



JOSIE CARR, THE SELF-ACCUSED KILLER OF BABY MURRAY.

At the Court of St. James

INSTINCTIVELY we separate the American ambassador from all his colleagues in the diplomatic corps, rather over-enthusiastically cries The London Mail. "He is the only one who really reaches the masses. He is the only one in whom the people as a whole, have any interest. Of him alone it is expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One never hears of the Russian or German ambassador being asked to lecture before a philosophical or historical society, or invited to a literary dinner. They and their colleagues are permitted to stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. They may entrench themselves behind the camps of society and officialdom, and none will seek to drag them forth. The public at large knows nothing of them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American ambassador never is—they are foreigners, and we do not care to know them by name. We ought to make a distinction, and we do make a distinction, between the American and other ambassadors. It would be against the grain of nature if we did not. We simply cannot help treating him rather as a distinguished national guest than as an accredited official. "Given before he lands on English soil he is pounced upon by the mayor and corporation of Southampton, and

prizes. Political leagues expect him to tell them all about the United States supreme court. The historic city companies never once let go of him. He is a standing feature of the toast list of the Guildhall banquet. Charitable and philanthropic societies pursue him relentlessly. Workmen's institutes, trading on his democratic sympathies, bid for an evening's loan of his presence and voice. Libraries refuse to be opened except by him. He is the obvious man to unveil a bust or a portrait. The organizers of a dinner in honor of a famous English cartoonist turn to the American embassy for the orator of the occasion. "After all, I suppose, it is partly America's own fault. She should not send us such charming, cultivated,

after-dinner speaker, and able and willing at any time to deliver an address. And so he invariably is. Why, then, should we not use him for our profit and entertainment? "At present we turn the American ambassador into a sort of lecturer to the nation, and demand from him at every turn eloquence and yet more versatility. We launch him on an oratorical tour from Land's End to John o' Groat's in placid forgetfulness that he may, after all, have business of his own, or his country's, to attend to. I can imagine Whitehall's regret at this moment, as it reads the standard of the day, re-reading all the standard authors he has forgotten, composing char-

acter sketches by the bushel of famous Americans, working up 'local color,' and dictating not less than one 'occasional address' a day. Only by thus arming himself beforehand will he be able, when he has settled down among us, to feel himself a free man."



MISS HENRIETTA CROSSMAN. The Inn Scene in "Mistress Nell," in which Miss Henrietta Crossman appears at the Princesses this week.

broad-gauged men. Adams, Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay and Choate—what other country has sent us representatives to compare with them? The capacity of a long line of American ambassadors to warm both hands at the cheerful fire of English existence has been so palpable, their interests have so manifestly stretched beyond the humdrum gamut of protocol and dispatches, they touch life at so many more points than the ordinary professional diplomat, that we should hardly know what to do if the United States accredited to the court of St. James any one short of her best. A long-entrenched, unassailable, purely official American ambassador has become unthinkable to this country. We calmly take it for granted that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will be a first-class

Torquemada, Chief of the Inquisition

RECENT issue of The Saturday Review of London contains a letter by Edward Hutton, who writes entertainingly of a visit to the town where Torquemada, chief of the Inquisition,

the Puerta S. Teresa, it was of that great saint I was thinking and it seemed to me for a moment that it was easy to renounce the world in a land without trees, flowers or birds; and yet everywhere there are hedges of sweet briar, which, notwithstanding their sweetness, as she would have reminded herself, hide thorns. I came to the inn at last to find it full of tourists, Americans, who, under the guidance of one of their number, had been 'doing' the city, as they informed me. They seemed to think I should be glad of their company. At dinner, which is an early meal in Avila, they told each other of their adventures. But he who was the leader and guide began to speak of Santo Tomas in a loud voice, so that we all might benefit by his

knowledge. I did not hear the beginning of his discourse, for I was talking with an old Spaniard who sat beside me, but my attention was caught when I heard him say, " * * * and so I spat right there, on the tomb, and the monk didn't dare say anything, but he just looked. I can't tell you easily how he looked." My Spanish friend moved in his seat and asked me, "It is of the Tomb of Torquemada that he speaks?" I did not know, but at his request I asked. "Yes, sir, I'm telling you, aren't I? I spat right there on the tomb. I'm a free-born American, a liberty-loving, educated, independent minister, and I'm glad to have the chance to show the Spanish idolaters what I think of their man-burning devil." And so say

ing for me in the sacrists. After a minute he said, "My son, you are troubled, you are angry, what has happened? It is not well to sleep when one is angry." And somehow I told him all. Once or twice he smiled, but there were tears in his eyes as he led me to the bare slab of slate in the midst of that great room beneath which Torquemada sleeps. "It is true," he said, "we have forgiven him." There was a long silence, and then with a great deference he turned toward me and said, "If you will, señor, we will pray for him and for us all because—is it not so?—wherever one who is in need is left unaided, there passes an executioner and where two or three are gathered together in unkindness, there is the Inquisition." As we knelt I saw him wipe away the mark of scorn from the grave, with the strap of his cloak. "It is said that when a certain woman collected for interment the insouled remains of Nero, the pagan world surmised that she must be a Christian—only a Christian would have been likely to conceive so chivalrous a devotion toward mere wretchedness."

Something of this kind came into my mind as I knelt with the old father beside that rude slab of slate and tried to pray as of old that it might please Him to have mercy upon all men.

A Strong Resemblance.
Punch.
Fond young mother (with first-born): Now which of us do you think he is like?
Friend (judicially): Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you!

First Patent in China.
The Chinese government, according to German papers, has granted its first patent. It is for an electric lamp, the inventor of which is an inhabitant of Nanking, the old capital of the Chinese empire, who calls his lamp the "bright moonlight," and asserts that it is far superior to foreign glow lights that hitherto have been sold at Shanghai and other Chinese cities.

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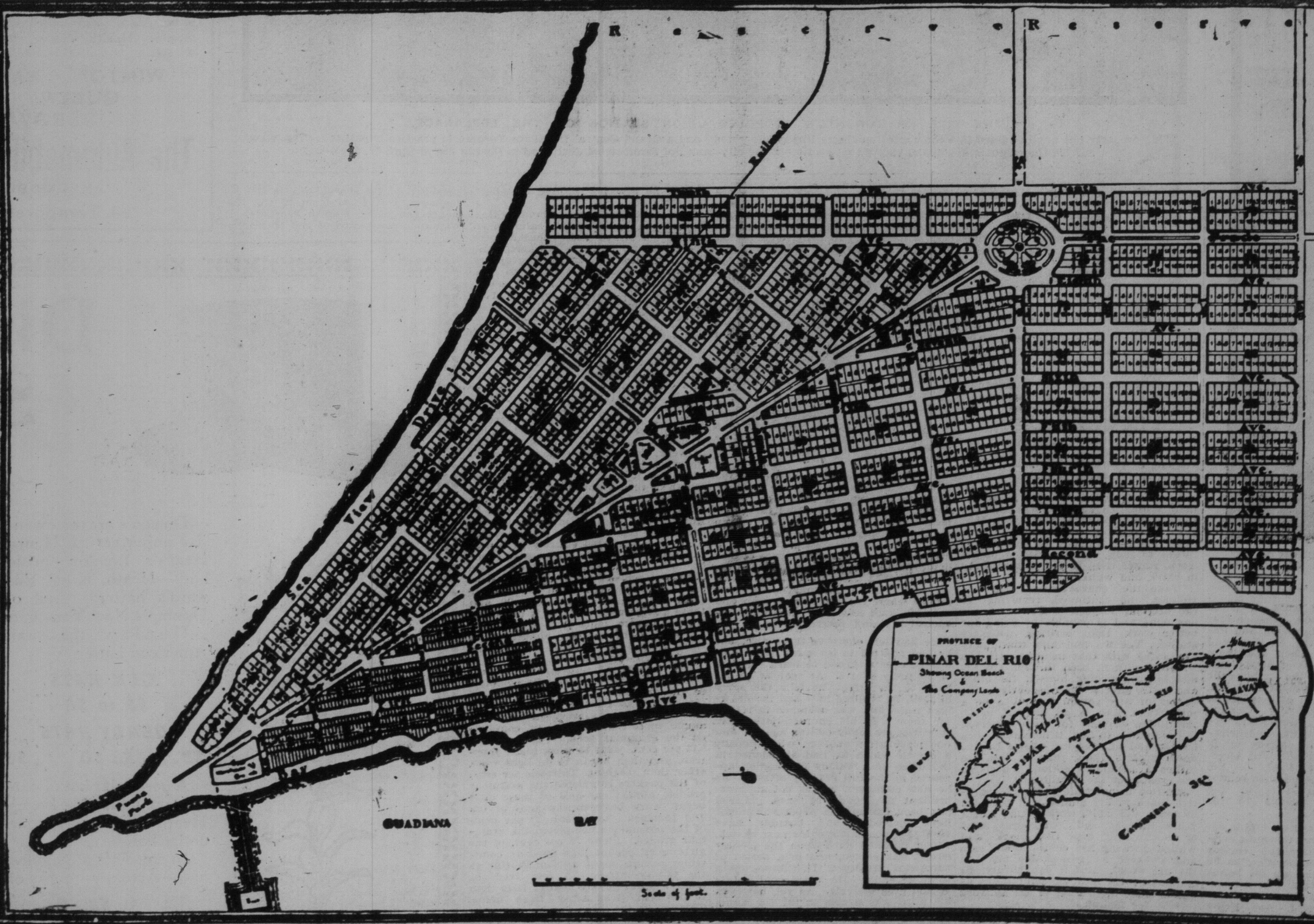
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