

pect of his marriage, who makes no attempt to conceal his indifference from his uncle, Mr. John Jasper, a man only slightly older than himself and choirmaster of the cathedral. We are also introduced to the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle, a minor canon, and his dainty and timid little mother; to Durdles, the drunken stonemason, and his satellite, Deputy, a very unlovely, small boy, whose chief business in life it is to pelt the stonemason home with missiles when his intemperate feet would have led him astray.

One day there arrives in Cloisterham, from Ceylon, a twin brother and sister, Neville and Helena Landless, orphaned and of neglected upbringing. The girl is sent to Miss Twinkleton and the youth to Mr. Crisparkle for the bettering of their education. They are a handsome and rather pathetic pair, hurt and resentful of the harsh treatment they have received from a conscientiousless step-father. Edwin and Neville meet and a mutual dislike springs up between them. The newcomer resents Edwin's indifferent treatment of the charming Rosa, with whom he himself falls very much in love. Presumably, to bring about a reconciliation, a meeting of the two youths is arranged by John Jasper. High words pass between them and a quarrel ensues which the older man makes no attempt to prevent. Later, at the instigation of Mr. Crisparkle, they become friends, and to celebrate the reign of peace the choirmaster invites them to supper on Christmas Eve. In his diary, however, he has entered an account of the quarrel, which makes it look black against Neville.

ONE night before Christmas Jasper gets Durdles to show him over the cathedral, and on their way thither they pass a mound of stuff which the stonemason warns Jasper against stepping on, as it is quicklime, a deadly substance. The choirmaster has brought with him a bottle, which receives the very marked attentions of the bibulous Durdles, who presently discovers that he is very much in need of sleep. It is several hours before

he is aroused by Jasper. On the evening before the supper, Edwin and Rosa have met and decided that the idea of their marriage was a mistake.

It is Neville's intention to start on Christmas Day upon a walking tour of a fortnight's duration. This he does, but before he has gone far upon his way he is overtaken by a body of men, surrounded and captured, though for what reason he is not aware. It appears, however, that Edwin Drood has disappeared and Neville is suspected of foul play, it being known that there is bad blood between the two. Through the efforts of Mr. Crisparkle, Neville is given his liberty. Mr. Grewgious, a receiver and collector of rents, having his office in Staple Inn, London, is Rosa's guardian. From him Edwin had received the betrothal ring of Rosa's mother and some fatherly advice on the seriousness of the step he was about to take. This was before the decision of the young people that the step was indeed too serious. On learning of the disappearance of Drood, Mr. Grewgious hastens to Cloisterham, seeks out John Jasper, and tells him of the broken engagement, at which the choirmaster gasps and falls down in a fit. Grewgious suspects him of being in love with Rosa himself.

MEANWHILE a vain search is made for the body of Edwin Drood. The people of the town have jumped at the unfair conclusion that Neville is guilty and to avoid their accusing eyes he and his sister move to London and take up their quarters near Mr. Grewgious. At Cloisterham, Jasper has openly avowed his love for Rosa, who, alarmed, flies to Mr. Grewgious for protection. He establishes her in Bloomsbury lodgings, with a Mrs. Billickin, and Miss Twinkleton as a chaperon. Mr. Tarter, a retired naval lieutenant and neighbour of Neville's, presently falls in love with Rosa, as does Mr. Crisparkle with Helena Landless. At Cloisterham has arrived a Mr. Datchery, who takes up his residence with John Jasper's landlady. Who he is, is unknown, though it is understood that he wears a disguise and has a habit of chalking on

the inside of a cupboard door certain marks which indicate from day to day the progress he has made in solving the mystery of Edwin Drood.

The opening chapter of the book describes a scene in an opium den in London, from which a wreck of a man emerges in the early morning. The den is kept by a hag who listens to the semi-conscious murmurings of this customer without learning much. The last chapter tells of a stealthy visit paid the den by the choirmaster, so that there is little doubt in connecting the two.

Thus with the death of the author remained the unsolved mystery of Edwin Drood. Two weeks ago, in London, students of Dickens gathered at King's Hall, Covent Garden, to witness the court proceedings in connection with this case, which has lain so long in abeyance. John Jasper was placed on trial before a judge in the person of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the famous literary light, and a jury composed of Bernard Shaw (foreman), Sir Edward Russell, W. W. Jacobs, William De Morgan, William Patridge, Arthur Morrison, William Archer, Justin H. McCarthy, Francesco Berger, Ridgewell Cullum, Coulson Kernahan and Thomas Seccombe—twelve men, good and true. J. Cumming Walters, a well-known authority on Dickens, was leading counsel for the prosecution, and W. W. Crotch acted for the defence. His plea was that there was no evidence to show that Drood was not still alive, and he suggested that the key to the story lay in the opium habit of the two men. He urged that there was no evidence upon which to convict Jasper of the murder. Bernard Shaw, as foreman of the jury, caused roars of laughter by his brilliant sallies with Chesterton, as judge, whose pompous gravity lent much merriment to the entertainment. About midnight the jury brought in the verdict, "In the British spirit of compromise we adjudge the prisoner guilty of manslaughter," with a rider to the effect that the prisoner be left to the judge's mercy and those daring to question the verdict would be committed for contempt of court."

## Men We Meet

### NUMBER SIX—MEN WOMEN LIKE

#### *A Practical Symposium by Well-known Women from Several Walks of Life*

##### Marie Hall

WHEN contributing to a symposium with such a comprehensive title as "Men Women Like," one may surely be allowed to respond to the invitation merely as oneself, not as the mouthpiece of many.

Acting on this assumption, I will tell what type of man pleases me best:

His appearance always brings a suggestion of intimate and frequently renewed acquaintance with soap and water. He is always well shorn, and might have emerged within the hour from a Turkish bath, so exquisitely fresh is his general aspect. He is suitably clothed for all occasions, but is quite unconscious of the fact, and never looks as if the tailor and the hosier have induced him to be the first exponent of any strikingly new mode. Though well set up, and generally capable, he need not have a handsome head, nor be in any way reminiscent of the hero of a novelette, in fact, short of being disagreeably ugly, his features do not matter. But he must look bright, and have good teeth—the most reliable indication of good health, of good temper, and therefore of good fellowship.

My ideal man is strictly honest, his word is as good as his bond, but he is not too confiding in regard to the dealings of less trustworthy dwellers in an unscrupulous world. He has the courage of his opinions, and although a good fighter, is capable of seeing all sides of an argument. He does not hold woman his intellectual inferior, but rather makes a point of asking her opinion.

##### Dorothea Conyers

THE men which women like are not the heroes of romance—or of real life—who are wrapped up in their own importance, and expect the conversation to turn as naturally as sunflower to sun to the subject of their affairs, but above all the thoughtful man. It is perhaps unfortunate, but nevertheless true, that the maker of a century for his county; the inventor of some new death-dealing machine; the statesman whose eloquence can hold an assembly enthralled has less power over women's hearts than the mere ordinary man who remembers

his Phyllis's tastes, who guards her from knocks in a crowd, always knows the best way of doing things, and who picks up the menu and orders her dinner, remembering that she adores peche melba and prefers hock to champagne. Who never forgets to remark the particular gown put on for his edification, and who can be pleasant friend as well as lover.

Let mankind, even if he does not really want it, keep some pursuit, some amusement which he tells womankind he cannot get on at without her. Let him be thoughtful and never try to completely understand that unfathomable thing, the feminine mind, and he will be the man whom women like thoroughly.

##### Lilian Quiller-Couch

IT is difficult to speak for all women. Some like the man who gives them diamonds and champagne; others prefer the man who pays his rates promptly and goes to church on Sunday. But taking for granted that the normal woman does not prefer murderers, thieves and the like, and allowing for difference of taste, I think her liking for a man is swayed most by the points which are not the first to be revealed. For instance, she can bear bad temper, but is impatient of indecision; she does not mind ugliness, but hates deceit; above all she hates a man to be stingy. There is no surer poison to a woman's liking for a man than real stinginess on his part. She may hate extravagance, or "gullibility"; but stinginess turns liking to contempt. Most women like men of courage, and, personally, I am waiting to meet the man who has had the pluck to scatter over his pet lawn the discriminating sand which is advertised to kill the weeds and improve the grass. He will stand in my line of heroes, between Abraham and the gentleman who brought a bandbox (left at his house by mistake) to me through a fashionable thoroughfare.

##### Maud Churton Braby

IT often happens that the most popular man is not always the best. The finest souls are often gauche and ill-at-ease in company. They lack the

social graces; they are too "big" to dance to petty piping; their tailor is rarely an artist, and their taste in boots is tragic.

Generally speaking women like men who can "do things." They are fascinated by an exhibition of brute force, provided of course that it does not hurt them. The man who can—let us say, at hazard—dance, fight, take a woman through a crowd, order a dinner at a restaurant and propose a toast without making a fool of himself—such a man need never fear competition, however plain. Looks as a rule count for much less than is generally supposed; and the handsome, dull man has little success with women.

Then as regards his attitude towards their sex, women like a man who appreciates their femininity, who notices and admires their effects yet without knowing how those effects are obtained. The female-connoisseur—who knows just how much of one's colour comes out of the pink bottle, can discern where pins are doing the duty of hooks and exactly why that blue bow is wrong—is rightly detested. So, too, is the man who pays extravagant compliments. The modern woman expects above all things to be taken seriously, and insincere flattery she considers an insult to her intelligence.

But women's great need, is for tenderness. It is the master-key that opens their hearts, but it must be virile tenderness—the femininely-tender man nearly always gets jilted. When all is said, what appeals most to women in men is masculinity and the all-conquering man is the one who makes love best. He may be god-like or a brute, old or young, ugly or beautiful, rich or poor—if he is a good lover, all women will "LIKE" him!

##### Jessie Pope

WOMEN like men who take the trouble to make themselves likeable. A man need neither be celebrated, handsome nor rich. Neither may he possess many noble qualities to rake in the pool of feminine popularity. What he must possess is a quick sympathy and a ready wit. He must make every lady of his acquaintance feel she is distinctly worth talking to, and that her personality is more interesting to him—for the time being, anyhow—than anything else in the world.

That popular hero in fiction, the strong, silent man, who says little and thinks much, is absolutely nowhere in real life.

If a man takes the trouble to find out a woman's personality, if he can amuse her or condole with her, as her mood demands, if he can enter into her interests, and sympathize with her aspirations, then he will score all along the line, and the ladies will be round him like flies round the honey pot.