WOMAN'S PAGE

The Looker-On.

...And how affable they were, these men evil.

of pictorial work on copper by means Sheridan, and sent him post haste to of engraving on the metal in a man- the arms of the sweet-voiced Betty ner entirely different from either line Linley, who afterwards became his work or etching, although both pro- wife and the ancestress (if I rememcesses may come in before the plate ber correctly) of her own Lord Dufis completed. There has been such a ferin.

The tragic countenance of Sarah revival of interest in the art lately, and so many books on the subject have been recently published, that I have quite a choice from which to draw in explanation. I, therefore, turn to Cyril Davenport's book, entitled simply, "Mezzotints;" and from that work I take the following elucidations descriptions and ideas:

The tragic countenance of Sarah Siddons fronts us as we turn from looking at Mrs. Abington; Laurence has painted her as "Zara," one of her great dramatic successes.

A moment after we are face to face with gentle Mary Horneck, "the Jessamy Bride," the beloved of Oliver Goldsmith, for whose sweet sake the Goldsmith, for whose sweet sake the dear next suffered and agonized and

The preparation for the mezzotint with a rocker or wheel, or file, so to form his objects. One may scrape inferior soul. away too much, or, on the contrary, But the collection is by no not enough; but in either case mis- given up to the fair sex. claiming there are a number of men low.

Laurence Sterne, also, looks at one

I., and son of Frederick V., King of Shandy," the Prince found the marks had run much that was vile and ignoble. Dutchman, an officer of the Hessian army, one Ludwig Von Cassel, who sent some proofs of the

Certainly Prince Rupert brought the up enthusiastically, Sir Joshua Reymight have made himself master of shorn lamb. the process, but he never cared enough about it to do so. George the Earl of Chesterfield and William

collection in the Lenox Library. There quainted. beautiful Gorgiania, Duch-

"I can call spirits from the vasty shire after Reynolds, but this time deep," might, with a good deal of softened and humanized by the wonaerful spirit of motherhood; her child appropriateness, be the motto written upon her back. It needs but a sight I am able to gather something furover the door of the gallery, in the of this woman in all her pictured ther concerning the birth of his child Lenox Library, which contains, through the courtesy of Mr. Pierpont tion as she stops her chair on the through the courtesy of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. John Cadwalader and two or three other art connoisseurs level of the other art connoisseurs and two or three other art connoisseurs level of the like the courtesy of the flesh, the Old Church of St. Mary at Marylebone, at the end and collectors of New York city, the Walpole, to marvel and laugh at the Walpole, to marvel and laugh at the lember 12th, 1846, Robert Browning loan collection of British mezzotints wizard tricks of gesture or tone, in was married to Elizabeth Barrett, now on exhibition there. Such an array of personages whom one had known forever and a day in the great world of thought and imagination, one part world of thought and imagination.

Wizard tricks of gesture or tone, in imitation, of David Garrick, or to gaze in astonishment at the blundering, self-directed sarcasm of the poet Goldsmith. Again one follows her in the steps over which her feet had walked as she passed on her way to the steps over which her feet had walked as she passed on her way to become his wife (some men love so but who had never yet, perhaps, materialized for one even to the exercise as they are raised to bless her become his wife (some men love so, but not many), and there in the particle bakers and the candle-stick-making become his wife (some men love so, but not many), and there in the particle bakers are they are raised to bless her become his wife (some men love so, but not many). tent of the portrait form of the pretty face, and again one is con-

and women in their pictured beauty and Elizabeth Crewe, Nelly O'Brien, that of the birth and baptism of a or strength; all at their smiling best; and Elizabeth Crewe, Nelly O'Brien, or strength; all at their smiling best; and Elizabeth Crewe, Nelly O'Brien, little girl, with whose name there is no name of father or mother associations and a scornful glance castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic shrug, not a scornful glance of Rutland, Frances Kemble, Mrs. Castic from any one of them, but each, under the influence of contact with the greatness of the artist for whom he greatness of the artist for wh posed, and, perchance of the spirit state. One has met them every one of posterity on whose behalf, more especially, that artist strove at linea-especially, that artists strove at linea-especially, that artists strove at linea-especially is the strong and color and sarcastic but limitably cynical and sarcastic but li

ing being before him, the embodiment ed alike for her histronic genius, her of gracious beauty, of manly strength, of serious thoughtfulness, of valor, of dignity, or whatever the wished-for smiling, piquant face, that he was a worder I felt also a worder a worder who are the serious thoughtfulness of valor. attribute might be. No wonder I felt also a woman, a woman who amid at my ease, much more so than would all the temptations and the frivolhave been possible in the society of so many living persons, for how seldom it is that one is able to find living the solution of the solution ing persons in just such moods of when the time came, to sacrifice he accessible, gentle and courteous desire love to her honor; and one recalls with seriousness yet with gladness Now it may be well for the benefit too, that saddest day in her brilliant of the layman to explain that the career when she renounced forever art of mezzotinting is the production the man she loves, Richard Brinsley

dear poet suffered and agonized and who rewarded him with all that she consists in indenting a copper plate had to give—her friendship. "The Jessamy Bride" smiles at one out the surface is entirely covered the picture until one is fain to think a slight burr. On this ground- that after all the friendship of such work the artist, using a scraper and a woman was worth more to the a burnisher, so effaces the burred author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' portion as to leave enough standing than the love of many and many ar

be corrected and a final heavy old Samuel Johnson is there in result secured according to the en-dowment and artistic feeling of the physical personification of that craftsman. When the proper sort of weighty spirit within, that spiri paper is used after the surface has whose tendency forever was, as Gold been inked and the work put through smith so wittily put it, to "make little a press, there comes out a picture of fishes talk like big whales." One looks soft, velvety, painter-like quality, at the doctor, and one remembers which is generally effective. The art well no, not the dictionary, there every prevailed extensively over 100 years word gets its own bulk and nothing ago and it is claimed is to-day more, but let us say "Rasselas," and among the lost. This writer, however, mentally one pats Goldsmith on the takes a more optimistic view thereof, back and votes him a jolly good fel-

Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of with eyes that span the years, eyes the Rhine, possessor of many other vivid and vital and living still. Can titles of nobility, grandson of James this really be the author of "Tristram one thinks, and "The Senti-Bohemia, was long supposed to be the mental Journey?" and one remembers discoverer or inventor of mezzotinting, the episode of Le Fevre and the char-He died in London in 1682. On one occasion, so runs the tradition, he Trim, of Dr. Slop and Widow Wadman noticed a soldier trying to clean the with a sigh that so much that was barrel of his gun, which had been exquisite and delicate and worthy deeply bitten by rust. Examining it, and artistic should be backed by so together so as to form some sort of a picture, and from experiments he deduced the possibilities of so roughen-circumstances which made the maning a metal plate in certain lines as to enable a print to be taken from it. The tale is romantic, but, like so many others handed down, is not country parson; Sterne the dissipated quite true. In point of fact, it was man-about-town is also Sterne the unique romanticist; Sterne, whose marvellous humor has entertained Seigen, who first used the roulette or generations of readers, and whose exwheel alone for engraving a picture quisitely drawn characters are so fine The work thus executed be indeed rather real personages come was a portrait of the Landgravine into one's memory through experience than pen-and-ink men and women out of the pages of a book. Let us think of his wandering childhood, of how early he was left an orphan, art to England, where it was taken and above all of his perfunctory or nolds claimed that it was the best had no spiritual nor no physical qualdination to a profession for which he manner in which to reproduce por- ifications; of the wit and the intellect traiture, and it seems his particular nature had given him, of the hard manner of painting lent itself partic- blows fortune dealt him at the outularly well to mezzotinting, many of set of his life—those twenty-one monhis canvases being thus reproduced. otonous years of life in a country But all these Georgian painters were he detested and in the service of inspirations for the engravers, and a creed to which he subscribed merely mass of work has been left behind as a form and a convenience-and which in many cases conveys ade- then of the sudden rise to fame and quately most of the qualities of the position, the quick turn of fortune's Benjamin West, it seems, wheel which landed him in London, was the most copied of all the his- the most lionized man in a witty and torical painters of his day in London. intellectual profligate set. Let us, on The great Turner mezzotnted many the whole temper our judgment as plates, and, it is said, had he chosen heaven tempers its wind-"to the

Morland was another of the early Wycherly and Charles James Fox, the pictures were opponent of Pitt and the friend of widely reproduced by this means, and Burke and the father of colonial selfthey had, and have, even now, a large government, and Gir Hyde Parker, His two brothers-in-law were captain of the Phoenix, and George the engravers who made most of the Canning and David Garrick and Sir plates, one of them acting as pub- Joshua Reynolds himself, and a host of other celebrities with whom his-But to return to our subject-the tory and literature have made us ac-

But the most interesting portraits ess of Devonshire; a whole exhibition of all, perhaps, are those of Lady face of her. Gorgiania, Duchess of Devon-Hamilton (Emma Hart) and Horatio. shire after Gainsborough; the cele- Lord Nelson. The picture of Nelson is brated picture with the large hat, the after Abbot and that of the fair for his own sins, Horatia suffered for picture which was for so many years Emma is from the brush of that most the sins of others, while the divine, lost sight of and which was so lately interesting of all painters of portraits laughing face of Emma Hamilton, the and in such an extraordinary manner -Romney. Both pictures are the pro-Duchess of perty of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, but by tragic an incident as ever was lived Devonshire after Maria Cosway, in some strange fatality of cataloguing through by mortals, defied us now which picture the wonderful duchess and arrangement they are very far of the gentle, the apart, that of Lady Hamilton being with which Romney has decked her characteristics down stairs in the first gallery, while which it seems to me the splendid that of "England's Darling" is several rady in no sense possessed. Gorgiania, galleries off and reached only after Devonshire after Rey- one has climbed a long flight of mar- no justice in the world; no retribunolds, in all the glory, now, of her ble steps. Life shuffled them together tion with the powers who govern? own personal charm; the grande dame, like twin cards in a pack, but death We question, but there is no answer old I have been in love with Laura. the beauty, the wit, the belle. And has divided them even so far as to the further than the answer of a smile. says d'Annunzio. I have all the edi-

graves—well, Nelson lies where the even-handed justice commends the in- the morning, as I smoke my heavy pillars and arches of St. Paul's gredients of our poisoned chalice to cigarette, I read them over.' gather thick beneath the dome, and our own lips." and who knows but "We pass through a room hu

Nelson's life has been thrown lately, transgressor is hard. through a discussion which has sprung out of the publication of a new edi-tion of Robert Southey's "Life of Nelson," which Sir Humphry Davy called "an immortal monument raised PRINCIPALLY by genius to valor," and by that light -the little Horatia. Those of us who love Browning all know, even though tent of the portrait form of the physical! I felt strained, as one realizes the fascination she possesses, even at this late date and on paper or canvas, to pay strained. Scarce-ly one there but was, to a certain extent, a familiar.

Was, to a certain extent extent form the fascina
illuminative of the parish book in the queer old church of Marylebone, with its high day, as we learn from "The Uncomvery secret was the whole affair kept in the mirror.

Emma Hamilton, for whom he sinned that some time before the end came crimson and decorated with laurel. and suffered, she sleeps amid the that smooth brow was clouded, that laughing face grew serious and wrung says my host, pointing to the ceiling, as she was in life. unnatural mother realized, mentally if points connected with the tragedy of not physically, that the way of the

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires, beauty. François de Croisset, says the New York Globe, gives an interesting dreams at times, I tell my host. sketch of Gabriele d'Annunzio as he he replies.

and as he saw him

man that it is worth quoting almost joys riding. in its entirety. M. de Croisset first met the poet in Paris on the first, night of "La C'ttà Morta," at the end of the first act, when he came "Very pale, slightly bent, but with the springing step of youth, he (d'Annunzio) came into the room. Sarah

perbole. 'Well?' repeated Sarah, impatiently. 'Well'-and the author be- and his name was Victor Hugo. came very serious-'well, I think you others were merely men.'

"We pass through a room hung in

TVO VOCETOR SETTION HITTING TO THE

"This is the room of the wreath, is suspended, with 'Per Non Dormire' the centre.

"We enter the bedroom. On each marble, one the head of Juno, the other that of Flora.

"So that I may see at once something beautiful as I awake.'

'David;' on a music rack the sword of What is more beautiful than a real Malatesta; on the walls a pastel of poet of passion in the fulness of his Duse by Lembach, some cupids by conceit? In the current number of in the room breathes peace, order, Albani, and a Tintoretto. Everything

"'You must have very beautiful "'My dreams are always beautiful,

"We are now in the garden, on in his home in Italy, terrace, shaded by laurels and wistaria, AND HIS POSE. Altogether it is so and overlooking Florence, calm and beautiful. The conversation is now illuminative of the on horses. I ask the poet if he en-"I love it,' he answers. I love but

"'And your work?"
"'My work is my prison. I am condemned to hard labor by Glory.' "But you are a willing convict?" "'No. I simply obey to the genius

which each morning wakes in me.'

"The French had a god, only one, The

"'And what are you?"

"'I-I am a prophet." "There was a silence, and I asked ment and tint, at form and color and texture, at idiosyncrasy and temperative that he might set down with ment, that he might set down with truth to nature a fac-simile of the livery to nature a fac-simile of the livery the ambediment. There, too, one catches a glimpse truth to nature a fac-simile of the livery the ambediment of the control of the catches a glimpse truth to nature a fac-simile of the livery the ambediment of the catches a glimpse truth to nature a fac-simile of the catches a glimpse that a livery the ambediment of the catches a glimpse that a livery the ambediment of the catches a glimpse that a livery that artist strove at the catches and the catches and taken temporarily by Sir William shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit, and him if he never grew lonely, living all shone with monumental conceit. and I regret nothing."

NEW PLAY. given at the royal palaces by ama-

"Ivan the Terrible" is the first of

Ivan, surnamed "the terrible," was the fourth of his name and the first of all Russian rulers to assume the title of Tzar.

The tragedy is in five acts, and is to made by Mme. Sophie de Meissner, an American woman, who left her home lew abroad her young husband. Vlad-imir de Meissner, then secre ary of legation. Accompanying him to higher posts of diplomatic honor, Mme. de

The sons of France awoke, like their Marseillaise compatriots of old, and waved the Tri- SPRING A DEBUT AND color and the

Star Spangled SUMMER THEREOF. Banner together FABRICS.

audience since "Parsifal's" début or Caruso's farewell, and cleared, it is said, \$9,000 for the building fund of their Société Française de Bienfais-Oh! these Frenchmen have a way with them. And Parisian Pol Plançon had things his own way on the stage. Conservation of energy has made his rare appearances this season all the more remarkable. The little Faust was a mere puppet in the hands of this magnificent Red Devil who pursued the rather strait-laced Marguerite with the clutches of a fallen freight elevator and the nimblethe Italian Riviera at one bound. Mephistopheles was simply magnificent. Mme. Ackté made her postponed début and sang with a thin, metallic tone that sometimes warms to its work almost hopefully. It will be interesting to hear her next Saturday as Elsa, when a less nasal language and the experience of three times singing in our vast, abysmal Opera House will be in her favor.

Even at bargain sale prices. vocal velvet panne, all men say.

Elliott has sent out circulars calling attention to the gastronomic feat performed by the four children who play prominent part in the first act of Clair de Lune, Siliencieuse, and Mar-"Her Owo Way." It will be remembered that there is a birthday celebration, and that ice cream is its liant pastilles, the latter having small pièce de resistance. These four children each eat eight dishes of ice table immediately in front of the cream a week. They have been eating speaker sat the popular dramatic au- ice cream since September 24 last, which makes the allowance for each child 176 dishes, or 704 in all. This makes about eighty-eight gallons, and it is expected that a further forty- quite open in effect like etamine. The The titter of laughter with six gallons will be consumed before the end of the season.

> Nothing pleases Mme. Calvé more than to sing Provencal and beasant and old-time French ballads. Many of these she

> > has learned in

the Pyrenees

would sing old French children's legends to her hostess's little daughters. These songs are about animals and legendary lore which seems to be foundation of many songs of children.

of going to America his friends said the man to see was Charles Hoyt, who was then in London. They gave him THE JOKE to understand, or at

said he got the impression, that to play in the States without first seeing

MUSIC AND

"Ivan the Terrible" is a historical fingers, and was what Norris would tragedy of mediaeval Russia, and is have called a typical Yankee. He had the work of Count Alexis Tolstoi, a side of a monumental bed are two relative of Count Lyof Tolstoi. For a When Norris asked what was the busts, supported on columns of green long time, indeed until the accession possibility of getting a position in one of the present liberal-minded Czar Nicholas, no representation of the person of the Emperor of Russia was "Elsewhere were statues and busts permitted on the stage. Nicholas re--the 'Winged Victory,' Donatello's laxed the censorship in many directions, and in this one in order than "Ivan the Terrible" might be seen by his people. Private

> representations had MANSFIELD'S repeatedly been

teur casts made up of immediate members of the royal family during the twenty years previous to 1901, but in that year the company of the Theatre Alexandre, the state theatre, was given permission to present "Ivan the Terrible.

an historical trilogy by Count Alexis Constantinovitch Tolstoi, and its success encouraged the production of the second of the three, "The Tzar Feo-dor." These two ran concurrently for long period in St. Petersburg. The Literary and Dramatic Society of that capital devoted to the uncommercial development of the state, thereupon presented the third, "The Tzar Boris," The character of Boris Gudanof lis most 'conspicuous in "Ivan the Terri-

be played by Mr. Mansfield in seven scenes. The cast is long and the total number of people appearing will be considerably over one hundred. Pictorially it will reflect the barbaric prodigality of mediaeval Russia. The scenes and the costumes are modelled on plates loaned Mr. Mansfield by the directors of the imperial theatre in St. Petersburg. The translation was in Washington many years ago to fol-

This is how the New York Sun speaks of the début of Mme. Ackté, new, and therefore not comp the favorite of the Paris Grand Opera Voiles or veilings and etamines of

Meissner spent many years in the

European capitals.

THE CRITICISM

is more, they mustered the biggest who study economy in dress, as the

Crepe and crinoline of Ackté and Navál are a trifle shoppy after the silk, fast colors, and a yard wide, of Sembrich's "Traviata," as heard at the Saturday matinée. And the deep seal plush of the fabricque Caruso being exhausted, the market seems to offer no substitute before a new supply can be had next season. Cash! as the saleswo-The goods have been delivered and the management may keep the change.

The management of Miss (Maxine

and in that part of France where she travels each summer and around her own district where she has her château. All these change. The dense multitude outside places with the exception of Pau are liberty silks, so long in vogue, wear a little off the beaten track. Mme. Calvé often sings these ballads without accompaniment, seated in a great arm chair. Some years ago she used to visit the residence of a fashionable woman in this city and insist upon going into the nursery, where she fairies and Princesses shut up towers and contain a great deal

When William Norris first thought

HOYT. least from what they

be like making a tour without ager or advertising. He soon secured an introduction. Mr. THE DRAMA Hoyt was just what he had pictured an American to be. He wore a broad hat, shoole Norris's hand until he thought he had taken at least two a rugged, amusing bluntness, and an utter disregard for the conventional. of his American companies Hoyt thought he was joking. "You," he said smiling, "in my com-

panies? Why, you are too nice. I have no nice parts. I want a comedian.' Norris told him mildly that he could

sing and dance. "Sing and dance?" queried Hoyt. "But that won't pay your passage, boy. Take my advice and stay where you are.'

The next time Norris met him was in St. Paul's. Mr. Hoyt was going through with a guide, and Norris happened to catch sight of him and went with him through the cathedral. The guide was the usual guide—only a little more so. Hoyt was getting madder and madder. Finally they stopped before the tomb of Lord Nelson. The guide cocked his eye at the celling kissed his hand at the ing, kissed his hand at the celling, kissed his hand at the epitaph, and started off like this: "Ere, sir, lies the tomb of the greatest naval ero—Lord Nelson. The sarcophague weighs forty-two tons. Hinside a weighs forty-two tons. Hinside a steel receptacle, which weighs twelve tons, is the leaden casket, hermetically sealed, which weighs two tons. Hin-side that, sir, is the mahogany casket, and-

At this point Mr. Hoyt could hold in no longer. "Shut up, you blatherin cuckoo!" he yelled. "You've got him safe, ain't ye? If ye ain't—if the gentleman gots out—telegraph at my could be safe, and the safe out—telegraph at my could be safe. tleman gets out-telegraph at my expense.

In about four weeks Norris arrived in New York under his own auspices. Hoyt was then in San Francisco. Norris sent him the following unpaid message: "Nelson escaped. Wants to sing and dance." In exactly one week Mr. Hoyt gave him his first position in America.

FROCKS & FRILLS

The fabries to be used in the costumes of the coming spring and summer are already in the hands of the fashionable modistes and are b made up. Eolienne, a materia sembling both voile and crechine, is one of the best materia exclusive wear, and possesses the ditional merit of being comparate sorts are also to be much used, while the old and reliable crêpe de chines

AND

ing frocks. The chiffon voiles are extremely pretty, but the heavstand much more wear and tear an are better suited to street and gen-

are, as ever, to be made

up in dinner and even-

eral wear. The shepherd's plaid in black and white will still be with us, but it will probably be looked at askance wearing any decided pattern as soon as the less fashionable take it up. Linens will be much more worn than last season. In purchasing linens it should, however, be borne in mind that a large proportion of the so-called and high-priced "dress linens" are ness of an auto car taking a cliff of made of what is called unions; that is, cotton and linen, and that mercerized yarns are used to give the soft effect. These materials are, however, much better than the cheap all-linen fabrics, which are not shrunk, and which are manufactured from short-stapled tow. These linens, in blues, greens, ecrus, heliotropes, and certain shades of pink, will be made up in coats and skirts and in shirt waist suits, and all will properly have instep length skirts. For the coats and skirts the strapped seams and severe finish are in the best taste, but the shirt waist suits will have insertions of heavy laces in white, ecru, and the two combined. The 1830 yokes of lace, the lace sections joined by handwork, will be a favorite, and these frocks will have lace insertions in the skirts.

New crash weaves in linen are

ing shown that do not wrinkle, as

did the older styles. Japanese silks and Indias will be much used in shirt waist costumes for morning wear, and black taffeta is being made up in skirts and coats by tailors for certain of their customers. The coats are always short-Pongees are to be worn again this summer, and also the pongee quisette. Voile Ninon is a dull, transparent voile, having large and brildesigns in white. These are very pretty in black backgrounds with the pastilles or dots in various shades of blue scattered over their surface, Sometimes the background is covered with flowers, and the spots are white, Marquisette is a loose, soft silk voile, otner two materials are much like crêpe de chine, but have a more brilliant finish and are more pliable. Shan-tung silks, embroidered in large white or other colored spots, are a novelty.

Organdies, grenadines, and gauzes will be most worn for dinner will be most worn for dinner and evening gowns for summer wear. The organdies, with their enormous flowers, are especially striking, and the printed silk gauzes are exquisite. All these fabrics are extremely expensive, and all too quickly show signs of wear or soil. On the other hand, the standard nets, crepe de chines, and well, clean well, and cost no more at

the start. Printed Brussels nets and printed messalines are to be used for elaborate afternoon as well as evening gowns. These give the effect of the old brocaded silks of the eighteenth cen-These materials, however, are tury. used in small quantities only. A coming fashion is to be the use of ombré materials. Ribbons and veils are now on the market, and the

ombré cloths and silks are to follow. Ombré broadcloth is promised for next autumn. The pompadour, Dresden, or Watteau designs in silks, nets, and other thin

materials will be much in this summer. Barège and Picotine, the well-known American playwright, the latter something quite new, and checked taffeta silks are being made up in Paris, and will of course itably reach this side. Many of the taffetas show a mingling of several shades, usually two, that nearly conceal a white or ecru background. though this background is sometimes Hoyt would matching the checks.



Lady Hamilton's anxious the Oxford estate; but bore the humble itle of "East India Row," common consent the abode of a very wealthy, very respectable, very tireome class of people—the East India Merchant Princes of the early nine

teenth century. Here, one bitter winter's day, came into the world the little Horatia Nelson. Her advent was known only to he private secretary or agent of Sir William, the confidential maid and Hamilton family. Poor Horatia came Silenus distribute his cups. into the world, as I have said, on a snowy, winter's day. So soon as to the house of a professional nurse in Marylebone, not far from Harley of them Horatia was slipped, with her end in order to allow her to breathe, and stealthily carried down the Harley street steps by my lady, who drove with her to the obscure home of foster-mother. The child was delicate, poorly made, and plain-looking, says tradition. Perhaps over-exitement in her early years-to judge by the very dramatic scenes she played a part in-contributed to this A fortnight after her birth Nelson flew to London to see her, and she vas sent for-again in the muff-and brought to Harley street for his inspection. At his wish she was baptized; by how, or by whom, is not recorded, as the form of this baptism Accordingly, two years afterentry. wards, she was taken to Marylebone Parish Church-now called the Parish Chapel, a new parish church having Gabriel Nuncius, 1498. been built since that day-and formally baptized, not by the rector or a curate, but by a clerical friend of

So, with no names of parents, stands the entry in the Marylebone registers to this day, a strange record of byone conspiracy that was, one the whole, rather clumsily done. Nelson in Abbot's picture is always

furtive-looking, but down through all candor and purity laughs the lovely face of Emma Hamilton as Romney painted her; a deathless chaland enigma. Nelson suffered lenge arch-conspirator and leader in as and always from under the wreath radiant brow. Has character no in-fluence upon countenance? Did she always smile as here? Is there then

care. In those days Harley street was Paris M. de Croisset used to meet him funny 'scene at the scene often in drawing rooms and at "five The demigod sat enthroned 'eloeks." n the midst of a court of pretty women. The author of "The Triumph of Death" would let fall his smiles now on this one and now on that as one neditated in silence, and the women waited, shiveringly. Then his eyes would glow and he would turn to one the chosen-and toss her, as if giving alms, some finely chased phrase. nurse, and to one member of the Thus to young panting Bacchantes did

"I saw him again in Florence," continues M. de Croisset, "at the home of the Countess of Ferchenstein, the sister of Mme. de Talleyrand. I was surprised. It was with difficulty that I recognized in the cordial and affable large and capacious, with enormous man of then, the glorious stranger of frills of fur and satin; and into one affected manners for whom Paris had for a moment felt deep concern. In little face just sticking out from one Florence, at home, surrounded by his friends, he seemed himself. He was lever, talkative, charming-voluble, He appeared to me younger, even. less prepared and set, more sympathetic. He invited me to dinner the next day at his villa, at Settignano. As my carriage pulled up in front of he ivy-covored cottage, the poet, in riding boots, and with riding crop inder his arm, and surrounded by his down. orward to greet me.

"Dinner was served in a large was such that it received no church oxidized silver candelabra were every- is advertised to deliver a week hence where. In the centre of the room was a lecture on "The Indifference of the CALVE AS A nissal.

"'That.' said the poet, pointing to the inscription, 'is the translation of humor. my name. I must have lived in the fifteenth century at the time of the

first Renaissance." "Upon the ceiling a laurel mire' ('Lest you be tempted to sleep;' tern, careworn and sad; Horatia, the a desk loaded down with books is the green bronze. Alongside of it is a "'Two of the things immortal,"

broke in my host; 'youth and death.' "At the entrance to the hall a grill of forged iron, with the Visconti vipers and pine cones for design. "That is my emblem," d'Annunzio, 'pine cones. Some day

Italy will picture me with that emblem in hand.' "Here and there are paintings: rirgin by Catena, a drawing by Gio- Mrs. Grundy behind the scenesvanni Bellini, another by Francesco; some busts, among them one by Verrochio, and prominently displayed

rare edition of Petrarch. again Gorgiania, Duchess of Devon- matter of their portraits. As for their Yet pause; Shakespeare says-"This tions of Petrarch's sonnets to her. In subject, abruptly changed it.

Says Toby, M. P .: - There painters'

THE POET LAUREATE AND MRS. GRUNDY.

vide the scenic new pieces and old dramas. The hosts included the leading managers and actors of the day, with a sprinkling of authors, journalists, barristers, and members of both Houses of Parlia-

In the course of a speech proposing one of the toasts, the Poet Laureate. with characteristic freshness of touch and originality, dragged in Mrs. Grundy. It so happened that at the thor, Mr. Sydney Grundy. All unconscious of the co-incidence, and charmed with his idea, the Poet Laureate pursued Mrs. Grundy up and dogs-four very fine greyhounds-came which the first allusion was greeted by those seated near the author of "A Pair of Spectacles" grew into a hapel-like room, on a carved church roar as guests at adjoining tables saw able in front of a wooden bench deli- and took up the joke. As for the cately sculptured. Wax tapers in Poet Laureate, he was delighted. He lectern on which there lay an open Public to the Higher Forms of Poetry." BALLAD SINGER. On the walls in Latin was, This is really not a joke, though it reads like one. No one will accuse Mr. Alfred Austen of a sense

Howeven, here was a pleasant might be unable to rise to the heights of appreciation of "Randolph, a Tale circling this motto: 'Per Non Dor- of Polish Grief;" of "Alfred the Great, England's darling," not to mention the literally, 'in order not to sleep'). On ode on Dr. Jameson's raid and other fugitive pieces contributed to the gossips say, grew up plain, dull and 'Narcissus,' of the Naples museum, in newspapers by the Poet Laureate in fulfillment of his official duties. Here in this choice assembly, including

most of the wits of London, one had only to make a really humorous reference, and it was picked up with the avidity with which a hunter after reasure haps upon a concealed disk. Beaming with pleasure at this nove experience, the Poet Laureate tripped up after Mrs. Grundy, every reference to her name eliciting a fresh roar of laughter. "When," he said, "I met This innocently metaphorical way of

putting it was wickedly contorted into suggestion of an assignation. Shocked cries of "Oh, oh!" mingled with the fresh burst of hilarious laughter the now bewildered Poet Laureate finding it impossible to continue the