

"I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."

BY W. HOYLE.

'Twas in the flow'ry month of June,
The sun was in the West,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festive day.

The board was filled with choicest fare.
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for "bitter," some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among the joyful company,
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth,
Soon drew the waiter near;
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild, or clear?"

"We've rich supplies of port,
We've first-class wines and cakes,"
The youth, with guileless look, replied:
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict, deep and strong,
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
Then gazed upon the wine;
O God! he thought, were he to taste,
Who could the end divine?

Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray?
And shall I, on my only son,
Bestow a curse this day?

No, God forbid! "Here, waiter, bring
Bring water unto me,
My son will take what father takes,
My drink shall water be!"

A ONE-SIDED EDUCATION.

Besides not educating the boy's or girl's body side by side with the mind, or even stopping to consider whether throughout the year they progress physically at all or not, in every city, town, and hamlet of our land we provide machinery and require them to use it, which kept within reasonable bounds, has proved one of the great sources of national progress, to which we point with just pride, but which, like almost everything else that is good, may yet be so injudiciously used as to work positive harm, and that is the school system. With many of our cities doubling in population every generation or oftener, with parks and play-grounds narrowing almost annually, and many of them so well kept that the children are not allowed to use the greater part of them at all, with school yards so diminutive that half the pupils in some of the schools could not even stand up together in their own school yards, much less do any playing, in an immense number of our schools we put the boy where from five to eight hours of each day are given up to close, exacting study, often in rooms in which the air much of the time is a second-hand article, and hence unfit to breathe. It is difficult to see why, under such treatment, many of the boys are anything but hale and robust!

Maclaren, speaking of an English school-boy of whom he knew, says that his mother boasted that he studied seven hours a day regularly, sometimes eight, and then he wonders whether that boy's headaches were real or sham. But if this surprises him, what would he think of such cases as the following, which are only one or two out of scores sent to the New York press some months since, when the matter of school overwork was under discussion? One parent wrote:

"My daughter, aged fourteen, attends Grammar School No. 72, one of the best in the city, and conscientiously strives to obtain a good report. She reaches home at half past three, spends one hour at the piano, and thus studies until half past six. After supper she studies again until nine, and then retires, to rise again at six to study away until breakfast-time, after which she starts for school."

Another parent wrote that his daughter of fourteen, going through the regular course, and wishing to keep up with her classmates, "has come direct from school, and sat in her room studying usually about five hours." If Mr. Maclaren thinks eight hours of study or even seven a day ought to give a child a headache, what will he say to the ten or twelve of each of these girls? It is strange, that the father of the second one added:

"The result has been that I was obliged to take her from school, and put her under the care of a physician, who is yet treating her for no less a disease than St. Vitus's dance. Physicians and all who see her agree that her brain has been overworked."

School Commissioner Frederick W. Devoe, on investigating these and other cases, said: "I was speaking to a school trustee to-day whose daughter, a public-school pupil, is afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, the direct result of over-study. The present course of study is so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils."

Here, then, a course of study which not only crowds out even one minute a day of attention to the body, which compels many pupils to keep their minds on the stretch, not four or five

hours daily, but often more than twice that long, and this when they are under no care or instruction out of school which begins to fit their bodies for even the present way of living, when others besides themselves must depend on them for support—this plan is found by one of the commissioners himself, after careful examination, to be "so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils."

Is not this paying a pretty good price for a pretty poor article? If all that this injudicious, and in many cases dangerous, method of education brings to the pupil is but "superficial knowledge" after all, would it not be well to stop such a plan at once, and substitute one which will acquaint the pupil thoroughly, not superficially, with whatever he attempts to know, and will at the same time educate his body as well!

THE PAINTER MILLAIS.

Turning back toward the heart of London from this new art colony of Melbury Road, we reach, on the other edge of Old Kensington, the home of John Everett Millais, who, national in his inspiration and national in his works, lives in the high esteem of his fellows, and is to-day the very head and front of the English school of painting.

It is a remarkable career of success, that of the painter of "The Boyhood of Raleigh" and "Chill October." An infant phenomenon in art, he passed unscathed through the perils of a strange precocity. A seeker after truth, he entered the shadow and the valley of pre-Raphaelitism, and came forth not only unharmed, but stronger for his wanderings. Born in the leafy month of June, fifty-four years ago, his pencil drawings at the age of eight were sufficiently striking to greatly astonish the President of the Royal Academy of that day. At nine he won a silver medal of the Society of Arts, and at sixteen he was the author of an historical painting, "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro," which was hung with distinction on the walls of the Royal Academy. At twenty he joined the "pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," which until his accession consisted prominently of Dante Gabriel Rossetti the poet, Holman Hunt the painter, Woolner the sculptor, Coventry Patmore the poet and essayist. A protest against conventionalism in art, this school split upon the very rock which it started to avoid. Nothing more conventional ever saw the light in the history of art than the works of the pre-Raphaelites. Their motto was "Truth," and the details of their pictures came out as if the spectator had viewed them through a microscope. Their motto was "Truth," and yet they saw no beauty in man or woman. Under their inspiration Millais painted a sentimental picture entitled "The Woodman's Daughter," and the village maiden was positively ugly. It is not necessary to dwell upon these anomalies of a school which had a foundation of good, and which undoubtedly proved a useful training for the conscientious brush of young Millais; but it is fortunate for English Art that eventually Millais flung from him the shackles of a narrow Mediaevalism of style and color, and turned his back upon "Christ in the House of His Parents," with its realistic shavings and its ascetic figures, to paint "The Order of Release," "The North-west Passage," "Chill October," and "The Cuckoo"—examples of a healthy inspiration as robust in their grand breadth of treatment as they are perfect in technique and true to nature. "The Cuckoo" is a poet's dream of English childhood; "Chill October," a dirge for dead summer-time, sung in gusty moanings by swaying reeds that shiver in the autumn winds.

In his house, as in his pictures, Mr. Millais has discarded every affectation of art and knowledge. Neither the shadow of the pre-Raphaelite nor the intensity of the so-called aesthete disturbs the general air of unpretentious prosperity that characterizes his handsome house at Palace Gate. It might be the residence of an opulent merchant of good taste, so far as any special idiosyncrasies of style or appearance go, with the exception of that tall northernmost window that looks out upon the Kensington High road, and that great "roomy" studio which it lights within. A magnificent apartment is this same studio, worthy of the man and his art—a lofty, spacious, impressive room, its dull red walls literally covered with tapestry. The mantel-piece is a block of carved marble. Above it hangs a portrait by Murillo. A polished floor is covered with soft carpets and rugs; a few cabinets; a platform for models; a majolica pedestal for vases or flowers; a blazing fire on the hearth, the light of which dwells lovingly upon a rich rug—and this is the famous painter's workshop. How the painter's appearance and manner were characteristic of his work would have struck the most careless observer. A frank, robust, fresh-looking English gentleman, above the medium height, sturdy of build, broad of shoulder, a complexion suggestive of breezy downs and hills, a rich mellow voice and a manner that of a country lord, master of fox-hounds, and owner of a thousand acres in the Midlands.—JOSEPH HATTON, in *Harper's*.

A PREPONDERANCE of tinsel is seen on every thing, particularly on women's heads, in the shape of craps, with silver threads throughout, Turkish muslin embroideries and feathers, all spangled with infinitesimal spots of gold and silver.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 6.

THERE is, just now, a little madness about umbrella colors. Not satisfied with the modest yellow and green, umbrellas are appearing in plaid and patchwork of variegated hues.

MR. DE LESSETS has had a panorama of the Isthmus of Panama constructed, which, it will be understood, includes his canal, and has invited the whole crowd of interviewers to inspect it.

To make things glide along more pleasantly between Fatherland and Monsieurland the artists of Paris have commenced a crusade against the Germans who have found employment in French firms, and are now looked upon in the dual capacity of taking the bread away from the hard-working French, and assassins.

A CORRESPONDENT claims that nowhere more than on the racecourse is the public hustled by the policemen, and people having English or American ideas on the subject, are surprised to see the manner in which the track is kept clear at Longchamps, recalling the treatment of rioters more than anything else. However, it is very rare for anyone to be hurt on the racecourse in France.

A GENTLEMAN belonging to the ancient and honorable order of street beggars was taken up the other day, and facetiously complimented by the police on the quality of the lining of his breeches-pockets, that contained ready money and documents of the value of 50,000 francs, we presume cleverly shown to be his own, or the police were very innocent not to suspect him; equally innocent and fearless of robbers was the man to go about with such a little fortune on his person, and to fall into the hands of the police.

It is stated, not very authoritatively, that it is intended to take possession of the Château de Chambord on behalf of the nation. There may be some truth in it, but it seems odd after making a gift to a person that the giver should have the power of taking it back at will. When you give an umbrella to a friend it becomes his own to do as he likes with as long as its frame will hold together. It is only when you lend it to him that you hope for its return, although it must be confessed in the latter case the heart is more likely to become sick with the "hope deferred" than to be the "tree of life" promised when the "desire cometh."

PRETTY barmaids are an English specialty, and foreigners have long desired to see the institution nationalized in their countries, but they meet with a difficulty, not in getting pretty girls, but in finding girls that combine civility with attractiveness and propriety of conduct. What they have done only tends to help vice to the detriment of honest families, and the sooner this class of female servants is abolished, therefore, the better. For not only are these women *effrontées* towards gentlemen, but they are superciliously impertinent to ladies whenever accompanied by a gentleman; so much so, that wherever there are these women-waiters, ladies hesitate to enter. This is especially the case in Italy, where women who appear too much in public are looked upon with contempt by men. In time, no doubt, Italian women of the lower classes may emancipate themselves; but then they will have also learnt how to make female labor honorable in the eyes of men.

MISCELLANY.

ANOTHER effort is being made in London to introduce, within the busiest area of the city, the American messengers system. The company which has organized this service of messengers to supersede the commissionaires has not yet succeeded in obtaining much encouragement. The commissionaires are likely to hold their ground.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon, which has been observed lately at several places in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, has caused much interest, mingled with not a little alarm among the superstitious. For some days the sun presented a distinctly green color. Several explanations have been made, of which the most plausible appears to be that offered by the government astronomer, that it is due to the passage across Southern India of clouds of sulphurous vapour from the Java volcanoes.

THE visitors to Brighton are wonderfully and fearfully dressed. All the more startling of the red tints are considered good style, and there are blues that make one feel sorry for the sky. Clawhammer coats, with short waists and tails down to the heels, are worn in plush of a kindling tint by enterprising maidens; while matrons, not to be behind, sport brocade costumes, in which huge bunches of golden flowers are the chief design. And the hats! The brims are flat, the crowns are high, with the coiffure stowed away within them. It would seem that this fashion of wearing the hair was adopted by those who last year cut off their locks to follow the mas-

culine bent of the season. Just now it is kept under cover to grow. Next year we shall perhaps see the tresses thrown across the shoulder again.

THE unique MS of Dante's "Divine Comedy," with exquisite illustrations in bistre and silver point by Botticelli, the gem of that portion of the Hamilton collection purchased by the German Government, is now in process of reproduction by the photogravure at Berlin. Although the extreme delicacy of the tones, which time has reduced to still fairer and fainter hue, may baffle absolute fidelity in the attempted fac simile, still the success which has attended the production of two or three of the illustrations is amply sufficient to justify the Berlin museum authorities in prosecuting their difficult task. It will be some time before the whole work can be completed. The system which is now finding favor with the various museum authorities throughout Europe, namely, that of publishing copies, casts, electrotypes, and so forth of their best possessions must prove to be of the highest value to other institutions.

A NOVEL wall-covering design has been introduced in London, composed of a loosely-woven, ecrú-tinted, wide canvas, tacked top and bottom to the wall, and fastened on the seams with heavy rope, giving the effect of canvas panels; the frieze, composed of a diamond network of slender rope, netted after the manner of fish seines and tacked to the wall at each intersection by galvanized iron handwrought nails, is decorated by two rows of tassels, composed of ravelled rope strands; the dado, a network of heavier rope, is divided into panels by means of ropes; a deep band of dark red and a band of lighter red, laid under dado and frieze, show through the network with pleasant effect, while ropes laid around door and window casings, and twisted at the corners and tops into trefoils, flatly applied, finish this inexpensive but handsome wall finishing. Hunting scenes fairs, players engaged in rural games, and banqueting parties are among the subjects on these canvases.

A WONDERFUL bedstead, lately finished in Paris for an Indian prince, is described as follows:—It is partly made of real silver, and cost many thousand pounds sterling. At each corner stands a beautifully modelled female figure (dressed) holding a delicately constructed fan, and wearing a wig of real hair. This is to be regularly "dressed" by the court barber once a week. On the great potentate getting into bed the weight of his body sets certain machinery in motion, the effect of which is, that so long as his royal highness enjoys his horizontal refreshment the silver maidens gently fan the sleeper. If the figures at the foot of the bed are required to exert themselves in a like manner this can be accomplished by the aid of a clock-like apparatus. Moreover, should the dusky owner of the bed wish to be lulled to slumber by the dulcet sounds of soft music this can be done by touching a spring. The bottom of the bed contains a large musical box, which is so arranged that the tunes can be loud or soft as desired.

IN the Hohenzollern Museum may be seen a small round table, which Princess Eugenia of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, née Princess of Leuchtenberg, presented to Count Stollfried, who in his turn presented it to the royal family. On it the princess had, with her own hand, painted the portraits of twenty-five Hohenzollern princes of the Hechingen-Sigmaringen and Hagerloch line, eight of whom bear the name of Eitel (this being one of the names recently given to the second son of Prince William, of Prussia), namely:—Eitel Frederick I. in 1270; Eitel Frederick II. in 1273; Eitel Frederick III. in 1302; Eitel Frederick IV. in 1370; Eitel Frederick V. in the beginning of the fifteenth century; Eitel Frederick VI. about the middle of the sixteenth century; Eitel Frederick VII. who reigned in 1573, and Eitel Frederick VIII. who succeeded Prince John George. Around the edge of the table runs the inscription:—"May truth and honesty always defeat falsehood and lies! May the stronghold always rise anew from its debris! Hail Zollern forever!"

THERE is a story, at his own expense, which the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps used to tell with great glee. In the days when he was a graduate student at New Haven, he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, a man who lives in the world of mathematics, and simply exists in the common world of ordinary things. Professor Newton, as is his habit, started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the professor went deeper and deeper Mr. Phelps' mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last Mr. Phelps' attention was called back to his companion by the professor's winding up with, "Which, you see, gives us 'x.'" "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in politeness he ought to reply something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over the work. There had indeed been a mistake. "You are right Mr. Phelps, you are right," almost shouted the professor, "it doesn't give us 'x,' it gives us 'y.'" And from that hour Professor Newton looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor tripping. "And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, with his own peculiar smile, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's a way many reputations are made in this superficial world."