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A large assortment colors and qualities at popular prices.

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A few only suits left in smaller sizes at ridiculously low prices.

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THE GREAT BUDDHA OF THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE

A Fathomless Silence Enfolds Gigantic Figure, Nippon's Finest of Art Treasures

(Hamilton W. Mabie in The Outlook)

The framing of verdure in which Old Japan is set gives Kamakura a background of the depth and richness found only in the old countries. The narrow lanes on which the houses stand are walled by bamboo fences, often so thickly woven that the dust cannot sift through, and obtaining a privacy less oppressive but not less complete than the privacy of brick and stone in other countries. Over these screens of light wood the pines lean in friendly familiarity, and hedges of evergreen give tone to the long street of pale bamboo rods. Every temple is set in an oasis of green and approached by long flights of stone steps now so much a part of the landcape that they seem more like the handiwork of Nature than of forgotten builders.

Of Old Kamakura little remains save the temples and one may begin turning the pages of its ancient history by passing under the torii at the end of the long, bustling business street and climbing the old moss-grown steps to the Temple of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. At the door he will wait for a moment to look over the town at his feet, half hidden even on New Year's Day in fresh and tender green and at the quiet sea. The colossal image stands in a darkness only slightly dispelled by the dim light of candle raised aloft by a primitive device of pulleys, in the vague glow of which one sees the dull gleam of the gilded lacquered figure and a great face vaguely eloquent with age and worship.

Japan's Greatest Work of Art

On a low hill not far distant stands the Daibutsu, or Great Buddha, probably the greatest work of art in Japan, in a country which has produced such a host of delicate craftsmen and fashioned so many things of exquisite beauty on a miniature scale, this figure emerges like the creation of a more daring genius.

It is not simply a colossal figure, a mass of bronze towering above the mass of green in which it stands; it is a great work of art, not only in scale, but in subtle mastery of surfaces and in harmony of proportions. Mr. La Farge has said that it is not "a little thing made big, like our modern colossal statues; it has always been big, and would be so if reduced to life size." Accustomed as western lovers of art are to associate great statues with distinction of individuality, vitality of expression, energy poised on the verge of action, as in the impressive Moses in Rome, the indomitable Colleoni in Venice, the marching Sherman in New York, the powerful Lincoln in Chicago, the Great Buddha seems at first not only alien in feature, but vague and elusive in expression. One must see the figure many times and learn to approach it from the Oriental point of view before its sweet and noble beauty reveals itself. Our great statues are of powerful men arrested for a moment in mid-action; this is the figure of one who has passed beyond action; for whom the experience of thought, of feeling, of doing—the whole process of living, in a word—lies far behind and has become matter for meditation. Passion has been subdued, knowledge mastered, the whole nature harmonized; and out of the storm of life Buddha has emerged into a great calm, and is sunk deep in brooding meditation.

Fathomless Silence Enfolds Figure

A fathomless silence enfolds the great figure, and a wonderful sweetness lies in the tenderly molded lips; perfect knowledge has bred perfect charity, infinite patience has been born out of pain, and in the all-embracing compression of eternity all frailities and follies are buried fathoms below memory. Dr. Chamberlain, who has written about Japan with breadth of knowledge, has well said: "He who has time should visit the Daibutsu repeatedly; for, like Niagara, like St. Peter's and several other of the greatest works of nature and of art, it falls to produce its full effect on a first or even a second visit; but the impression it produces grows on the beholder each time that he gazes afresh at the calm, intellectual, passionless face, which seems to concentrate in itelf the whole philosophy of Buddhism—the triumph of mind over sense, of eternity over fleeting time, of the enduring majesty of Nirvana over the trivial prattle, the transitory agitations, of mundane existence.

Nothing is known of the maker of the Great Buddha save his name, and for him, as for Shakespeare, there is no need for any other rerord save the autobiography of a noble work of art set up in a splendid temple about eight hundred years ago. Tidal waves have twice swept over its shelter, and it stands now under the open sky, a group of pine trees gathered about it, and in a silence broken only by the murmur of the wind among the pine needles. The eyes, which are of pure gold, are looking down and nearly closed; they have seen the whole spectacle of life, and nothing remains save the illumination of thought.

The Repose of Eternity

The figure rests in the repose of eternity, but it is full of power; the folds of the robe it wears have the quality of the Greek draperies—they are without weight. One has the feeling that the Great Buddha could rise and go down the ways of the world, if he chose; but all that is long passed. There is a wooded hill not far away from which one looks down on the head and shoulders of the Buddha rising out of the sea of foliage like some great figure of a prehistoric age surviving a submerged world. On the other side of the hill Fujiyama shines between the branches of the pines. "The trees rustle and wave behind it, and the light dances up and down the green boughs with the wind; it must move—but there is no change, and it shall sit forever." In its presence irritation, anger, fear have no place; it is the incarnation of the peace beyond death. The birds fly about it and settle on its vast shoulders undisturbed.

HALF A CENTURY OF MONTE CARLO GAMING

How Francois Blanc Made Deal With Charles III. of Monaco

What "Ex-Attache" aptly termed the golden wedding anniversary of the union of the Blancs and Monte Carlo has just been gorgeously celebrated in the tiny principality of Monaco. It is fifty years ago since Francois Blanc made his deal with the reigning Prince of Monaco and set up his temple to the Goddess of Chance, the most famous gambling rooms in the world. Gambling is a very old evil indeed, and even fifty years or so ago public sentiment in most quarters strongly condemned it, so an out-of-the-way spot had to be found by Blanc when he determined to establish gambling on a grand scale. In Prince Charles III. of Monaco he found the man he had been looking for. Charles was a bonafide prince at the head of a free country, and he was also in hard luck. He was so pressed for money that he had been obliged to sell part of his territory to France. Probably he would have gladly have sold the whole principality, which was not as big by any means as most western cattle ranches.

Fifty Years of Gambling.

So Blanc was able to make a bargain that was profitable to both. He paid a large sum of money down, agreed to pay all the expenses of the principality and to hand over a certain percentage of his winnings in exchange for the exclusive privileges of gambling in the principality of Monaco; the rights to extend for fifty years. The lease came to an end this year, but some time ago in exchange for a bonbus running into the millions, the Prince of Monaco extended it for another fifty years. Apart from the morality of the deal, it was a breach of faith, for it was only on the understanding that the bargain should be terminated in 1913 that the present Prince of Monaco was recognized and received by Queen Victoria, by Emperor William and by some other monarchs, who saw in him merely the agreeable protector of a gambling game. The prince, however, is said to be so absorbed in his scientific studies that he is indifferent to the praise or censure of the world. Since his people pay no taxes and are well fed and contented, they have no complaint to make, and since the gambling tables add yearly to the Blanc millions, he, too, is satisfied. Only those who have been ruined at Monte Carlo have reason to curse the shameless bargain between Monaco and the gambler.

The Founder of the House.

Francois Blanc, the founder of the gambling industry, had a remarkable history. He was a Frenchman and was a broker. When he attempted to secure a seat on the stock exchange at Bordeaux his reputation was so unsavory that his application was rejected. Shortly afterwards he moved to Tours, and he and his brother were placed on trial for bribing semaphone operators to transmit wrong messages. In those days the despatches on which the stock exchange business was transacted were sent by means of semaphores, and by bribing the men operating the signals the Blanc brothers put through what would now be called a wire-tapping game. The operators were convicted and imprisoned, but the Blancs escaped on a technicality. Francois, however, realizing that his reputation was against him in France, moved to Germany, and there went boldly into the business of running a gambling establishment.

Gambling With Himself.

He operated a resort at Homburg for some time and made a lot of money. Sentiment against the game was growing, however, and Blanc realized that it would not be long before the petty states that permitted gambling would be wiped out as political entities. So he began to look elsewhere for a site and hit upon Monaco, a tiny principality which no other country envied save for its wonderful climate, and finding the ruling prince in straits, made the deal mentioned. Old Blanc is said to have been an inveterate gambler, and for hours would dice alone, his right hand against his left. Frequently he would play against his own tables, not stopping to realize that whether he won or lost, he was playing against his own money. He acquired an immense fortune, and some of his children married into royal families, one of his daughters becoming the Princess Constantine Radziwill; another was married by Roland Bonaparte, and the third daughter is Princess George of Greece.

Snubs for a Millionaire.

The only son, Edmond Blanc, is now the head of the gambling establishment and was the central figure at the celebrations, with the prince of Monaco appearing at his right hand and the crown prince at his left. M. Blanc is famous as a patron of the turf, being by far the most important breeder of race horses in France. It was he who paid a record price for Flying Fox. He has made several vain attempts to win the English derby and has been a frequent starter on the English turf. In France he has won all the great races, the Grand Prix at Longchamps no fewer than nine times. In spite of his wealth and his racing success, he has been unable to secure admittance to the French Jockey club, and on the occasions when he won the Grand Prix the presidents of the republic have failed to invite him to invite him to dinner in honor of the event, as has long been the custom with other winners. Similarly in England, when the late King Edward invited to dinner some prominent French racing men who went over for the derby, he pointedly ignored M. Blanc, who has one of the great fortunes of France, and not the social recognition that might be extended to a man who happened to write a popular song. So Monte Carlo costs him something after all, and it costs him the thing he desires most.

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GOOD WILL OF NATIONS EXPRESSED WHEN DINNERS ARE GIVEN TO PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS

MISS ELEANOR WILSON
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MISS JESSIE WILSON
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MISS MARGARET WILSON
PHOTO © 1913 BY HARGRAVE

For the Misses Margaret, Jessie and Eleanor Wilson the Italian Ambassador, Marquis Cusani, gave the first of a series of four dinners recently. Others invited were the Danish Minister, Mr. Constantin Brun; Mrs. Robert McCormick, Misses Southerland, Isabella L. Hagner, Ethel Noyes, Hildegarde Nagel, Margaretta Symons, Gladys Ingalls, Frances Hoar, Eudora Clover and Miss Staderman; Major Blanton Winship, U. S. A.; Captain Louis M. Little, U. S. M. C.; Passed Assistant Surgeon Cary T. Grayson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Edward St. John Greble, U. S.

THE ACCOUNT OF A DINNER WITH DICKENS

An Intimate Study of the Great Master at Close Range

The following account of a dinner with Dickens by Charles Eliot Norton is from a London exchange:

At 7 o'clock we all reassembled, a large party, with other guests, among them officers from Chatham, one of them with his young wife, a stranger to everybody. Dickens, punctual to a moment, had roused us completely; no one was to go to sleep there. The little lady from Chatham and I sat on either side of him at dinner—his vivacity never flagged, nor was it for one person alone. He appeared to hear what every one at the table said, and turned from one end of it to the other with the utmost rapidity, told stories, talked, tete-a-tete, gave a toast—in short, was the life of the dinner, and without seeming to make any effort or ever talking in loud, boisterous tones. Of course, every one was likely to be silent when he talked, but then he never, when liveliest, was noisy.

After dinner the gentlemen soon came into the drawing room and again Dickens seems entirely given up to the interests of his guests, attentive to the officer's wife (a dull little woman with a decoration of lockets which amused him), and indeed to every one, the stupidest not excepted.

We all stood for a time round the piano playing at words with letters. Very soon Dickens moved off to talk to the little lady who was too shy to play, but whom he evidently managed to set at her ease, and then seeing that my forces had given out, he came and sat down by me, taking Georgina's place and sending her off to his first charge. He talked first of our war—Georgina had been showing me a volume of photographs of Sheridan's campaign, which had been given to him in America; he carefully avoided expressing opinions which might jar upon mine, but when I spoke of the treatment of our prisoners by the south, he expressed the utmost horror of its conduct, and said that had it not been for that, its position, in spite of our success, would now be very different.

THIS COMET TRAVELS 1,500,000 MILES A DAY

Yet It Comes Within Sight of the Earth Only Every 575 Years

We think we are doing something quite wonderful when we take a train weighing a few thousand tons and bring it through from one city to another on time, says an exchange. And it is wonderful, when the fact is considered that less than half a century ago the trip required nearer three months than three days, and such a thing as completing the journey at an appointed minute was quite out of the question.

This great feat, however, looks a good deal like a child hauling its tin train of cars around the kitchen when one considers the speed of one of the big comets.

There is a comet that comes within sight of the earth every 575 years. Its tail is millions of miles in thickness and many more miles in length. It was first seen, so far as history records, 1769 years before Christ. In a few weeks it faded from the sky, only to return again in 1194 and 619 B.C. In 44 B.C. it came again, returning in 531 and 1106 A.D. The last time it wa sseen was in 1680, when Sir Isaac Newton beheld it, and discovered that comets are kept in their orbits by the sun, the same as the earth and the other planets.

Two hundred years have now passed since the comet disappeared. Even if it has travelling so more rapidly than the earth goes around the sun, its enormous bulk has been shooting through space at the rate of about 1,500,000 miles a day. Yet in 343 years from now—in 2256—this same old comet that was already a well known visitor when it looked down upon Julius Caesar will again come within sight of those human beings who will then inhabit the earth.

THE KAISER'S BEST FRIEND.
Power Behind the Throne.

Next month William II., with all his usual talent for such events, will celebrate the silver jubilee of his reign. The editor of the World's Work in his May number sets the scene for these rejoicings by giving up striking portraits of Twelve Kaiser's Men.

At the front of these stands His Serene Highness, Prince Maximilian Egonzu Furstenberg, a German-Austrian grand seigneur and multi-millionaire, the power behind the German throne. No man rivals his influence in exalted quarters. Few have ever enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor to even an approximate extent. Himself of ancient noble lineage, Prince Furstenberg is the one subject whom the Kaiser treats as an equal.

Repeatedly the Kaiser has urged his plutocratic crony to become his Imperial Chancellor, to exchange the role of best friend for that of the crown's first and responsible adviser. With a realization of his limitations which does hm credit, Prince Furstenberg has steadfastly refused to accept the burdens of office.

The Kasler's fondness for Prince Furstenberg is sometimes ascribed to the fact that the Prince is a captain of industry on a gigantic scale. In association with a distant cousin of His Majesty, Prince Christian Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Oehhringen, Prince Furstenberg heads a combination disposing over resources aggregating £100,000,000 of capital. The partnership has been christened "The Princes' Trust."

A striking mixture of romantic mediaevalism and modern progressiveness, Prince Furstenberg is very much a man after the Kasler's heart. Soldier, poet, artist, musician, sportsman, and archaeologist, he presents the kaleidoscopic nature surest of endearing itself to the versatile William. Unknown to the country at large ten years ago, the Prince, still known sa "Max" to his comrades of former days in Prague and Vienna, has made his blunt personality and unselfish counsel so invaluable to Emperor William that there is now hardly an important act of statecraft to which the Kaiser commits himself without deliberation with the friend to whom His Majesty applies the intimate and affectonate German greeting of Du.

GUATEMALA MUST PAY DEBTS DUE BRITISH

Cruiser Aeolus Ordered to Barrios to Enforce Payment of Obligations

London, May 21.—The trouble between Great Britian and Guatemala over the failure of the latter country to pay its debts to British citizens is becoming acute. A day or two ago the British cruiser Aeolus was sent in a hurry from Kingston, Jamaica, to Barrios. The debis referred to are long overdues. The American government has its eye on the affair because of the Monroe doctrine.

The officials at the foreign office assured the correspondent today that the negotiations with Guatemala about the English debts were taking the usual course. It was said, however, that no one knew what the upshot of the situation would be.

It may be expected that some definite conclusion will be reached soon. The impression derived from the foreign office is that the Aeolus has left Kingston in order to be in close proximity to Puerto Barrios in case a seizure of that place is necessary to enforce the collection of the British debts.

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