

# A Statue of Queen Alexandra

TO ADORN LONDON HOSPITAL GROUNDS—ITS ERECTION SERVES TO ACCENTUATE THE FACT THAT FEW STATUES OF MODERN WOMEN EXIST OWING TO DISCOURAGEMENT TO SCULPTORS THROUGH VAGARIES OF FASHION

[By Ek Attache, in Chicago Tribune.]

Although Queen Alexandra is for 45 years one of the most universally popular figures in English life, and no end of good, especially among the suffering and poor, has been accomplished through her initiative and influence, yet it is only now that for the first time the compliment has been paid to her of setting up her statue in a public place.

It is particularly fitting that the bronze effigy, which represents her in her coronation robes, should have found a site in the grounds of the London hospital, of which she is the president, and to which it has been presented by the members of the board of governors and of the staff of that institution. For if there is one branch of philanthropy to which more than any other she has devoted herself since she first came to England nearly half a century ago from Denmark, it is to hospital work, particularly to the improvements in the nursing of the soldiers, and, in fact, of the nursing service in general.

She has not only carried to its present wonderful stage of development the methods of caring for the sick and wounded in her inauguration by Florence Nightingale, the Lady of the Lamp, during the Crimean war in 1854 and 1855, but has also succeeded in placing the profession of the sick nurse in a position of an entirely different footing to that which it occupied in the days when Charles Dickens limned in such clever word painting the immortal figures of Salty Gamp and Betsy Prigg. Today the profession of sick nurse is an honored calling which calls for education and also for the delicacy and ordering of a gentlewoman. The nurses form a corporation, each member of which holds a diploma bearing the effigy of the Queen, as active president of the body. They wear her badge, and at least once a year many hundreds, may even thousands of them, are brought into contact with her majesty at gatherings which she causes to be organized in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, or some equally convenient place, where she passes through their line, chatting to many of them, and presenting badges and diplomas to those who have earned special commendation. She has likewise organized a large and flourishing pension fund for them, as well as a handsome and state-like home in London, and it is worthy of note that Americans have contributed largely to both the fund and to the building, and, therefore, eminently fitting that the statue of Queen Alexandra should find a place in the grounds of the great London hospital, and the Earl of Crewe, secretary of state for the colonies, who unveiled the memorial, was not far wrong when he declared that, looking at the records of those princesses who had been consorts of the kings of England from the present time, through the long roll of Hanover, Stuart, Tudor, and Plantagenet rulers, back to the days of the consort of Henry I, whom the people loved to call "the good Queen Maude," he did not think that there was one of that illustrious list who had been so completely honored in the hearts of the nation as Queen Alexandra.

If I draw attention to the inauguration of this first statue of the gracious helpmeet of Edward VII, it is because statues of royal women in public places are exceedingly rare, compared with the extraordinary number of marble and bronze effigies representing members of the sterner and less attractive sex. Statues of men abound in such numbers on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially here, where, as to have developed into a positive nuisance, and memorials of this nature are set up to all sorts of worthless individuals and insignificant mediocrities, who should be forgotten, instead of being thus commemorated. It is fortunate under the circumstances that many of their statues are made in such a fashion as to admit of the heads being removed and those of others grafted on in their place. Indeed, in France statue grafting has become quite an acknowledged industry.

Among the causes for the amazing disparity between the statues of men and of women, one of the principal is undoubtedly the consideration of dress. Feminine attire in all ages, even in that of the Garden of Eden, has run to extremes and to exaggeration, and while this may be rendered tolerably tolerable through the fashion of the day, it is not so when the modish by one generation appear preposterous and altogether ridiculous to those that follow. Contemporary paintings and engravings convey to those of us who are too young to recall the era of the third Napoleon the fantastic diameter of the crinolines inaugurated by Empress Eugenie, and which from an artistic point of view will always be accounted for the most unpardonable of the evils for which she has been responsible. It is impossible to conceive any sculptor of note giving his name as creator to the statue of a woman thus arrayed. It would convey the idea of a species of nightmare in marble or in bronze, and although there were some great feminine figures in the history of the middle of the nineteenth century, yet not one of them has been commemorated in stone at any rate in that attire. True, I can recall a statue of Queen Victoria and of her husband, the late prince consort, dating from the early '50s, but both of them are represented in medieval costume, none in a sort of flowing robe, suggesting the fashion of Edward III, and he in the tunic reaching to the knees that we are accustomed to find in the portraits of Robin Hood. The other statues of Queen Victoria—there are not many of them; perhaps a dozen, scattered in the various portions of that vast empire upon which the sun never sets—show the queen in her widowhood and old age, when the crinoline had disappeared, it

is to be hoped forever, and where the artist took advantage of her notorious indifference to fashion where her own attire was concerned to idealize her garb while preserving the facial resemblance.

Of all the feminine celebrities of the beginning of the nineteenth century, that is to say, of the age when fashion ran riot, and when Mme. Tallien and her friend and companion, Josephine Bonaparte, inaugurated the somewhat daring fashions that Parisian couturiers are now endeavoring to revive, no statues of note of that period exist, save the one by the great sculptor Canova of Pauline Borghese, the lovely sister of the great emperor of the French. But all women would not be willing to be handed down to posterity in that fashion. For he portrayed her in the role and in the garb of Venus, and it is a matter of historical record that when she was asked whether she had not felt somewhat uncomfortable about being so scantily arrayed, she replied: "O, dear, no! You know there was a fire in the room!"

The classic draperies of ancient Rome, which, as an entire absence of draperies, lend themselves to artistic portrayal of the feminine figure in marble or bronze. But, as stated above, the fashions of medieval, renaissance, or modern times are extremely faddish, and in this connection, I can only recall three royal public monuments of this pertaining to the eighteenth century. One is that of Empress Maria Theresa, just off the Ringstrasse, between the two imperial museums at Vienna. It is almost twice life size, and if not artistic, is, at any rate, both majestic and imposing, conveying an idea of the grandeur of this imperious and imperial woman. There Queen's statue of her, at Pressburg, erected to commemorate her meeting with the magnates of Hungary on the outbreak of her war with Frederick the Great, when, appealing to them for assistance, they pledged their loyalty to her cause with the cry in Latin, then the current language of the Magyar aristocracy: "Moreamur pro rege nostro!" Then there is the statue of Queen Anne, in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, which, though familiar to a landmark to every American tourist who has visited London, is quite the reverse of regal, and is regarded by many as so great an eyesore from an artistic point of view that it has led to repeated demands for its removal to some less conspicuous site. The statue on the Grand Square of Melines, in Belgium, of Margaret of Austria, who ruled over the Netherlands in such a masterly fashion in the fifteenth century, and who was the aunt of Emperor Charles V, belongs, of course, to a much earlier era, and is, so far as I can recall, alone of its kind, while anything incongruous in its appearance is smoothed away and toned down in a measure by the picturesque old buildings in their shirt sleeves and with their old clothes lying on the rocks. Tourists in some hotels dress for dinner or the evening meal now, and "roughing it" is not popular.

The Muskoka Navigation Company has kept at the head of the procession. Thirty or forty years ago the company owned and sailed eleven or twelve steamers, and in their heyday, and after making many calls, arrives at Port Cockburn, the head of Lake Joseph, about the evening of the 15th of August, and the man who takes the call of the steamer is the Cheyenne, the newest boat of the company. She meets the C. P. R. trains at Bala and distributes the Muskoka tourists among the islands. A few weeks ago, when the C. P. R. and the C. N. R.

the war of liberation from Napoleon's thraldom a hundred years ago, while in Prussia she is regarded almost in the light of a national saint. In the town of Oranienburg the Kaiser has also set up a statue of his ancestress, Louise of Orange, after whom the town in question was named. She was the consort of the great elector of Brandenburg. Two other recently erected statues to German princesses are those of the Kaiser's grand-aunt, Grandduchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg. It has been set up at Schwerin, but is not an artistic or graceful production, and would doubtless have caused mingled amusement and annoyance to the sunny-tempered, laughter-loving sister of old Emperor William, who was wont to describe her merry nature to the fact that she had come into the world quite prematurely to the strains of a waltz at a state ball. The other statue is that of Duchess Frederica of Anhalt, sister of the late king of Denmark, and who owing to the lunacy of her husband governed the duchy for many years as regent, with such success as to win the affection and respect of the whole people. Besides these the only other statues that I can recall are one of the English-born Grandduchess Alice of Hesse at Darmstadt, who has, however, more enduring and beautiful memorials in the form of a "clear bearing her name which she founded, and endowed in the land of her adop-

## QUEEN OF SUMMER RESORTS

**KNOXONIAN ON THE CHARMS OF MUSKOKA—MEN MAY COME, AND MEN MAY GO, BUT MUSKOKA REMAINS AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER.**

[Knoxonian, in Dominion Prexyterian.] Men may come and men may go, but Muskoka remains as beautiful as ever. The air is as balmy and the islands as lovely as they were when the late Mr. Cockburn launched his first boat, and the tourists came to Muskoka for the first time. The peculiar charms about Muskoka is that the impression it makes is often permanent. People have been coming here for thirty years, and they still like it, now more than they ever liked it before. Many resorts have sprung up in every direction, but none compare with Muskoka. Usually finds himself back in his old quarters when the dog days come round.

All that nature ever did to beautify Muskoka remains practically unchanged, but the work done by the animal called man has been greatly enlarged and improved. The buildings that have been enlarged—at least, most of them have the Little buildings that accommodated in a primitive kind of fashion nine or ten persons, now accommodate a much more comfortably between one and two hundred. The big summer hotel, with its immense dining-room and spacious veranda had for its first hotel, and the shack. The shack grew and the rate per week for board grew along with it. Well, that was right. No reasonable man expects to live in a shack, and sometimes elegant summer hotel for forty years ago. And still you can see Muskoka tourists who recall the shack days as the best holidays they ever had. In these good times tourists dined in their shirt sleeves and wore out their old clothes lying on the rocks. Tourists in some hotels dress for dinner or the evening meal now, and "roughing it" is not popular.

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## WANTED: A MAN WHO IS TRUE TO PRINCIPLE, DOUBLE DEALING AND FALSEHOOD BOUND TO FAIL.

By Dr. Madison C. Peters.

A man without a principle is like a shifting quicksand, which today may be on the heights, tomorrow submerged in the depths below. The philosopher of the olden time regarded a man without a principle, no matter how brilliant his talents or how high his station in society, as a person dangerous to the community, inasmuch as his words and actions could not be relied upon at a crucial moment or in the affairs of state or society demanded implicit confidence in his assertions as to his intentions or manner of procedure in affairs of vital importance to the issue at stake.

Seneca said: Give me a man of principle rather than of power. Who can doubt the wisdom of the old philosopher in his demand? Conscience ever comes before power. A ruler or potentate or czar may have power to will the life or death of thousands, yet may not have the principle upon which a single individual could rely when the decisive time arrives.

We often hear the remark, "O, he is a man of no principle," which is equivalent to saying he is a person on whose word no person can depend, one in whom the public can have no trust whatever.

**MANY SEEM TO COURT IT.** Such is an unenviable character to gain among one's fellow citizens, but many seem to court it by their actions rather than repudiate it by straight-

tion, and a statue at Luxemburg of Amella of Saxe-Weimar, the first wife of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, who during the greater part of the life of his brother, the late King William III of Holland, acted as regent and viceroy of the grandduchy of Luxemburg, and maintained a state court in the picturesque old city of Luxemburg.

A statue of the Princess of Wales has just been set up in Calcutta in commemoration of her recent visit to the great Oriental Empire over which her husband will be called one day to reign, and it will form a pendant to the handsome statue of Queen Victoria already in existence there. In the United States there is but one woman who has received the form of popular homage—namely, Frances Willard, the champion of the temperance and feminist movements. Whether her statue will appeal to a future generation is another question. It is an open question. Certainly the attire of the Indian maiden Pocahontas, who looms so largely in the early colonial history of this country, offers greater facilities to the sculptor.

How great the difficulty with which the artist in stone and bronze works produces not only for the present, but more especially for the future has to contend in this matter of costume, and even of culture, will be best understood by glancing through a collection of photographs of friends years ago, taken twenty and thirty years ago. They appear rather preposterous looking. So, too, will the statues of women in the present day unless the sculptor manages to give the clothing of the day the simple, graceful fashion of Elizabeth, empress of Austria.

Some philosopher has said "There is nothing the world misses so little as man." Some cynical bachelor has added "There is nothing the world misses so much as a woman." After all, some of the world's greatest achievements have been made by women. After all, some of the world's greatest achievements have been made by women. After all, some of the world's greatest achievements have been made by women.

People who want to be the run all the time during their holidays often ask: "What do you do in Muskoka for a whole month?" Here is the answer: "I sleep. The right thing to do is to sleep. Sleeping is a very important part of the Muskoka life. The man who cannot sleep in Muskoka has no rest at all. The air quets the nerves and is as soporific as a dull sermon. Eating is a considerable item, but not a hotel menu. The air quets the nerves and is as soporific as a dull sermon. Eating is a considerable item, but not a hotel menu.

Such men needed now. We stand much in need of such men in politics today, men whom the desire for office does not kill, men whom the spoils of office cannot buy. We need honest men in all ranks and conditions of life, men who will keep their conscience to the magnet of right as the needle keeps to the pole.

The world has confidence in the man of principle, and it is in this confidence which makes life really worth living, for when a man loses the respect of his fellows he had better be out of the world than in it.

Especially the young men of our day, who are so proud against, and much to learn of the precedent of those who have gone before. Let them not be blinded by the apparent success of tricksters, swindlers who have risen to power and pelf by trampling on the rights of others and defying the laws of society and the moral laws of a higher power.

Temptation may be strong, but they must resist, realizing that only honor is able to enable them to reach the true heights of a righteous manhood. The world never angles for true men in mud and slime, but always casts its line in the clear waters of unsullied reputation. A fresh fish from a tiny rivulet may be small, but it is better than a bloated one fed on decomposed sewage.

A hotel wherein dwells a good conscience is preferable to a mansion that houses the glittering gilt of perjury and moral corruption and better, far better, the grassy mound that covers the dust of righteousness than the marble mausoleum which towers over the bones of a scoundrel.

**PROSPERITY AMONG NEGROES.** Starting at the close of the war with almost nothing in the way of property, and with no traditions and with little training to fit them for freedom, negro farmers alone had acquired by 1890 nearly as much land as is contained in the European states of Holland and Belgium combined. Meanwhile there has been a marked improvement in the character of the negro farmer's home. The old, one-roomed log cabins are slowly but steadily disappearing. Year by year the number of neat and comfortable farmers' cottages has increased. From my home in Tuskegee, I can drive in some directions for a distance of five or six miles and not see a single one-roomed cabin, though I can see thousands of acres of land that are owned by our people. A few miles northwest of Tuskegee, in a district that used to be known as the "Big Hungry," the Southern Improvement Association has settled something like over fifty negro families, for whom they have built neat and attractive little cot-

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name of that which not enriches him. And makes me poor indeed.

A spotless reputation is the noblest crown the human head can wear. Riches after all are but evanescent at any time—they may take wings and fly when least expected to do so, but character, if upheld, remains as constant as the adamant rocks of time.

Knavery, falsehood, double dealing, perjury, chicanery, oppression, and all their attendant train of evils may flourish for a season, but in the end they are bound to fall, miserably fall in degradation and in shame.

The unprincipled man's money does not always take wings and flee from its source of being, but often seems to flourish in the parent nest. Here be- hold the balances do not always swing evenly, but faith teaches us to believe that the seeming imperfections and inequalities of the moral law will be adjusted in another and a better world where wrongs will be converted into rights.

**TROUBLED BY HIS CONSCIENCE.** All-gotten gains can never make the possessor happy, but on the contrary they bring misery in their train. The unprincipled man is always haunted by shadows, which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. His conscience troubles him, and he is a constant gnawing at the heart which never allows success from suspicion and apprehension of the future. Not alone is his mental equilibrium unbalanced, but his physical being is indicative of the strain in the sunken eye, the pale cheek, the nervous tremor, the uncertain step. A fear is ever upon him which he cannot shake off, and, though he may be a Croesus, he cannot purchase that contentment of mind and peace of body which confer their happiness on the poor man who has led an upright life, true to principle, and who, like Longfellow's blacksmith, can look the whole world in the face and fear not a man.

The unprincipled man sails in a ship like the fabled one of old which, when it approached the magnetic mountain, had all the nails and bolts drawn out and went to pieces in the depths of the sea. Let the man of principle, whose life is invulnerable, can surmount every difficulty, withstand every siege, and triumph in his own vindication.

**SUCH MEN NEEDED NOW.** We stand much in need of such men in politics today, men whom the desire for office does not kill, men whom the spoils of office cannot buy. We need honest men in all ranks and conditions of life, men who will keep their conscience to the magnet of right as the needle keeps to the pole.

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## PRINCE WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

In a little room on the third floor of an unpretentious downtown Broadway hotel, without suite or attendants or any sign of regal pomp, a royal youth dwelt for several weeks of the hot New York summer. He came unheralded, the newspapers barely noticed his presence, no official recognition was taken of his visit, and he went away as quietly as he arrived. He was Tying Chi Yi, of the royal blood of Korea, a prince without a country, a pathetic little figure of a boy. Only twenty-two years of age, he had come to America in the hope of re-establishing his nation, now become a province of imperial Japan. His era-nd was hopeless and in vain, as vain as the earlier attempt which he made to bring his land into the congress of nations at The Hague.

The prince is a mere lad, looking more like an American college freshman than a diplomat. He has seen, however, years of service for his country. He resided in Washington four years, from 1896 to 1900, when his father, Prince Tchihni Pomnie Yi, was Korean minister. Later he was attached to the Korean legation in St. Petersburg until Korea ceased to be a nation. He speaks English, French

**MINARD'S LIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.**