Passing of Big Weddings

Reason for Cutting Down List of Guests

Fashionable New York weddings will not be so large this winter. This statement comes from women of high social place who have daughters soon to marry.

The reason for cutting down the list of guests is the discovery that big weddings are the causes of much heartburning and ill feeling.

"It is high time something was done," says one authority. "For the last three or four years fashionable weddings have been changing for the worse. Not one of late but has been a promoter of social embarrasments and often of actual ill will, and to my mind the trouble is this: Entirely too many invitations are sent out. Primarily the young people are responsible for this. One young relative of mine who married about three years ago and had a church wedding was nervous for fear there would not be a crowd present, that only the seats along the middle aisle would be filled, and to guard against such a contingency she implored her mother to send a card of invitation to every person she knew even slightly, making the same demand of her fiance.

"'But,' objected her mother, 'I am not willing to ask all those persons to the reception afterward. We have never exchanged calls. They are not on my visiting list at all.'

"'But the daughter had her way. She wanted a church overflowing with sightseers and she had it. And what was the result?

"Many of the guests who were on friendly but not intimate terms with the hostess, finding themselves in the same category with many dozens whom they knew perfectly well had no more than a bowing acquaintance with either the bride's or bridegroom's family, were seriously offended.

"Had only the two classes, intimates and social acquaintances, been present the latter would have been perfectly satisfied not to receive a card to the house, believing that the reception was to be limited to relatives and a few intimate friends which was really the case. But as it was they were classed unmistakably with the goats and their ire was aroused, for why, they asked, should all those outsiders be asked at all? If the reception was to be so exclusive why have the church service so inclusive, as one of the offenders afterward put it in my hearing.

"Now this is only one case in point, but it is not far from describing most of the large weddings of today at which friends of the young couple reach the church in good time to find every choice seat occupied by people they have never seen before. As most persons know, not more than one-half of the invitations to a wedding are or can be responded to in person.

"Especially is this true of the people one most wants to have come. The outsiders are likely to respond in larger proportion than one's intimate friends, probably because they have fewer social engagements. Therefore in order to get even 300 guests at a church it is necessary to send out between 600 and 800 invitations and to get together 800 or 900—and it takes as many as that to make anything approaching a crowd—nearly three times that number of cards must be issued.

"Now it doesn't need any great intelligence to see that sixteen or eighteen hundred invitations cannot be sent out by a woman of any degree of exclusiveness to friends and valued acquaintances, such as a generation ago would alone have been present at a wedding in the best social circles, or to comprehend that as an outcome of such a generous scattering of invitations society is bound to rub shoulders with many whom it neither knows nor cares to know. And all to fill a church.

"It was because of this that the custom originated of giving the ushers a list of the names of those persons for whom seats should be reserved in the middle aisle, a custom which more than all others has helped turn the modern church wedding into anything but an occasion of merriment and harmony. For with the best intentions some names will be omitted from that list which should not have been. The women whose names cannot be discovered on the ushers' list, finding themselves debarred from the favored section while others who perhaps are on less terms of intimacy with the wedding party are piloted to the best places, get highly offended in some instances.

"At my daughter's wedding I have resolved that there shall be no reserved seats except for near relatives, and no one who is not on visiting terms with my family and the bridegroom's family will get a card to the church. Counting that only one-third of those invited will be present, for January is a busy month socially, probably not more than the body of the church, the seats, I mean, on either side of the long main aisle, will be filled—a circumstance the bride to be is seriously objecting to.

"To obviate the look of emptiness which she says is bound to result I mean to have the wall pews cut off, screened from view, with a row of evergreens and palms.

"The unpleasant complications growing out of a promiscuous distribution of wedding invitations are many."

"For instance?" the speaker was asked.

"I need give only one; that of wedding presents. Naturally the average bride is not at all averse to getting presents. The more the better, some think; but then no self-respecting girl cares to receive a handsome present from some one almost unknown to her or her mother."

"Some persons with social ambitions and neither the refinement nor graces to justify such an ambition, have taken advantage of receiving an invitation to the church to send the bride a costly present. Allowing that they were not actuated by an unworthy motive, that the gift was merely the outcome of an ignorance of good form, conceive if you can the awkwardness of the situation for the bride. After inviting a woman to her wedding she can't refuse to receive a present from her. Neither is she prepared to acknowledge the obligation by opening her home to the giver. What she must do, however, or thinks she must do, is to write a note of thanks for the gift and in the future send that misguided person a card occasionally to a reception or something of the sort.

"I know of cases, however, where the donor got no card in return to any house entertainment, and of one case where the bride sent a present back with a charming note saying that she knew the gift was intended for some one else, and that in the stress of wedding engagements the donor had sent it to the wrong bride.

"One girl—but I think it was nasty of her—never acknowledged at all a gift of this sort, and on her return from her wedding trip she returned the silver dish, together with the card which came with it, to the silversmith from whom it had been purchased, saying that before long she would be in to exchange it for something else. Of course she never meant to do do anything of the sort. What she did mean was that the amount the dish cost would be credited to the buyer, which probably was done.

"The rule about wedding presents? There is no fixed rule that I know of, and as a matter of fact any one invited to a wedding has the right, if it can be put like that, to send the bride a present. As a general thing, though, only friends of either the bride or bridegroom remember the bride in this way. This is proved by the fact that to receive 200 wedding presents makes a bride feel as if she was the most popular of her kind, and 300 is a number quite out of the ordinary.

"Often business relations between the bride's father and other men will bring bridal presents even when the few men of the families represented hardly have a bowing acquaintance, but that, of course, is understood, and the attention accepted in the spirit it is given.

"Good taste, however, requires that aside from business connections of this sort persons who do not know either family well should refrain from sending a present.

"I don't believe, however, that there will be much change in the bridal procession. My daughter will have six bridesmaids, chosen from her intimate friends and not because of their looks or height or wealth or something like that, which is too often the case. I am sorry to say. When my daughter suggested asking a recently made acquaintance to attend her because she was so "stunning looking," I put my foot down good and hard. Only friends whom she has known for years will be in the bridal party.

"There are brides nowadays who select their bridesmaids with a view to having them match the color scheme of the wedding. But I would better not go into that. I always get angry when I begin to dwell on the many sugentimental features of up-to-date weddings."

King Without a Crown

The Story of a Bogus Viceroy

London Morning Leader.

From a quiet country publisher comes an unassuming little booklet which deals with a romantic career—that of the Birmingham manufacturer's son who set out to prove himself viceroy of Canada, Lord Lieutenant of Nova Scotia, and owner of vast domains of land on the North American continent.

He spent the greater part of his long life as a prisoner, a fugitive or an exile, and failed throughout to establish his gorgeous pretensions.

The First Earl

The basis of his claim lay in the prodigal grants of James I. and Charles I. to the first Earl of Stirling, poet and courtier. This nobleman was not only granted the whole soil of Nova Scotia, but of Newfoundland, of Long Island and Maine, with large tracts in Canada and extensive mining and fishing rights. He had power to create 150 "baronets of Nova Scotia," some of which titles exist to this day, but the Scottish colony of Nova Scotia grew so slowly that the earl was unable to realize his vast possessions. He was forced to sell all his Canadian lands to a Frenchman named De la Tour—a circumstance which Mr. Macaulay, the author of this booklet, does not mention, though it has a most important bearing on the claims of his hero, "the Last Earl of Stirling."

Nova Scotia was ceded to France by treaty in 1632, conquered by Cromwell, again surrendered by Charles II., and in 1713 again became a British colony, no consideration being then paid to the real or imaginary seignorial and manorial rights of the Earls of Stirling. And so matters remained for more than a hundred years.

From America to France

In 1739 the Earldom of Stirling became extinct on the death of the fifth earl. It was claimed in 1762 by William Alexander, who was born in New York, the son of an engineer officer in the service of the Pretender. He had served in the English army in the war with France, and spent five years in England prosecuting his claim to the earldom, which the House of Lords rejected. Alexander thereupon returned to America, adopted the title of Lord Stirling and joined the colonial army in the War of Independence, in which he rose to be a major-general.

During his litigation it is alleged by Mr. Macaulay that family papers were mutilated by his agents, and that even tombstones were removed in order to manufacture evidence. In fact, all the devices of the fraudulent genealogist of which we heard in the famous Shipway case seem to have been in vogue at this time.

This introduction will explain the appearance of the "Last Earl of Stirling" on the scene. There was established in Birmingham a William Humphrys, a merchant with extensive connections on the Continent and the Levant. He resided at Digbeth House, which is now in a grimy manufacturing quarter, and married Hannah Alexander, the daughter of the Rev. John Alexander, a clergyman who, though he never publicly claimed the title, held that he was the rightful Earl of Stirling. In 1802, on the Peace of Amiens, William Humphrys and his son Alexander (born 1783) went to France to try to collect large sums which were owing them by foreign merchants. Before the task was completed Napoleon seized all the British subjects he could lay hands on, and Alexander Humphrys spent eleven years as one of the "detenus."

Modest Demands.

His father died there, and Alexander, after witnessing the imposing entrance of the Allies into Paris, returned to the Midlands with diminished means, and opened a school at Netherton, just outside Birmingham. It was in this retirement that he decided to claim the Earldom of Stirling as heir, through his mother, of the Rev. John Alexander.

It was unlucky that by the original patent of 1696 the earldom was limited to heirs male, but Humphrys attempted to evade that by putting forward a later document, which would have enabled him to inherit through his mother—a document whose genuineness was never established. He publicly resumed the title, and Mr. Macaulay tells us that he voted for fourteen years at the elections of representative peers for Scotland.

The soi-disant earl proceeded to demand all the enormous possessions included in the first earl's grant. He established in Scotland a sort of vice-regal establishment—"The Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada Hereditary Lieutenant's office of the Lord Proprietor for the sale, grant, and location of lands, etc." He addressed to the colonial authorities warnings as to his rights, and he granted huge tracts of land in Canada to persons who were willing to invest. He created baronets of Nova Scotia, and demanded at the coronations of William IV and Victoria to be allowed to do homage as Viceroy of Canada and Hereditary Lieutenant and Lord Protector of Nova Scotia.

At last the Crown interfered, and in a trial, which created a great sensation in Scotland in 1839, it was shown that the old French documents on which the Birmingham earl relied—some of which he had obtained from a fortune-teller in Paris—were forgeries. The jury found, however, that there was no evidence that he knew that they were forged, and he was discharged.

But the bubble had burst, and he speedily left his native land again.

Repairing to Paris, he renewed his campaign. A company was formed to develop his supposed estates in Nova Scotia, and his friendly biographer admits that "some random ingenious letters of Stirling concerning grants of land in Canada unfortunately inculpated him in the opinion of the police," with fraudulent speculators. It is clear that he was lending himself to the fraud, and it is not surprising that he was once more a fugitive, flying from France to America in 1851.

Again an exile, the old man settled in Washington, where he was once more the tool of speculators, who proposed on this occasion to acquire his grandiose fishery rights along the coasts of Maine and New Brunswick, in order to use them against Great Britain in the Fishery dispute which was then pending. But the whole thing was too thin, even for a Philadelphia lawyer, and when there was no more use for him the "Last Earl of Stirling" faded into obscurity, in which he died ten years after his arrival in America.

Mr. Macauley's selections from his diaries and sketches give an interesting glimpse of the vicissitudes of his strange career.

"The Life of the Last Earl of Stirling." by Joseph Babington Macaulay. Paighton: Axworthy.

New Marriage Problems

Marriage presents problems at the present day which were never encountered in the past. Here is a case in point.

Young man and his bethrothed were schoolmates and became engaged during their last year in the high school. The understanding was that they should wait until he was able to marry.

He left home and plunged into business life. It was hard sledding for some years, but recently he pushed his salary up to the $2,000 mark, and was ready to marry.

But, meanwhile, his Rosalind had not seen fit to sit down and wait for seven years for him to get ready to marry her. She had gone into business herself and as she had both brains and good family connections she is now confidential secretary to a house which pays her $1,800 a year.

The man must ask her to cut her income in two if she marries him. He does not blame her at all for going to work, but he does not feel that his position is not an aspiring one to contemplate, for he must either ask her to cut her income in two to marry him or let her go on working for a salary after the wedding.

Cupid and Pecunia have not yet settled their differences in this case. In similar cases they have settled it in a variety of ways.

A few years ago one of the big dry goods stores employed a woman as buyer for one important department. She went to Europe four times a year with all her expenses paid and a big salary. In one of her trips she became acquainted with the purser of the vessel and they made a love match of it.

The business woman was delighted to give up her fine position and big salary to marry the man she loved and to live with him in a tiny place they purchased out on Long Island. She was charmed with her little home and raised chickens and flowers galore; and when the baby came their happiness would have been complete but for one great trouble.

That was her husband was away from her nearly all the time. She worried so about that that finally he gave up his place as purser on a liner and tried to get a job ashore.

Like a good many other men who leave their own line of work, he did not succeed. Finally she said:

"Now see here, Johnny, you can't get a job, and if you did you wouldn't earn more than one-third of what I can. If you are to go to sea I might about as well have no husband at all."

"Now if you will stay down here in the country and look after the baby and the chickens and the roses, I'll go back into my old place again; It's always waiting for me."

It was fixed up in that way, and the household is now running on that plan. The man is the housekeeper and the woman is the bread winner.

In one of the largest and oldest clipping bureaus in the world the proprietor's wife has entire charge of the reading department. It began in 1898, when a foreman left him suddenly and she came down to help him. She liked the work and has retained it permanently.

"You couldn't drive her away," says her husband, "and it suits me all right, for she brings an intelligence and devotion to the business that I couldn't hire."—Washington Post.

A pleasant little story is told of the German Empress. Recently the Kaiser and Kaiserin visited Saarbrucken to unveil a statue in that town, their little daughter, Princess Louise, being left in the meantime, in the royal car at the railway station. A beautiful bouquet of flowers had been brought for presentation to the little princess by three small girls, who looked very disappointed at the absence of the little Louise. The Kaiserin, who noticed it at once ordered that the children should be driven to the railway station to deliver their present. They found the Princess Louise at supper, and one of the children described how she had spilled some egg and cocoa on her white frock. She was very friendly and pleased, and talked as though she had known them "ever so long."

The Brittany fishing has again been a disastrous failure, and the winter will once more bring with it starvation for the unfortunate population. Not only have the sardines this year again fled the Brittany coast, but also the langoustes (a species of lobster) and the tunny. The failure of the fishing season spells disaster not only all round the coast, but also in the villages inland, for when there are no fish to pack or tin, thousands of women and children must perforce remain idle.

The Real Rulers of Great Britain

By Charles Byng-Hall

This is written for American consumption.

London, Oct 25.—"Who governs the British empire?"

"Five women, two financiers, four cabinet ministers and King Edward."

"Where is the seat of government?"

"In a dozen country houses of England and in a few English villas on the shore of the Mediterranean."

It is taught in the schools that the British empire is ruled by parliament and the cabinet and that London is the seat of government. But if the actual truth was stated in the school books they would all contain the above questions and answers.

Only a short time ago a small sensation was made by a newspaper of the north country. It published an anonymous article generalizing happenings at English country houses and declared that Britain was an empire run by the smart set. It made the assertion that the great affairs of state are decided in the smoking rooms and over the bridge table of country houses and urgent questions settled in atmosphere of moral recklessness and enervating luxury.

Some of the public, reading the article, smiled knowingly; others, with less knowledge of the secrets of happenings about the throne were startled and shocked.

Other papers ignored the article. There have been no quotatiions or repetitions of it or its subject. Up to that date no publication in England had had the temerity to draw aside a single fold of the curtain over England's skeleton in the closet. There have been paragraphs about Smart Set's doings in country houses, but they have referred to heavy bridge gambling, the playing of leaep frog by the men and women guests and the practical jokes of apple pie beds and the pouring of wine down each others back and such horse play.

There has only been one hint of wemen's interference in the administration of the government and that was made in a speech by Dr. T. Miller Maguire, M. A., LL. D., a famous army tutor, orator and author and known as the greatest military strategist of England. Dr. Maguire, though holding the post of literary lecturer under the government to the British army, is absolutely fearless in his utterances. He charged petticoat influence in a public speech a year ago. The papers printed the speech. There was no comment, no answer, no following up.

I asked Dr. Maguire for a statement the other day.

He was cautious. It is perilous to a public man of his standing to make a serious charge such as this. In a few days he wrote me a long letter.

"It is time the truth was known," he wrote, "but I speak solely for the army, including all the best generals, who are not only friends of mine but were my pupils. However, in all fairness, I can not particularize or furnish details.

"I am quite convinced that England is a country petticoat ridden beyond compare. Any petticoat does, but especially one supposed to rustle against finance and royalty. English society is putrid. Petticoats champion public schools, and boys are sent to these dens of decadenece, though the fathers know well their worthlessness.

"I say that England is a decadent nation—rotten with petticoats, games and snobbery. What is called 'good form' is mere ignorance, base selfishness and moral cowardice.

"Army and naval officers are the only decent members of the richer English, but they are getting worse yearly and no wonder, for they are grossly betrayed. Parents are not fools enough to trust their sons to the endless caprices of official imposters, like the army council; whimsical war ministers who make three bouleversements of the army in five years, and cads who would lie or cheat for the smile of some paltry, simpering society dame."

It should be said in all honor to the Liberal cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that while a few women and their allies still rule the empire, the rule is not so rampant as in the days of the Balfour ministry.

Arthur Balfour, the former prime minister, commonly known in the smart set as "the jely fish," is first and foremost a society man. He is, unlike the great house of Cecil, from which he comes, an indolent esthete, whose heaven is bed and a book. He is always in a state of boredom. While a brilliant thinker, a striking speaker, a man of wonderful artistic perceptions and tastes he dawdles through life and scarcely took seriously the honors of his prime ministership. His favorite time for getting out of bed is the afternoon. Balfour is a man of words, not deeds. Instead of thumping his fist and calling a man a liar, as would a vigorous American or Briton, Balfour would fix an insolent, supercillious look on his man and then, in his silly voice, say: "My right honorable friend approaches perilously near the precipice of terminological inexactitude."

It was such a man, with his languid voice and his indolent manner, who left the opening for the wedge of woman's influence in the affairs of the empire. The importunate widow of Scripture was "not in it" compared with the wives and women friends of recent recipients of titles and honors. Balfour literally shoveled out titles and honors. He gave more in his four years of office than any other prime minister in history.

His ministers followed his lead. Petticoats ruled, and found the rule so pleasing that they continued it. Despite the change in government, the election of a new, and in social qualification a lower grade of legislator, the fetters forged by women are too strong to be easily broken.

As in Balfour's day, so at present the petticoat influence in the government is stronger than any other influence. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is premier by title. The Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, P.C., etc., chancellor of the exchequer, is really the governing head of the Liberal cabinet, and Mrs. Asquit, formerly Miss Margaret Tennant, the original "Dodo," wields the mighty but invisible sceptre, so far as the Liberal party is concerned.

In Balfour's time the woman who ruled the cabinet was that exceptionally gifted and brilliant diplomat, the Marchioness of Lansdowne. She still remains the petticoat power at the foreign office, though the Hon. Lady Hardinge is beginning to take the reins.

At the war office Lady St. Heller, formerly Lady Jeune, continues her reign in face of the powerful combativeness of Mr. Haldane, the war minister.

The Countess Howe until the day of her recent death had more to say regarding the royal navy than the lords of the admiralty, with the exception of Sir John Fisher. "Jacky" Fisher is the English "Fighting Bob" Evans. That explains sufficiently why, near him, petticoats rustle in vain.

In financial matters the pretty German ear of Mrs. Sassoon is the one to get. In social affairs favors are asked of Lady Saville, whose husband is one of the king's favorite hosts.

But in the matter of appointments, honors, titles and all the hundred and one things of moment which the king can grant, two women, one an American, reign absolute.

Through her influence with the queen, as well as with the king, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, has more direct power over social affairs in England than any woman in the empire, and she is an American.

The other woman who wields a sceptre as of royalty is the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel.

So long as Edward VII. lives and reigns so long will these two women help him administer, through appointments and honors, the affairs of state.

One could truthfully mention other women—the names of a score come handily to one's pen—but they are not leaders in the petticoated government of the British empire. They are assistants—gobetweens perhaps of those who crave favors through the women enthroned in power.

The names of the women given have never been publicly announced before. But even a stranger could almost get them told him should he ask in the inner circles or at the clubs. They are leaders of society known as the "smart set" which of late has been so much abused and of whose doings so much has been "revealed" by Father Vaughan and other preachers.

There is intrigue, of course, in London drawing rooms, but the real work is done in the privacy of the country house, where the hostess invites a score or two of guests for a week, a fortnight or a week end. It is here that are fought many battles royal between opposing camps. It is here that king and prince, cabinet minister and department chief, general and admiral, and all those on the lower rungs of the great ladder of the government are bewitched. It is here that the great generals are deposed from commands or are bothered in administration by bickerings of the war department. It is here that admirals are to make way in an important command for the favorite of the drawing room. It is here that scandals are hushed up; honors and titles apportioned and all sorts of great financial deals outlined.

It is in the country houses of England that hundreds of society men are pitchforked into lucrative government positions or promoted in the services. Nothing too small for the coterie of leaders; nothing too big for these clever, brilliant women to attempt.

Two notable cases, one of each kind, may here be mentioned.

The most important event decided in a country house intrigue was the deposal of Lord Curzon of Kedleston from the vice royalty of India. He was driven to resignatioin. Jealousy of his beautiful American wife swung the balance against him, although it was recognized that he was India's best viceroy.

Perhaps the most flagrant cases of pitchforking by women rulers was the minor case of the son of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood. He was a captain in an insignificant regiment and had not especially distinguished himself outside of drawing rooms, although he saw service on the staff during the Boer war. One day he was made major of the Tenth Hussars. This, the crack hussar regiment of the British army, almost mutinied to a man over the appointment. Major Wood was lifted over the heads of many captains. Relate this to an ordinary person who knows of the rules and regulations of the army and he will tell you such a thing can not be done. Yet it was done and has not been undone.

It was only a few weeks ago that a terrible battle was fought out in country houses over the soon to be vacant command of the home fleet, the premier sea post of the navy. According to precedence and merit the vacancy was to be filled by Lord Charles Beresford. But the petticoats in the leading cliques objected to Lord Charles. The Beresfords have all been rough and ready men, secure in their own family strength and abilities. In the service Lord Charles is one of the most popular of men. In society he is unknown. He married a commoner and his wife is not of the smart set. Lord Charles was opposed by Rear Admiral Curzon-Howe, one of the darlings of society. As a relative of the Countess Howe, it looked as if he would win. But the countess suddenly died and before the scattered forces of the clique could again gather together, it was too late. "Jacky" Fisher, the king's chum and ruler of the navy as first sen lord of the admiralty, and Lord Marcus Beresford, manager of the king's racing stud and brother of Lord Charles, have the king's ear and told him of the state of affairs. "Jacky" Fisher was told to go ahead "for the benefit of the service" and he would be supported. So the next day there appeared an admiralty order appointing Lord Charles Beresford commander-in-chief of the home squadron, and giving him full command of not alone the channel fleet the home squadron of Ireland and Scotland, but also the Atlantic fleet.

Recently the petticoats have again turned their attention to the army. Lord Kitchener's term as commander-in-chief in India will be up next year. Diplomats and soldiers who have the army's interests at heart are trying to have the appointment extended, for Kitchener's work is by no means finished. But the petticoat cliques have two candidates, General Sir Ian Hamilton and General Sir John French. The former is a good soldier and a handsome man. His mother was daughter of a viscount, his wife is daughter of a baronet, and he is of the smart set. The latter, like Sir Evelyn Wood, is a great favorite with the ladies.

At present the battle is raging in half a dozen country houses. Sir John French is the favorite in the betting.

Ireland, Egypt and South Africa are all having their destinies arranged for them these days in country houses. Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Rothschild, the two financiers who help govern the British empire and do rule in all matters affecting finance, have party after party at their magnificent country houses until late in the winter, when the petticoats fit to the warm, sunny shores of the Mediterranean. These two financiers effected the British entente with Russia which is now being solidified. It was Sir Ernest Cassel who nominated Lord Cromer's successor to Egypt, not the foreign minister.

The country house season is on now—royalty, cabinet ministers, generals, admirals and others are being entertained—this week at this house, next week at that.

And a host of devouring office or honor seekers are watching the game.

For the petticoats are rustling.

Georges Clemenceau

The Warwick of French Politics—By W. T. Stead

The new French premier is—to talk in terms of British politics—a compound of John Morley, John Burns and Sidney Webb.

M. Clemenceau is a man of the world, but he leans more toward Anglo-Saxon qualities than in any other direction from his own French character. He has lived in America. He married an American (Miss Mary Plummer). He speaks an almost idiomatic English. He is one of the most brilliant of journalists, and one of the most witty and intelligent of companions. There is also in him, despite a certain cynical flippancy of speech which leads his critics sometimes to declare that he is at heart a mere gamin de Paris, a trace of the strain of a hero. He is as intrepid as he is dexterous. He is the Ulysses rather than the Nestor of the French republic. He is only 64, but he has been so long a leading actor in the drama of Republican politics that he seems almost to date back to remote antiquity.

M. Clemenceau believed in General Boulanger. But for M. Clemenceau the brave general would never have been minister of war. M. Clemenceau put him in office as a security against the enemies of the republic and of peace. He remained there to become the most dangerous enemy of the republic and of the general peace. I spent some hours on the night of Boulanger's election by popular vote walking up and down the Boulevard with M. Clemenceau. Nobody knew whether if Boulanger were elected by a large majority he would not declare himself dictator and use the army to trample out all opposition. It was a thrilling moment. Never was I so deeply impressed with the worthlessness of all constitutional guarantees in the presence of an army. Whoever can give the word of command at the war office has the nation at his mercy. Fortunately, General Boulanger loved his mistress better than the dictatorship, and France escaped the imminent peril.

M. Clemenceau is to me the most authentic incarnation of the revolution of 1789 now extant in Europe. He is the revolution en bloc. He shares its hatreds, he has lost none of its enthusiasms. He is a Jacobin reincarnated in the skin of an opportunist. After playing the part of Warwick, the Kingmaker, setting up and pulling down one ministry, after another, he is now saddled with the responsibility of office.

M. Clemenceau is a Freethinker, who is merciless in his attitude in relation to the Roman Catholic church. To him the church is a kind of devil fish, with the religious orders as the arms of the octopus. I cannot read Victor Hugo's famous story of the tremendous struggle in "Les Travailleurs de Mer" between his hero and the octopus without recognizing that M. Clemenceau and his friends feel themselves and the republic exactly in that position. La pleuvre, with its deadly suckers plantted thick along every writhing arm, draining the life-blood of their victim—that is the anti-clerical conception of the Church of Rome.

M. Clemenceau's great distinction has been his unwavering opposition to a policy of imperialism. It was he who more than any man, deterred France from joining England in her Egyptian campaign. He was the inveterate enemy of M. Ferry, whom he relently pursued and ultimately overthrew for his policy of Asiatic expansion. It is true that M. Clemenceau can hardly be said to be a man of peace. He has fought many duels, including one with M. Deroulede, who accused him of being in the pay of Dr. Cornelius Herz and the Panama ring and his antipathy to foreign expeditions has usually been attributed quite as much to his distrust of Germany as to any humanitarian objections to making war on colored races. With him the memory of the Terrible Year is still vivid. He was mayor of Montmartre in the year of the siege and although he never speaks of Alsace and Lorraine, he never forgets. He wrote last year: "The fundamental condition of peace—not the peace I should like, but the only one which is possible in the present condition of Europe—is that we should dispose of sufficient force to discourage every aggressor. Force, alas, consists of guns, rifles and soldiers, as also of alliances and agreements." But if we can substitute the force of alliances and agreements for the costly armaments which are ruining civilization, no one will be better pleased than M. Clemenceau.

The second great distinction of M. Clemenceau is the splendid part which he played in the Dreyfus affair. He stands in the foremost fighting line of the heroic few who stood for justice in the darkest days of the reaction. M. Clemenceau, who founded La Justice in 1880, became the fighting journalist in arms of L'Aurore during the prolonged Dreyfus combat, and rendered yeoman's service to the cause of justice. Nor was it only with his pen that he defended the right. He pleaded the cause before the court, and on one occasion, in February, 1898, he made a powerful use of the crucifix as an argument against the refusal to reconsider the chose jugee.

"We hear much talk," said he, of the chose jugee." M. Clemenceau raised his head toward the immense painting of the Christ on the cross, hanging in view of the entire company over the heads of the scarlet-robed judges. "Look here at the chose jugee. This image placed in our judgment halls recalls the most monstrous judical error which the world has known." (There were ironical cries from the audience.) "No, I am not one of his adorers; but I love him perhaps more than those who invoke him so singularly to preach religious proscription."

He is no friend of the Russian alliance. If Russia were to become a constitutional state, that would be another affair. But for him, as for most French Radicals, Russia is the enemy of freedom and Japan the hope of civilization in the east. In the past he has never hesitated to defend even the excesses of the Revolutionaries as the inevitable result of the repressive system which denies to Russians the fundamental liberties of civilized nations. He is per contra, a warm friend of England and the English.

For ten years, from 1883 to 1893, he was regarded as the master and maker of ministries in France. In 1893, he lost his seat for the Var amid the outcry raised over the Panama scandal. In 1901 he founded the weekly paper Le Bloc. The title clung to the party. The French revolution, he said, was a block, a thing which must be accepted or rejected en bloc. In our villainous political slang, Le Bloc was the party which went the whole hog for the revolution. In the following year he was elected senator for his old constituency, the Var. In many respects he is the most notable of modern French politicians, and there is none whose fortunes will be watched with more sympathetic interest on the English side of the Channel.

M. Clemenceau's personal appearance was described fifteen years ago by one who knew him well, but who omitted to say that, whatever he might look like, he is no Puritan. The description, however, is accurate today.

In his appearance he has something of the character of a Puritan of Cromwell's court. He is a middle-sized man, thin, with a big, bony head, straight, thick eyebrows, deep-set twinkling eyes. To those who look closer at the face it bears traces of continual effort and premature fatigue, traces of a something which might be politely qualified as skepticism. When he speaks, his voice is sharp and his words short, his gestures are decisive, and, even when his face is in movement, his delivery remains calm. In the tribune he is a powerful antagonist. Just as in his exterior appearance there is an affectation of calm and austerity, so in his speeches there is an appearance of the most rigid precision—an appearance with which he deceives himself and others.

When a business girl is a failure the reason often is that she regards the work she has taken up as only a temporary thing—something to fill up the years that lie between leaving school and the husband and home that she hopes sooner or later will fall to her lot. That is an utterly wrong principle. Even if the chances are that the girl will marry, she must work hard and gain all the knowledge she can of her calling, so that, should marriage not come her way, she may instead of developing into a complaining old maid, become an interesting and charming woman, leading a busy life—too busy very often to think much of self, but never too busy to do a kind action or help on younger women beginning life.

From Foreign Lands

Brief Items of Interesting News

In Thibet the law allows every woman three husbands.

Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Portland have brought before English women the cruelty they are guilty of in wearing aigrets.

There is at present in the Mont de Piete at Paris a necklace which Marie Theresa of Austria gave to her daughter, Marie Antoinette. It is in pawn for $8,000.

The Princess of Monaco is the first Hebrew woman to reign in any land in Europe. She was related to the great German poet Heine and is half-American by birth.

Her Majesty the Queen of England, who has always set a noble example in supporting home industries, secured an exquisite and valuable fan made of ivory, with lily-of-the-valley pattern old Bucks point lace, for presentation to Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain. A duplicate of the fan was shown at an exhibition of Bucks and Northampton lace held at Wellingborough recently.

Ellen Terry stories are going the rounds apropos of her recent jubilee. The fair Ellen has a ready wit. At a party recently a young officer, remarkable for his extraordinary height, was one of the guests, and Miss Terry, being struck by his appearance, learned upon inquiry that, though now in the army, he had been originally intended for the church. "For the church!" exclaimed Miss Terry. "Rather for the steeple!"

Some of the pluckiest feats of mountaineering in the Alps this year have been performed by women. Two ladies, Mme. Georg of Geneva and Mlle. Suchard de Pressence of Paris, recently made the journey from Switzerland to Italy by way of the summit of Monte Moro. The climb was a very perilous one, owing to the quantity of snow, and the adventurous party was afoot twelve hours before arriving at Mucugnaga, the first Italian halt in the Auzascu Valley.

The University of Paris is one of the most cosmopolitan in the world. Of the 14,462 students in the university, 1,638 or more than a tenth, are foreigners. There are nearly a thousand women students, less than half of whom are French. There are a few Anglo-Saxons among them, such as some young doctors, supplementing their Edinburgh and London studies, and some students of letters; but most of the Anglo-Saxons in Paris are there to learn art or music, and belong to no university.

Charles Bakody, an American operatic singer, had for one of his most appreciative listeners a wealthy widow named Mrs. Lawless. The unfortunate singer went blind, and being reduced in circumstances was obliged to earn his living by singing in the streets. Mrs. Lawless had meanwhile lost sight of him, but one day lately she heard a familiar voice singing below her windows, and going to see who the wandering minstel was, discovered him to be no other than her favorite operatic vocalist singing for bread. The two have just been married in Washington.

Poetically appealing to a fashion in tapestry for chairs and settees that has been introduced in Washington by the Viscountess Aoki, wife of the Japanese ambassador. In the land of the Mikado it is customary to weave sentiments into tapestries. On one of the great chairs that adorn the bay window of the main drawing room of the Japanese embassy is the wish that the occupant may find the seat softer than the grasses of the field and more restful than the zephyrs from the sea. Blessings are conferred upon the user of another chair.

Miss Elizabeth Sewell, who died at the advanced age of ninety-one, was almost unknown to the present generation; but fifty years ago her books were nearly as much in vogue as those of Miss Yonge, and were foremost among the high church literature that helped to give the rising generation a taste for ritual. Miss Sewell was very strong in her views about education, and for many years had an ultra-select school for young ladies under her own control. "Amy Herbert" and "The Experience of Life" were her two best known works, and "The Experience of Life" was a very clever and humorous study of character.

The recent admission of Miss Nora Stanton Blatch to membership in the American Society of Civil Engineers is from various points of view a notable event. Not that she is in any strict sense a pioneer in her profession; the census of 1900 took note of eighty-four women civil engineers and surveyors. But the rare nature of the compliment paid to this first woman to take the Cornell degree of civil engineer and the fact that she had only to apply to be admitted make the incident of interest. The women who first knocked at the doors of bar and medical associations were not so chivalrously treated.

Tuesday, November 27,

AT BRIISH COLUMBIA
STRANDED IN HON

Sad Case of a Machin
Was Lured There
False Pretences

The following from the
Telegraph of Oct. 20 has dis
interest. The interest would
to if the name of the unfortuna
Columbian who has been left
in Hongkong were given. T
however, stands out just as pla
out that:

The unfortunate case of me
stranded in Hongkong through
or their own was vividly illustr
time ago when two Englishmen
been engaged at home for a M
and found on arrival there th
anted labor was illegal, had to
Hongkong penniless and well n
less. The matter was broug
attention of the government, an
ally the men were sent back to
on board the Ajax. That w
stance where the parties conce
engaged to work in a foreign
Doubtless, if they had taken
ble to inquire, they could hav
in England before leaving t
contracted outside the Philip
ands was prohibited by law,
is in the United States, Aust
cept for special reasons which
ly detailed—and probably in o
ries. But there are some pe
never think of taking ordinary
find out what they accept on
only discover their fatuity w
too late. They have them
blame, of course, although it
disagreeable to see presumabl
able artisans or clerks obliged
ate or be associated with the
beachcomber.

A case has occurred in
however, which is quite dist
the usual run of such instance
hibits some special features wh
commend it to the attention
nevolent. About a year ago a
man, or at least a British su
engaged in British Columbia
rend the erection of some ma
Hongkong. The terms were
able, as they must necessarily
a skilled workman will leave
and abandon the prospects to
est effort has entitled him.
the high salary offered, the r
ture of the possibilities drawn
termediary, and everything el
the British to embark for
where he probably thought
make his fortune in rather le
time. Unfortunately for him,
was on the high seas travelin
bounding heart across the P
firm in Hongkong which ha
his services went into bankrup
the covenanted man arrived
landed to a series of difficulties
fortunes of which he could
little experience in the past.
the partners of the firm, who
ed to keep up his spirits by all
of what they intended to do
mediate future. They might
rupt now, but brighter days w
ing. All that was necessary
ence, together with that virt
springs eternal in the human
Meanwhile they lodged and fe
tbm of their misfortunes and
aged to pay his salary for t
The Britisher was a quie
honorable and straightforwar
not a young man by any mean
dicted to gadding about. He h
the age when the frivolities a
of youth appeal to the imagin
the end of six months he was
ing against hope that the
which he was engaged to ere
appear, but that machinery
since been returned to the ma
there was no sign that the p
the bankrupt firm were likely
a position to start in business
was still being fed and lodge
expense, as he thought, of those
engaged him. When a year ha
the parties responsible for his
Hongkong told him that they
use for his services, that th
maintain him any longer, in
they had not maintained him
months back, and that he mus
way back to British Columbia
could. Here he was, then,
penny in his pocket, without the
of earning board and lodging,
be kicked into the street at a
notice. He could not sue his
employer because there were
on which he could recover.
commended itself to a gentle
became interested in him, and
porarily dependent on his char
old man is incapable of wo
passage across the Pacific, wit
sult that the outlook is gloom
extreme.

If the government is able t
couple of men who had not been
for Hongkong at all, but for
country, surely then it is bound
one who came direct to Hongk
formation which might have b
trustworthy at the time, but p
founded before he had reached
ony. His case is sadder than
the young man who went to M
found a closed door. It is cer
instance of misfortune piling o
tune, and it is an instance, w
which is worthy of the attentio
authorities.

MINING DEALS ON.

Nelson, B. C., Nov. 22.—Sev
can mining deals of considerab
tance, in which American min
figure as the purchasers, are
ress. The high prevailing p
metals proves an irresistible a
to would-be buyers.

COMES THROUGH STO

Racine, Wis., Nov. 22.—The
Frontenac, which was supposed
foundered in the storm