to Mr. Churchill over \$300,000. Just at present, as a literary property, Mr. Maurice says Robert W. Chambers has a value second only to the value of Mr. Churchill. He is probably among the men and women who command a 20 per cent royalty and in consequence receive thirty cents for each copy that is sold. Others of this patrician class are Winston Churchill, James Lane Allen, Marion Crawford, John Fox, Richard Harding Davis, F. Hopkinson Smith, Booth Tarkington, Thomas Dixon, George Barr McCutcheon, Alice Hegan Rice, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. Mr. Howells, on the other hand, it is illuminating to note, has gained from his books only a "comfortable competence."

The remark as to Macaulay being "a very common sort of hookhuyer, who always hought books to read," which, Sir George Trevelyan tells us, emanated from the late Bernard Quaritch, famous London bookseller, recalls an anecdote related by Locker-Lampson in "My Confidences." "Bedford, Emperor of Morocco, once sent me home a little binding which I considered unsatisfactory—the volume did not shut properly; it gaped. When I pointed out this grievous defect, his only remark was, 'Why, bless me, sir, you've been reading it!'"

Mrs. Annis Lee Wister, who won a place in American letters by her translations of German novels, died in Wallingford, a Philadelphia suburb, a few days ago, having entered upon her seventy-ninth year. Mrs. Wister was daughter of Rev. William Henry Furness, a noted Unitarian minister, a leading abolitionist in his day, and a sister of Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespeare scholar, with whom she had lived of late years. She married a physician and naturalist, Dr. Caspar Wister, who died in 1886. Owen Wister, the novelist, was her nephew. Her remarkable faculty in rendering German sentiment with so absolute a sympathy that her translations read like original writings places her apart from most of those who have introduced to America the novelists of Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century. Especially she gained immediate acceptance for herself as well as for "E. Marlitt" (whose real name was Eugenia John), with whose German romantic genius she fairly identified her own. "The Old Mam'selle's Secret" captivated all readers with a touch of that peculiar charm, and "Gold Elsie," "Countess Gisela," "The Little Moorland Princess" and "The Second Wife" were chief among her great number of translations.

On his way Eastward, the eminent haritone singer, Emilio de Gogorza, was interviewed in Chicago, and said, among other things: "Careless interpretation or loss of voice do not go in the West, and don't underrate your San Francisco public, for there is an enthusiasm there which is usually only found in the southern countries of Europe."

Margaret Anglin will not act in America this season. She will end her present tour of Australia at Sydney just before Christmas; she will next go to Egypt for a holiday of some weeks, and then travel westward to London. If Australian prediction is true, she may act in London, where she has not hitherto appeared, next spring.

Ferdinand Gottschalk is a member of the cast which is presenting "Lady Epping's Law-suit," Hubert Henry Davies's latest comedy, at the Criterion Theatre, London.

Miss Garden's Opinions.

Mary Garden, who is one of the best talkers among singers, on her recent return from Europe, declared that Richard Strauss was the most modest man in the world, that his "Salomé" was the most wonderful opera in the world, that Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" was the most marvelous music in the world, and that music of the kind written by Strauss and Debussy was going to conquer the world. In the face of this exalted and passionate prospectus issued in the bewitching words of a prima donna, observes the *New York Sun*, it is saddening to note that deep public interest continues to centre around the question of what Miss Garden will or will not wear in "Salomé." That she will dance the dance of the seven veils she admits, and she confesses that she will dance it on her toes, a method long ago worn to a "frazzle" in the honorable service of the vaudeville stage. Let Miss Garden usefully employ an hour in reading the "Herodias" of Flaubert. Toes, forsooth!

Many of the leading actors and actresses of the British stage recently decided to give a matinee in His Majesty's Theatre, London, in recognition of the dramatic art of Italy, as represented by Adelaide Ristori, to whose memory an impressive monument is to be erected at her birthplace, the village of Cividale, in Italy.

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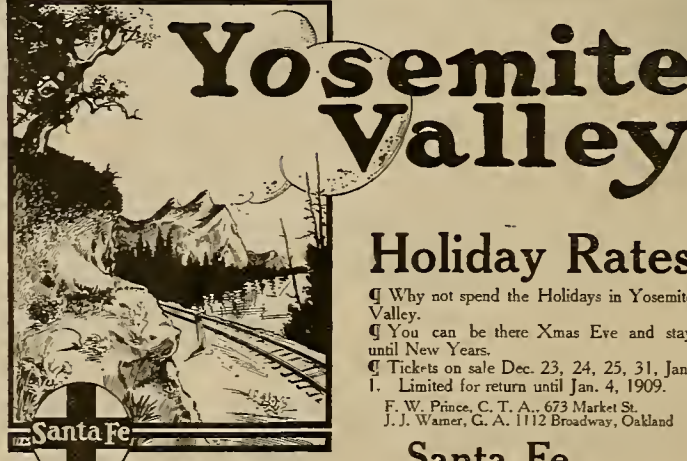
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NORDICA'S CONCERT—"ZIRA."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Nordica swept majestically upon the stage of the Van Ness Theatre, like a large, stately ship, rigged out with rose-colored sails. Our American prima donna, with true American acuteness, had had her costume all planned out to indicate, so far as was possible, the slenderness dwelling in long, straight lines; with drapery sleeves falling from the shoulders, a long, stole-shaped trimming hanging loose in front, and a tremendous, red velvet Watteau train sweeping royally from the shoulders. But all this concealing billow and froth and foam of chiffon and velvet could not do away with the fact that there is a great deal of Nordica.

All the same, by the time the concert was over, it was flatteringly apparent that the audience felt that there couldn't be too much of Nordica. This in spite of the fact that the splendid, famed dramatic soprano voice is beginning to show traces of the tooth of time. She can not always count on bringing forth a note that is "one entire and perfect chrysolite." Yet the voice is still a most beautiful one, with many powerful, crystalline tones, and the singer has lost little or none of her ability to charm a concert audience.

Nordica began her programme with the famous curse aria from "Tristan and Isolde," in which Isolde sends forth a string of eloquent maledictions that requires a very sizable voice to do justice to. The volume was there, and the dramatic power. There is nothing tame about Nordica on the concert platform. She can not refrain from acting, keeping the while a strict discipline maintained over her arms, to see that they do not violate concert traditions, and extend themselves in grand operatic abandon.

But, although Nordica gave this imposing aria in fine style, the big, Wagnerian vocal thunderbolts were too taxing to allow the quality of tone to remain unimpaired, and her greatest triumphs were won in subsequent numbers, in which the beautiful pianissimo effects she employs with such skill were delightfully evident.

In the German group of songs the passing away of the freshness and certainty of tone was not evident, and she sang into them all that tender, charming sentiment which is particularly characteristic of the German lyrics of love.

The exquisite delicacy of tone with which she rendered Tchaikowsky's "Inmitten des Balles" charmed the audience, and, although the final note was an anti-climax, the powerful voice soaring up to the exultant heights of Pippa's radiant faith in that always popular number, "The Year at the Spring," offered a contrast that showed the singer's great versatility and variety of expression.

And how beautifully she sang the Chopin "Nocturne"! In such songs as this one should close one's eyes, in order that the sense of sight may not interfere nor for one moment distract from the concentrated pleasure of bearing one of the world's great voices float like a hovering bird, or ripple like a silver stream.

In "Twilight," a bit of real poetry gemmed about by the beautiful musical setting of Walter Rummel, the voice brought strangely and solemnly a sense of solitude at night, by the sounding sea.

The grand climax was Schubert's "Erlkönig," that brief yet wonderful music-drama of terror and enchantment, which, often as it is repeated on the concert platform, never grows hackneyed. It was sung with all that variety of tone and volume which the great singers know so well how to employ in expressing the terror of the child, the reassurance of the father, and the wicked woven enchantments of the erlking.

We have probably heard most of the famous songbirds of the world sing this wonderful composition, yet never before heard we it sung like this. Yet—I did not care for it so much as with other singers—say Gadski, for example. It was a remarkable feat, both vocally and dramatically. I have to admit it. But it seemed to me that it fell away a little from the perfect balance of true art and became slightly sensational when the singer put such unusual stress upon the spells uttered by the erlking.

Mme. Nordica was accompanied upon the piano by M. Benoise, a performer who, in his exquisitely executed accompaniments, accomplished the feat of subduing the hard and

tinny tone of an unsatisfactory piano to softness and perfect beauty.

The piano solos were rendered by Miss Emma Showers, a very young girl, who gave little indication in her school-girl countenance and prim little school-girl how of the poise and promise of her playing, although temperament is not her strong card.

The baritone singer, Mr. Frederick Hastings, is not a particularly happy choice. True, his voice, though rather hard, has volume and ring. True, he is evidently a hard student, and tackles the musical and linguistic difficulties that challenge the ambitious singer with enthusiasm and energy. But he is not yet up to singing in the same concert with great singers. The comparison was too trying, and made the earnest, uninteresting young singer seem as provincial as a promoted village favorite.

Young Mr. Hastings, by the way, sang "Requiem" as an encore. Oh, Gogorza! Gogorza, oh!

"Zira" is a telling play. There is no doubt of it. Yet, come to think, it is built of an old, old novel. It was made over from Wilkie Collins's "The New Magdalen," to be sure. I had almost forgotten. The novel all but lost its identity when it passed into the play made notable by Clara Morris's tremendously emotional acting. And then Henry Miller, who has developed an assured business sense in these later times, recognizing its possibilities for exhibiting Margaret Anglin as an actress of great emotional power, in collaboration with J. Hartley Manners, modernized, rewrote, and renamed the piece, giving credit where credit was due, and now it is endowed with a new vitality.

It is a highly dramatic play, and the first act, located in the midst of war's alarms, is intensely interesting and has the added merit of leading up to a telling and pregnant finale.

In the made-over play the dramatists have been just as hard on Ruth Wilding as in the original one. In the book, I remember, Wilkie Collins didn't give her the ghost of a show. She was pictured as hard, plain, hiter, highted, narrow, aggressive, suspicious, and intolerant. Everybody in the book hated her so bitterly that they quite forgot she had right on her side—a little peculiarity which is shared by audiences.

Yet we must not forget she had one gracious impulse, when she offered help and social countenance to the beautiful nurse who subsequently stole her identity.

And there's another piece of forgetfulness. We are so sorry for Zira that her little peccadilloes are almost overlooked. And why? Because the clever dramatists have not omitted to make her a victim instead of a sinner in her first misfortune. That was a clever device and did much to soften strong hearts. For, after all, those apparently soft-hearted weepers in front are every hit as hard-hearted as Ruth Wilding, and, I am quite persuaded, would have acted much as she did. For nothing starts our fighting blood to boiling quite so hotly as to have one's rights and identities stolen away.

"He that filches from me my good name robs me of that which" (in this case forswear the metre and leave out the "not") "enriches him, and makes me poor indeed!"

So, if we want to amuse ourselves by anything so foolish as discussing the ethics of a play, we must agree that Zira's dramatic creators have followed on Wilkie Collins's lines, in being over-compassionate to a woman who so mightily transgressed, simply because she was young, good-looking, magnetic, and hungry for affection, friends, and a home. For the original Mercy Merrick was a beauty, built physically on grand, noble lines, which seemed to endow her with nobility of character, and she was so beautiful and magnetically attractive that she bowled over everybody that came within the sphere of her influence, including old Lady Janet Something-or-other, her boldly appropriated aunt.

In "Zira," Lady Janet becomes Lady Clavering, which is a nice, high-sounding, English name for a nice, high-sounding English old lady. It is a very delightful character, that of Lady Clavering. We grow tired of the conventional, silver-haired old girl of the drama, who boasts of correct silver-haired

sentiments, and a genteel, silver-haired manner. Lady Clavering (as played very prettily by Lillian Andrews), is a lovable, rochetty, affectionate old thing, who is tired of being shelved, and out of the game of life, and clings fondly to the warm humaneness of contact with the affections and interests of her young kinfolk.

Wilkie Collins, I remember, gave an added touch of piquancy to the character by making Lady Janet willfully shut her eyes to the truth, and, even after divining the fraud, cling to the interloper whom she loved, while sending coldly away her kinswoman, whom she cordially disliked. Poor kinswoman! She had the best of reasons for saying, "Excuse me for lying."

Helen Lackaye played with the appropriate effect of hitherness the rôle of the luckless girl who accomplished the very ticklish feat of coming back to life after being dead. From Enoch Arden down, who ever found it oaid?

Blanche Stoddard had a trying rôle in the part of Zira, and acquitted herself most creditably, except for her absolute unintelligibility of speech during the most exciting part of Zira's big scene.

Robert Warwick was not a very parsonic parson. These dizzy leading men who make such fascinating Satans are not wont to be. I don't mean to say he didn't go through the motions all right. He did, indeed. But there was a subterranean hollowness about it all which made it seem all acting.

The Valencia company, by the way, has been very much strengthened, particularly in the masculine side of it. Messrs. Thomas MacLarnie and Darrell Standing gave their two rôles of the tipping officer and the sanctimonious bishop in a style that approached excellence, and, although in a lesser degree, Robert Homans merited encomiums for his little character sketch of Hester Trent's father.

In fact, it rather struck me that "Zira" was the best all-round performance I had seen at this house. A pretty good augury for what can be done in the future.

Enthusiast Heller is continuing to make a specialty of the music programme. He played Handel's "Largo" most beautifully, and after refreshing his soul with that number, he came down to earth, and an anti-climax, and delighted the audience by playing "Violets" as if he thought it stood on the same plane as the Handel composition. But he didn't. I know it from the way he played the "Largo."

Once when George Ade had written a play which proved to be one of his very infrequent failures, a friend of the elder Ade ventured to mention the fact to the old gentleman, when Ade's father responded, with a fine show of dignity: "Sir, I wish you to understand that my son writes plays so rapidly that they don't have to be produced but once."

May Irwin will begin a tour presenting both "The Mollusc," in which she will play the part now assigned to Miss Carlisle, and also continue in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse."

Aida Hemmi, well remembered for her singing at the Tivoli Opera House, is in the cast of a Chicago company which is doing "The Love Tales of Hoffman."

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VANITY FAIR.

The recent failure of a large floral company in New York uncovers a peephole into the foolish life that calls itself fashionable. The president of the company when he was interviewed as to the cause of the disaster explained that he was by no means financially ruined. His patrons were rich and prominent men, and if they were somewhat backward in coming forward with their money, it was only a case of waiting and everything would be all right in the end. But there must be no publicity. He would rather lose money than enforce payment of the amounts due to him. He had never yet sued a customer for a hill, and he never would. Think what it would mean. In the verdant innocence of our hearts we stopped just here and tried hard to think what it would mean and what reason there could possibly be why defaulting customers should not be sued for flower hills just as quickly and as remorselessly as for any other kind of hill. But we had to give it up and to seek enlightenment. And yet the reason was so simple after all. This is what the president says: "Suppose now it was made public that one of them had been sending flowers to women other than his wife. This would immediately stop patrons sending flowers, for fear they might be exposed." Who would have supposed that so much guile could be associated with the flower business?

But that is not all. The president of the company has something more to tell us of human fatuity. He tells us that many a young man, entrusted by mysterious Providence with great wealth, spends a thousand dollars a week on flowers for chorus girls. Think of it—a thousand dollars a week, and then realize that many of these girls seldom earn more than \$12 a week and are constantly in need of both food and clothing. Flowers, unfortunately, can be used in neither capacity, and so we may try for ourselves to estimate the feelings of a girl who has to go without her dinner through sheer poverty while wearing a hundred-dollar bouquet that will be dead and gone by the morning. And so the girls come to the flower shop and they say "the next time So-and-So comes to buy flowers take the money and keep the flowers, too, but give me \$100. I need it for food and clothes." And sometimes the girls bring back their flowers and ask for the return of the money paid for them.

Why does the young man "void of understanding," as the Scripture tersely puts it, give flowers to the chorus girl. The *unco guid* will assume that there is some discreditable interchange of favors, but those who know the chorus girl know also that this is seldom the case. Chorus girls as a class are quite as virtuous as any other class of young girls, and more virtuous than some. The young millionaire, whose chance of heaven is infinitely smaller than that of his intended victim, may have hopes, but they do not often fructify, and while the trade of the chorus girl is to be winsome, and while she naturally takes what comes in her way, she has a pretty shrewd idea of where the line must be drawn, and that idea does not originate wholly in self-interest. An English nobleman, on hearing that his son was spending large sums of money upon a stage beauty, remarked that the young hopeful was either getting some return on his money, in which case he was a knave, or he was getting nothing in exchange, in which case he was a fool. In this instance he was only a fool. In the majority of instances we may assume that the millionaire who gives flowers to a hungry chorus girl intends to be a rascal, but succeeds only in being an idiot.

The *New York Sun* reminds us that when Yvette Guilbert was here last she said that to sit in a New York street-car was to face a row of turnips. She referred, of course, to the absence of the mustache, and the prejudice of the American man against the mustache seems to be something more than a fashion and to have become permanent.

But there was a rumor that the mustache would return to favor, and certain young millionaires who are conspicuous enough to make fashions are said to have begun their growth. "That is the usual fall report," said one of the barbers who looks after many men of fashion at an uptown hotel. "I have seen no increase in the number of my customers who wear mustaches.

"This talk is easy enough to explain. Seven out of every ten Americans who go to Europe for the summer come home wearing mustaches. Over there smooth-faced men are conspicuous, except in England. It is therefore the style that Americans avoid, for they do not want to be put down as Americans immediately on account of this national peculiarity. Nearly all the young New Yorkers of wealth who spend half or more of every year in Europe sport mustaches. The rest still prefer to go smooth-faced.

"The crop of fall mustaches is also large because the men who go to Europe like to be free for a while from the necessity of shaving, and to release even the upper lip from that necessity is a relief. Then some of the men who go away for a vacation feel like turning out a mustache for a lark.

"The first cold days of winter nip these sprouting growths and by the middle of win-

ter the crop has disappeared. I have known travelers returning from Europe to get rid of this facial ornament on the steamer coming home."

The *Sun* goes on to say that while the reports as to the mustache may be wrong, there is without doubt one decided change in men's fashions—the mode of brushing the hair. It does not often happen that men change the style of wearing their hair. For the last ten years men have followed a mode that has in a way suggested the portraits of a century ago, notably some of the Stuart pictures of George Washington. The hair is brushed back from the brow and then combed up on the temples until it stands out an inch from the side of the head. This method of dressing the hair requires, of course, that the part shall be on the side. Usually on the right side, as few men are able to part the hair on the left side without laborious training.

"Now, there should be no puff visible on the sides of the head," the accomplished coiffeur already quoted told the *Sun* reporter. "The hair is brushed straight back from the brow on the top as well as on the sides of the head.

"If there is a part of any kind it will probably be found on the right side, but the part is not indispensable. Many men make no part at all. The most modish way of wearing the hair is to brush it straight back from the face with no suggestion of parting."

This is in a way a revival of the old pompadour, which was thought to impart an especially intellectual and thoughtful look to its wearers. The new style differs from the old in one important respect. Where the hair formerly stood up like a shaving brush it now lies close to the head. Men with stiff hair that will not lie down of its own accord must use some means of making it.

"This style began in the colleges, as so many men's modes do nowadays," said this authority, "and is a direct descendant of the exaggerated football hair of recent years. The present fashion requires no such care and preparation as the last style before it did, but it is vastly more dandified than the football mop ever was.

"Men who find it necessary to use something on their hair in order to make it lie flat should wet the hair thoroughly once a day and then brush it. It will be found that it will lie flat all day. I always advise my customers against the use of oil or any kind of grease.

"To acquire this new style of wearing the hair it is not necessary to have it cut in any particular way. Any good cut will produce the result. But it may take several weeks before the hair will lie down as it should."

Men with coarse, curly hair are much better suited to the new style than others. Men with fine silky hair may have the satisfaction of being aristocratic, but their heads do not lend themselves to successful rough-and-ready treatment.

The preponderance of the pompadour, however, has not served to make long hair in the least degree modish. The hair must be of a certain length to wear it in the new style. It must be cut close to the neck behind and not noticeably long on the sides.

"Nothing is further removed from smartness in men's dress than the look of a student or a literary person," said the barber. "They are rarely, if ever, well dressed, and to wear the hair the slightest degree too long suggests the sort of person who could never be a model for well-dressed persons. One of the very first signs of a smartly dressed man is his closely trimmed hair."

A report from London gives an account of a series of unconventional lectures upon famous lovers, now being delivered by Madame de Perrot at the Hotel Ritz. The subject selected by the lady is one calculated to arouse interest by its novelty, and that the discourses are in French gives to them a piquancy that seems eminently appropriate. The audience is described as "not large, but notable," and this means that a lord was in the chair, and that most of those present belonged to the class that toils not, neither does it spin.

Madame de Perrot's first lecture was on Ahelard and Heloise, while future addresses will be devoted to George Sand and Alfred de Musset, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and D'Alembert, Madame de Stael and Benjamin Constant, "Ma Soeur Henriette" and Ernest Renan, and Madame de Recamier and Chateaubriand. The lecturer promised that she would have something fresh to relate about some of these lovers, and also that she would repeat the lectures in English, "for the benefit of a larger audience."

Now, what does she mean by that? At the first glance, we supposed that the lady spoke in French because she was unable to speak in English, but it seems that she had other reasons. Can it be that she chose French because she had revelations to make, unsuited to a more vulgar language? And are we to believe that the English lectures "for the benefit of a larger audience" will be identical with those in French? We all know that French covers a multitude of sins, and that nothing in that language can be really immoral; but we have a strong suspicion that the English version will be diluted with a propriety not so conspicuous in the original French.

Madame de Perrot is said to have lamented

the difficulty of finding anything new to say about Ahelard and Heloise. She might have arranged for the exclusion of the police, and then have told the truth. That would have been new, but embarrassing, even in French. When it comes to these eminent but illicit lovers, the whole world is in a league of falsification. Who, for instance, would dare to tell the whole story of Madame de Stael? And are we at all deceived by the recitation of tender love missives, or the description of clandestine interviews? Do these things constitute the whole of such a love story, and do we fail to get glimpses of a repulsiveness and of a suffering more real than the sentiment that is purveyed for popular consumption?

And why does the lecturer delve into the records of the past for her material? The present is so much more interesting. The fashion of love-making has not changed so materially in the course of a century, and there are *causes célèbres* of today that contain just as much passion, that are just as sentimental, and just as ugly. Now, if a certain number of ladies who have the ability to lecture would only tell us about their own love

affairs, the subject would have a vivid and immediate interest that the records of a hundred years ago entirely lack. If the lecturer felt herself liable to deviate inadvertently from fiction into fact, from the region of sentiment into other regions more natural, but less beautiful, she might shelter herself under the French language, which would be ample justification for a realism that would be shocking in any other language.

The reign of the tall girl is not over, says a London society paper, but the little woman is coming into her own again. There is a growing request for her, because the fashion of the moment in hats tends to give her a diminutive appearance which is positively fascinating.

In Fritzi Scheff's new opera, "The Prima Donna," no tights are worn, not even a short skirt, by any of the sixty girls in the chorus. Another novelty is the fact that all the chorus girls are tall, none being under 5 feet 10 inches.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The director of the zoological gardens was on his vacation. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until your return?"

Two colored women stood chatting at a Philadelphia street corner. One of them, ostentatiously clad in mourning, said, with a doleful shake of the head in reply to a query from the other: "Yas, he died in de height of his zen-ith."

George, the four-year-old grandson of an extremely pious and devout grandfather, came rushing into the house a few days ago in a state of wild excitement. "Grandpa! Grandpa!" he called. "Mr. Barton's cow is dead! God called her home!"

Cardinal Logue, during a country visit, was asked how many sermons a preacher could prepare in a week. Smiling, Cardinal Logue answered: "If the preacher is a man of extraordinary ability, he can prepare one sermon; if a man of average ability, two; if a blockhead, ten or twelve."

Frank Lincoln, an American entertainer and humorist, had been appearing in London for a time in a monologue. One afternoon he had just made his bow and was about to begin when a cat walked in and sat down on the stage. "You get out!" said Mr. Lincoln, severely. "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

While a German resident was driving an English friend from Frankfurt to Homburg, a motor-car passed at a terrific pace, raising a cloud of dust. "Ah!" said the German, "There goes our emperor." "How do you know?" inquired the Englishman. "Do you suppose anybody else could raise a dust like that?" was the reply.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the English scientist, learned to play golf at St. Andrews thirty years ago. His teacher was Professor Tait. "You don't play golf with your muscles," Professor Tait said to him one day; "you play with your morals." "But I hope," said Sir Oliver, with a hasty glance round, "that no one will consider my morals as bad as my golf."

At Princeton a lecturer said that Mr. Cleveland had little sympathy with the rush and hurry that the American business man so complacently affects—no sympathy with train and boat dictation, with the lunch table telephone, the letter phonograph, and the other bluffs. "Don't rush so," Mr. Cleveland once said. "Lightning might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry."

Mr. Sirius Barker had been cheated in a horse trade and the experience formed his chief topic of conversation for some time. "Can't you get over talking about the way you got cheated in that horse trade?" suggested a friend, who had heard the story several times. "No," answered Mr. Barker. "I don't mind the man's getting my money so much, but I do hate to think I've lost his respect."

Scotland has a great reputation for learning in the United States, and a lady who went over from Boston expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Virgil and the laborer who had Burns by heart. She was disillusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a policeman, she inquired as to the whereabouts of Carlyle's house. "Which Carlyle?" he asked. "Thomas Carlyle," said the lady. "What does he do?" queried the guardian of the peace. "He was a writer—but he's dead," she faltered. "Well, madam," the big Scot informed her, "if the man is dead over five years there's little chance of finding out anything about him in a big city like this."

Tompkins had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skillful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins's one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her. "Nurse Edith," he said one day, "will you be my wife when I recover?" "Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity. "Then my hopes are realized. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins. The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said; "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."

Last summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady, who made use of an ear trumpet during the sermon, such

an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts. There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders, who had great local reputation as a man of parts, should be deputed to settle the question. On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her appearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, entreating her with an upraised finger, said sternly: "The first toot—ye're out!"

Some good political speeches were not included in the campaign text-books. There was a meeting in a country school-house, and after the speeches a leading German was called on for a few remarks. He said: "Fellow-citizens: We haf hert d' chin music, yes! Und d' time has now come ven we must all git toggedder und undo that vich ve haf not dit. All git toggedder und roll up such a Democratic majority in Burks County that it vill roll und roll und roll und it rolls all ofer Berks County, all ofer d' State of Pennsylvania, all ofer the United States, vill roll across d' ocean und vill roll up to Queen Victoria vere she is sitting on her throne, und she vill say: 'Good gracious! vot a Democratic majority Berks County dit roll up.'"

W. H. Taft's glass remained turned down throughout the little dinner that he gave recently at Hot Springs to some political visitors, and this fact aroused comment. "Yes, and it is going to stay turned down," said the President-elect. "I am not going to drink anything again, ever." "You never did drink enough so that any one could notice it," said a hoyhood friend present. The remark was as superfluous as the boy's indorsement of his grandmother's neatness: "Grandma can take snuff when she is making bread and not get a hit in the dough," he asserted to the circle of visitors. "Why, how can you say such things!" cried the old lady, in distress. "Well, you may have dropped a little," was Johnny's compromise, "but not enough to make any difference."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Kneesy One.

There was a young maiden of Wilts,
Who went across Scotland on stilts.
They said it was shocking
To show so much stocking.
She said, "What of you and your kilts?"
—Glasgow Observer.

Prosperity.

When you've a dollar in your clothes
The winter shows a patch of green.
You reck not of misfortune's snows
When you've a dollar in your clothes.
Somewhere springs up a red, red rose,
The cold, cold world and you between.
When you've a dollar in your clothes
The winter shows a patch of green.
—New York Sun.

Pity Philadelphia.

When an opera near forgotten has been taken out
and hurnished;
When the dust is brushed from costumes and
the cobwebs from the score;
There is never any question whence the chorus
shall be furnished,
For the very toes to twinkle, twinkled forty
years before.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Army Riding Test.

I have stormed the height when a rain of lead
Beat men to the sodden ground;
I've piled up cords of my gory dead
While bearing a grisly wound;
I've faced the foe with the starry flag
Draped over my stricken breast;
But I draw the line at a sway-hacked nag,
And a four days' riding test!
I've walked with ghosts in the dismal camps,
And slept at a dead man's side;
I've heathred the air of the noisome swamps,
Where the fevers of doom abide;
I've faced the fates with a hero's smiles,
And laughed at the halls that flew;
But I will not travel a thousand miles
On a livery kangaroo.

I lost one arm on the Shiloh plain,
And a leg on another field;
The sword of a Southron clove my brain,
And the wound is scarcely healed.
I hear my sears as I hear my jug,
Nor sigh of the pains that rack;
But I will not ride on a knock-kneed plug
To Kalamazoo and back!
—Walt Mason, in Puck.

Lord Salisbury, as is well known, was a very absent-minded man, and his memory for faces was just about as had as King Edward's is excellent. On one occasion, when both the Bishop of London and Lord Salisbury were visiting at Sandringham, the former observed that the premier did not seem to recognize him. Lord Salisbury knew the face, but just whom it belonged to he couldn't think. "I've met that man before, I know?" declared the premier to his royal host. "Well, I should think you have," replied King Edward, "seeing that you made him Bishop of London!"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The past week has been a fairly quiet one, save for the flurry of excitement of the Greenway hall last night and its attendant dinners, and most of the social world is devoting itself to preparations for the holiday season. Shopping fills all the spare hours, and some of the larger shops have the air of crowded receptions.

The engagement is announced of Miss Amy Porter, daughter of Mrs. M. C. Porter, to Mr. William Bethune Ireland. Their wedding will take place on December 29.

The wedding of Miss Helen Gentry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gentry, to Mr. Edward Bonneau Nohle, will take place on Wednesday evening, December 30, at eight o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, at 2600 Troost Avenue, Kansas City. Mr. Nohle and his bride will be at home after February 15 at 2405 Webster Street, San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Roma Paxton, daughter of Mrs. Bessie E. Paxton, to Midshipman Lawrence Austin, U. S. N., took place on Thursday evening at the home of the bride on Jackson Street. The ceremony was celebrated at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. Edward Morgan of St. Luke's Church. There were no bridesmaids and Lieutenant Leonard, U. S. N., was the best man. The ushers were Lieutenant Beecher, U. S. N., Lieutenant Kurtz, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Robinson, U. S. N. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. Midshipman Austin and his bride have gone to San Diego to remain while his ship, the *Albany*, is stationed there.

The wedding of Miss Terecita Elvira Garcia to Mr. Montague Broome of Santa Barbara took place on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of the bride on Jackson Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Father Santandreu of the Spanish church. Miss Hortense Garcia was the maid of honor and Mr. Niatias Garcia the best man.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy has sent out cards for an informal dance at her home on Clay Street on Wednesday evening, December 30.

The first of the Assemblies under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway took place last night in the Fairmont ball-room.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at a dance at the post on Friday evening of last week.

Miss Flood entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Katherine Donohoe.

Mrs. Edward Barron was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at which she entertained fourteen guests.

Miss Julia Langhorne was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Grace Hammond.

Miss Christine Pomeroy was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week.

Miss Maud Wilson entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Miss Marian Angelotti was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Emily Du Bois.

Miss Emily Johnson was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Thursday of last week.

Miss Katharine Donohoe entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week before the Friday Evening Dance.

Miss Marian Miller was the hostess at a dinner at her home on Pacific Avenue on Friday evening of last week, she and her guests going afterwards to the Friday Evening Dance.

Mrs. George Rodman Shreve was the hostess at a bridge party on Monday last at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Marian Miller was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Helen Jones.

Mrs. William Ford Nichols and Miss Claire Nichols were the hostesses at a tea on Tuesday afternoon at the Episcopal residence on Webster Street. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Richard Hammond, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Annie Brewer, Miss Leonore Brewer, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Eleanor Cushing, and Miss Louisiana Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre entertained at a "high tea" on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Miss Avis Sherwood was the hostess at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at her apartments at El Drisco in honor of her cousin, Miss Dorothy Brace.

Miss Katharine Donohoe was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon last.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. William H. Crocker left last week for New York to join Mrs. Crocker, who has recently returned from Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin returned this week from an extended trip to Europe and the Eastern States. Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett will leave early in January for Europe, where they will join Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley have closed their San Rafael home for the winter and have an apartment on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Eells are in town from their home in Ross Valley as the guests of Mrs. James Coffin.

M. Helie de Dampierre, the fiancé of Miss Marie Christine de Guigne, will arrive early in January from his home in Paris.

Miss Mary Josselyn has been in town from her home at Woodside as the guest of friends. Mrs. George Eldridge, who has been the guest of Mrs. James M. Allen recently, will leave for Washington, D. C., in about a month.

Miss Edith Berry will leave shortly for an Eastern visit of two or three months' duration.

Miss Maude Bourn, who has been traveling in Europe since the summer, is now in New York with Mrs. Bourn, and they will spend the winter there.

Mr. Henry M. Rideout, the fiancé of Miss Frances Reed, will arrive next week from his home in Cambridge for a visit.

Mrs. William H. Thomas will spend the holiday season in Boston with her daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomas.

Miss Sara Coffin has left for a brief Eastern trip.

Miss Elena Robinson has returned from a visit to San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames spent the week-end at San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron.

Mrs. Sallie Stetson-Winslow and Miss Ruth Winslow will leave in January for Europe.

Mr. Stewart Lowery has arrived from his home in Portland, Oregon, for a visit to friends.

Mr. Taliaferro Milton left on Thursday of last week for the East, where he will remain permanently.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney has as her guests Miss Virginia Porcher and Miss Anne Porcher of Charleston, South Carolina.

Miss Havemeyer and Miss Vera Havemeyer of New York are visiting here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stone.

Mrs. Henry Schmieddell, who has made her home at Del Monte for some time past, is at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. John Marshall Young has left for New York and expects to spend two months there and elsewhere on the Atlantic coast.

The George N. Armsbys have taken permanent quarters at the Hotel St. Francis.

The H. D. Pillsburys have come up to the St. Francis to remain for some of the informal social functions planned for the week.

Mr. F. S. Isham, the novelist, arrived on the *Korea* the other day, and is a guest of the St. Francis.

Dr. Denman W. Ross of Harvard University is a guest of the St. Francis.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mr. A. R. M. Blackhall, Mr. P. Russell, Mr. George A. Tracy, Mr. A. H. McQuilkin, Mr. L. Michelson, Mr. W. H. Ellis, Mr. Joshua Walker, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. W. Hann, Mrs. O. A. Stack, Mr. William McCann.

At the Hotels.

Recent registrations at the Hotel Argonaut include: Dr. W. B. McGill, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blood, Albuquerque, N. M.; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Voyse, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Costallo, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. O'Grady, New York; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Whittemore, Sacramento; Mr. H. A. Pierce, Buffalo.

The following are a few among recent registrations at the Fairmont Hotel: Mrs. Henry Stevens Kiersted, Monterey; Mr. John L. Nelson, U. S. N.; Lieutenant-Commander M. C. Gorgas, U. S. N.; Mrs. K. C. DeDougall, Mare Island; Mrs. F. Foster Kelly, Mr. E. A. Strout, Mr. L. A. Linton, Mr. Charles E. Dickman, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Stewart, Mr. J. H. Heney, and Mr. James Griffith, Seattle; Mr. Chester Rowell, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Swift, Miss O. B. Smith, Fresno; Mr. W. H. Holabird, Mr. Burton E. Green, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. H. Long, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Proctor, Captain J. R. Graham, Vancouver; Mr. Chandler White, Mr. Edw. L. Defoucq, Mr. George F. King, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Shriner, New York; Mrs. Clinton Cushing, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Fr. von Voigtlander, Germany; Comte and Comtesse de Leusse, Paris; Mr. R. K. Turner, U. S. N.; Mr. James D. Smith, U. S. N.

Frederick Warde will next summer inaugurate a summer institute for teaching dramatic art, oratorio, and stagecraft, at his place on North White Lake, New York.

A Yuletide Play.

A Yuletide play, "On the Stairway of Life," by Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, is to be given at the Century Hall in San Francisco on Monday evening, December 21, at 8:15 o'clock, to be followed by dancing from ten to twelve o'clock. It will be given for the benefit of the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association and the West Berkeley Day Nursery. A number of prominent women of this city and Berkeley will act as patronesses. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Frederic H. Beaver, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy, and Miss Alice Griffith in San Francisco, and from Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, Mrs. Virginia Pennoyer, Mrs. Frederick Slate, and Mrs. James Spiers in Berkeley.

In London, last season, when "H. M. S. Pinafore" was revived, Sir W. S. Gilbert gave Captain Corcoran a line referring to strained relations between popular naval officers. It was received on the first night with cries of "Author!" from the gallery, and one stentorian remark, "Stick to the book." The situation was summed up by Sir W. S. Gilbert, who wrote: "My dear Barrington, I'm glad you referred to the gallery objecting to my interpolation. I find myself in the Gilbertian situation of being the only man alive who is not permitted to gag these libretti."

The Shaftesbury Theatre, a West End London playhouse, is about to be pulled down, after a checkered career of twenty years. In spite of its many misfortunes, the Shaftesbury has had some notable triumphs. A year after it was built the production of Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Middleman," resulted in a triumph for E. S. Willard, as well as for its author. Two years later the first performance in England of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" was given, while the triumph of "The Belle of New York" packed the theatre for over eighteen months.

"Faust," in which the late Lewis Morrison for so many years starred as Mephisto, has been revived, with Rosabel Morrison, daughter of the deceased actor, elevated to stardom, as Marguerite. The production is on an elaborate scenic and musical scale, with particularly fine accessories for the Brocken scene. Miss Morrison opened her season in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Maude Fealy is leading woman with Nat C. Goodwin in "Cameo Kirby."

AMONG THE ESTABLISHMENTS THAT HAVE moved down town or that established other headquarters in the down-town district, while maintaining their former stands at locations on Fillmore or Van Ness, is the Original Vienna Bakery. Every bon-vivant knows that the Van Ness Avenue Original Vienna Bakery and Café is at 1014, and that this is the rallying place of the noon-day crowds and the ladies on their shopping tours. The enterprising manager, with a desire to enlarge his field, has opened another café at 139 Ellis Street, and here will be welcomed the downtown patron. This is one of the best locations in the city. Its spacious, well-lighted rooms are a pleasure to look upon, and its kitchens are as clean and airy as my lady's parlor. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner at popular prices.

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☞ The hotel will present a novel illumination. Within the building the New Year will be announced by a quaint Old World ceremony, and special music, souvenirs and surprises will be provided.

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Our warehouse will remain at the southwest corner of Eddy and Hyde Streets until April 18, 1909. On that date we shall remove to our old location, 147-151 Minna Street and 144-148 Natoma Street, between New Montgomery and Third Streets.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Department of California, Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., chief engineer of the Department of California, and Lieutenant A. LaRue Christie, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, have returned from a brief trip to Los Angeles, where they visited the proposed site for military fortifications and post at San Pedro.

Colonel George L. Anderson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty as acting inspector-general of the Department of California and from his detail as inspector-general in January and will then proceed to Fort Screven, Georgia, to assume command of that post and of the Artillery District of Savannah.

Colonel George L. Anderson, U. S. A., acting inspector-general, Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey for the purpose of inspecting property.

Colonel D. L. Brainard, Commissary Department, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as chief commissary of the Department of California and left last week for the East on two months' leave of absence. He will then proceed via Suez to Manila, where he has been ordered for duty.

Colonel C. W. Mason, U. S. A., recently promoted from lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived from the Philippines and assumed command of the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., with station at Fort McDowell, Angel Island.

Colonel Daniel L. Appel, Medical Department, U. S. A., Medical Supply Depot, San Francisco, has been promoted to his present rank in place of Colonel Philip F. Harvey, U. S. A., retired.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., is spending a fortnight in Seattle, inspecting the construction work in that harbor.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Woodward, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., inspector-general of the Department of the Gulf, with station at Atlanta, Georgia, will be relieved of that duty and will proceed to this city on January 1 to assume the duties of inspector-general of the Department of California.

Major Walter A. Bethel, U. S. A., judge-advocate of the Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to Spring Garden, Plumas County, for the purpose of taking a deposition.

Major James M. Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., acting chief surgeon, Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to Agnews and Napa for the purpose of inspecting the asylums at those places.

Major Albert E. Truly, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the examining board, convened at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, vice Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A.

Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Forty-Eighth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, to the Sixty-Second Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., to take effect on February 1.

Captain E. B. Mainwaring, U. S. M. C., is ordered to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty.

Lieutenant David L. Roscoe, First Cavalry, U. S. A., now on sick leave of absence, is relieved from further treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to Fort Du Pont, Delaware, take station at that post, and assume charge under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army of construction work at Fort Du Pont and at Fort Mott, New Jersey.

Lieutenant Lewis C. Rockwell, Third Infantry, U. S. A., is transferred at his own request to the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant John Randolph, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Shafter, Honolulu, has been granted four months' leave of absence, to terminate not later than May 4, 1909.

Lieutenant Ernest K. Johnstone, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, was ordered to report to the commanding officer, Battery F, Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A., for duty with that command en route from the army transport *Thomas* to Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

Passed Assistant Surgeon F. M. Munson, U. S. N., when discharged from the Naval Hospital at Canacas, is ordered to the *Monadnock* and *Monterey* for duty.

Hammerstein's Philadelphia Opera House.

When Mr. Hammerstein opened his new opera house in Philadelphia a few days ago, fully five thousand persons sat or stood within it, and many hundred more crowded the streets outside. The governor of the State came to proffer his congratulations; the socially elect of the town sat in numbers in the boxes and in the orchestra; the mere opera-going public testified its pleasure in the house itself; in all that it heard and saw in the performance of "Carmen" on the stage; and when the time came for Mr. Hammer-

stein's speech, in his courage, energy, and good faith, as a manager. Of course, Mr. Hammerstein rioted in superlatives: "Great music is like a great misfortune," he said; "it makes us all akin. I have striven to give you the greatest opera house in all the world. I rest on your verdict. I have done all that I promised." The house shook with applause; the men of the chorus bore the manager from the stage on their shoulders; Philadelphia had an opera house of its own—the first in America, outside New York and New Orleans; and sixteen hundred persons were trying to find sixteen hundred carriages in the press without.

The building is imposing in its simple architectural lines, viewed from Broad Street. It stands amid old-fashioned red brick and brownstone houses, a dignified pile of white brick and stone. Opposite its many exits and entrances in Poplar Street is a high, old-fashioned brick wall fencing an old mansion. For an hour before the doors were opened this wall was capped with men and women, for those who could not get inside were content to gather and watch the fashion of the town stream out from carriages and motors into the great structure.

Within there rose the sloping vista of 1800 men and women in opera dress in the orchestra chairs. Above this in a half circle were the occupants of the boxes stretching from rim to rim of the proscenium, and above these, in a gentle rise, were the 2000 persons who filled the balcony. The construction of the balcony is such that there seems no division between it and the gallery, which seats those nearest the high ceiling of the house. There is just a little rise about half way up, and without pillar or post or wall to obstruct sound or view, these 2000 people sat, heard, saw, and enjoyed. To those who had not seen the inside of the building before, the first view was striking for its beauty. The pillars are of Pavenazza marble, white streaked with black, the general tone of the walls is a deep red with gold decorations, and the mural paintings are gorgeous in warmth of color. The boxes of the subscribers are separated from the main promenade by a stretch of open space which shows the marble balustrades and caryatide pillars to fine advantage, giving a sense of roominess. The promenade is richly decorated, the carpets are of richest crimson. The opera of the evening was "Carmen," with Mr. Dalmorès as Jose, Miss Labia as Carmen herself for the first time in America, Mr. Dufrance as the bull-fighter, and Mr. Campanini conducting. Singers, choristers, orchestra, scenery, costumes, everything, in short, that the performance required, had seemingly been brought from the Manhattan in New York, but within a short week he had divided his forces and given Philadelphia a chorus and an orchestra of its own.

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"Don't you admire the old-time melodies?" "No; I'm a fresh-air fiend."—Dramatic Telegram.

Knicker—Whom does the baby resemble? Backer—Its yell takes after its father's college.—New York Sun.

"Her husband has been a sufferer for many years, hasn't he?" "I don't know—how long have they been married?"—Cleveland Leader.

The Landlady—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer? Mr. Newcomer—A little of the outside, please.—Puck.

"When she hit him with the golf ball, did it knock him senseless?" "I guess so. I understand they are soon to marry."—Town and Country.

Harald—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her? Rupert—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.—Tit-Bits.

Nell—Mr. Guzzler's conversation is rather spicy, don't you think so? Belle—Well, it is generally tinged with the aroma of cloves.—Philadelphia Record.

Dactar—You have only a few moments to live. Have you anything to say? Patient—Only this, doctor—that you've made a mighty quick job of it.—Scraps.

Brawn—Did you ever have absent treatment? Jones—Oh, yes, and when I get home I'll have present treatment for being absent so long.—Brooklyn Life.

Dashaway—How much money has Miss Spilger got? Clevertan—I don't know. I've never been enough in love with her to find out.—New York Herald.

It is very simple: Mr. Loeh is to accept full responsibility in the St. Paul Dispatch for whatever Mr. Roosevelt says in the Outlook.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A five-year-old hoy on hearing grace asked for the first time at breakfast gravely remarked, "I only say my prayers at night. That is the dangerous time."—Life.

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle!" was the reply.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Bridegroom (in church)—Good heavens! I've forgotten the minister's fee. Best Man—That's all right. We'll send the ushers around with the collection boxes.—Boston Transcript.

Young Parks (grumpily)—I never met a man yet who was on the dead level. Old Marks—My hoy, the man on the dead level is only to be found in the cemetery.—Wall Street News.

"I see a New York dame claims that a woman needs \$70,000 a year for clothes. I

s'pose hers is an exceptional case." "Not at all. Every woman needs that much. Only they don't all get it."—Milwaukee News.

Stella—There are two undesirable types of husbands. Bella—Yes, the man who wants to stay home every evening, and the man who doesn't.—Brooklyn Life.

"What is your business?" asked the thin-lipped woman, not encouragingly. "I'm an after-dinner speaker," replied the applicant for a hand-out, "before dinner."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I hear you are going to marry Charley?" "Yes; he asked me last evening." "Let me congratulate you. Charley is all right. He is one of the nicest fellows I was ever engaged to."—Stray Staries.

"What's that curious looking charm you are wearing on your watch chain?" "That is our new coat-of-arms—chaffeur rampant, policeman couchant, justice of the peace expectant."—Montreal Standard.

Mrs. O'Taale—She's takin' on awful. Her husband got three years—but he kin git twelve months off for good behavior. Mrs. Daoley—Tell her to rest aisy. Sure, an' he may not behave himself.—Life.

"What is this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before." "Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word, you press this key and it makes a hlur."—Boston Transcript.

"What would you say," said the prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?" "I would say," replied the patient man, "go and do thou likewise."—Stray Staries.

Dally—No, dear; I can't go any place with Molly. I hate her—the cat! Pally—But, darling, you used to be chummy with her. What did she do? Dally—She told me a lot of the nasty things you said about me, dear.—Cleveland Leader.

Tourist—So you would advise me to come back by the Sunday night train in order to catch the boat on Monday morning? Station Master (severely)—A wud advise nae man tae profane the Sawhath; hut a'll jist repeat—if ye wait till the Monday ye'll nae get the connection.—Punch.

Mexico has a new volcano, the reports saying "that the top of a low mountain was blown off by a subterranean explosion, and that lava and sulphurous flames have been pouring from the crater for several days." There is some talk of calling the newcomer Mount Theodore.—Puck.

"Say, Rufe, what dis I hear 'bout your son Gahe gettin' in trouble at church last Sunday night?" "Taint nothin' serious, parson. He jes' musin' hisself some. Broke up de meetin' wid a axe handle, and carve he name on three of them deacons' face wid a razzor. Dat's all."—Boston Traveler.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Cabinet Organization.

The selection by President-elect Taft of Senator Knox of Pennsylvania for the portfolio of State is eminently a strong one. No better man could possibly have been chosen, for Knox combines demonstrated ability with experience and proved working power. As a member of McKinley's Cabinet, and later as a member of Roosevelt's Cabinet, he fully sustained a reputation previously made as a lawyer and a man of affairs; and since his retirement from the Cabinet to enter the Senate, he has stood practically at the head of the latter body. It was Mr. Knox, be it remembered, whose initiative and legal resource won the first success in trust-restraining operations in the Northwestern merger case and in other suits connected with the anti-trust movement; and no like success has been gained since his retirement.

The President-elect is himself authority for the statement that no other Cabinet assignments have been made. At the same time there are many indications that Mr. Taft is giving a great deal of attention to Cabinet organization. The indications are that Representative Burton of Ohio will be Secretary of the

Treasury, that Secretary Wilson will continue in charge of the Agricultural Department, and that Mr. Frank Hitchcock will be the new Attorney-General. As to who will represent the Pacific Coast we are left in doubt, although the names of Judge Ballinger of Seattle and George Knight of California are under consideration.

The Argonaut hopes that the gossip which connects the names of Mr. Roosevelt's private secretary and half a dozen other minor figures with possible Cabinet assignments is gossip merely. We should like to see the Cabinet made up of men who stand for something in the country upon the basis of definite public achievement rather than for mere clerical deftness. The President's Cabinet ought to be something more than a group of clerks; it ought to be something more than an organization made up of two or three high-class men and half a dozen nobodies. The President-elect will, we believe, please the country if he shall return to the old practice of bestowing Cabinet appointments only in connection with established high reputation.

The New Senate.

The changes in the United States Senate due to come with the end of the political year—March 4—are more than usually important. The terms of thirty-one senators are due to expire, of whom some eighteen or nineteen are practically certain of reelection. The losses which are likely to be permanent are Fulton of Oregon, Foraker of Ohio, Teller of Colorado, Hemenway of Indiana, Ankeny of Washington, Kittredge of South Dakota, Long of Kansas, and McCreary of Kentucky. Allison of Iowa was recently lost to the Senate by death, and Knox of Pennsylvania will retire to become Secretary of State in the Taft Cabinet. The new senators, so far as they have been chosen or their choice indicated, will be Elihu Root of New York, Joseph Bristow of Kansas, Wesley L. Jones of Washington, M. N. Johnson of North Dakota, George Chamberlain of Oregon, E. D. Smith of South Carolina, Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida, and W. O. Bradley of Kentucky. Cummins of Iowa has so recently come into the Senate as fairly to be included in the list of new men.

Interesting contests are in progress in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Oregon, with much uncertainty as to the outcome. If Representative Burton should be elected to succeed Foraker from Ohio, the result would add notably to the strength of the Senate. But if, on the other hand, Mr. Charles P. Taft should be elected, the loss will be something, for Mr. Taft, albeit a respectable man and a generous brother, has no particular qualifications for the Senate. Looking to the strength of the Senate alone, the election of Mr. Burton is immeasurably to be preferred to that of Mr. Taft, who, indeed, would never have been thought of for the place if he were not the brother of the President-elect, and more important still, if he had not put up a large amount of money to sustain his brother's presidential candidacy. In Pennsylvania the contest will lie between several members of Congress from the western region, with the chances of success in favor of Representative Dalzell, a man of good working habits, but of no distinction at the point of intellectual ability. Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, who usually writes from inside information, predicts the election of Mr. Dalzell, which will imply the substitution of a man of moderate powers for one of very exceptional ability and force.

There is as yet no authoritative solution of the Oregon problem, although the disinclination of the Republican majority to elect the Democrat Chamberlain becomes more and more marked. Under the rules of the Oregon direct primary system Chamberlain is entitled to election. If the members of the Oregon legislature shall stand by pledges formally made he will be elected. None the less the opinion of those best informed, in and out of Oregon, is that not Chamber-

lain but some Republican, probably other than Fulton, the incumbent, will be chosen. On many accounts this Oregon contest is the most interesting incident in the recent political history of the country. It puts to the test the question of whether under any system of primary pledges a legislature dominated by one party can be depended upon to elect to the United States Senate a man representing another party.

The loss of Knox to the Senate is serious. Since the retirement of Mr. Spooner he has perhaps been the largest individual force in the senatorial body. The loss of Fulton is likewise one of importance, for he is a very capable lawyer, an experienced legislator and a man of general working capability. The loss of Foraker is that of a brilliant and interesting man, but one who, despite his talents, has ceased to be effective in the work of the Senate. While possessing many admirable traits, Foraker lacks the cooperative mind, which is another way of saying that his temperament and habit do not in the present posture of affairs fit him for useful service.

The accession of Mr. Root is a very important matter. For all-round ability he surpasses anybody, with the possible exception of Spooner, who has held a seat in the Senate for many years. His intellectual and legal abilities are of the highest order; furthermore, his experience and reputation will add immensely to his power. He will at once take a place as a foremost figure in the senatorial body. Cummins of Iowa is also a man of exceptional power, while Bristow of Kansas, who is by no means new to public life, will likewise add to the power and dignity of the Senate. In the interest of the Senate itself it is much to be hoped that Burton will be successful in Ohio. These four men alone—Root, Cummins, Bristow, and Burton—are competent by their exceptional capabilities and powers to lift the Senate from the rut into which it has fallen and to restore, measurably at least, its consideration with the people of the country. Even if Mr. Burton should be drawn into the Cabinet, as now seems more than likely, the new Senate will be stronger by far than any we have known for a long time past.

The President and Congress.

The immediate cause of the trouble between President Roosevelt and Congress was an amendment by Congress of the secret service appropriation bill, providing that no part of the money appropriated should be applied to the "cost of transfers or details of detective agents to other departments." The intent of this provision was plainly enough to limit those activities all over the country in which the President or his executive agents have employed detectives of the secret service to purposes little suspected by the public and at prodigious cost.

Congress, as the duly authorized custodian of the public purse, has not only a constitutional but a moral right to determine the use to which money appropriated by it shall be employed. The President has a constitutional and moral right to advise Congress, but there his right ends. He has no mandate to lecture or berate Congress or to allege wrong motives if it declines to give what he asks.

Mr. Roosevelt is much given to what is vulgarly called gum-shoeing. The fondness for secret methods has grown upon him with his years of power, and it is probably true that he has employed more secret agents than any other two men—perhaps any other ten—who have occupied the presidency. He has assumed it to be a part of his duty to spy upon the doings of other departments of the government, and in more than one instance he has lent officers of the government detective bureau to the service of public and private prosecution in different parts of the country.

We have seen too much of this sort of thing on the Pacific Coast, especially in the operations of William J. Burns in Oregon and California. Only a few days ago, on Munday of this week, to be specific, we saw

in the evidence of Police Commissioners Cutler and Keil before the Biggy inquest how a government secret-service agent may, by the President's permission, work himself into local and even personal affairs, and how he may employ methods more suggestive of the Spanish inquisition than of modern and accepted processes of detecting crime. It was to put a stop to this sort of thing that Congress voted to limit the use of the secret service, as it had an unquestioned right to do.

The President's outburst against Congress in his annual message was not only an impropriety, but one which Congress could not overlook with self-respect. Hence the resolutions of protest adopted both by the Senate and House; hence the inquiry proposed. The President's outgivings with respect to these procedures are even less excusable than his original expression. He might, indeed, very properly have discussed the point with Congress, presenting his views with the support of any arguments which he might be able to bring to bear upon them. But no man has the right, under any circumstances, to be grossly abusive and vulgar in his expressions, much less the President of the United States in dealing with the Congress of the United States.

In this controversy Mr. Roosevelt has exhibited the worst faults of a very imperfect temperament. He exposes himself as a man of overweening self-esteem, childishly intolerant of anybody or anything tending to limit his purposes or plans. His mind apparently never sees but one side of any question, and in presenting his views he has no sense of the dignities of his office or of the limitations which they should put upon him. He blurts out his resentments as freely and as coarsely as a dock laborer, mindless of the fact that his office gives to his expressions a significance to which they would not be entitled on their own account. This is not the mark either of wisdom or of courage; rather it is proof that Mr. Roosevelt, no matter how great his merit in other respects, is a man deficient in judgment and lacking in taste. Furthermore, it exhibits him as one who either does not comprehend the limitations of his office or who, in his eagerness to have his own willful way, is ready to disregard them.

The President intimates in his angry retort to Congress that if the proposed inquiry shall be persisted in, he will unfold a tale of dereliction on the part of senators and congressmen that will amaze and shock the country. Inferentially, he threatens Congress with exposure of wrongdoing on the part of its members if it shall fail to knuckle under to him. In other words, he holds a big stick over Congress and offers for the price of concession to withdraw it without striking. He forgets apparently that in taking this position he puts himself in an amazing posture before the country. If, in truth, he has any information that the country is entitled to or that he as President has the right to give out, he ought to present it without regard to any quarrel which he may have with Congress. His duty to expose or withhold is not affected in the slightest degree by any contentions which have arisen between himself and anybody else. For the President in the mood of anger and resentment to present charges which in the mood of good nature he would suppress, is to put the presidential office in the attitude of serving the private whim of the man who holds it.

Men who truly love their country, and who are properly regardful of the proprieties and dignities of its government, may well be solicitous concerning the outcome of this unhappy quarrel. There is too much reason to fear that neither the President on one hand nor Congress on the other will be sufficiently considerate of their representative character and of the largeness of the moral issues incidentally at stake in any quarrel between them. The danger is that each, nagged and given license by the extravagances of the other, will proceed to lengths tending, as we have already remarked, to the destruction of that confidence which must lie at the basis of representative government if such government is to command the respect and support of an intelligent and decently moralized people.

The seriousness of the contention is a matter not easily exaggerated. There has not arisen a situation so strained between President and Congress since the day of President Johnson. The most fortunate outcome would be for the President to recognize the weakness and impropriety of his position and to do what a man of fine moral courage always does when he discovers himself in the wrong. There are intimations from Washington that the President may follow this

course. For the sake of the country, for his own sake, for the sake of public regard for certain broad moralities which stand associated in the popular mind with Mr. Roosevelt's name, we should be glad to see the quarrel thus ended. At the same time it is not easy to be hopeful for such a termination. In times past the President has rarely exhibited the kind of courage which dares openly to confess a fault.

The Case of J. Dalzell Brown.

The twelve thousand and five hundred depositors who were swindled in the collapse of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, not to mention everybody else who had any knowledge of the case, were jarred on Saturday last when, on motion of the district attorney, all charges pending against J. Dalzell Brown were wiped off the records. Brown, be it remembered, was the manager of the bank and the active agent in that series of crimes by which its resources were fraudulently appropriated and otherwise dissipated. His part in the wrecking operations was calculated and villainous to the last degree. Others, to be sure, shared with him in the profits of the transaction, but his own share was large enough to excite the wonder of all who observed the evidences of his extraordinary prosperity.

The wiping out of the charges against Brown on motion of the district attorney is a formal payment for certain testimony which Brown gave in his resentment against his associates and as a means of clearing himself. True, he told nothing which might not have been gotten at in other ways, nothing which as yet has resulted in the imprisonment of anybody else. He simply gave such testimony as he was bound to give. It is understood that at one time he promised to make such exposition of the affairs of the wrecked bank as would save a large sum for distribution among its defrauded depositors, but up to now no such exposure has been made and there is no indication of his intention to make it. On the score of his testimony against his associates in crime Brown was given the nominal sentence of eighteen months in San Quentin, this period of imprisonment subject to reduction by prompt obedience to prison rules, and, under the special circumstances of the case, subject to other notable mitigations. For example, much of the time since his sentence Brown has been kept, not at San Quentin, but in San Francisco, and the *Chronicle* is authority for the statement that he has been allowed frequent automobile rides in the open air and the privilege of dining at home. In short, Brown's punishment has been no punishment at all when compared with the penalties prescribed by law for such crimes as he committed. Indeed, it is prophesied that his brief period of nominal confinement will be over and done with before the prosecuting attorney gets round to the conviction of his associates, even assuming that that shall in the end be accomplished.

The plain English of all this is that Brown, a swindler of the grossest character, who publicly picked the pockets of twelve thousand and five hundred bank depositors, has by the fiat of the prosecuting attorney practically been rendered immune. What happened to eighteen boodling supervisors whose guilt was notorious and confessed has happened to this unspeakable miscreant. In a brief time he will be free to go his ways without fear of punishment and to enjoy the loot which no doubt he has somewhere put aside to await the day of his release. The facts speak for themselves. We have, it appears, a prosecuting office which assumes, not only in the graft cases, but in all other cases, the privilege of determining not who is or is not guilty, but who among the guilty shall be free and who shall be punished. It is an assumption beyond precedent here or elsewhere in the magnitude of its operations, based on no foundation of law, atrocious in its breach of justice, and tending surely to social demoralization. If J. Dalzell Brown, guilty of unnumbered, calculated crimes, may be cleaned of his sins and set at liberty in the poor discretion of a prosecuting attorney, what hope is there that any other criminal may be brought to punishment? If this is to be the system—if immunity is to be the rule for the worst criminals—then pray what use is it to maintain a prosecuting office at all? There would be less irritation and less demoralization in letting criminals go free from the beginning with no pretense of prosecution and punishment.

This incident ought at least to serve one purpose; it ought to convince the twelve thousand and five hundred defrauded depositors of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, not to mention anybody

else, that the *Argonaut* was right when, during the last candidacy of Mr. Langdon, it declared him to be a man unfit by temperament, by mental capacity, by independence of character, or by moral self-control for the exercise of any public trust.

New York and the Taft Administration.

Under all the circumstances, the election of Mr. Root to the Senate implies a radical change in conditions long existing in New York politics and tending to affect the politics of the whole country. Mr. Root has long been an authoritative factor in the government; he is a close friend of the President-to-be. As a senator from New York he will undoubtedly have his way in relation to executive matters as they affect New York, including presidential appointments in that State. In other words, Mr. Root's election is bound to restore that close connection between the President and the New York senatorial delegation which was destroyed in the historic quarrel between President Garfield and Senator Conkling in 1881.

Speaking broadly, that rule in the making of appointments commonly styled "senatorial courtesy" obtains wherever President and senators are of the same party excepting in the State of New York. Several causes have contributed to this exception, the most important being the fact that New York's senators have hardly ever in recent years been *persona grata* at the White House. In the case of Mr. Roosevelt there have been other factors in the situation besides dislike and distrust of the New York senators. Being himself a citizen of New York and having his own group of political friends there, and desiring furthermore to build up a more or less personal political organization, he has acted upon his own initiative in the matter of appointments and has apparently been quite as well pleased with the ill-will as with the approval of the New York senators. His selection of Mr. Root for the Cabinet, of Mr. Whitelaw Reid for the English ambassadorship, etc.—these appointments were made without regard to the wishes of the New York senators and even without consulting them. Other appointments within the State of New York have likewise been made upon the President's own initiative, and only now and then, and always in relation to minor things, have Messrs. Platt and Depew been consulted. It was much the same way during the McKinley administration. Mr. McKinley was more diplomatic and gracious in his methods than Mr. Roosevelt, but none the less he did as he pleased in most things where New York was concerned, notably in the appointment of Cornelius N. Bliss to the Cabinet, of General Horace Porter as ambassador to France, of General Stewart L. Woodford as ambassador to Spain, of Andrew D. White as ambassador to Germany, of Joseph H. Choate as ambassador to Great Britain, and of Elihu Root as Secretary of War. Most if not all of these capitol appointments were offensive to Senator Platt, each in turn being regarded as a blow to the party organization of which he was the head.

The situation was hardly more favorable to coöperation between the New York senators and the White House during the periods of Democratic control of the government. Evarts and Hitchcock, Republicans, were New York's senators during Cleveland's first term, and there was naturally enough no political coöperation between them and a Democratic President. During Cleveland's second term Hill and Murphy were the senators from New York, representing a wing of the Democratic party radically at odds with Mr. Cleveland's own faction. There was, of course, no sympathy and practically no coöperation. Indeed, the only period in recent years when New York's senators have had any serious consideration at the White House was that of the Harrison administration. Harrison was thoroughly schooled in the close corporation system of Indiana politics; furthermore, he was on excellent terms with the New York senators, seeking and following their counsel as he did that of senators from other States in relation to the important appointments.

Senator-to-be Root is very far from being a politician as that term is commonly used. Nevertheless, he has taken an active interest in politics for many years, and his long connection with executive service at Washington has instructed him as to the necessities of party organization, which can only be sustained by a judicious apportionment of the honors of political success. He has not been indifferent in recent years to circumstances and conditions as they affect the party, and he is not likely to be more so in the Senate than out of it. He will wish naturally and not improperly to hold the party organization in New York in support

of his own courses and of those of the administration. Undoubtedly he will have the friendship of the President, with such powers as that may give him at his disposal, and there is further no doubt that he will employ these powers in accordance with his own notions of propriety and discretion.

It has been suggested that Mr. Roosevelt after his return from Africa may wish to have a hand in New York politics, and that he is likely to have enough influence with President Taft to secure his cooperation. This is looking a good way ahead. In the two years of Mr. Roosevelt's absence the relations between the New York Republican organization and the Taft administration will have become fixed in pursuance of definite plans not easily disturbed. Furthermore, it is by no means an assurance that the Taft administration will be in the mood to accept Mr. Roosevelt's suggestions. Nothing is more likely than that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, long before the latter's term is ended, will elect to go different roads in politics. The two men, while sharing many ideas in common, are wide apart as the poles in temperament and methods. The people expect from President Taft an administration of the affairs of the government on lines very different from those pursued by Mr. Roosevelt, and we think he is not likely to disappoint them. In other words, we believe that Mr. Roosevelt needs hardly to be regarded as a factor in the coming administration.

Who Got the Money?

The dispute as to the Panama purchase money now being waged between the President on the one hand and the editors of the Indianapolis *News*, the New York *World*, and the New York *Sun* upon the other, can hardly remain in its present position. Charges of the gravest nature have been made, and the President has replied by a torrent of vituperation and by a number of tempestuous and ill-considered statements that were doubtless made in the best of faith, but that are demonstrably inaccurate at almost every point. Mr. Delevan Smith of Indianapolis, Mr. Laffan, and Mr. Pulitzer of New York are quick to see their advantage and perhaps also to resent a personal abuse of the most galling and intolerable description.

The charges are simple in their nature. They controvert the usually accepted belief that the United States bought the Panama Canal site and workings from the French government and that the \$40,000,000 involved represented the purchase price in a straightforward buyer-and-seller transaction between the two governments. They assert, on the contrary, that certain highly placed American citizens acted as intermediaries between the American government and the French company, that these citizens acquired the Panama stock at bankrupt prices from its original French holders, thereby themselves becoming the Panama Company, and that they then sold the stock to the American government at immensely enhanced values and at a colossal profit to themselves. They contend that a control of the canal could have been bought by the United States government for about \$4,000,000 from the bankrupt French company, but that instead of buying at the current market price of a few cents on the dollar the government officials allowed a few private citizens to acquire the property and then purchased it from them for \$40,000,000. The obvious inference is, of course, that these favored persons acted in the light of exclusive information and that the eventual price of \$40,000,000 was a matter of complicity between buyer and seller; in other words, that the American government, through negligence or connivance, was persuaded or coerced into paying \$40,000,000 of public money for a property that could have been acquired for \$4,000,000 and that this deal was arranged for the illicit enrichment of a certain number of privileged citizens. The names of Mr. Charles P. Taft and Mr. Douglas Robinson, the President's brother-in-law, have been mentioned as among the beneficiaries of the deal. Mr. Taft has denied all connection with it, and his denial is, of course, conclusive. Mr. Robinson refuses to make any statement at all.

We are, of course, by no means precluded from believing that the transaction, whatever it may have been, was entirely proper merely because the President has allowed himself to deviate into a series of tempestuous inaccuracies. The best of causes may be injured by its advocates, and it will be seen at once that the President's denials, regarded as evidence upon either side, are entirely valueless. He says, for example:

any American citizen. The government paid this \$40,000,000 direct to the French government, getting the receipt of the liquidator appointed by the French government to receive the same.

Now it is an indisputable fact that the \$40,000,000 was paid by check, not to the French government, but to J. P. Morgan & Co. as disbursing agents, and the check is on exhibition at the Treasury Department between pieces of glass so as to show front and back. Moreover, Mr. Cromwell testified to the same effect before the Senate committee, and he added the statement that he himself had distributed the larger part among the stockholders, but he absolutely refused to state who those stockholders were, although repeatedly urged to do so by the late Senator E. D. Morgan. Therein lies the whole crux of the question. Were these stockholders French or American? If any of them were American, how many of them, and what were their names? Upon what date did they become stockholders, and upon what terms? Did they constitute a syndicate that takes over the property of a bankrupt concern, thus creating a holding company on a recapitalization, keeping the majority control in a syndicate trusteeship?

The President, as though unaware of the vital importance of these questions, then goes on to say:

The United States government has not the slightest knowledge as to the particular individuals among whom the French government distributed the same.

Quite so, but if the government has not the "slightest knowledge" of the identity of the Panama stockholders, how can the President say with so much fury that none of them were Americans who had acquired their stock at bankrupt prices in order to sell it again to their own government under a recapitalization? That, after all, is just what the offending newspapers have said, and the President might as well have begun and ended his reply with that one statement that he had not the "slightest knowledge" of the facts under discussion. Instead of that he devotes two columns of small type to a feverish denunciation of his opponents with charges of deliberate falsehood in every paragraph and all of it upon a matter of which, by his own admission, he has not the "slightest knowledge."

It is unfortunate that the Senate committee did not dispose of this unpleasant question long ago. It would have done so had Senator Morgan lived and had it been possible to persuade the facts from Mr. Cromwell's exclusive keeping. Senator Millard was chairman of that committee, and he now says that the failure to ascertain the identity of the Panama stockholders was due to the action of Mr. Cromwell in blocking all efforts to obtain that information. Mr. Millard continues:

The French government had nothing to do with the sale of the canal property. About the only man who had anything to do with that, so far as our committee was able to find, was William Nelson Cromwell. We were never able to find the names of stockholders of the concern which he represented.

Every leading question we asked, which pointed toward the real men behind Cromwell, was met with a blank refusal to answer. Who they were we were never able to find out, although throughout the six weeks of that investigation that question was asked time after time.

I know the money was paid to J. P. Morgan & Co. instead of to the French government, as stated by Mr. Roosevelt. And I have reasons to believe that money was sent to France. But whether all, or any of it, found its way back to stockholders in this country, I can not say. But none of it was paid to the French government, so far as I know, and the French government did not have the distribution of it.

Why should there be any secrecy in such a matter? There is, of course, no necessary connection between secrecy and dishonor, nor would it be a crime to own stock in the French Panama Company. But the fact that there is secrecy, and obstinate secrecy, a secrecy avowed and contemptuously defended, inevitably suggests that the stock was acquired under some exclusive information or privileged facilities and that the resulting negotiations between the new Panama company and the government officials were not of a nature that would be improved by daylight. There seems, therefore, to be some justification for an unimpassioned demand on the part of the public to know to whom their money was paid. There is no need to assume the existence of a "scandal," but the readiest way to avoid suspicion or imputation is to raise the veil completely and to err, if at all, upon the side of publicity rather than that of reticence. The President's contention that the names of the stockholders can not be ascertained without an impossible demand upon the French government has been seen to be baseless, inasmuch as the French government had practically nothing to do with the matter. It is evident enough that

the information is available in this country, seeing that Mr. Cromwell has virtually admitted that it is in his possession. Then why not make it known? Why not court publicity? However inconvenient the demand may be, there can be no possible question that the people who pay the money have a right to know its exact disposition, while a refusal to satisfy their demand will be attributed inevitably to evil motives. By all means let us know at once Who Got the Money.

Editorial Notes.

There has been a good deal of anxiety to know by what means President-elect Taft induced Timothy Woodruff to abandon his senatorial ambitions in favor of Mr. Root. All the public knows about it is that Mr. Woodruff had been active in his own behalf for several weeks and that he seemed to have a fair chance of success when he was summoned to Hot Springs for a conference and immediately thereafter announced his withdrawal from the senatorial race. It is argued, and not without reason when the character and political habits of Mr. Woodruff are considered, that all this did not happen without something substantial in the form of *quid pro quo*. Mr. Taft must have employed something besides mere hypnotism to induce Woodruff to abandon hopes which have long been cherished in the public eye. The first suggestion was that Woodruff would be given a Cabinet position; but this theory has found no support in subsequent developments. Possibly Mr. Taft promised Mr. Woodruff a foreign mission, a thing likely to appeal strongly to a man of active vanities and noted for his social aspirations, likewise a man with a rich wife. Whatever the fact may be, it has not yet developed. In the meantime Woodruff's political associates who had hoped for many advantages through his election to the senatorship are indignant with him for having, as they very pointedly intimate, knuckled under to the President-elect.

Among Mr. Taft's more particular admirers the quiet suppression of Tim Woodruff is remarked upon as illustrating exceptional powers of dealing with bothersome personal and political problems on the part of the President-elect. It is pointed out that while he does not make any exhibition of a big stick, and while he cracks no whips in public, he has a persistent fashion of getting precisely what he wants from all sorts and conditions of men. Besides disposing of Tim Woodruff and assuring the election of Mr. Root, he has apparently brought Speaker Cannon into line and reduced the most pronounced stand-patters to innocuous desuetude. The New York Evening *Post*, which can hardly be classed as a special admirer of Mr. Taft, commends him for quietly getting what he wants in the most cordial terms. "It is," remarks the *Post*, "the Hughes method of executive persuasion installing itself at Washington, to the relief of a nerve-racked people."

An interesting question has arisen in connection with the illness of Governor-elect Cosgrove of the State of Washington, due to be inaugurated on the eleventh of next month. For several weeks Mr. Cosgrove has been at Paso Robles Hot Springs in California under treatment for Bright's disease, and it is said that there is no prospect of his being able to return home for inauguration on the day constitutionally fixed. There is nothing either in the State constitution or in the statutes declaring where a governor may be inaugurated, and in view of this fact it is now proposed that a justice of the Supreme Court, several members of the legislature, and other State officials shall go to Paso Robles and there go through the ceremonies of inauguration. Former United States Senator Turner, a member of the convention which framed the State constitution and widely regarded as a profound lawyer, takes another view of the case. His position is that a governor can only be inaugurated in the State itself. The present governor, he argues, will continue to serve as a hold-over until Mr. Cosgrove shall be able to return to Washington and be duly inducted into office at the State capital. So far as anybody can recall, the incident is the first of its kind in the history of the country.

This incident recalls another similarly out of the ordinary connected with the territorial history of the present State of Washington. In the era which preceded the railroads in the Northwest there was but one practicable way of passing between the eastern and western sections of the State, there being only an Indian trail across the Cascade Mountains. Persons

going from one section to another in either direction were compelled in the ordinary course of travel to pass out of the State to Portland, Oregon, and on to their destination. This made Portland in a practical sense the center of the Territory of Washington. Portland was the convenient point for political and other gatherings representative of the whole Territory and it was in fact the common practice for such gatherings to meet there actually if not nominally. The editor of the *Argonaut* well remembers a territorial Republican convention which met in 1878 in a public hall at Portland as a caucus, named committees, adopted a platform, and made nominations in due form. The following morning the delegates took a special boat to the town of Vancouver, on the Washington side of the Columbia river, six miles away, and in less than an hour went through formal procedures in ratification of what had actually been done at Portland the night before. With their work thus duly performed the delegates returned to Portland, where a grand banquet was held by way of putting the campaign on its feet in good shape. The "finish" of a political party responsible for this sort of procedure in these modern days might easily be prophesied.

At the age of eighty-one Lord Ripon has just retired from the British Cabinet, not because of infirmities, for, although past the more strenuous capabilities of life, he is still fairly active both mentally and physically, and wishes "a little time to himself before passing out of the world." Lord Ripon entered Parliament in 1852 and as a Cabinet official he dates back to the premiership of Lord Palmerston. He has never been what might be called a brilliant man, but he has been preëminently a safe one, and in one way or another his services have always been in demand by the British public. The wholesomeness of Lord Ripon's mind, his propensity for hard work, and his capacity for public usefulness—these qualities have had their foundation in prudent habits of life and in an unconquerable optimism of character. Lord Ripon was asked upon his retirement by an English editor to give a message to the younger men of the country. His reply was as follows:

That is rather a large order. But if I had to say anything, this is what I would say: In the governance of the world, as in all other affairs of life, accept no other guide than the voice of your own conscience. In dealing with the affairs of state, as in dealing with the affairs of your own private life, let your moral judgment be supreme. In the governing of countries, as in everything else, so rule that all those over whom you wield authority shall recognize that your first object is to make truth and justice prevail.

The Geneva *Cassaro*, in an article on the age of actors, says that, despite the work and excitement which go with the calling, actors do not grow old, and that at the age of sixty innumerable stage heroes still played the part and not upon the stage alone. "Florio Ande, for years Duse's leading man, is an old man," says the writer, "but to an audience he is still twenty-five. Reinach, Giraud, and Ferravilla are old men. The great stars of the Italian stage reach the highest age in their profession. Adelaide Tessaro was ninety when she died, and Adelaide Ristori was not so much younger. Tommaso Salvini will be eighty next January. Among the French and Germans, Got, Perrier, La Roche, and Dangeville were over eighty when they died. Dumesnil had celebrated her ninetieth birthday and Jeffroy and Hauteroche their ninety-first birthdays when they passed away. Dancourt was ninety-five, and Guerin, who married the widow of Molière, lived to be ninety-two. Fierville saw the curtain of his life descend after he had passed the century mark."

It is still possible to get a tasting order to the wine vaults of the London docks, and given a strong head the excursion is an interesting one. In the vaults their miles of casks symmetrically arranged are a wonderful sight, and the casks bear dates which make a connoisseur's eyes glow. The visitor is not a little puzzled and surprised on being provided with a tin oil lamp on the end of a stick, such as was in use 100 years ago. The vaults nowadays are sufficiently lit if not brilliantly lighted, and the purpose of the lamp, except as a survival of an old custom, is difficult to fathom. The explanation is simple. Careful tally is kept of the number of lamps, for a missing lamp means somebody lost in the vaults who must be sought for before the closing hour. There are worse places to be lost in.

The remuneration of physicians originally consisted in presents, but at the time of Hippocrates payment in money was already customary. Physicians received also public praise, the "crown of honor," the freedom of the city, the privilege of eating at the king's table. Physicians employed by the state received a yearly salary, as high as \$2000 in some instances. Rich people would pay enormous sums for a successful treatment, and a case is recorded in which \$200,000 was paid.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The choice of Mr. Root for the New York representation in the United States Senate has been received with general approbation as reinforcing that body with a measurable quantity of intellectual vigor. But there is another aspect of the matter that has not gone wholly without comment, and that is the influence of Mr. Taft as a determining factor in the selection. The comment is kindly, but it is none the less emphatically pointed out that we have here one more example of executive interference to which the political life of the country in its earlier stages was wholly unaccustomed, but that has now become a commonplace.

Mr. Taft's action, while admirably suave and unprovocative, is cited as a continuation of Mr. Roosevelt's methods. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says:

It has been the fashion for the President's apologists to say that it was merely "his way," his "temperament"—to accomplish, we will say, a laudable result by wholly unlawful means. Those croakers who expressed fears lest executive aggression and personal government become the rule, and not the exception by the mere good-natured acceptance of single instances, were told that with Roosevelt gone the return to constitutional forms would be easy, and of course. One of the strongest arguments advanced in Mr. Taft's behalf before the election was that he was a man who, in training, temperament, and mental habit, was the antithesis of Mr. Roosevelt, one who could surely be counted upon to observe with strictness the constitutional limitations of his office.

While it would be too soon to say that these comfortable foreshadowings have been falsified, there is certainly no evidence that confirms them. Mr. Taft has "no more compunction or hesitation about overstepping the limits of his office" than had Mr. Roosevelt, and while the *suaviter in modo* acts as a pleasant lubricant to the encroachment, the *fortiter in re* is no less in evidence than heretofore. We have had seven years of "unconstitutional executive domination." Mr. Taft has been "corrupted" by it. So has Mr. Root with his "gentleman's agreement" with Japan, while the public has become placidly indifferent to the whole thing. But then the public is always placidly indifferent to anything that has no immediate and evident bearing upon the "dinner pail," as that useful implement finds its expression in our various social strata.

Reports from Washington suggest that the President is ready with the soft answer that turneth away wrath when confronted with the action of Congress in the secret service matter. This seems almost too good to be true, and in the meantime there is an uneasy stirring of the national conscience that for the first time recognizes the firm establishment of a spy system that is repugnant to the historic national sentiment.

Representative Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts recently epitomized the situation in a public speech:

We are all to be regulated in our business and modes of life by gentlemen sent out from Washington, and the gentlemen sent out from Washington are to be regulated by one man in the White House. To show the extent to which this national detective system has grown, Congress at its last session appropriated about nine millions of dollars to inspect various kinds of business, or more than five times the amount appropriated for similar purposes ten years ago. And there are still proposals for further increases of the system, and the end is not yet.

This speech was delivered before the issue of the presidential message that has brought the evil to a focus. Referring specifically to the message, the Baltimore *Sun* says: "So far as we can recall, the reflection upon the honor of the Congress contained in the President's late message is without precedent." Quoting the terms of the message, the *Sun* continues:

If a more insulting form of words could have been devised for use in a message to Congress, we are ignorant as to how it could be done. The plain and unvarnished meaning of the President's words seems to be that there are criminals in Congress, that the chief reason for the enactment of the law was for the protection of criminal congressmen, and that Congress as a whole was influenced by this argument to protect crime.

The Pittsburg *Post* follows in the same vein. "It is not a question," says the *Post*, "whether congressmen have so far demeaned themselves as to require supervision by government sleuths":

The squabble must have its issue between the President and the coordinate branch of the government which he has attacked. The point that stands out most boldly is the manner adopted by the occupant of the White House in bringing the matter to the fore. He went way round the block to unload a stinging rebuke, and in his rôle of universal reformer offered a cynical insult that no self-respecting body of men would pass over. He has kicked an iron dog to see if it was iron, when he might have satisfied himself by whistling to it.

The New York *World* hopes that there will be no surrender on the part of Congress, inasmuch as surrender would be confession:

Congress would reduce itself to the degraded status of wretched creatures in the toils of a Tammany police system. If it intends to yield to Mr. Roosevelt's threats, Congress might far better abdicate than to continue the pusillanimous pretense of being an independent branch of a free government and the representatives of a free people.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* waxes ironical over the situation and implores Congress not to be unduly sensitive. If it has to suffer it will do so in good company:

It was not singled out for attack or for insult. It shares the fate of many. It shares the fate of the judge who is not a philosopher, and of every other man in the country whose views are not identical with those of the President. To differ from him is to be blind or cunning, or law-defying, or a wrongdoer, or a swindler, or a bribe-taker, or a bribe-giver, or wrong-headed, or a traitor. To see things not as the President sees them is to be either a knave or a fool, with more than a mere possibility of being both.

Never before has there been a greater outpouring of the journalistic spirit than has been caused by the attack upon the Panama purchase procedure. The consternation of the press

is aroused as much by the intemperate language used upon both sides as by the magnitude of the charges that have been brought. The Springfield *Republican*, for example, deprecates the "amused tolerance" with which the public views the open bandying of charges of deliberate falsehood between the President and his opponents. The Troy *Press* sees further evidence of its contention that Panama "will blast more reputations than it makes." The Lowell *Courier-Citizen*, while believing that the whole thing is a mare's nest, says "turn on all the light and let the matter be known exactly as it is." The Omaha *World-Herald* says that the President "has chosen to discuss the topic in the language of the slums and with the attitude of the bully," and now nothing can postpone the whole truth. The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* wants to know "who did get the money anyway." The Rockford *Star* suggests the presence of an "Ethiopian under the woodpile" and advocates the use of smoke for his discovery. The Saratoga *Sun* believes it to be possible that "Mr. Roosevelt is perfectly honest when he lies and thinks he is speaking the unsullied truth when he is traversing the records with the daring grace of an irresponsible pettifogger." The Wilmington *Evening* demands that William Nelson Cromwell, the man who "knows it all," should be forced to testify. The Milwaukee *News* asks for an investigation to determine "not only what became of the \$40,000,000, but when, where, and by whom the conspiracy was hatched to dig up the French Panama skeleton and vitalize it with the millions wrung from the American people." The Troy *Press* deprecates the whole "sickening scandal" and considers that the outcome will be anything but pleasing to the President. The Jamestown *Post* says "the people want to know the facts." The Pittsburg *Dispatch* says that Cromwell's evidence, such as it was, leaves the President in an uncomfortable position. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* is willing to excuse the President on the ground that he "does not know what he is talking about." The Middletown *Argus* asks who made the "dicker" and who pocketed the "diff." It adds "let Congress investigate." The Waterville *Sentinel* says the demand for an investigation "can not be repudiated by the President." The Richmond *News Letter* deprecates that the President "seems to be unable to learn any sense in some matters or to absorb any idea of good taste and his responsibility to the public." The Raleigh *News and Observer* thinks it better to belong to the Ananias Club than to "crawl on their bellies before the great Ego." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says the story is "very ugly reading." The least of its incidents is something "worse than unsavory." But the *Courier-Journal* is not hopeful of results. "Theirs was a blind pool, with headquarters in France, and they got completely away with the swag. The bucket-shops of Paris tell no tales. The lobby at Washington keeps no books. And Morgan of Alabama is dead, well-a-day!" And so on all along the line and from all parts of the country. Scores of newspapers might be quoted to like effect and newspapers of all shades of political opinion. They are unanimous in their demand for investigation.

Westminster College, at Fulton, Missouri, has shown commendable firmness in handling the hazing evil. One of the chief reasons for the tolerance of hazing, rowdy class fights, and other evils that have become associated with college and university life, is that most institutions have a severe struggle to keep their heads above water financially. They can not afford the loss of revenue that might result from wholesale dismissals or defection of students in an effort to maintain better control and discipline. Such a college as this is Westminster, yet it did not hesitate to dismiss eight students for hazing, and it stood fast when the student body practically went on a strike in sympathy with their dismissed associates. The outcome is that the student body has agreed to abolish hazing and the college has taken back the dismissed students with this pledge. Westminster has shown what college authorities can do to reform abuses if they only have backbone and appreciate their responsibilities.

Mount McCulloch, a peak 300 feet high west of Unalaska, has dropped into the sea following a volcanic eruption, according to information brought to this city by the revenue cutter *McCulloch*. Officers of the government vessel say that instead of the mountain there is now a landlocked bay three miles wide, into which the cutter sailed, and in which she made soundings. The water showed a depth of from eight fathoms at the edges to twenty-five fathoms in the centre. Mount McCulloch was first seen a year ago, when the cutter after which it is named arrived off the coast.

Turkey is fighting Austria in the most modern way by waging a trade war in the form of a vigorous boycott of Austrian goods. Many demonstrations have taken place in Constantinople, and shops have been threatened with wreckage unless their owners give up the selling of articles imported from Austria. One of the most curious signs of this trade war has been the discarding of the red fez by many Turks. This particular fez is made in Austria, and the patriotic Turk has substituted for it the home-made white fez.

There has been an offer of many thousand dollars, standing for over a hundred and fifty years, in the name of a great company in London, for anything that will dissolve fogs by the penetration of a created light. The money has never been earned by any inventor yet. Fog still persists, increasing the tax of commerce in proportion as the volume of commerce multiplies. The man who can clear the ship channel of New York harbor from fog, even for a few hours at a time, will be hailed as the wonder of the age.

THE AMBASSADOR AND THE DANCER.

A Chancery Suit Promises an Interesting Disclosure of Lord Sackville's Domestic Life.

An application has just been made to Mr. Justice Eve, sitting in the chancery division, that promises to develop into one of the sensational causes of the day. It will certainly be watched with interest in America, seeing that it hinges upon the private life of Baron Sackville, who died a few months ago at the age of eighty-one after spending forty-one years in the diplomatic service, his last appointment being as minister plenipotentiary to the United States. It is, in other words, that same Lord Sackville whose interference in a presidential election extinguished forever his diplomatic career. Lord Sackville died in possession of Knole House, one of the most famous mansions in England, not only full of priceless treasures of art but surrounded by a park of 1000 acres.

The application to the judge in chancery is of a routine nature. It merely foreshadows a contested succession and asks for an order protecting tenants in the payment of their rents. But enough of the story had to be told to show the sensational nature of the dispute and the delicate matters of domestic life that were involved.

Upon the death of Lord Sackville the property passed into the hands of his apparent heir, Mr. Edward Lionel Sackville-West, who is the son of Lord Sackville's younger brother, forty-one years of age, and a major in the West Kent Imperial Yeomanry. There was no apparent obstacle in the way of the succession until the filing of the present claim originating with Mr. Ernest Henry Jean Baptiste West, who asserts that he is the legitimate son of Lord Sackville by a secret marriage, his mother having been Josephine Durian de Ortega, a beautiful Spanish dancer who died many years ago. The sole question awaiting determination is the legitimacy of the Spanish woman's son. That Lord Sackville was his father there can be no question, but it is open to doubt whether he actually married the beauty who won his heart and with whom he lived.

The opposing batteries were not, of course, fully unmasked at this preliminary application, but sufficient evidence was offered to show the *bona fides* of the dispute. It was shown that the claimant was born at Arcachon, in the Gironde, and that his godparents were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Countess De Dion. The baptismal certificate describes the father as the Hon. Lionel Sackville-West and the mother as Josefa de Ortega. This, of course, is not positive evidence of legitimacy, although it is hardly likely that a brother of the prince consort would stand as religious sponsor to a child whose birth was in any way irregular. Then came the fact that the claimant's mother died in 1871 and in the register of deaths she was described as the wife of Lionel Sackville-West, although the registration was not made by Lord Sackville himself and was not therefore in the nature of an admission.

But soon after Josephine's death the following announcement appeared in the public press: "Lionel de Sackville-West, first secretary of the British embassy at Paris, and minister plenipotentiary *par interim*, begs his friends and acquaintances to assist in one of the masses held in the Church of Notre Dame on March 21 for the repose of the soul of Josephine Countess de Sackville-West, his wife."

This seems to prove the fact that Josephine was Lord Sackville's wife, although we must still ask if she was his wife when the present claimant was born. He certainly recognized his moral responsibilities toward the claimant, seeing that he sent him to school in France and later on to Stonyhurst College, where he entered him as his son. So far there seems to be no actual evidence that the claimant was born in wedlock and the contention that he was not so born is supported by the fact that Lord Sackville had declared over and over again and under his own hand that he had no legitimate children. There is also the fact that the claimant, when in South Africa, had been told that he was illegitimate and believed himself to be so, and that on the date of his sister's marriage he wrote to her and said that both she and he were illegitimate.

That Lord Sackville did live with Josephine for some time before the marriage—if there was a marriage—and that children were born under those circumstances was made clear enough. There were at least four of these irregular births before we come to Amelia, who was born in 1868, that is to say, one year before the present claimant. Amelia was registered by the father himself as the legitimate daughter of himself and his wife. Her godparents were Prince and Princess Adalbert of Bavaria and the Infanta of Spain was present. In August of the same year Lord Sackville executed a deed of gift to "my wife" and in an action brought by the midwife Lord Sackville gave a power of attorney for the defense of the case on behalf of himself and "my wife." Now if Amelia was legitimate, then the present claimant, who was born a year later, must be also legitimate, and, as has been already pointed out, the exalted people present at the two ceremonies must have been satisfied that everything was as it should be, and it may be said that royalty as a rule is amply protected against such a *faux pas* as would be the recognition of an illegitimate child. On the other hand the evidence that any marriage at all occurred is inferential. There is no record of such a ceremony, although a careful search has been made.

The case will of course come to extended trial in due

time. The advantage is all on the side of the present holder of the estate, Lord Sackville's nephew, and very positive proof will be required to dispossess him. It is evidently by Lord Sackville's own wish that he has inherited, seeing that he was living with his uncle at the time of the latter's death and that the present claimant made a personal application to Lord Sackville for recognition and was refused. The case will certainly be an interesting one when it appears for final determination.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 10, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have scorned each other
Or injured friend or brother
In this fast fading year,
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against, the sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly-bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here!
And let your hearts grow fonder
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the holly-bough.

Ye with o'erburdened mind
Made alien from your kind,
Come gather here!
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow,
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces,
Under the holly-bough.

—Charles Mackay.

If We Had the Time.

If I had the time to find a place,
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that can not show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be moved by the thought sublime—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land,
O God! if I might but just sit still
And bear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme,
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do,
And I told you then of my sudden will,
To kiss your feet when I did you ill!
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime
If we had the time! —Richard Burton.

I Heard a Soldier.

I heard a soldier sing some trifle
Out in the sun-dried veldt alone:
He lay and cleaned his grimy rifle
Idly, behind a stone.

"If after death, love, comes a waking,
And in their camp so dark and still
The men of dust hear bugles, breaking
Their halt upon the hill.

"To me the slow and silver pealing
That then the last high trumpet pours
Shall softer than the dawn come stealing,
For, with its call, comes yours!"

What grief of love had he to stifle,
Basking so idly by his stone,
That grimy soldier with his rifle
Out in the veldt alone?
—Herbert French, in "Apollo and the Seaman."

Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!
—Walter Malon.

The bark *Dec*, from Talcahuano, Chili, on arrival at Queenstown reported that off the coast of Patagonia on September 4 not less than 100 icebergs were seen, one fifty miles long and 200 to 250 feet high.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

President Roosevelt has accepted the invitation of the president of the Royal Geographical Society to deliver an address before the society on his visit to London about April, 1910.

Governor Folk has decided that under the Missouri statute the entire electoral vote of the State should be counted for Taft, notwithstanding one Bryan district elector ran ahead of one of the Republican electors-at-large.

According to the governor of Porto Rico, the island has had the most prosperous year in its history. But the late elections there show that this had no effect in reconciling the people to the American government imposed upon them.

Judge A. Heaton Robertson has certified that he spent over \$33,000 to be defeated as the Democratic candidate for governor of Connecticut. George L. Lilley, the Republican candidate, reported his expenses as \$23,375. The salary of a governor is \$4000 a year.

From many parts of Indiana demands have come since the recent election for a reorganization based on the leadership of Senator Beveridge, and it is understood that Mr. Fairbanks will acquiesce in it and make no contest for the control of the next State committee.

Richard J. Higgins, Democrat, elected judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Wyandotte County, Kansas, is probably the youngest member of the judiciary in the United States. He was born in Kansas City May 14, 1883. He graduated in law from the University of Kansas in 1903.

George R. Sheldon, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, has published a report showing that contributions to the Republican national campaign fund amounted to \$1,655,518.27. There were 12,330 subscribers. The list of those who gave \$500 and more fills two long columns.

Dr. Carlos Finley, one of the best known physicians in Cuba, has been appointed by Governor Magoon honorary chief of the national department of sanitation in recognition of his service in the discovery of the mosquito theory of yellow fever. The appointment is for life and carries with it a salary of \$2500 per annum.

Representative Henry Barnhart of the Thirtieth Indiana District took his seat in Congress this month. Mr. Barnhart succeeds Representative Brick, who died in April. Mr. Barnhart's commission and salary will be retroactive. A congressman's pay amounts to \$625 per month, and Representative Barnhart's pay for the seven months he did not serve, but for which he will be paid, amounts to \$4375.

President Roosevelt has appointed Rufus Thayer of the District of Columbia as judge of the United States Court at Shanghai, China, succeeding Judge Lebbeus I. Wilfley, resigned. Judge Wilfley was for a long time under serious charges brought by Americans in Shanghai, but careful examination of these charges by the State Department and Congress resulted in his exoneration. His resignation at this time is understood to be voluntary.

United States Senator Stone recently went home to Missouri and announced that he had come to prevent the Republican majority in Missouri's house of representatives from deciding eight Republican contests for seats in that body in favor of the contestants, which would elect a Republican to his seat. Governor-elect Hadley, who is a Republican, declared himself ready to exert all his official influence to seat Democrats honestly elected.

Champ Clark, who succeeds John Sharp Williams as leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, is fifty-eight years old and was born in Kentucky. He is a tall, handsome man, with square shoulders and a big, deep chest. He takes up three or four aisles and most of the space in the well of the House when he makes a speech. When he is through he is blowing like a porpoise and mopping his bald head with a red-bordered handkerchief.

John D. Pringle, editor of the *Labor World*, has been appointed appraiser of customs at Pittsburg. The *Labor World* was one of the first labor papers to repudiate Gompers and declare for Taft. Samuel B. Donnelly of New York, another labor leader who supported Taft, has been made public printer, and Daniel J. Keefe of Detroit, one of the vice-presidents of the American Federation of Labor, who advocated Taft's election in spite of Gompers, has been appointed commissioner-general of immigration.

As Truman H. Newberry takes up the duties of Secretary of the Navy, Colonel Herbert L. Satterlee steps into the shoes of Mr. Newberry as assistant secretary of the navy. Colonel Satterlee is a member of a prominent law firm in New York, but is far more widely known through his marriage to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's eldest daughter, Louise. The wedding, which took place November 15, 1900, was one of the most brilliant and costly affairs that ever took place in New York City. It is estimated that more than half a million dollars was spent in preparation for the wedding. Mrs. Satterlee traveled a great deal during her girlhood, visiting kings and queens of Europe and being received at court many times.

THE JUSTICE OF GOLD GULCH.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XLV.

Early as was the hour set for the Vigilante tribunal, it found all the members already assembled, and listening attentively to the words of the judge.

"We should hear soon from Yarrow, the prisoner's counsel, if he expects to save his man," he began. "This is the day to which we reprieved the prisoner, and the time will soon be past."

"Yarrow's here already—ben a-waitin' for some time, he says," replied one of the Vigilante court. "He's got a gal with him—mighty fine-lookin' gal. Dunno who she is."

"Mebbe she's the witness the other young feller needs so bad," commented another.

Yarrow had indeed been in attendance ever since the arrival of Diana, for whose coming he had waited with sleepless vigilance throughout the night. His implicit faith that she would come had greatly moved her. He had hurried her off at once to the Vigilantes' headquarters, and as soon as he was admitted before the tribunal he told the judge that he had a witness who could clear Alden beyond the shadow of a doubt. "Then bring in your witness," ordered the judge, and Yarrow withdrew to call Diana.

"Returning to what we were talking about," went on the judge, "I fixed this early hour so that the sentence may be carried out decently and in order. Our last execution was seriously interfered with, I am sorry to say, by the regular authorities, abetted by a number of strangers who happened to be in the town. Of course we carried out our sentence, but it was only after great disorder, and some shooting, in which a couple of strangers were killed. This is much to be regretted. While orderly executions by popular tribunals are all right, these riotous shooting scrapes are greatly to be deplored."

"Don't you think, jedge," here interrupted one of his colleagues, "that we stand some chanst for another mix-up if we hang this young feller right here in the town?"

"That's right," added another. "Town's full of tenderfeet jest now, and they're all talkin' agin Six Hundred and One."

"I have provided for that," the judge said calmly. "If the prisoner fails to clear himself within the next hour, we will take him out on the desert, and execute him there."

"But how kin we string him up out there? There aint no trees there, nor nothing else that you kin make handy for hangin' a man," again objected the far-sighted colleague.

"That has all been arranged. Strang is on his way out there now, and will wait for us. I don't know what sort of a contrivance he has got, but he assures me that it will work. We are to ride out with the prisoner, and meet Strang by the big bed of red granite outcroppings, about two miles from town. But here comes the prisoner's counsel, with his witness. Let the prisoner be brought in also."

As Diana entered, attended by Yarrow, the members of the Vigilante tribunal gazed at her with surprise. Her dark garments, her hair, her very eyebrows, were covered with the ashen-gray dust of the desert. It gave her a look of premature age—or rather the appearance of a youthful person who had suddenly taken on gray hairs. But the factitious appearance of age was belied by her color—for her great fatigue had not blanched her face—her cheeks were burning and her eyes were sparkling with fever. There were lines around her lips and heavy shadows under her eyes, but worn as she was with fatigue and grief, she was still strikingly beautiful. Involuntarily the Vigilantes took off their hats, ceased to sprawl, and put their feet on the floor.

As she took the chair which Yarrow gave her, and seated herself in silence, the door opened again, and Alden entered, accompanied by a guard. As their eyes met he turned pale and Diana started to her feet. But Yarrow's friendly hand was placed on her shoulder, and as he whispered in her ear she sank into her chair again. A shudder ran through her when Alden took his place, for he was carrying in his hand a light logging-chain which was attached to his ankles, and which, when he seated himself, he let fall with a clank on the floor. But again, under the kindly encouragement of Yarrow, she composed herself, as she was called upon to testify.

The judge began with the usual questions as to her name and residence, and then asked:

"Do you know this prisoner?"

"Yes."

"What is his name?"

"Arthur Alden."

"It is in evidence here that his true name is Burdew, and he is accused of murdering one Stewart on the night of February 22 at Treasure Hill."

"His name is not Burdew, it is Alden. On the night of February 22 he was not at Treasure Hill."

"Where was he on that night?"

"He was with me at—that is, near the Rancho Plancha Grande."

"If he was at that rancho there must be others who can corroborate your testimony?"

"No—there is no one."

"But are there not many people living at that rancho?"

"I did not say he was at, but *near* the Rancho."

"Where was he exactly, then?"

She paused, but answered: "At a sheep-herder's hut some miles from the Hacienda."

"And you were with him?"

"Yes."

"There was no one else there?"

"No one else."

"Did he spend the whole night there?"

"Yes."

"And you two were alone together?"

There was a long pause, and then came the scarcely audible answer:

"Yes."

Here Alden could contain himself no longer. "Let me explain," he cried excitedly, "we were cut off by a flood, and—"

"Let the prisoner be silent, or he will be removed," said the judge, sternly. "The witness must not be interrupted or prompted in any way."

The judge turned and conferred briefly with his colleagues. Then he continued his interrogation:

"Are you this man's wife?"

"No."

"Are you his promised wife?"

Here for the first time in her ordeal Diana looked up. Yarrow's burning eyes, Alden's haggard eyes, were fixed upon her. Her own glance was lowered again.

"You say you are not this man's wife. I ask you, are you his promised wife?"

"No."

"You are not related to him?"

"No."

"You hear," said the judge, turning to his colleagues.

"This young lady testifies that the prisoner was with her on the night of February 22—the whole night—alone—at Plancha Grande, which is sixty miles distant from Treasure Hill. She testifies that they were alone together, in a sheep-herder's hut; yet also testifies that she is not his wife, and is not engaged to him or related to him. If you have faith in her testimony you doubt her character; if you have faith in her character, you doubt her testimony."

"Say, jedge," interrupted one of the bench, "accordin' to law, a wife can't testify in a case where her husband is mixed up. Perhaps this lady is hidin' the fact that she's married to the prisoner, because if she aint, then, by the Lord, she oughter be! Ha! ha! ha! She had oughter! Ha! ha! ha! She had oughter!" And he garnished his jest with loud belows of laughter.

"Order in the court!" cried the judge, sharply.

There came the clank of chains from Alden's place, as he rose indignantly and made a step forward. But his guard checked him.

"Guard, remove the prisoner," ordered the judge. When the door had closed behind Alden he said:

"We have no right to pick and choose in the witness's testimony. Either we will assume that it is all false or all true. If the witness, in order to establish an alibi for the prisoner, testifies to facts which will blast her reputation, she must have some powerful motive. If, not being the prisoner's wife, she was his promised wife, that would be a powerful motive. But according to her testimony, as given here, there is no apparent motive for submitting to such mortification as few women would care to undergo. Therefore, all we can do is to weigh her testimony in the balance with the evidence already given against the prisoner."

Here the judges began a whispered colloquy, and Diana looked up, with uncomprehending eyes, brimming over with tears. What could it mean? Did they not believe her? Had this shame, this humiliation, been put upon her for nothing? Were these men deaf to the voice of truth? Were they still bent on condemning an innocent man to a shameful death?

The judge, his whispered conference over, turned to Yarrow and said: "You may take away the witness, and return at once. The judgment of the court will be delivered speedily. You and the prisoner must be present, but not the witness."

Half dead with fatigue, stunned by the way the Vigilante committee received her testimony, Diana suffered Eugene to leave her at the forlorn hotel, while he hastened back to watch over the fate of the hapless Arthur.

When he arrived at the Vigilante headquarters, where he had left his horse in charge of a man, he found a number of other saddle animals there. The Vigilante judges, the guards, and Alden had just appeared in the street, and were preparing to mount. Surprised, Yarrow asked some questions, but was curtly told to mount his horse and accompany them. He was not permitted to converse with Alden, who rode between two armed guards. The chain had been taken from his ankles, but a lariat ran from his horse's hackamore to the saddle pommel of one of the guards. Thus his escape was almost impossible, although the fact that he was a prisoner was not readily apparent to the passers-by. But few were met in the street, which was almost deserted, for it was still very early.

The little troop of men rode out of the town toward the desert. All were silent. The Vigilante judges uttered no word as to their decision. Alden's guards were equally dumb. Yarrow wondered what this strange silence meant. Why had not the tribunal rendered its decision? Why were they going out into the desert? Did it mean banishment? That must be the solution of the enigma, for the first threat Alden had

received was an order to leave the town. Now they were going to take him out into the desert, and warn him not to return under penalty of death. That was a frequent procedure of the Mountain Vigilantes, Eugene reflected, with a sense of relief.

The sun was rising. The slender cactus spears were projecting their long morning shadows. As he gazed to the westward out over the desert through the maze of up-pointing spikes, Eugene's eye was suddenly arrested by a taller spear among the cactus. A horseman was ahead of them, gazing intently toward the town. At his side, rising high above his head, was a long lance-like object, apparently attached to his stirrup. Seen at a distance, he looked like a lancer or a mounted color-bearer. Standing near a bed of granite crags, the horseman seemed as if he were waiting for some one.

The oddly equipped rider was noted by the others at the same time, and the Vigilantes held a colloquy in an undertone. As they rapidly approached, the stranger appeared to recognize them, and putting spurs to his horse, hastened forward to meet them. As he drew near, Yarrow saw he was a tallow-skinned man with a brutal face, and small evil eyes. He was mounted on a powerful sorrel, with a handsome saddle and trappings. A pistol-holster was strapped to the *tapadero* of his stirrup; out of this rose the curious object which at a distance made him look like a lancer. It was a fascis made of three light poles or rods bound together with rawhide thongs. What it was intended for, Yarrow could not guess.

"Mornin', jedge! Mornin', gentlemen!" was the salutation of the new arrival. "Wall, I see you got your man town' on a lariat. You'd oughter strapped him to his horse—he might 'a' got away."

"The guards have him well in hand," replied the judge briefly. "We did not wish to attract attention in the town. That's why we're doing the business out here. But are you ready for us, Strang? I see no preparations."

"Won't take more'n a minute, jedge, soon's I git at it. This is Vigilante business brought down to a fine point, sure." And quickly dismounting, he slipped a hobble over his horse's fetlocks, and set to work.

What did all this mean? Yarrow was lost in wonder. Surely they could not intend to hang Alden—out on this treeless plain there was no way of hanging him. If they meant to shoot him, why come so far, and why meet this man Strang? Yarrow looked at Alden, to see if the mystery was any clearer to him. Alden's eyes were fixed on Strang, and in his glance Yarrow saw a mixture of anger, terror, and loathing. But the predominant element in Alden's look was terror—mortal terror.

Strang had unbound the thongs from one end of his fascis, and spreading out the three rods into a wide base, he thus made a tripod, the legs of which he set in the sand. To the top—which was still firmly bound together by thongs—he suspended a short piece of lariat already made into a hangman's noose. When he had tested the tripod's solidity by hanging from the noose with both hands, and jerking it in various ways as if to imitate death-struggles, he said with an unpleasant smile:

"Well, jedge, I reckon the apparatus is all ready, if your man is."

"You don't mean to say that you can hang a man on a gimcrack cage like that, do you?" cried the judge, his scornful laughter echoed by the other Vigilantes.

"That's jest what I mean!" retorted Strang, nettled by their sneers.

"How you goin' to hang him?" queried one of them. "Why, you aint got no fall!"

"Don't need none!" cried Strang, angered at the sneering laughter. "Look here—all you got to do is to make your man get under and put his head in the noose. Then—see here?—you jest move the legs of the tripod closer together. That lifts your man off'n the ground a few inches, but that's plenty. You don't need no fall. You kin hang a man as easy with his feet just two inches off'n the ground as two yards."

Filled with horror at the cold-blooded words, Yarrow looked around to see if Alden heard them. Alden had dismounted, and was with his guards some little distance away, but from his face it was plain that he had heard. Yarrow raged inwardly as he realized that they were entirely at the mercy of this small group of iron men; a fickle mob might be moved; in a town some unforeseen event might lead to a postponement or a rescue. But out here on the lonely desert there was no hope.

Still he determined to make a last appeal to the justice of the Vigilantes, for his friend was innocent; and, failing in that, to their pity, if they ever felt it. Before he could speak, there came again the sound of Strang's brutal voice:

"But there aint no use talkin' when we've come for a hangin'. Better hurry up and get through. Might be somebody'll come along and interfere. Might be somebody might stop this picnic and try to hang us. Ha! ha! ha!"

His croaking laughter had no echo. He stopped and raised his voice:

"Now, mister," he shouted, addressing Alden, "if you'll jest kindly step this way and git under here, we'll fix you in a minute."

There was no answer in words, but Alden and his guards advanced toward the tripod. The other Vigilantes closed up around them. About the instrument of death was a compact circle of men.

Strang looked at Alden with the same evil smile.

"Now, judge," he said, "jest tell your man to git under."

"Get under!" came the answer. It was the judge who spoke. His quiet order acted as a signal. Like lightning the two guards strapped Strang's arms to his sides with his belt.

"Take away his pistol, boys—he might break loose," counseled one of the Vigilantes.

"Get under!" came the same quiet command.

For some moments the wretch was dumb with surprise and terror. When he recovered his speech he shrieked out his entreaties for his life:

"For God's sake, boys, don't kill me! Le' me go this time!"

"Get under!"

"But I'm not fit to die. Oh, Christ, boys, I'm not fit to die!" he wailed.

"Get under!"

Shrieks, oaths, and prayers poured from his trembling lips. His yellow face, writhing with terror, was beaded with sweat. Under the straps which bound his arms, his claw-like hands clutched ever at the air. The dull blue muzzles of the revolvers which encircled him he did not, perhaps, fear so much as his own terrible tripod, for they bore only a bullet with its merciful quick death, while the tripod meant the horrors of slow strangling. But as he still refused, they beat him with their revolver barrels—beat him, brutally—beat him on the head—until, blinded by blood, he yielded to the instinctive shrinking of the flesh from pain. Standing under the tripod, his legs were strapped and his head placed in the slim lariat noose. At a sign from the judge the Vigilantes pressed closer together the rods of the tripod. The base contracted—the top slowly rose. Choking, gasping, screaming shrilly like a woman, the wretch slowly drew up his legs once—twice—thrice—then they relaxed, and his body grew limp. It was the end of Strang.

More than once had Yarrow seen men done to death by hanging—sometimes by Vigilantes, sometimes by the law. But never had he seen anything to equal in horror this hideous scene. Averting his eyes from the tripod with its grisly burden, he turned to speak to Alden. The unfortunate young man had borne himself with fair composure until now, but at last he had given way. Human nature could stand no more. The thought that he had barely escaped a hideous end—how or why he scarcely understood—the doubt whether he was yet safe—the sight of the awful paroxysms of the dying wretch—the image of himself under that instrument of death—all these things conspired to attack the fortitude with which he had borne himself. When Yarrow spoke to him, he saw that Alden's knees were giving way beneath him, and he made haste to support him lest he should fall. After some minutes Alden recovered himself slightly, but he was still as weak as water and it was with difficulty that he was lifted on his horse.

Once or twice Yarrow spoke sympathetically to Alden, but he replied only in monosyllables and with an effort. His mind was benumbed. He had just come back out of the Valley of the Shadow. His flesh still quivered as he felt the sweep of the flying Azrael. In his ears there still roared like thunder the rustling of the Death Angel's wings.

Alden sat uncertainly on his horse like a drunken man, and gazed with dim, unseeing eyes around him. Yarrow felt such pity for him that he thought it greater kindness to leave him alone to recover himself. He therefore joined the judge, who was some little distance away.

"He is a wreck," Yarrow said, pointing to Alden. "He is almost in a state of collapse. If you intended to clear him, why did you expose him to this terrible ordeal?"

"Because otherwise I was not sure of getting that assassin in there," replied the judge, pointing to the hanging body. "I've tried it more than once. But he is—or rather was—a cunning rascal, and as alert as a lynx."

"But why was it necessary to leave Alden and me, and—and—his friends in ignorance that your tribunal had found him innocent? Why bring him out here on the desert in the belief that he was to undergo punishment?"

"It was necessary in order to get Strang out here where we would have him safe and sure," replied the judge. "If we had tried to execute Strang in the town, the miners would have interfered; very probably they would have rescued him, and very possibly they might have hanged us."

"Did you not suspect that Strang's story was false even before Miss Wayne testified?"

"I was certain of it—I know the man. But the other Vigilante judges were doubtful. Their doubts were not removed until the young lady testified."

"What possible motive could the wretch have had for hatching such a murderous plot against an innocent stranger?" asked Yarrow.

"The fellow was a professional perjurer, a cold-blooded assassin. He went from camp to camp, from mine to mine, and hired himself as a tool to accomplish private ends. His false testimony before the Mountain Vigilantes has hanged many an innocent man. In this case, he was evidently in the pay of the men who had jumped Alden's land. When their forged notice signed '601' failed to scare Alden out of town, they determined to denounce him to the Vigilantes, on a false charge, and paid Strang to do their murderous work."

Yarrow was not ignorant of some of the dark deeds

done under cover of the Vigilante name in the mountains. But so black was the picture painted by the judge's words that he was filled with horror. Involuntarily he exclaimed:

"My God! Such villainy is beyond belief! Why do you belong to a body of men which permits itself to be put to such uses? You are not a criminal nor a tool of criminals. You are a keen-witted man, and far superior to your associates. Why, then, do you stand with them?"

The judge smiled, and looked at the other Vigilantes, who were busy preparing some kind of a writing. "There are the reasons," he said, pointing to his colleagues. "They are not men of trained minds. Some of them are honest, a few of them are criminals, most of them are ignorant, and nearly all of them are easily led or misled. I have accomplished much more in this capacity than I could have done as an officer sworn to execute impotent laws. I have done more in this position than I could have done as a law-and-order Pharisee, criticising those officers who failed to execute the laws. I have saved some innocent men's lives. I have saved your friends'. Could I have saved him had I been a regular officer of the law, do you think?"

Yarrow was forced to admit that he did not think so. "Could I have saved his life had I stood to one side, and railed impartially at the peace officers who failed to carry out the law and at the Vigilantes who enforced lynch law?"

Again Yarrow found himself unable to make reply. "After all is said and done, your friend is at least safe and sound, and not hanging there where that cut-throat hoped to put him. His experience has been disagreeable, I admit, but it is a great deal better than being hanged. Besides, think of that fine girl who came to save his life. Of course she loves him. There is some mystery about the night they were together—some story into which I did not go. Don't you think so?"

Yarrow's lips moved, but he could not shape an articulate word.

"God! She is a magnificent creature!" cried the judge enthusiastically. "Would you not be willing to undergo even what he has suffered to have such a woman ride over deserts and mountains, thus tacitly admitting her love for you, and all to save your life?"

Yarrow recovered his power of speech. "Yes," he said deliberately. "I would undergo even more. For such a woman's love I would be willing to die—even that shameful death." And he pointed to the tripod.

The judge looked at him in some surprise. "I don't know that I would go quite so far as that," he said, with a smile. "But let us look at this writing—our friends are preparing a notice to the world of the last agony of Jonas Strang."

"What is it?" asked Yarrow.

They approached. On the body one of the Vigilantes had just pinned a card bearing the words:

"Executed by order of 601."

The men were mounting. Just as they were about to start one of the Vigilantes suddenly dismounted, and went back for Strang's horse, which he led by his lariat. As he rejoined the main group he remarked, with a somewhat sheepish grin:

"We come mighty near forgettin' Strang's nag. Some of them greasers might 'a' got him."

The little group of men and the led horse turned toward the town, leaving behind them the tripod with its silent burden. As they rode, a shapeless shadow darkened their pathway—then another.

Yarrow's nerves were on edge. "What is that?" he cried, startled.

The judge looked up. Yarrow followed his glance. Two great birds, with skinny necks and glossy black wings, were already wheeling over the tripod. Poised on extended wings, they slanted and circled, circled and slanted, down, down, down.

"Buzzards!" exclaimed Yarrow.

"Those are vultures," said the judge. "You can tell them by the white patches under their wings; they are earlier than the buzzards. There come the buzzards now."

Yarrow felt an ugly thrill run up his spinal column and into his hair. He turned his face away, and set it steadfastly toward the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The nationalization of the Italian railways has had a curious result. The employees are now under the ban of the criminal law, and the strikes of last year by the railway workers have resulted in the prosecution of 2962 railway men at Turin for participation in the big general strike of last year. They are being tried in batches of thirty each in the Turin law courts, and five days in each legal week are assigned for the trials until the whole of the cases are disposed of. It is reported that similar trials on a smaller scale are taking place at Rome, Milan, Bologna, and other centres involved in the general strike. The lowest penalty yet inflicted has been a fine of 16 lira and fifty days' suspension of civil rights. The law under which the men are tried is the provision against strikes in the public services.

While Vermont is considering the construction of two main trunk highways running north and south through the State, with half a dozen intersecting lines, at an estimated cost of \$2,500,000, Pennsylvania is talking about abolishing her toll gates.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Benjamin Harrison McKee, who was the "Baby McKee" of the White House, is now a Yale senior.

The Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, Broadway, found a check for \$40,000 under his plate at breakfast the other morning.

Mrs. de Navarro, formerly Mary Anderson, with her husband, her twelve-years-old son, and her three-years-old daughter, is now in New York on her first visit to America in eight years.

Henry W. Taft, brother of the President-elect, was chosen president of the Ohio Society of New York at a meeting held in the Hotel Manhattan. Colonel John J. McCook, the retiring president, had held the position for five years.

Dr. William S. Bigelow, who is responsible for the cutting of the new United States gold coins in intaglio instead of in relief, a new departure in coinage, is neither a sculptor nor a numismatist, but the author of the recent book on "Buddhism and Immortality." He has given years of study to the literature of the Far East.

The deposed President of Hayti was at least the oldest if not the most distinguished of living rulers, for his years are estimated to be anywhere between ninety and one hundred, the exact date of his birth being unknown. Nord Alexis has lived, accordingly, nearly as long as the Haytian republic has, and at times it has seemed as if he might outlive it.

Recently enrolled among the freshmen at the University of Pennsylvania is a Spanish nobleman, the Marquis Carlos de Potstad, a youth of eighteen, who speaks English like a native of England, having attended school in that country for several years, and has already received his A. B. degree there. His family is one of the noblest of Spain, and his father occupies a high government position.

New York State's collections relating to Indian life are to be enriched by a gift of \$15,000 from Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson. Mrs. Thompson is the daughter of the former governor, Myron H. Clark, who took much interest in the State museum at Albany, and the proposed "museum of Iroquois culture" will be known by his name. No State possessed in its territory a more remarkable development of Indian civilization.

Lord Ripon, at the age of eighty-one, recently resigned from the British Cabinet. The long span of his political life is suggested by the fact that he also sat in Palmerston's Cabinet. Entering Parliament in 1852, he has since filled several of the great offices, having been at the head of the war office, the India office, the admiralty, besides serving five years as viceroy of India. And in old age he has preserved not only vigor and sagacity, but an alert hopefulness of spirit.

The Earl of Granard of Castle Forbes, County Longford, Ireland, whose engagement to Miss Beatrice Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, was announced a few days ago, is thirty-four years old. He entered the army in the Scots Guards, a crack infantry regiment, and became a captain, serving in the South African campaign of 1900-1902. He is master of the horse and lord in waiting to the king, and deputy lieutenant for the County Longford, Ireland. The earldom is in the Irish peerage, but the holder sits in the House of Lords as Baron Granard in the peerage of the United Kingdom. He has a fine seat, Castle Forbes, at Newtownforbes, Longford, with some twenty-odd thousand acres of land.

The movement in Los Angeles to give a house in that charming city to Rear-Admiral Evans must have been started by some one with a short memory. Probably no popular naval hero in this country for generations to come will accept a house from his admirers; to propose such a thing to "Fighting Bob," who has seen the effects of one such episode, was a singular ineptitude. The admiral has answered the proposal of his Los Angeles friends in no uncertain style. "Of course," he writes, "the people of Los Angeles who know me will understand that I don't want to be placed in the position of accepting a house, and those who don't know me had better be told that I would not accept a house or any other present." What will take him to Los Angeles as a resident is his election to a responsible position by the harbor commissioners, but before settling down the admiral will try himself out in a lecture tour.

Expatriated Cipriano Castro, late President of Venezuela, arrived in Berlin with quite a flourish of trumpets. It is said that he is there for medical treatment, also that he wishes to secure a loan for his country. He had engaged the royal suite of ten rooms at the newly opened Hotel Esplanade. This is the most expensive location in Berlin. The rooms are hung with Gobelin tapestries, laid with thick Turkish carpets and equipped with Louis Seize furniture. Among those waiting to greet him were Señor Velez, the Venezuelan minister; Señor Machod, the Venezuelan consul; the latter's pretty daughter, who carried a fine bouquet of roses, which she presented to Señora Castro; Dr. Israel and most of the members of the Venezuelan colony. He descended from the train with some difficulty. After listening to a short address of welcome by Señor Machod he walked, leaning on the arm of his wife, to an automobile, which hurried him to the Hotel Esplanade.

GREAT MUSIC OF THE PAST.

George P. Upton Writes of Singers and Players He Has Known.

Fifty years of intimate connection with musical affairs in America are covered in George P. Upton's latest volume, "Musical Memories," and few of the many readers that will follow his record closely but will envy him his delightful experiences. Mr. Upton wrote the first musical criticism printed in a Chicago newspaper, but he had been a listener and a critic before that time, and his recollections touch the career of every prominent musician of his time, at least of those who visited America. In his book he has drawn not alone upon his memory but on the innumerable souvenirs collected in his long and serious devotion to the art, and the result is a well digested arrangement of biographical and critical notes, with authoritative lists and dates. It would be easier to fill pages with entertaining chat from these recollections than to choose from such an interesting collection.

First of the great singers mentioned is Jenny Lind, and Mr. Upton writes from personal knowledge, as he heard her in Providence, Rhode Island, a city that boasted the presence of an expressman who paid \$650 for a choice of seats at the Jenny Lind concert—the record price. The half-century included in his review began with this notable engagement:

Jenny Lind arrived in this country September 1, 1850, conveyed by Phineas T. Barnum. I have often wondered, considering her rare simplicity and unostentation, if she did not suffer at times from the peculiarly bombastic methods of management practiced by that showman. Her first concert was given at Castle Garden, New York, September 11. Her supporting artists were Sir Julius Benedict, Richard Hoffman the pianist, who was engaged in New York for the American tour, and Signor Beletti, barytone. Her numbers in the opening night's programme were the "Casta Diva" from "Norma"; the "Herdsman's Song," popularly known as the "Echo Song"; and the "Welcome to America," the text of which was written by Bayard Taylor and the music hastily set by Benedict. She also sang with Beletti in the duet "Per piacer alla Signora" from Rossini's "Il Turco in Italia," and in a trio from Meyerbeer's "Camp in Silesia," for voice and two flutes.

Barnum managed only the first tour of the Swedish singer:

The American tour included the following cities, in the order named: New York, Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Havana, Matanzas, New Orleans, Natchez, Memphis, St. Louis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Wheeling, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. Jenny Lind made a second tour after canceling her contract with Barnum, giving sixty-one concerts between June and December of 1851.

The second tour included Buffalo, Cleveland, and Columbus, but did reach Chicago.

Many descriptions of Jenny Lind are in print, but Mr. Upton's is satisfying, though brief:

I see Jenny Lind gliding down the stage with consummate grace—she never seemed to walk—amid the acclamations of the audience; a girlish figure of medium height, with fair hair and blue eyes, gowned in velvet, and wearing a single rose in her hair. She was plain of feature, and yet her face was expressive and in a sense fascinating. It was a wholesome face. She may not have been beautiful, judged by the conventional beauty tests; but if not extremely good-looking, she "looked good," as some one has said. And that goodness drew every one to her, and she was "Jenny" with every one—no Signora Lind, or Mademoiselle Lind, or Miss Lind, but Jenny Lind, as we say Annie Cary or Lilli Lehmann. Her voice, as I remember it, was of full volume, and extraordinary range, and had a peculiar penetrating quality also, because of its purity, which made its faintest tone clearly audible and enabled her to use exquisitely soft pianissimos. Her high notes were as clear as a lark's, and her full voice was rich and sonorous. Her singing was genial and sympathetic and marked by the fervor and devotional quality which characterized her nature. It evinced a noble musical endowment and great reverence for her art. She was little affected by adulation, but acknowledged the wild, frantic applause courteously and with evident pleasure. Benedict, her leader, said "she made a conscience of her music."

European songbirds came in flocks when the success of Jenny Lind was known. Among those who followed her, Mr. Upton gives first place to Henriette Sontag, who was a great artist and who had a romantic life:

At the very zenith of her career, while enjoying the plaudits of the multitude, the friendship of great musicians, and the adulation of titled and untitled admirers, Sontag attracted the attention of Count Rossi, an Italian diplomat, who wooed her with such ardor that they were speedily married. They went immediately to The Hague, where he was representing Sardinia. The King of Prussia granted her a patent of nobility, whereupon she retired from the stage. After a quiet life of eighteen years together, reverses overtook them. She lost her fortune and decided to return to the stage, and Count Rossi resigned his position so that he might be at liberty to accompany her. As it eventually he might better have remained at home

and permitted her to be a wage-earner under some competent manager.

They came to this country in 1852, bringing with them Pozzolini, tenor, and Badiali, barytone. The stories of her great success abroad, of her remarkable beauty, and of the romance of her career, had preceded her and aroused much interest. Her reception was cordial, but there was no "fever," as in the case of Jenny Lind. As I remember Sontag, she was a blonde, somewhat slight of figure, with large, bright blue eyes and hair inclining toward auburn in color. . . . As she was very pretty and her toilettes were elegant, she of course became the fashionable rage and was guest of honor at innumerable society functions. Her carriage was exceedingly graceful and her manner on the stage sprightly, coquettish, and fascinating. Von Bülow was right when he called her a "forty-eight-year-old soubrette." She was about that age when I saw her, and her elegance of manner and personal charms are still vivid in my recollection. In these respects she was the Sémbrich of her day. Her voice was an exquisitely pure high soprano, with a mezzo piano in it which Nilsson afterwards used so effectively. Her execution was graceful and refined, and her style must have lent itself best to rôles requiring coquetry and archness, like Martha, Rosina, or Amina.

And the end of all this splendid endowment is one of the strangest and saddest events in the history of the stage:

Poor Sontag's fate was a sorrowful one. Prima donnas' husbands are notorious mischief-makers and intermeddlers, if not hoodoos, for their wives, and impresarios always dread them. The bonanza in her case proved to be rich in troubles. She had to contend in the first place against Alhoni, greatest of contraltos, and, beautiful and fascinating as she was, she could not make headway against her. Count Rossi kept her in litigations, so irascible was he, as well as ignorant of stage matters. Yielding to his importunities, and disregarding the advice of friends, they went to Mexico at a time when the cholera was epidemic there. After a performance of "Lucrezia Borgia," she suddenly caught the disease and died in a few hours, June 17, 1854. Six others of her troupe, among them Pozzolini, her tenor, were also victims.

There was a time when Ole Bull was considered one of the greatest of violinists. Many still remember him, and this, from the tribute the critic pays to his memory, will stir recollections of thirty-odd years ago:

Ole Bull belonged to no school. Perhaps that was another secret of his success, for people neither know nor care about schools, but like a player to be himself. Ole Bull was certainly all that. He imitated certain of Paganini's eccentricities by attempting effects of a bizarre sort, but yet he was always Ole Bull. He reminded you of no one else, and he always played Ole Bull in all his versatile moods. To this extent he was the most eccentric of modern virtuosos, with Remenyi a close second. Who but these two would have climbed to the top of Cheops's Pyramid and played for the benefit of the Sphinx? He rarely attempted the classical, probably because it is so unyielding in construction that it does not admit of moods or humors, so his repertory was comparatively small. He resembled Paganini in another respect: he was an ordinary composer. He wrote two pieces in this country, "Niagara" and "Solitude of the Prairie," but they were ephemeral. He was more at home in variations and Norwegian fantasies like his own "El Saterbosk," some measures of which he wrote out in his sprawling notation and gave to me with the remark that it was one of his favorites. And when the kindly faced old man, lovingly bending over his violin with his eyes closed, played these fantasies, I used to think he was at his best. Perhaps they called up visions of the land he loved very dearly and for which he made many sacrifices.

Operatic tenors were the favorites of those days, no less than now. Of one of the greatest Mr. Upton writes with illuminating appreciation:

Among the tenors I have known, Brignoli always seemed to me the most interesting personality, as well as one of the most captivating singers. He made his American debut in 1856 and was a member of the first regular Italian opera troupe which appeared in Chicago (1859). The season was opened with "Martha," and Brignoli was Lionel. During the next ten or fifteen years he sang in Chicago almost every season, either in concerts or opera, and was a universal favorite. He is said to have been very delicate, as well as timid and nervous, in his early youth, but when I first saw him he was robust and broad-chested, and gradually grew quiet stout, in spite of which he always carried himself with a kind of aristocratic elegance. He told me once that he never wholly overcame stage fright, and I fancy that his lack of pronounced dramatic ability and his awkwardness of gait may have conducted to it. If he found himself in the vicinity of the prima donna, he was always nervous, and in scenes requiring the platonic stage embrace he would implore her not to touch him. Brignoli was an indifferent actor, but he was a master of tone-production. His tones had a silvery quality and were exquisitely pure. He never forced his voice beyond the limit of a sweet musical tone, and rarely expended much effort in reaching a climax, or in closing an aria with one of those marvelously beautiful sforzandos which other tenors tried in vain to imitate. He never sang the high C, that stood in trade of sensational tenors, though he could reach it with ease, for he had great range and power of voice. He used to say that "screaming is not singing; let those fellows wear their throats out if

they will; Brignoli keep his." And he did. His highest ambition was tonal loveliness, and in this quality he had few equals.

Only four of the greatest names mentioned by Mr. Upton are referred to in these passages, but his book holds personal remembrances of hundreds. The old-time stars of the opera and the concert stage are all recalled, and with them memories of other footlight favorites, orchestra leaders, hurled queens, minstrels, impresarios, and theatre huilders. Of each one, as the figure passes, the critic writes understandingly and with skill. His hook is one for the reference-volume shelf, for after it has been once enjoyed it will remain a treasury of information invaluable to all who wish for exact knowledge of modern music and musicians. Many good portraits illustrate the handsome volume of more than three hundred pages, and the index is full.

"Musical Memories: My Recollections of Celebrities of the Half Century 1850-1900," by George P. Upton. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$2.75 net.

Kipling's India Days.

E. Kay Robinson was the editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore when Rudyard Kipling was on the staff. In a recent issue of the *London Telegraph* he gives some entertaining reminiscences of that time, and his association with the budding genius:

Journalism in India is uncommonly hard labor for the few Englishmen who constitute an editorial staff, and with the greatest dislike of using a razor to cut grindstones, I could not help hurdening Kipling with a good deal of daily drudgery. My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal wagon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he'll drag that wagon along as it ought to go. The amount of stuff that Kipling got through in a day was indeed wonderful; and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left (the staff grew with the paper's prosperity), I am sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after. There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention—namely, the enormous amount of ink he used to throw about.

In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently into the ink pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly.

When he darted into my room as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to "stand off," otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a full pen in his hand—flying over me.

He was always the best of company, bubbling over with delightful humor, which found vent in every detail of our day's work together; and the chance visitor to the editor's office must often have carried away very erroneous notions of the amount of work which was being done when he found us in the fits of laughter that usually accompanied our consultations about the make-up of the paper.

This is my chief recollection of Kipling as assistant and companion; and I would place sensitiveness as his second characteristic. Although a master of repartee, for instance, he dreaded dining at the club, where there was a resident member, since dead, who disliked him, and was always endeavoring to snub him. Kipling's retorts invariably turned the tables on his assailant, and set us all in a roar; and, besides this, Kipling was popular in the club, while his enemy was not. Under such circumstances an ordinary man would have courted the combat, and enjoyed provoking his clumsy opponent; but the man's animosity hurt Kipling, and I knew that he often, to avoid the ordeal, dined in solitude at home when he would infinitely have preferred dining at the club, but I could never persuade him of the folly of doing so.

Apart from his marvelous faculty for assimilating local color without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance, and spared no labor, in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races of India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details of habits and language and distinctive ways of thought. I remember well one long-limbed Pathan, indescribably filthy, but with magnificent mien and features—Mahabb Ali. I think, was his name—who regarded Kipling as a man apart from all other "sahibs." After each of his wanderings across the unexplored fringes of Afghanistan, where his restless spirit of adventure led him, Mahabb Ali always used to turn up, travel-stained, dirtier, and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with "Kuppeling Sahib," his "friend"; and I more than fancy that to Mahabb Ali Kipling owed the wonderful local color which he was able to put into such tales as "Dray Wara Yow Dec" and "The Man Who Would Be King."

The elevators in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, which run to the ladies' parlors, to the dressing-rooms and to the women's Turkish baths are now in charge of young women, who have been trained for their duties.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Health.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone.
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon:
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coining of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrance,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

—E. C. Pinckney.

A Song of the Service.

When th' lean line crouched for th' final charge
Then I seen his gills turn blue;
An' I seen him blink an' I seen him shrink—
But wot kin a sergeant do?
Oh, I heard him wheeze at th' bullets' sneeze,
An' I seen him dodgin' too;
His face wuz old an' his feet wuz cold—
But wot kin a sergeant do?

Then it's "Skirmishers, forward!"
An' th' guide is right—
Oh, th' bugles callin', callin'.
Then: "Steady on th' left—an' start th' fight!"
"Oh, who's that fallin', fallin'?"
"Comp'ny—halt! Lie—down!"

When th' word come down an' we had to go,
An' th' fightin' line drove through;
Oh, I see him stop, an' I see him drop—
But wot kin a sergeant do?
I used th' boot an' I told him shoot—
(An' he shot th' best he knew);
If his aim wuz bad, oh, his heart wuz sad—
But wot kin a sergeant do?

Then it's: "Load!" an' "Fire!"
An' th' range is long;
But th' haze is driftin', driftin'.
It's "Steady that left—an' keep it—strong!"
An' th' light is siftin', siftin'.
"Comp'ny—rise! 'Nance by rushes!"

When th' lean line stopped from th' final charge
I seen him—gills turned blue!
For there he lay on th' wicked day—
But wot kin a sergeant do?
(Boo-hoo!)

Oh, he did his best, an' he got his rest—
An' I've told you all I knew;
They said: "How brave!" as we dug his grave—
An' wot kin a sergeant do?

Then it's volleys three—
An' spade him in!
Oh, th' hugh's sighin', sighin'.
He'll never see parade agin—
An' a rooky's cryin', cryin'.
"Comp'ny—'tention! Stack—arms!"
—Alfred Damon Runyon, in *New York Sun*.

Mirbeau's play, "Le Foyer," seems to be renewing the riotous nights of Sardou's "Thermidor" in the nineties at the Théâtre Français in Paris. In "Thermidor" Sardou dared to question some of the traditional glories of the Revolution; the audiences resented his point of view; there was clamor within the auditorium and tumult without, and the piece was speedily withdrawn from so "official" a stage as that of the Comédie. Mirbeau's piece is bitterly satirical of social, moral, and financial hypocrisies as an Academician and a philanthropist incarnates them. A part of the two audiences, thus far, for the piece have resented it; while another part has as vehemently applauded it, with resulting "demonstrations" within and without that the police have finally suppressed.

Strauss does not always choose gruesome themes, observes the *Musical Courier*. "Till Eulenspiegel" is a monumental piece of musical humor. "Don Quixote," "Heldenleben," "Symphonia Domestica," and "Feuersnot" contain many pages that display marked evidences of a merry mood. The gruesome subject in opera did not originate with Strauss. Wagner's "Walküre" is based on a not particularly palatable relationship between brother and sister. Count di Luna, in "Travatore," is a fratricide. In "Rigoletto" a father murders his child. In "La Juive" they "hoi, 'em alive." In "Aida" they hurry 'em alive. "Carmen," "Bohème," "Favorita," "Traviata," "Thais," "Manon," and innumerable other operas glorify the most ancient female profession in the world.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The Privileged Classes, by Barrett Wendell, Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

The four essays of which this book is composed are delightful by their thoughtful suavity and convincing by their moderation. The first two, "The Privileged Classes" and "The American Revolution," are properly related as cause and effect. Putting caricature upon one side and the exaggerations of demagogues, the author asks us to consider the familiar spectacle of the union laborer in the street-car who occupies a double space, to the discomfort of his fellow travelers, and for no better reason than that he is a laborer and therefore privileged. Here we have privilege in its simplest form, but illustrating a principle that is slowly corroding the heart of democratic institutions. That such encroachments are hastening us toward a revolution the author does not assert. Indeed, he hopes that such a danger will be avoided, as even greater dangers have been avoided in the past, but the probability of it is clearly in his mind. Nor does he mean by revolution the "cautious and normal modifications" involved in healthy growth, but rather a sudden change, "malignant, violent, irresistible." This, he thinks, would be a tragedy greater than any of the revolutions of history, because it would show that democracy itself, the dream of the future, is no better than the nightmares of the past. The present discontent is "growing to be tremendous." If it shall have its way, "the end may be the end of our ancestral democracy."

The two remaining essays on "Our National Superstition" and "Of Education" are a review of our current teaching systems. An occasional resort to a light badinage is perhaps the most effective way of dealing with educational methods that permit of a total inability to read a French book after three lessons a week in that language carried out for three consecutive years. Elsewhere we are told of a Harvard student who was unable to arrange certain papers in alphabetical order because he had never learned the alphabet, his school teacher having conceived the theory that the usual arrangement of letters is arbitrary and therefore not reasonable.

Gardening in California, Landscape and Flower, by John McLaren. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

There need be no doubt of the welcome awaiting this fine book. The author has had thirty-five years of experience in various parts of California, and for twenty years he has been superintendent of Golden Gate Park, probably the finest park in the world. He explains that inquiries and requests for advice have come upon him in unmanageable numbers and that the present book is perhaps the best way to share his experience and to furnish the help that can not be given by correspondence.

He certainly seems to cover the whole ground of California gardening. He tells us how the garden should be planned out and the ground prepared with its roads and lawns. Special chapters—there are twenty-two chapters in all—are devoted to "Trees," "Climbers and Twiners," "Bulbous and Tuberous Plants," "Palms, Ferns, Bamboos, and Grasses," "Succulents," "Herbaceous and Bedding Plants," "Ponds and Lakes," "Parlor Gardening," "The Window Box," "The Amateur's Conservatory," "Diseases of Plants and Injurious Insects," and "A Calendar of Operations." No book could be better devised or better written for practical use. The information is clear, concise, and inclusive, while over one hundred and fifty illustrations of unusual merit are a valuable addition to the work.

The Courage of Captain Plum, by James Oliver Curwood. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This remarkable story relates to the Mormon settlement on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, and to that extraordinary fanatic, James Jesse Strang, who ruled it. Captain Plum, for reasons of his own, has decided to make war upon the Mormons. Going ashore to reconnoitre, he first meets Obadiah Price, a Mormon elder, whom he subsequently finds to be in the service of the United States government, and through him he makes the acquaintance of Marion, the beautiful girl who is doomed to be Strang's seventh wife. The thread of the narrative is the determination of Plum to rescue Marion, a resolve that nearly costs him his life and that succeeds at the last moment only through the intervention of the United States ship *Michigan*, sent by President Pierce to overthrow the rule of Strang.

Apart from the romance of the winning of Marion, the main interest of the story is in its picture of Mormon rule and of the almost incredible atrocities associated with it. We see a desperate attack upon the settlement by the people of the mainland, infuriated by the theft and enslavement of their women. We see the victims of Strang's displeasure flogged,

tortured, and crucified by an infamous despotism sustained by the genius of one man. The picture is indeed so forceful as to suggest exaggeration to those who are unaware of the extent to which an *imperium in imperio* was established by the Mormon power. The author has written a story nearly faultless in execution and with a direct and sustained appeal to human sympathy.

The Justice of the Mexican War, by Charles H. Owen. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author writes with all the strength of his conviction that the war with Mexico was justifiable and was one of national preservation and not of aggression. He shows the patience with which America endured a long course of wrongs and insults, including the capture of her ships and the many outrages inflicted upon her citizens. All this is ancient history, but it is summarized by the author with vigorous precision and historical accuracy.

But Major Owen seems to argue that the actual cause of the war is to be found in the Monroe Doctrine and the impossibility of allowing a "French and Mexican empire or a British suzerainty on our immediate borders." His case would perhaps have been stronger had he confined himself for a *casus belli* to the unbearable provocations that were then the order of the day. For there is no evidence of French or British designs upon Mexico, although no one can say what might have been the results of continued and tempting opportunity. Undoubtedly the possibilities of foreign aggression were present in the minds of American statesmen and were not without their influence, but it would be hardly wise to assume that such aggression had entered the field of contemplated events. Major Owen has written a valuable book, full of well arranged fact and honestly presented conjecture, and while it does not revolutionize our ideas, it presents a good deal of matter for renewed reflection.

A Prisoner of the Sea, by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. Published by the John McBride Company, New York; \$1.50.

This good story of the sea is somewhat after the style of Mr. Clark Russell. John Raymond, financially stranded in Cuba, accepts the position of first officer on a mysterious steamer, only to discover when too late that its reputed owner, who is on board as a passenger, is a defaulting bank official and that his baggage contains the plunder. Unfortunately, there are others on board who know the facts, and the result is a plot to get possession of the treasure, with a succession of mutinies, fights, and hairbreadth escapes. There is also a very pleasant love incident.

Villa Ruben, by John Galsworthy. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

This is the story of an Austro-English family in Switzerland, of a native artist who falls in love with the eldest daughter, of a vain and selfish father who strongly opposes the match, and of a big-hearted uncle who saves a painful situation at the cost of his life. Christian's struggle between love and duty is well told, but when the artist finally secures his bride we should like to feel a little more certain of his worthiness. There seems to be something in his nature that does not ring quite true.

Robin Aroon, by Armistead C. Gordon. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

A very pleasant sketch of Southern life on the Rappahannock in the year 1774. The easy irresponsibility of the Southern gentleman is well depicted, a light-hearted carelessness as evident in his love affairs as in his tobacco planting. There is no reason to doubt that Robert Henning found a good wife in Judith Montfort, but a more prudent age demands a greater circumspection.

Evening Thoughts, by J. R. Miller. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 65 cents.

The idea of the author is to present little one-page talks based upon selected verses of Scripture to be used as an evening devotion. Mr. Miller's theology is not always consonant with modern thought, but it may be hoped that his unassuming sincerity will always be consonant with the best aspirations of the race.

The Panther, by Anne Warner. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

This curious mystical tale of a woman whose mental temptations take objective form as a panther is worth reading from the standpoint of unorthodox and unconventional psychology.

Home Occupations for Boys and Girls, by Bertha Johnston. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

An admirable little book for winter evenings. All kinds of useful and educational

pastimes for children are described profusely and clearly.

New Publications.

Lovers of beautiful booklets should possess every volume of the Rubric Series issued by Duffield & Co., New York. The chaste workmanship is unique and the selection irreplaceable. The latest volumes are the "Sermon on the Mount" and "Poor Richard's Almanac." Price, 60 cents each.

Admirers of Anne Warner, and their name is legion, will welcome a collection of short stories from her pen. Under the title of "An Original Gentleman" we have twenty-two of these sketches, all of them of a bright and sympathetic homeliness, unaffected and wholesome. The publishers are Little, Brown & Co., Boston, and the price is \$1.50.

The John McBride Company, New York, have published a neat edition of "More's Millennium," being the Utopia of Sir Thomas More rendered into modern English by Valerian Paget. We are reminded that "More's Millennium" was "a source from which the builders of the American republic largely drew their inspiration." The price is \$1.50.

"Pete, Cow Puncher," by Joseph B. Ames, is a good picture of cowboy life. Donald Harrington, having quarreled with his father, goes West and begins his ranch apprenticeship at the foot of the ladder. His story of adventure is well told, and without the improbabilities and exaggerations that are used overmuch in stories of this kind. The book is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, have published a cook book for children entitled "When Mother Lets Us Cook," containing

simple recipes with important cooking rules in rhyme, together with handy lists of the materials and utensils needed for the preparation of each dish. The author is Constance Johnson and the price is 75 cents.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published a handy edition of Heine's "Die Harzreise," edited with notes and vocabulary, map and illustrations, by Parke R. Kolbe. Price, 50 cents. Also an edition of Corneille's "Le Cid," edited with notes and vocabulary by James D. Bruner, Ph. D. Price, 45 cents.

The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, have published a fine collection of "Songs from the Operas" for mezzo soprano, edited by H. E. Krehbiel. Twenty-five operas are represented and the selection is in all cases good. From the same house comes a collection of "Piano Compositions" by Johann Sebastian Bach in two volumes, edited by Ebenezer Prout. The musical interests of the country are indebted to the Oliver Ditson Company for a steady supply of the best material.

"Omar Repentant."

It might be thought that the lesser poets of today would seek to avoid the comparisons incidental to an attempted imitation of Omar Khayyam. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne feels no such reluctance, and hence we have a little volume entitled "Omar Repentant," from which a single stanza may be quoted without malice:

You drank that whisky pretty quick, young sir—
Now keep your eyes from off that woman there,
And hear me talk—look at her face, you say!
Poor soul! there are a million more of her.

There are thirty-six stanzas and the book is published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

For this holiday season the offering at the Van Ness Theatre next week is particularly appropriate. It is the great dramatic spectacle, "Ben Hur," made from General Lew Wallace's hook, and though it has been seen here more than once it may be depended upon to draw large audiences. There is nothing exactly like it on the stage—nothing that combines so many attractive features. Not only the scenes of the chariot race and the galley and the great storm, but the impressiveness of the story and its associations, make for permanent interest. It will continue to appeal to the many so long as it is given with a careful regard for its many requirements. The present production is described as more than adequate in every detail. The San Francisco season of "Ben Hur" is limited to two weeks. No Sunday performances are ever given of the Wallace drama. Matinees are scheduled for Wednesday and Saturday of each week, also New Year's Day. Seats for the first week are now obtainable.

George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow," will be put on at the Valencia Theatre next Monday evening, for the first time in this city by a stock company. The play is probably the brightest and best of Ade's numerous successes, and some of its characters have become as familiarly known as any in the stage world. In the cast of this production Robert Warwick will be Billy Bolton, the famous half-back; Blanche Stoddard will fascinate as "the widow"; Helen Lackaye will have the exacting but effective rôle of Flora Wiggins, the waitress; and Charles Dow Clark, who was the "Buh" Hicks of the original production, will again play the rural youth who quickly assimilates the fraternity spirit. Other members of the company are well placed, and the scenic possibilities of the play will have particular attention, from the original models. In addition to the usual matinees there will be a special performance on New Year's Day.

"The Lost Paradise," now in the closing nights of its two weeks' run, has been notably well done. It will be seen for the last times Sunday afternoon and evening.

Kohl and Dill begin the ninth week of their engagement at the Princess Theatre next Monday night with another new musical farce, entitled "The Politicians." The piece is said to be as well suited to their needs as "Playing the Ponies" and "Weiner & Schnitzel," both of which have been very successful. There are graft issues, campaign schemes, and official appointments galore in "The Politicians," all of which are utilized for laughing purposes exclusively. A number of new people will appear in the new production, among them George A. Wright, Charles E. Swickard, Richard Staunton, Adele Rafter, and Netta Vesta. Jack Mason, the new stage manager, has lately arrived from the East, especially to superintend preparations for the piece. In the meantime "Weiner & Schnitzel" is in its last nights, and with overflowing audiences.

The Orpheum Road Show is giving the patrons of the Orpheum one of the greatest hills of the year. A review of some of its striking features is given in another column, and this may explain why the management finds it impossible to seat all who come in spite of two performances every day. All next week Mlle. de Dio the dancer, Edwin Holt the comedian, Hyman Meyer the pianist, Charles and Fannie Van the actors-singers, Work and Over the acrobats, and Merian's clever trained dogs will continue to entertain, and in addition two new attractions will be crowded into the long programme. Gus Edwards's School Boys and Girls, a whole show in themselves, with new songs, and Rogers and Deely, singing comedians, will have a share in the applause winning.

The Valencia Theatre management has given the playhouse for the use of the Associated Charities on Thursday afternoon, December 31, and a big Christmas tree, laden with gifts for the needy, will be prepared by the leaders in the philanthropic organization. Charles Dow Clark, the comedian, will appear as Santa Claus on that occasion.

Isadora Duncan's Dancing.

While Miss Duncan's dancing has had in New York and in Boston almost as high praise as it won in Europe, it is not altogether free from serious criticism. This is from a recent notice of her entertainment printed by the New York Evening Post:

"Miss Duncan attempted to dance a sort of emotional 'programme' to Beethoven's music. She moved across the stage sometimes gracefully, at others almost grotesquely; she moved not only her feet, but her arms; she tossed her head about and made it assume poses; she endeavored to portray emotions with her features, which are not particularly expressive. Whenever the music became lively or loud, she threw up her knees and cavorted across the stage in a sprightly fashion, and when the music subsided, she quieted

down, too. It was entertaining for five minutes, and then the lack of variety and the insignificance of it soon made it pall.

"What was most surprising was that Miss Duncan did not dance rhythmically with Beethoven's music. After the symphony, she danced a prelude, a valse, and a mazurka, of Chopin, whose lovely music also was never intended to subserve such a purpose. There are many who can be moved to tears by Chopin's music, but to see it danced, dries them up at their source. It is impossible for us to go back to the times of the Greeks, who were moved to tears by the portrayal of sorrowful emotions by dancers. The farther we go back among the stages of culture the more importance we find attached to the dance. 'In the infancy of civilization,' says E. B. Tylor, the eminent British anthropologist, 'it was full of passionate and solemn meaning. Savages and barbarians dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, even their magic and religion.' We do not."

The Sunday Afternoon "Pop" Concerts.

From educational and musical points of view important events of the season will be the series of four chamber music concerts to be given at popular prices at Lyric Hall on Sunday afternoons, at intervals of four weeks, by the Lyric String Quartette, assisted by other splendid artists.

This organization is the pet hobby of Manager Will Greenbaum. The object of the concerts is to foster a love for a high class of music, and the prices are placed so low that pecuniary gain would be impossible. Mr. Greenbaum hopes to establish his organization here just as the Joachim Quartette is in Berlin, the Rose in Vienna, and the Kneisel in Boston.

The rate for the season tickets will be only \$2.50 and \$1.50, and these may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on and after December 30, at the Kearny and Sutter Streets store.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 3. Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will be the assisting pianist and the violin part in the Tortini sonata will be played by William Hoffmann, first violin of the organization, who was for many years concertmaster of the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch.

Prices for single concerts will be 50 cents and \$1.

De Koven's Successes.

Reginald de Koven, at the time "Robin Hood" was brought out, was only thirty-one years old, having been born at Middletown, Connecticut, on April 3, 1859. The opera was given in Chicago for the first time in 1890. His education was partly in foreign lands, and he took his degree at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1879. He studied in Stuttgart under Lehert and Spiedel, and he had harmony lessons from Pruckner. Then he went to Dr. Hauff, in Frankfurt-on-Main, and subsequently to Florence, where he took up singing and vocal work with Vanucini. Work of a special kind was afterwards pursued by De Koven, under the treatment of Gené, operatic composition in Vienna, and subsequently with the distinguished specialist and composer, Leo Delibes, in Paris. That was the basis of De Koven's subsequent work. After "Robin Hood" success came "The Fencing Master," "Roh Roy," "The Tzigane," "The Highwayman," etc. The public responded, as it always has with De Koven, with a certain amount of assurance that something good would be forthcoming, and there has been no disappointment, for his latest work, "The Golden Butterfly," now a success, with Grace Van Studdiford singing the leading part, is a kind of culmination of De Koven's ideas, limited as they must be by the fact that he dare not overstep certain bounds if he wishes to meet the popular demand for opera of this kind.

The *Social Register*, through the facts and figures which it collects for its readers, finds that it has fewer marriages to report for the present issue than for the one just preceding it. In New York the decrease is put definitely at 20 per cent. And there has been a decrease throughout the country, also, which this authority characterizes as "general." The consideration of expense has evidently upset some of the best laid plans of Cupid. But he may share in the prosperity that is scheduled for the coming year. The marriage rate regularly affords a fairly good barometer of business conditions.

Gerald Du Maurier, now one of the able light comedians of the London stage, and Irene Vanhugh, as accomplished a comedienne, and already seen here as the manicure of Piner's "Quex," are soon to act together here in America.

Seventeen young women from Washington State College are giving demonstrations of 125 different ways of preparing the apple for food, at the Spokane national exhibit now in progress.

Josie Intropidi is in the cast of "Mlle. Michiel," Lulu Glaser's latest success.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has written the introduction to Little, Brown & Co.'s new and complete edition of the poems of Louise Chandler Moulton. The two writers were intimate friends, and Mrs. Spofford gives some biographical notes of particular interest and a sympathetic study of Mrs. Moulton's poetic gift.

J. Berg Esenwein, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has completed a volume entitled "Writing the Short Story," which will soon come from the presses of a Boston publishing house. It was Mr. Esenwein's good fortune to find in a neglected corner of a Lippincott safe two manuscripts by Ouida, written twenty-five years ago and held under the condition that they were not to be published during her lifetime. The papers will appear during the coming year in the magazine.

Now that his political campaign is over, and he has been defeated as the Democratic candidate for congressman in the Seventh New Jersey District, Edward W. Townsend, the creator of Chimmie Fadden, has turned himself again to hook-making, and is busily completing a novel in which is promised more slang, but of a new order from that which made him famous as a depicor of Manhattan low life. It will have for title "The Climbing Courvatels," and it will be published in the spring.

The manuscript of Lamh's "Dream Children," written on two folio leaves and bound by Riviere, is offered for sale in London for \$1250. It is recalled that for two years of his work on the "Eli" essays Lamh received but \$850.

At last the friends of the late Oscar Wilde possess funds to build him a monument in Pere la Chaise. The giver of \$15,000 for this purpose does not wish his name known, and whether he is chiefly interested in Wilde or the young sculptor Jacob Epstein is not sure; but his one condition is that Epstein should do the work.

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the big Boston fire was celebrated by the veteran firemen's association of that city recently. The association numbers about 200 members, and annually they get together to exchange tales of the memorable two days in 1872 when more than \$60,000,000 worth of property was destroyed, 800 buildings were leveled or made useless, and eleven lives lost. A year ago the surviving members of the common council of that year met for a reunion. Of the sixty-four members there were seventeen survivors in 1907.

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The Continental Building and Loan Association

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has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1908, its usual dividend of 4 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent on term deposits. Interest on deposits payable on and after January 1, 1909. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,
President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street, Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, Market and Sansome Streets; Branches, 624 Van Ness Avenue and 3039 Sixteenth Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

B. G. TOGNAZZI,
Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St., Near Fourth (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco).—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

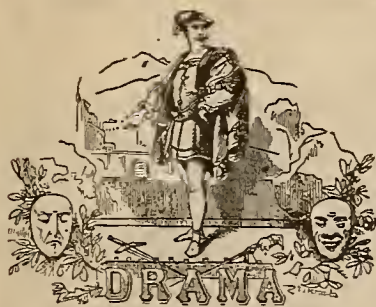
W. E. PALMER,
Secretary.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. Money deposited before January 10th will draw interest from January 1, 1909.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1909.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.



A "BANNER" ORPHEUM BILL.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It is the custom to remark gravely each week, in the press-agent-inspired utterances that are printed as theatrical news, that the Orpheum has a banner bill; but this week it is really true. The bill is both interesting and meritorious from start to finish.

Mlle. De Dio is featured as the star, but, thoroughly as her really beautiful act deserves stellar honors in vaudeville, the leading number in point both of merit and popularity is "The Mayor and the Manicure," an exceedingly bright, clever, and entertaining, as well as realistic, playlet by George Ade, which is acted in first-class style by Edwin Holt and his small group of players. The piece contains a delightful sketch of a typical American; one of those shrewd, good-humoredly cynical men, full of quick, dry American humor, and warmed through, almost if not quite to the point of loveliness, by the wholesome heartiness of family affections. This is the mayor of the piece, a successful and prosperous man of affairs, who controls both business and politics in his town, and is consequently more than a match for the spectacularly blonde manicure who comes to him with a handful of letters from his son, which she claims are compromising. The mayor speedily grasps the situation, and sizes up the character and pretensions of the golden-tressed manicure almost at a glance.

The rich thing in the scene that follows is his attitude toward her. His surface careless politeness, the disdainful familiarity with which he addresses the meretricious charmer by her first name, his general air of jovial contempt, made one realize how deep-rooted is the scorn of the wholesome-natured man, no matter how worldly he may be or tolerant of other things, for the adventuress who trades on her woman's attractiveness for the purpose of feathering her nest.

Edwin Holt made the mayor live before us. The comedy side of the characterization was first-class; yet it was all natural and spontaneous. There was absolutely not a breath of that unctuous commonness, that open appeal to the childish side of a vaudeville audience, by which so many comedians, even in the line of legitimate comedy work, win cheap victories.

Mr. Holt is a first-class actor, and he did not drag the first-class playlet down to the ranks of second-class material. Besides contributing his own excellent work he added to the success of the piece by having good players. Caroline Greenfield's portrait of Genevieve Le Claire, the too, too plump, sheath-gowned manicure of presumably tender years, whose young affections are claimed to have been sought and then slighted by the mayor's undergraduate son, was a triumph of apt characterization. Everything was in keeping. The flashy, up-to-date dress, with its liberal revelations of line and curve, the bleached hair, the extensive pompadour, the hard, confident look, the assured tone, and above all that air of complete assurance with men which is the really pathetic sign manual of the women whom hardening experience has enlightened as to the weakness of man when in the clutch of temptation of the feminine gender.

Paul Byron, as the indiscreet undergraduate who admits to his twinkly-eyed sire to having "chased around a little" with the lovely Genevieve, attested by his fresh youthfulness and the stamp of intelligence on his work as to the wisdom of his selection for the post of juvenile in the little company, while the fourth member, Dorothy Gibson, was clearly selected because of the contrast afforded by her air of ingenuous youth to the sophisticated and well-emphasized charms of the gilt-haired blackmailer.

The piece, considering its small size, is rich in bright repartee and hits of the good-humored yet shrewd cynicism which is recognized as one of George Ade's trade-marks.

"Did you make love to little Genevieve here?" inquires Milford, senior, of his son, when the latter weakens upon being confronted by the manicuring siren. "I—I chased around with her, more or less," admits the entangled youth. "My son," says the mayor, solemnly and judicially, "don't you know that it is only married men who go chasing around after affinities?"

The son pleads weakly that his love-making was all in joke, but the mayor, with a visible relaxation of the corners of his mouth,

declares that "a woman never gets old enough to regard love-making as a joke."

Altogether, the play offers a most attractive sketch of the type of man who is broad-minded enough to understand life and human nature, and yet preserve a fund of amused toleration, while keeping perfectly straight clear through.

Mlle. De Dio's number, in point of importance, comes next on the week's programme. Mlle. De Dio herself was invisible for quite a time, while we gazed upon wonders of electric display taking shape on the diamond-studded curtain of darkness in front of us. There were great curves that slowly resolved themselves into wonderfully patterned wheels, and great wheels which, attracting to themselves intricate and marvelously beautiful borderings, were transformed into revolving circles, the elaborate patterns of which glittered with millions of electric diamonds against the velvet-dark background.

We gazed, fascinated like children looking into a fairyland made real. And presently we saw the Titania of all this fairy realm. A woman's form was faintly seen, shimmering, glowing, flashing, under a hundred waves of light and color. Or was it a butterfly? It moved, advanced, and, in vague, elusive glimpses, the glittering mystery at last revealed itself as the shape of a lovely woman.

Then began the gorgeous display of light and color made familiar, but never tame nor common, by Loie Fuller and Papinta. There were countless ripples of silk unfurled in the fire-red and orange glow which looked as if the supple form they surrounded was drawing its vivid life from flame.

Then everything shifted. There was a grotto in ocean depths, and from a huge shell, over which a diver bent, a lovely woman, clothed in rainbow draperies, hounded forth. This was supposed, in spite of the unpearl-like ardor of the colors with which she glowed, to be the birth of the pearl.

At last came the dance, rather indifferently done, by the way. A little French, Papinta-like figure flitted around the stage, changing its aspect continually under the shifting patterns cast by the electric attachment at the rear of the auditorium.

Finally came De Dio, out in ordinary gaslight, draped in multitudinous yards of white silk, with light and color and shimmer and glow playing all about her. A pretty, black-haired, white-teethed, smiling woman, a Latin through and through. The press agent designates her as the lady who declined the hand of an Austrian archduke, and, of course, there is absolutely not the faintest shadow of a doubt that the story is true. Dancers who reject archdukes are as common as June strawberries.

Even after these good things, there were other numbers worth seeing. There were Billy Gaston and Ethel Green, Billy as cute and "mother's-darling-boy"-ish as ever. Ethel Green has not acquired any new tricks that spoil the ingenuousness of her coqueteries with her stage lover, and her rich little soprano, with its childlike sweetness of tone, is prettier than ever. I hope, though, if Ethel should consult one of her friends, in the anxious way women do, and say "Do you really think I ought to send this dotted muslin to the wash?" I hope, I hope her friend will be candid and say "yes."

Herman Meyer, the interrogative pianist, who talks, and plays, and propounds riddles and conundrums, and throws in a bucketful of jokes, made an unqualified hit. His patter is bright and amusing, his imitations of musical instruments cleverly realistic, and his German dialect, that a vaudeville audience always adores, very complete. However, he put the worst thing he did—the hen imitation—at the end of his act, which shows how impossible it is always to depend upon one's own judgment concerning one's self.

Even that tiny skit "A Case of Emergency," played by Charles and Fannie Van, which began with the usual yawping commonly known as singing in song and dance acts, turned out to be amusing. The man is the leading comedian, but, trifling as it was, the woman so sunk herself into her part and was so grave and matter-of-fact in the rehearsal of her song, that she steadily grew in the favor of the audience.

A very elaborate turn, done by trained dogs,

completed the programme. This was supposed to be a play, but seemed to consist merely of a series of exits and entrances by the animals, who were costumed in great variety, and who invariably entered upright, walking gravely on their hind feet, and looking like monkeys, freaks, and nondescripts. The act was funnily pathetic. Poor little martyrs! One felt ashamed of laughing at them. Yet they were funny. Some of them, like Patricia O'Brien, were so temperamental, and betrayed it in the way they crossed the stage. No dog was allowed to linger. It was fatal, as he speedily lost the perpendicular. So each one made for a friendly opening, into which he climbed, or fell, or holted, trying with all his doggish might to win the approval of his unseen trainer by keeping his forefeet up in the air. Some walked slowly and with care, others harked protestingly, dashing like mad to the haven which offered succor. Some tottered like little-feeet Chinese women—the poor things even had shoes on—others scurried to the exit, every nerve and sinew seeming to declare "I want to get the durned thing over."

The effect of the turn was most peculiar, on account of the invisibility of the trainer, the variety and human style of the costumes, and the elaboration of the stage settings. So this act may also be counted as a great success, as it held the audience amused and diverted for a long time.

Mr. Kennedy's "The Winterfeast."

Charles Rann Kennedy's second play, "The Winterfeast," is a dismal failure in New York in spite of the praise of literary critics. In other words, it displays the ability of the author, except as a dramatist. The *Evening Post* has this to say of the piece, but it is really not particularly consoling:

"But the play is none the less a work of solid literary and dramatic merit, revealing uncommon powers of imagination and constructive development. There is very little in it, of course, to delight the souls of those who find refreshment in the dreary inanities of the ordinary farcical or musical comedy. The choicest entertainment which it offers is meant primarily for those who can appreciate the purpose and quality of an artistic design and the beauties of artistic workmanship in the elaboration of it. There have been many more cheerful and inspiring tales than this study of the ultimate consequences of an original wrong, complicated by misrepresentations, aggravated by malice, and working upon the fiercest of the primitive emotions. But it is not offered under any pretense of being merely amusing. It is, in its way, a morality, showing the harvest of horrors which is reaped from the original sowing of deceit. The story might seem extravagant in modern setting, but in no way exceeds the limits of poetic or dramatic license when submitted as an Icelandic saga."

Mrs. Fiske's latest production, "Salvation Nell," in which she plays the name part, is too realistic for some of the New York critics. It is a great popular success, however. Mrs. Fiske's point of view regarding the play is shown in an extract from a letter written by her to a friend: "I am told that the truth in 'Salvation Nell' is disturbing to some persons. Perhaps some of those persons would digest, without difficulty, the suave vulgarity of the sexual society play. My heart has always been in the slums and with dumb animals. The poor and the dumb know the truth about life. The others barely skirt it. In the luxurious quarters of the city there are tragedies enough, but for the most part they are of our own making. They are born of the demons within—of our vanities and passions. There is in them more fantasy than truth. But down there in the underworld they know. Down there we find the 'bitterness and cruelty' of life, but we find there other things besides—cheerfulness and happiness, and many beautiful things, among them generosity—almost an unknown quality save among the very poor."

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VANITY FAIR.

Evidently the modern invention of the boycott is no respecter of persons, since it has made a victim of King Edward. It seems that the king has received a notification from the Windsor tradesmen that they will close their shops unanimously upon the next occasion when royal visitors are entertained at the Castle.

It must be admitted that the tradesmen have a grievance from their own peculiar point of view. Queen Victoria used to spend a good deal of her time at Windsor, and it was by her wish that the supplies for the castle were ordered from the local shops. But King Edward has different ideas. Windsor sees very little of him, certainly for not more than about three weeks in the year, and even upon these rare occasions he deals exclusively with the London tradesmen, ordering even the fodder for his horses from the metropolis. The royal dinners and luncheons come direct from London caterers, and those who associate royalty with prodigality may be interested to know that state luncheons are paid for at the rate of \$1.50 a plate and dinners at \$3.25 a plate, including wine. When the King of Sweden recently visited Windsor the tradesmen sent a deputation to the king asking for a share of the royal custom. The king was angry and refused to receive the worthy shopkeepers, who, in retaliation and with an unexpected spark of independence, have sent an intimation that their shops will be closed upon the next occasion of a royal visit to Windsor.

But we need not suppose that the king will abdicate as a result. He probably had a good reason for what he did. He may have heard that a quite intolerable funkism prevailed throughout the town of Windsor, and that royal patronage implied a certain amount of insolence to every one who was not royal, or at least titled. Complaints of this sort of thing were common enough in the old days, and the king's known hatred of toadyism is quite enough to account for his domestic policy in this respect. He may have discovered, moreover, that he was being overcharged, another thing to which he has a deep and reasonable objection. There are two classes of English towns that are saturated with an atmosphere positively asphyxiating to a good democrat. Royal towns are bad enough, but there are very few of them. But there are a great many cathedral towns, and their atmosphere on the whole is the more unbearable. Episcopal funkism is of the most offensive variety, with its adoration of deans and bishops and its retinues of obsequious clients. Royalty nowadays is usually democratic, and even the dignitaries of the church are slowly getting themselves into the right perspective for self-observation. It is one of their misfortunes that they are not able to reduce—or rather to elevate—their admirers to their own level of common sense.

There are some points in connection with the presidential election to which far too little attention has been given, and we are grateful to Mrs. Frederick Tyson of Baltimore for pointing them out. Permitting ourselves for the moment to use a detestably vulgar phrase, it may be said that Mrs. Tyson is a "prominent society woman" and of an old Maryland family. Mrs. Tyson has been looking at the election from "a purely social standpoint," and she finds that everything has happened according to Hoyle. Mr. Taft is much superior to either Mr. Bryan or Mr. Roosevelt.

He has more tact, more refinement than President Roosevelt, and much more than Mr. Bryan. Mr. Roosevelt has that unpardonable thing in a man—a loud voice and that hammer-and-tongs manner of going about things. His vulgar manner of expressing himself at inopportune times has taught us that we must have a more refined man in the presidential chair. What would other countries think of us if our President were not a man who had all the instincts and marks of gentle breeding and inestimable tact and finesse? Mr. Taft has all of these.

Mr. Bryan is too democratic. I have been told that he once went to a store in Lincoln in a rickety farm wagon, wearing jeans, and came out laden with purchases—wire and coffee—and on one occasion a huge coffee pot, which he wielded and said:

"The wife calculates to have some company and she says the old pot is too small. I guess this will serve the purpose."

"That is absolutely impossible in a President or in one who wishes to be. And then he said he was going to have Mr. Kern in the White House with him. Mr. and Mrs. Kern, ladies, are quite impossible people. I assure you.

Now, if all this had been said before the election we might have been spared some very prolix explanations of the Republican triumph. In spite of Mrs. Tyson's silence at a time when she ought to have spoken, there must have been a general dread throughout the country of the foreign condemnation that would have certainly followed the choice of a President who was not of "gentle breeding." But we are genuinely sorry to hear that horrible story of Mr. Bryan. We had no idea that things had gone so far. Imagine a presidential candidate in jeans. Picture him riding in a farm wagon, and a rickety one at that, and buying wire, coffee, and a coffee

pot. Apparently he had not even the decency to have them wrapped up, while as for the coffee pot, he actually wielded it while avowing the base and unworthy purpose to which it was to be put.

We wonder what Mr. and Mrs. Kern have done that they should be "quite impossible people." After the Bryan story it is hard to imagine any lower depth to which these unlucky people could have descended. Can it be that Mr. Kern was detected in the act of buying a frying pan, for example? But why speculate? It is enough that he and Mrs. Kern are "quite impossible people." The ballot box was the first to say so, and now Mrs. Tyson confirms the voice of the people.

It is to be noted that Mrs. Tyson has nothing to say about Mrs. Taft, but surely all Mr. Taft's sweetnesses would be wasted on the desert air without the social cooperation of the future mistress of the White House. Really, Mrs. Tyson should be more inclusive. She should not leave us in this dismal state of suspense and conjecture. But the *Atchison Globe* helps us out to a certain extent, although the social judgments of Kansas must be inferior in value to the cultured verdicts of Maryland. The *Globe* seems to think that we are hearing just a shade too much about Mrs. Taft, and if there is already a superfluity of information, what may we expect later on? The latest report is to the effect that Mrs. Taft is the "best cook in Cincinnati." The *Globe* very pertinently remarks that there is no way of finding out who is the best cook in so large a city, but it is probably not Mrs. Taft. The best cook is most likely a man, and a foreigner at that. The *Globe* continues: "But Mrs. Taft seems to have a fondness for seeing her name in print. And we are profoundly sorry. Mrs.

Roosevelt was a fine exception. We'll miss Mrs. Roosevelt from the White House."

The efforts that are being made to stamp out the tipping habit show a failure to understand the weaknesses of human nature upon which that habit is based. Take, for instance, the discussion on the subject that has just found a place in the proceedings of the Hotel-Keepers' Congress at Rome. This discussion culminated in a proposal to add a certain percentage to the bill, this additional amount to be divided by the hotel proprietor among the waiters.

The experiment will be a short one. The most lavish tip giver will resent an increase in his bill quite as much as any one else, because he will give the tips just the same as he did before. The psychology of the tip is a desire to enter into personal relations with the waiter and to place him under such peculiar obligations, or the expectation of them, that he will give special and particular service. The tip is not given from the abstract desire that the waiter shall be enriched. The tip giver has no more than the ordinary allowance of selfishness, if, indeed, he has so much, and his idea in giving the fee is to raise himself at the points of comfort and service above the heads of those who have given smaller tips or no tips at all. This desire will not be gratified by an increase in his bill, because he knows quite well that the additional amount thus exacted will not return to him in the shape of exceptional service to himself. Tip-giving is but a form of the old evil of special privilege hunting; it is an attempt to buy something exclusive, and if the wages of the waiter were to be quadrupled tomorrow his harvest of tips would not be seriously diminished.

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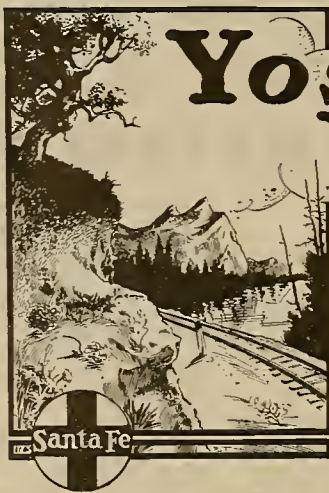
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But recently arrived, a shade bustling up to St. Peter. "My good man," said he, "will you tell me where I must go to get souvenir post-cards?" And St. Peter, eying him sourly, told him where he could go to.

The traveler exhibited a peculiar nervousness on seeing the long-legged, slim, fierce-looking hogs that roamed at will over the country. At length he asked a native sitting on a fence by the roadside: "Aren't these razorback hogs rather dangerous?" "I never heard of none of them doing any harm," remarked the native. "I think they must be safety razorbacks."

The village postmaster doubted that the animal offered for sale was really "a valuable watchdog," and eyed rather dubiously the nondescript canine. "Deed he am, hoss," asseverated Rastus. "But if he was as good a watchdog as you make out, how is it you want to sell him at all?" "Yo' see, hoss, it am dis way: In dese hard times I aint done got nuthin' to watch."

De Lancey Nicoll, the New York lawyer, discussing a celebrated case, gave his idea of a suspicious question—one of those suspicious questions which carry their own conviction with them. "It is just such a question as a gilded youth asked the head waiter in a Broadway restaurant the other morning. 'Was Blank here last night?' he hegan. 'Yes, sir,' the waiter answered. 'And,' said the youth, nervously, 'was I with him?'"

They passed a magnificent building during their travels. "That's a fine house," said Brown to Jones, "and yet I can not bear to look at it." "Why not?" asked Jones. "Why?" repeated Brown. "Because the owner huilt it out of blood, the aches, the groans of his fellow-men; out of the grief of children and the wails of women." "Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones: "the hrute! What is he—a money lender?" "Oh, no, dear friend; he is a dentist!"

When General Schenck, whose greatest fame rests upon his having introduced the game of poker into England, first arrived in London as American minister to the court of St. James he took a little of his spare time to visit the sights of the British capital. Among other places he visited Mme. Tussaud's wax works. "And what do you think of our great wax work exhibition?" asked a friend. "Well," replied the general, "it struck me as being very like the ordinary English evening party."

Hayti was in the midst of a revolution. As a phase of it two armed hodies were approaching each other so that a third was about to be caught between them. The commander of the third party saw the predicament. On the right government troops, on the left insurgents. "General, why do you not give the order to fire?" asked an aide, dashing up on a lame mule. "I would like to," responded the general, "hut, Great Scott! I can't remember which side we're fighting for."

The late Charles Eliot Norton was wont to deplore the modern youth's preference of brawn to brain. He used to tell of a football game he once witnessed: "Princeton had a splendid player in Poe—you will remember little Poe?—and Professor Norton, thinking of 'The Raven' and 'Annabel Lee,' said to the lad at his side: 'He plays well, that Poe.' 'Doesn't he?' the youth cried. 'Is he,' said Professor Norton, 'any relation to the great Poe?' 'Any relation?' said the youth, frowning. 'Why, he is the great Poe.'"

Being pursued by a farmer and his three sons after being caught in the chicken yard, a young colored person had just made up his mind that he was not eluding his followers as quickly as might be when a long-eared jack rabbit jumped up from the roadside and started down the road ahead of him. The would-be chicken thief had run a few hundred feet further when the farmer and his boys were astonished to hear the negro shout, in a voice that quavered with fright, though unrestrained: "Say, for de Lord sake, yo' rahhit, get out ob de way and let some one run who can run."

In a volume lately published in London, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," there is this queer anecdote of the vagaries of social life in the capital: Some years ago an eminent personage accepted, or suggested, a dinner with a certain millionaire, at that time comparatively unknown. The first guest to arrive, having explained to the hutter that being unacquainted with his host he would wait till some one else came who could introduce him, lingered in the hall. The second was in the same predicament, as were the third, fourth, fifth, and other guests up to the ninth, who chanced to be "the eminent personage" himself. Upon the dilemma being explained to

him, he cheerfully said, "Oh, come along with me. I will introduce you all—I know him."

Two men from New York awoke one morning to find themselves in Savannah. Remembering that they were in a prohibition State, and having a thirst worthy of their surroundings, the pair started out on a still hunt for an eye-opener. They were not acquainted and were in a quandary as to where to start on their quest, and while they were debating the question mentally between them they were approached by a pleasant-looking policeman, who wished them good morning. "Say, Jim," said one of the pilgrims to the other, "this is an opening. Here's a good fellow; let's ask him." It was agreed, and the officer answered their question by saying laconically, "Follow me." He walked them three hocks until they stood in front of the cathedral. Here he paused. The travelers looked at each other in astonishment. "Surely, my good man," said the first, "you do not mean to tell us that a hind tiger is being operated in church?" "You see the church, do you?" asked the policeman solemnly. "Yes," assented the two. "Well, that is the only place in Savannah that you can't get it," said he.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Cut Up.

There was a man in our town,
And wondrous wise was he,
And with an axe and many whacks
He once cut down a tree.

And when he saw the tree was down,
With all his might and main
He straightway took another axe
And cut it up again.

—Indianapolis Journal.

A Serious Love Spell.

A young lady sits in our choir
Whose hair is the color of foir,
But her charm is unique,
She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be noir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle
She gives me a beautiful smile;
And of all her beaux,
I am certain she sheaux
That she loves me the best all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new-saquee.
Cut low at the front and the baquee,
And a lovely houquet,
Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knaquee.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage her hand I will sique.
If she's not a coquette—
Which I'd greatly regruette—
She shall share my two sovereigns a wique.
—Boston Herald.

The Dear Girls.

That Christmas time is near at hand
Strong evidence I find,
For all the girls I know have grown
Of late exceeding kind.
—New York Herald.

Contented.

They are having fourteen inches of snow in Michigan,
And every time I read it I'm a plum' contented man;
My habies are a-playin' with their curls hare in the sun,
And the butterflies are driftin' where they laugh and romp and run,
And a mockin' bird is liftin' of his voice up for to sing
And I'm pushin' of the baby in the little old rope swing,
And I stop to pick an orange for the little kids to eat,
And they clamber on the seesaw an' set there an' swing their feet.

I kin see the snow a-driftin' in my mind's eye,
And I turn
From the picture with a shiver, where the lily and the fern
And the roses are a-growin', and the kids are laughin', too;
And I see the clouds a-driftin', and the skies are warm and blue;
O, I never want to leave it, and I never want to go
Where the frost has gripped the country and the fence is hid by snow;
I prefer to see the children sit bareheaded in the swing,
And to hear the birds a-hidin' in the leafy trees to sing.

I prefer the good old summer lasting all the year around,
I prefer the blooming roses to the snow-drifts, and the sound
Of the little babies laughing to the moaning of the wind
As it whirls around the corner in the night and shakes the blind,
Like the spirit of all mischief was a-ridin' on the storm,
And you can't build up a fire that will half ways keep you warm.
Let them have their fourteen inches of cold snow in Michigan,
I'm a-hangin' out in Texas, and am a contented man.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A. Hirschman

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BANKING



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Christmas cheer and family reunions have caused a slight cessation of the gaieties of the winter, but it is merely a pause, and the two months before Lent will be even busier in the social world than the first half of the winter has been.

The wedding of Miss Amy Porter, daughter of Mrs. M. C. Porter, to Mr. William Bethune Ireland will take place on Tuesday evening, December 29, at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. C. M. Clarke, in Presidio Terrace.

The wedding of Miss Frances Helen Trent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamartine Trent, to Mr. Harold Power took place on Tuesday of last week at the home of the bride's parents at Auburn. Mr. and Mrs. Power spent a fortnight in Southern California and will be at home at Bullion, California, after January 15.

Among those who entertained before the Nordica concert at the St. Francis last week was Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who had as her guests Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Count d'Abbas, Miss Alyce Sullivan, Mr. Franklin Gregory, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. S. G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Mr. Downey Harvey.

Mr. Harry Scott entertained at dinner in the Hotel St. Francis last Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss de Young, Mr. Ferdinand Theriot, Mr. Cyril Tobin, and Mr. Charles de Young.

The members of the Burlingame Club will entertain at a fancy dress dance on New Year's Eve.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio will entertain at a dance on Wednesday evening, December 30.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy will entertain at an informal dance for Miss Harriet Pomeroy on Tuesday evening next at her home on Clay Street, instead of the following evening as originally announced.

Miss Katherine Farrell will entertain at a luncheon on Wednesday, December 30, in honor of Miss Anna Weller.

Mrs. James L. Flood was the hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe. Those present were Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Florence Hopkins.

Miss Leslie Page entertained at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Elizabeth Woods.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was the hostess at a luncheon at the St. Francis on Monday of last week.

Miss Gertrude Perry entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Monday last in honor of Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at her home on Broadway, taking her guests afterwards to the concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week before the Greenway dance in honor of Miss Elizabeth Woods. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Marian Miller, Mr. Rudolph Bertheau, Mr. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Mr. Almer Newhall, Mr. Edwin Newhall, and Mr. Frank Langstroth.

Mrs. J. J. Brice was the hostess at a tea on Saturday afternoon last at the Hotel Knickerbocker in honor of Miss Anna Weller. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. George Holcombe, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Justine McClanahan, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Hanna Du Bois, Miss Emily Du Bois, Miss Ethel McAllister, and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt was the hostess at an informal tea at her home on Broadway on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Miss Cora Smedberg entertained at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon last at her apartment at the Hillcrest.

Miss Dolly MacGavin was the hostess at an informal tea on Sunday last at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Elsa Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper entertained at an informal tea on Friday

afternoon of last week in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

Mrs. A. H. Loughborough entertained at an informal tea at the Fairmont on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt was the hostess at an informal tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis, who has been in town for a few weeks, returned this week to her Bakersfield ranch for the Christmas holidays. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, who arrived on Sunday last from New York for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin (formerly Miss Pauline Duncan) arrived last Saturday from Ishpeming, Michigan, and are spending a brief time at the Girvin country place at Menlo Park before coming to town to make their home.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt left on Friday of last week for the East, after a stay here of a month's duration.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Mr. Allen Kittle will leave early in January for Egypt, where they will spend the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have closed their Burlingame home and are at the St. Francis Hotel for a month's stay.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker have returned from a brief trip to New York.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. Rosenstock have gone to Southern California for the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee are spending the winter in town and have a house on California Street.

Miss Sara Coffin has returned, after a brief visit in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard will leave early in January for a visit to New Orleans, and will probably go to Europe before returning to California.

Mrs. E. A. Selfridge has returned from a stay of some weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Pope and Mrs. William H. Taylor have returned, after spending several months in Europe and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent are planning to go abroad in January.

Miss Margaret Tucker, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, will not return to her home in Virginia until after the New Year.

Mrs. Alston Hayne and Miss Roherta Heath left this week for Santa Barbara for a stay of several days.

Mrs. John F. Swift has returned to her home in Berkeley, after a visit to relatives in Norfolk, Virginia.

Dr. Henry Stevens Kiersted, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kiersted left last week for Philadelphia, where they will spend several weeks as the guests of relatives.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin leaves in a day or two for Shasta, where he will remain for some time.

Miss Willatta Hill has come down from her home in Wawona for a few days and is at the Fairmont Hotel.

Among diplomats recently at the Fairmont Hotel was the Hon. J. H. Van Royen, minister plenipotentiary and ambassador extraordinary from Netherlands to Tokyo, Japan. Mr. Van Royen was accompanied by Mme. Royen and children, with maids and valet.

Among recent arrivals from Los Angeles at the Fairmont Hotel were Mr. Frank S. Hicks, Mr. J. C. Thompson, Mr. J. B. Alexander, Miss Margaret Drake, Mr. Charles Drake, Mrs. James W. Winston, children, and maids, and Mr. T. A. Hays.

Dr. and Mrs. David Cohn and Miss Edith Cohn have returned from Europe and are occupying apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst is occupying her apartments at the Fairmont for a few days.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst arrived in San Francisco on Tuesday and has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro are back at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have come up from Burlingame to spend a month at the St. Francis.

Miss Agnes Tillmann, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., who went abroad in the spring, was recently joined by her father, and they expect to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives in Germany, afterwards making a tour of the Continent.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mrs. O. G. Hallett, Miss Mary Hallett, Mrs. H. Bush, Mrs. B. W. Stone, Mr. B. W. Stone, Miss J. Snyder, Mrs. Kate Webster, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lierly, Mr. E. B. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith, Miss Lucille Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Linzee.

Among recent registrations at the Hotel Argonaut are: Dr. H. B. F. Christian, Philadelphia; Mr. L. B. Fulton, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Morton, Sacramento; Mr. R. Glocking, New York; Mr. H. E. Cosgrove, Seattle;

Mr. Dale Burgess, Denver; Mr. C. Eaton Young, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Gould, Bakersfield; Mr. and Mrs. L. S. G. Glass, Los Angeles; Mr. F. G. Calkins, Los Angeles; Mr. C. Rosen, Germany.

The Gadski Concerts.

Mme. Johanna Gadski, one of the world's greatest artists, will appear at the Van Ness Theatre, under the Greenbaum direction, for two concerts, Sunday afternoon, January 10 and 17. On these occasions Mme. Gadski will offer programmes quite different from any she has previously sung in this city, with the exception of the Wagnerian numbers, without which a Gadski programme would scarcely be accepted. Mme. Gadski is an active member of the Metropolitan Opera House company, but put a clause in her contract giving her six weeks in which to make this concert tour.

Mail orders for this attraction will be received and filled in order of their receipt. They must be accompanied by check or money order and made payable to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where all communications should be addressed.

It is probable that Mme. Gadski will appear at a matinée in Oakland, but the date for this event has not been definitely decided on. It will be announced next week.

Prices for the Gadski concerts will range from \$2.50 down to \$1.

Hother Wismer's Concert.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Hother Wismer, the violinist, at his concert at the Fairmont, Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Wismer proved more than a satisfaction to his many friends, and a delight to all who heard him for the first time. He has gained in technic and in the ability to interpret the composer's work since his appearances in the days before he went abroad. There is a suggestion of Kreisler in his earnest, serious manner, and in his firm grasp of the quality of his music. He feels the beauty and strength of the compositions he plays, and is able to govern his moods. Frederick Maurer played the accompaniments admirably, Mrs. Blanchard sang with her usual grace and charm, and Mrs. Wismer, in a list of songs that might well have been longer, was in voice and artistic expression invariably pleasing.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, the actress, will appear in vaudeville shortly after the new year. She will begin her engagement at the Lincoln Square Theatre in New York and will receive \$2000 a week for a season of twenty weeks. It is asserted incidentally that Mrs. Potter's relatives and former friends have attempted to persuade her to drop the "Potter" from her stage name, even offering her a large monetary consideration to do so. Mrs. Potter is the daughter of Colonel David Urquart of Louisiana. She was married to James Brown Potter, son of Howard Potter and partner of Brown Brothers & Co., the bankers, at the age of sixteen. In 1887, at the height of her social career, when she was associated with Mrs. Paran Stevens and Ward McAllister, she made her appearance in the Haymarket Theatre, London, as Anne Silvester in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife."

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

The promotion of Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., to his present rank was confirmed by the Senate on December 14. Lieutenant-Colonel Walter L. Finley, General Staff, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Department of the Lakes and will proceed to San Francisco and report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as chief of staff. He will arrive here about January 1.

Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Abercrombie, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, from leave of absence, is assigned to temporary duty at headquarters, pending the sailing of the transport from this port on or about January 5, when he will stand relieved and proceed on that transport to Manila, Philippine Islands.

Major W. W. Forsyth, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report by letter to the Secretary of the Interior for assignment to duty as superintendent of the Yosemite National Park in addition to his duty as commanding officer of the troops designated for the protection and administration of the park. Major Forsyth will sail from the Philippines not later than February 15 for San Francisco.

Major John P. Hains, paymaster, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in Chicago, Illinois, to take effect upon the expiration of his leave of absence, and will then proceed to San Francisco and report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty.

Major John S. Parke, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, is assigned to temporary duty at headquarters pending the sailing of the transport on January 5, when he will stand relieved and proceed on that transport to Manila.

Captain Cornelis C. Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report by letter to the Secretary of the Interior for assignment to duty as superintendent of the Sequoia and Grant National Parks in addition to his duty as commanding officer of the troops designated for the protection and administration of the parks.

Captain Herbert B. Crosby, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service and will proceed to Fort Slocum, New York, and report in person on January 1 to the commanding officer of the recruiting depot at that post for duty.

Captain Charles B. Drake, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the recruiting station, Fort Slocum, New York, and will proceed to join his regiment.

Captain Hugh K. Taylor, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service and is ordered to proceed to Fort Slocum, New York, for ten days' instruction in methods of examining recruits, proceeding then to Birmingham, Alabama, for recruiting duty at that place.

Captain James M. Wheeler, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been appointed district ordnance officer to succeed Captain Solomon Avery, Jr., U. S. A., discharged from the service.

Captain Edwin G. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to the commanding officer, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for surgical treatment.

Captain Henry B. Clark, quartermaster, U. S. A., has had his orders amended so as to direct him to take station temporarily at Seattle, Washington, in connection with his duties as constructing quartermaster at Fort Ward, Washington.

Captain William H. Bertsch, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the recruiting depot, Fort Slocum, New York, and will proceed to join his regiment. Upon his arrival in San Francisco, en route to the Philippines, he will report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty, pending the departure of the transport on which he may secure accommodations.

Captain William L. Reed, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from recruiting duty at Evansville, Indiana, and ordered to rejoin his regiment. He will be stationed at Fort Mason and will command that post.

Commander J. H. Sears, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Concord* and ordered to duty as naval attaché at Tokio and Peking.

Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Wilson, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, ordered home, and granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant William T. Carpenter, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect on or about January 1.

Lieutenant Ralph A. Jones, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Mason, has, under exceptional circumstances, been granted leave of absence for two months, to take effect at once.

Lieutenant Russell James, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Mason, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty, relieving Lieutenant Jones, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., while on leave.

Lieutenant Luther Felker, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, Lieutenant Harry Pfeil, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, Lieutenant James H. Burns, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, Lieutenant William C. Russell, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Lieutenant William C. Whitener, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Lieutenant Robert J. Binford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, and Lieutenant George C. Bowen, Twentieth Infantry, Fort Shafter, Honolulu, H. T., have been selected for a course of instruction at the School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey, and will report to the commandant of the school on or before January 3.

The battalion of the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Major Samuel W. Dunning, stationed at Fort Shafter, Honolulu, will remain there during the tour of duty in the Philippine Islands of the headquarters and two battalions of that regiment sailing from this port in June.

American Chivalry.

The London *Chronicle* has a good word to say for American chivalry. It is not in vain, we are told, that American men call their attitude towards women "chivalrous." It is in fact a precise reproduction of that of sixteenth-century Italy, allowing for difference of idiom—a quite delightful difference. Here, for example, are the two declarations in regard to a gentle fiction of love intended to offer woman an appropriate but temporary compliment. This is the word of Count Baldassare Castiglione, writing of high life and manners: "Discourse of love is used by every gentleman . . . not only when impelled by passion, but also merely to do honor to the lady with whom he speaks. The pretense of loving her is at any rate a testimony to her worthiness to be loved. She, on her part, will for a time seem to fail to understand, and anon will take it all as a merry jest."

And here is the American gentleman's equivalent course of action. He was telling us of the visits of girls to country houses of the South where he and his contemporary young men were also guests. "We want to give them a good time," he said (generous wish! we can hardly imagine any other nation's men deliberately setting out with it), "and so we always propose to them." "Well, that is no doubt cheerful," said the Englishman, "and they, of course, understand it. But," he added, as an afterthought that apparently had not occurred to Count Baldassare Castiglione, "suppose one of them should take your courtship in earnest." "Then," said the American, and the fine phrase of the sixteenth century could not have been more expressive, "Then, of course, I should see her through."

Mme. Sembrich, the mischievous Rosina, the sprightly Zerlina, the brilliant Violetta, the grief-stricken Lucia, astonished the musical world recently with the announcement that she would retire from the operatic stage when her season ends in February at the Metropolitan. Mme. Sembrich said: "I have been thinking of it for a long time, and thought I had realized the full extent of what retirement means, but when I saw it in print I only then knew what renunciation meant. I know now why artists sometimes remain too long on the stage, and this was something I wished to avoid. It is not for the income, it is not through vanity, it is not that they do not know that they have no longer the charm of youth, but it is through love—through love of that dear public, to give up which is like parting with one of the dearest members of a family. You see perhaps we idealize the public as much as the public idealizes us. It is near us with its affection and admiration, it is far from us in the small things and the disagreeable events of daily life, just as from the stage they do not see the human weaknesses from which we all suffer."

Readers of "Gulliver's Travels" are naturally brought up sharp when first confronted by the word Houyhnhnm, the name given to the half horse half man creature, whose reasoning power Dean Swift makes so acute. The word is obviously an attempt to spell out the sound given by a horse's neigh—what the philologists call nomatopoeia—but one hesitates to pronounce it. An eminent English authority—no less than Professor Saintsbury—approves its pronunciation to rhyme with minim, and it has been so used in English verse.

Two notable weddings among stage and literary people are of recent record. John Fox, Jr., the novelist, was married to Fritzi Scheff, the comic-opera prima donna, a few days ago. Eugene W. Walter, the playwright and former newspaper man, was married the first of the present month to Charlotte Haden, known on the stage as Charlotte Walker, and who is a star in "The Warrens of Virginia," produced by David Belasco.

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THE BLUE MOON—A story of mystery and romance in the quest of a lost mine in Nevada. This is the latest novel by Mary Austin, famous as the author of "The Land of Little Rain." It begins in January and will run through six numbers.

DEFENSE OF THE PACIFIC—Two stirring articles, profusely illustrated, and written from army and navy standpoints. Naval Constructor H. A. Evans discusses from the viewpoint of an expert the vital question of provision on the Pacific Coast for the care of a great fleet. Colonel M. P. Maus, U.S.A., who commanded the recent army maneuver camp at Atascadero, points out what such schools of war mean to the country's defense.

JIMMIE—The \$500 prize story, a tale of the desert and the mystery of man's soul. A powerful tale by a new writer, Ralph W. Gilman.

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9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
*8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	4:14 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	19:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	9:45 A.		1:40 P.	SATUR- DAY	1:40 P.
Tamal- pais only	11:15 A.		4:40 P.	DAY	3:10 P.
Muir Woods only	12:45 A.		5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
Ticket Office	1:45 P.	Tamalpais only		9:50 P.	6:40 P.
	3:45 P.	Muir Woods only			8:15 P.
	14:45 P.				

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Maud—Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her. Ethel—I said she would lower herself by marrying him.—*Boston Transcript.*

Braidsen Tapes—Yes, I'm fired: Discharged without any reason! Silkson Thredd—Well, you didn't have any when you took the job, did you?—*Syracuse Herald.*

Ella—I'm going to hang up my stocking on Christmas. Stello—What for? Ella—By special request of papa and mamma. You know they believe in Santa Claus.—*Life.*

"Mr. Chairman," began the man who is unaccustomed to public speaking. "I—er—I—er—I—er—" "Well," interrupted the chairman, kindly, "to err is human."—*Washington Herald.*

"You don't seem to be keeping up your tennis." "Well, I don't know so much about tennis," remarked the Washington official. "I don't know if it's as good a game as golf."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Curate—And so, Mrs. Howard, you come to church every Sunday? Mrs. Howard—Yes, Mr. Priestley, we're such strangers in town yet that we have no other engagements.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"That man who was here just now seemed to move you a great deal?" "He did." "By a touching story?" "No; by three loads in two wagons, and he broke nearly every piece."—*Baltimore American.*

Mr. Highbrow—It was Michelet, I believe, who observed that "woman is the salt of a man's life." Miss Keen—Quite true! Young men aren't half so fresh after they get married.—*Boston Transcript.*

Husband—Well, what did the phrenologist say about Willie's head? Wife—Nothing. He simply sighed and handed me my money back! Husband—Just as I expected—be's going to be a poet!—*Puck.*

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work." "So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Minister—Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh? The Deacon—No, sir, I don't. You've been preachin' on the subject o' resignation fur two years, an' ye hivna resigned yit.—*Exchange.*

"You ought to know better, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapsling, reprovingly, "than ask me what the difference is between courage and bravery. They are pusillanimous terms and mean the same thing."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Will father be an angel?" asked the little boy. "He's got whiskers, and angels don't have any." "Well," replied the grandmother, "your father may get there, but it will be by a close shave."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"What do you think!" exclaimed the theatrical star, proudly. "They are going to name a new cigar after me." "Well," rejoined the manager, "here's hoping it will draw better than you do."—*Chicago News.*

"Which do you think affords greater pleasure, pursuit or possession?" "I don't know," answered the man with a motor-car. "Possession is a fine thing. But I have sometimes suspected that the police get more fun out of my machine than I do."—*Washington Star.*

Playwright (describing play)—Then you have a very strong scene when you trample on all the ties of home affection, and—*Well-known Actor*—Cut that out. *Playwright*—But it's a very strong scene. *Well-known Actor*—Maybe so, but I don't propose to tramp on any ties.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"What is your daughter doing now, Mrs. Dagny?" "She's workin' downtown in an office." "I suppose she must get pretty good wages." "Yes, but it's awful hard work. When she come home last night she was all wore out, havin' copied more than 300 letters on a heliotrope."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"That's a nice-looking chap at the next table," said the young man who was treating his best girl to a lobster supper. "Is he a friend of yours?" "Yes, indeed," laughed the pretty girl. "Well, er—I think I'll ask him to join us." "Oh, this is so sudden!" "What's so sudden?" "Why—why, that's our young minister."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"I don't know much about the politics of your country," remarked the visiting Englishman, "but I have read of your politicians. Mr. Bryan belongs to what is known as the Democratic party, does he not?" "No, sir," answered the man with the bulging brows. "What is known as the Democratic party belongs to Mr. Bryan."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"The constable seems wonderfully certain about the details of my case," said a defendant, with a sneer; "but how is it he doesn't call his fellow-officer to corroborate what he says?" "There's only one constable stationed in the village, sir," explained the policeman. "But I saw two last night," indignantly asserted the defendant. "Exactly," the policeman rejoined, smiling broadly. "That's just the charge against you."—*Stray Stories.*

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