CARLYLE'S "FREDERICK THE GREAT"

THE GREAT WRITER'S PORTRAIT OF A GREAT MONARCH—A LEAN, LITTLE OLD MAN, BUT A KING EVERY INCH OF HIM—HIS WONDERFUL EYES—HIS TALENT OF REPARTEE.

On the top floor of No. 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, may be seen the sound-proof room in which Carlyle wrote his "Frederick the Great." Mr. Birrell has said that there are many who "would sooner pick oakum than read 'Frederick the Great' all through." This great work was abridged into a single volume by the late Mr. Edgar Sanderson, M.A., who has thus conferred a boon on a multitude of general readers. Mr. Sanderson died in 1907, and his admirable abridgment is now issued as a five-shilling volume by Messrs. Hutchinson, with a biographical introduction by Mr. Roger Ingpen. I quote the opening passage:

About fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly-interesting, lean, little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King Friedrich the Second, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance.

He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat, generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute softness if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors); and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished.

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; stuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (portaient, au gre de son ame heroique, la seduction ou la terreur)." Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swiftly-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; grey, we said, of the azure-grey color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy—clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr. Moore. "He speaks a great deal," continues the doctor; "yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection."

Just about threescore and ten years ago his speakings and his workings came to finis in this world of time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men; which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied.

As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to it and more, and though masses of it were deliberately put on paper by himself, in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much vanished into the inane; and, except as record or document of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the things he did were extremely remarkable, and cannot be forgotten by mankind. Indeed, they bear such fruit to the present hour as all the newspapers are obliged to be taking note of, sometimes to an unpleasant degree.

Editors vaguely account this man the "Creator of the Prussian Monarchy," which has since grown so large in the world, and troublesome to the editorial mind in this and other countries. He was indeed the first who, in a highly public manner, notified its creation; announced to all men that it was, in very deed, created; standing on its feet there, and would go a great way, on the impulse it had got from him and others. As it has accordingly done.

Friedrich was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries, who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms. As an original man has always to do, much more an original ruler of men. The world, in fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it does, unconsciously and consciously, with all such; and after the mots conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for seven years, had not been able. Principalities and powers — Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal, enemies innumerable as the sea-sand—had risen against him, only one helper left (George the Second of Great Britain and Hanover), among the world's potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them all a dance as had astonished mankind and them.

No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is; nay, in the long run, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men, whose movements were polar, and carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes—were his life passed like that of Samuel Johnson in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper—the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill—this is always a spectacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, not by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite ruinous circumstances. As this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

He is by no means one of the perfect demigods, and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last, a questionable hero, with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry—that in his way he is a reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognizes for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the hypocrite or phantasm. Which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon.

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Easy to remove lumps by applying Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. This purely vegetable remedy acts painlessly and is guaranteed. Insist on "Putnam's" only.

Elbert Hubbard On Light

When the Tallow Dip Gave Way to the Naphtha Lamp —The Value of Light.

In point of years I do not belong to the Pliocene period. And yet I can remember a time when the only artificial light in my father's household was the light from a burning rag in a saucer of grease.

We worked until dark, and then ate supper by the pale, wan light of other days. A pine-knot flung into the fireplace often helped the matter. And let me here say that I not only reverence the memory of the man who read books by the light of a pine-knot, but I admire him for the arduous feat which he performed. To read by the light of a campfire is something worth recording—I've tried it.

Our family did not read at night—that came later. We ate supper by just enough light to find our mouths, thanking God, "shot the duds and skinned under," to use a phrase of the lamented Lincoln.

When, finally, we bought a cook stove, I can well remember how my mother would often in the evening lift off a griddle so to shed more light on the question.

It was a great day when we discovered how to make tallow dips. We stood the candle in a hole in a block of wood, watched the bright flame and waxed joyous. I became expert in making tallow dips, and supplied them to the neighbors for a consideration—that is, for all the traffic would bear.

When a tin peddler came along one day and sold one of my best customers a set of candle moulds, I thought I was undone. I cast about in my mind whether to follow up the peddler and kill him or go and buy a mould myself.

I decided on the less violent method, and soon found I could beat anybody in that neck of the woods making candles, either dipped or moulded. When my mother showed me how to take the tea kettle and pour hot water on the moulds to get the candles out quickly, instead of warming the mould in front of the fire, it marked an epoch.

Some of our neighbors had a lamp in which they burned whale oil, but as whale oil was a dollar a gallon they illuminated only when they had company.

Then, one day, when I was about ten years old, our folks bought a lamp from that same peddler who so nearly busted me up in business. It was a naphtha lamp. It had two wicks, but no chimney. There were two little brass caps to put over the flame when you wanted to douse the glim. If you blew it out you were in danger of going to kingdom come.

It must have been a year after when we bought a burner of that same rogue peddler. He seemed to get hold of all the new inventions. We screwed this burner on the old naphtha lamp and burned "coal oil," which the peddler kindly supplied us at seventy-five a gallon.

This new burner wasn't as good as the old naphtha lamp, but it was supposed to be safer. The peddler told us of the glass lamp chimneys. We had a horn lantern—that is, a cow's horn scraped thin—that we put over the flame of a tallow candle. It kept the wind from blowing out the light. Then we had a tin lantern, which was simply a globe of tin punched full of holes. That was pretty good, too. But a glass chimney was a new one! It was splendid—it multiplied the light by five, and our preacher explained to us that it was because it gave a draft of oxygen, just as we used the bellows to get the fire going in the fireplace.

Later that peddler sold us some red powder to put in the oil, which was supposed to keep it from exploding. It looked awfully pretty in the lamp. All the farmers who had lightning rods bought that red powder. But one evening, when we were all sitting around getting out lessons or thinking of what a beautiful light we had, the lamp began to sputter.

The flame shot up and down.

My father grabbed the thing at the peril of his life.

He rushed for the door and flung the lamp into the darkness. When it struck the ground it exploded like a cannon. Anyway, it seemed so.

The really wise people in our county never used lamps at all. They preferred candles, and inward peace. Their agreement was they would live longer, even if they didn't know so much.

The measure of civilization in its consumption of illuminant and lubricant. Light stands for knowledge and wisdom.

A lubricant symbols movement, speed-power applied in safety.

Savages go to bed at sundown, but a growing, evolving, studious people do not find the day long enough, so they read, study, plan and work at night.

In Shakespeare's time and for over a hundred years after, London streets were not lighted. Darkness shrouded the town and folks who had valuables or valued their occiput, on venturing out at night, were conveyed by a watchman carrying a stout stave and lantern.

Literature means light on the path—the thoughts of men who have lived, loved, succeeded or bravely failed. Lliterature turns its light on the dead past and makes it live again. Letters shed their radiances upon life's pathway and make existence beautiful and bright. The men who live in history are simply those whose names are entwined in books.

The evening lamp brings the family together, and well does Lecky, the great historian, say, "Cheap light and books in abundance go hand in hand," and as men more and more desire to know, so do they more and more demand good light. By the sturdy lamp they meet and mingle their ideas.

The men who have supplied the world a better physical light should be honored with those who have lighted up the dark recesses of the human brain where fear, ignorance and superstition once crouched.

Light lubricates life's little journey and renders existence restful, peaceful and safe.

The wheel is the only mechanical appliance that is not suggested by something in nature.

The use of wheels means the necessity of a lubricant—otherwise the hot-box, a stoppage of traffic and the use of language unfit for publication.

Light and lubricant! Lend us these and we'll get the rest.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

A large body of mourners attended the funeral of Colonel Robert Weddell, town clerk of Burwick and political agent to Sir Edward Grey. Those present included Sir Edward Grey and Sir F. D. Blake, chairman of the Berwick Division Liberal Association.

A return was submitted at a meeting of the local Territorial Force Association at Glasgow showing the present strength of the force in the district to be 100 per cent of establishment in the case of officers and 62.6 per cent in the case of other ranks.

FLOGGING STILL PREVAILS AT ETON

Boys Are Swished There Now as They Were Fifty Years Ago.

Flogging, or swishing, to give it its proper name, like everything else at Eton, is still conducted on the same lines as fifty years ago. The birch and block have never been supplanted by any new-fangled methods.

Moreover, it is usual to present the recipient of a swishing with a small portion of the birch, partly as a pleasing memento of the occasion and partly to ward off any further desire for wrong-doing.

A swishing may be the outcome of several things. Perhaps the commonest reason for punishment is that a boy has been complained of to the head by his form master, the phrase "complained of" meaning that the master is dissatisfied with the boy's work or general behavior.

Other backslidings are smoking and cutting chapel, the former being a particularly heinous crime. Boys below the fifth form are attended to by the lower master, euphemistically known as "the flea," who has more or less complete authority over the lower school; the "uppers" or seniors, are looked after by the headmaster in person.

In either case the proceedings do not differ materially.

On the day of execution a praepostor comes around to the victim's classroom and asks if "So and So is in this division?" On the master in charge answering "Yes," the praepostor calls out, "Headmaster wishes to see him after 12."

There is an ominous pause as these dread words are uttered. The master in charge smiles grimly, the victim looks sheepish and turns white, the other boys exchange significant glances.

Twelve o'clock booms out all too soon, writes an old Etonian in The Gentlewoman. As the class clatters out down the stairs, the victim's friends cluster round him and overwhelm him with hints and tit-bits of information. "Does he know the head's always in a worse 'bait' on Mondays?" "Did he see that new lot of birches that went up only the other day?" and so on. It is a horrid, heartless world.

Arrived at the execution chamber he is confronted with the two praespostor whose duty it ish to "hold down," an office which is generally rather a sinecure, though occasionally boys have been known to struggle furiously. The headmaster now appears, and in solemn accents says, "Kneel there, boy," indicating the block as he speaks.

Over the next few seconds one may draw a veil—enough to say that in the majority of cases three or four strokes are held to be sufficient.

STRANGE WAYS IN OLD MADRID

Not a Proper Place for a Rest Cure, But Full of Interest.

From what we saw and from what happened to us in Madrid I made up a page of Spanish etiquette, writes an American girl in Outing. It is probably not correct, but I offer it as the result of our experiences. Other people may have had different impressions.

If you are of the female sex, never wear a short skirt, a sailor or English walking hat, unles you are willing to have people stare at you, and sometimes call after you.

If you have red hair dye it, or be prepared to be saluted as "Rubia." Never bow to a man unless he lifts his hat first. If you are a man you may dress as an Englishman, an operatic tenor or a chorus singer from "Carmen" without exciting remark.

Never wear glasses; if you are blind take a dog on a string. When you sit down at the table or arise, always bow and say "Buesnas"; this is imperative. You may jostle people without apology, but never speak to any one without saying "your grace," be he noble, friend or beggar.

"Will your grace do me the favor to bring me my coffee at 9 o'clock tomorrow?" would strike an American bellboy with dismay, but it is the literal translation of the Spanish request.

Never tell a beggar to clear out, but say that you have left your purse at home and that you will remember him tomorrow; or, gently murmur that God will reward him, whereat he will smile, thank you and depart.

These same beggars, which sprung up on every side, seem to have a code of etiquette we could not fathom. After two or three days there were a few who begged only from me, two or three others who besought Jean.

Evidently we were understood to be the patrons of certain beggars who, out of a crowd of mendicants, were the only ones to approach us, who would take their dole with thanks, or if we said "tomorrow," would smilingly back away at once.

The poorest people go bareheaded, but of whatever class the hair is beautifully dressed. A Spanish lady rarely goes into the street alone. Either her duenna or some relative is constantly with her, as she goes often to mass, rarely to shop or walk.

Those who drive wear Parisian hats, but no one wears a hat to a bullfight, always the mantilla; and to the gala bullfights a white mantilla. Once a year, on Good Friday, every woman, even the queen, wears the mantilla as she walks to church. They told us that no carriage was driven on that day.

The Spanish train averages possibly twenty miles an hour—to allow one to make time exposures of the scenery, perhaps. It makes frequent and long waits. At every station the guards run up and down shouting the name of the town and the number of minutes for each stop.

At every station also the two military guards who accompany each train descend and walk around the cars, looking to see that no robbers are concealed. As there is at least one stop an hour these guards get some exercise before the day is over. They say this custom was adopted to drive away any brigands who might be concealed in or under the train and has been successful.

Madrid carries no latchkey. The concierge holds it by day, the street watchman by night. Consequently the hours of sleep were constantly broken by the sound of handclapping, followed by the quick, heavy step of the watchman in response to this mediaeval summons.

Altogether I unhesitatingly pronounce against Madrid as a rest cure.

Some one has divided the inhabitants into two classes, those who go to bed after 3 a.m. and those who get up before 4.

It is true that the streets are never quiet. The stonecutters, who were mending the sidewalk, began chipping at daybreak. Next we heard the electric cars with their loud gongs, and the mule carts clattering over the noisy cobblestones.

By breakfast time the sound of the hurdy-gurdy echoed in our ears. Street fakirs shouted their wares and singing beggars, with their weird yodel, roamed up and down all day. Just before dinner the women who cry lottery tickets and evening papers took their stand at the corner, and their stentorian voices never stopped until after midnight.

COLDS COUGHS, CATARRH AND CONSUMPTION

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IS INHALED FOUR TIMES DAILY.

Catarrhozone is the most pleasant and powerful destroyer of disease germs known to science. It is inhaled at the mouth, and in traversing the air passages of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, passes over not less than 1,000 square feet of mucous surface.

The penetrating, healing vapor of Catarrhozone goes wherever the air we breathe can go, and no matter how remote the disease may be it will quickly cure it.

The baccilli of catarrh and consumption are expelled from the system by one day's use of Catarrhozone. Ordinary coughs and cold in the head are cured in ten minutes. Most severe cases of asthma, bronchitis and lung trouble are relieved in a few hours.

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FELLING A GREAT TREE.

The trees sometimes have a diameter of a dozen feet. The cedars, in particular, reach a vast girth, and in the valley by the roadside was one with a circumference at the ground of 63 feet, and nearby was another that had a Gothic arch cut through it affording easy passage for a man on horseback. But the tallest trees are the firs. Two hundred feet is a very moderate height, and some shoot up to above three hundred. The fall of one of the monsters when the woodsmen have cut through its base is something appalling. As the tree begins to give, the sawyers hustle down from their perch and seek a safe distance. Then they look upward along the giant column and listen. "She's workin' all the time," says one.

"Yes," agrees the other, "you can hear her talkin';" and he gives a loud cry of "Timber" to warn any fellow laborers who may be in the neighborhood.

The creaking and snapping increase, and the tree swings slowly at first, but soon with tremendous rapidity and crashes down through the forest to the earth. There is a flying of bark and broken branches, and the air is filled with slow-settling dust. The men climb on the prostrate giant and walk along the broad pathway of the trunk to see how it lies. What pigmies they seem amid the mighty trees around! The ancient and lofty forest could well look down on them and despise their short-lived insignificance; yet their persistence and ingenuity are irresistible, and the woodland is doomed.—From "On the Shores of Puget Sound," in The Outing Magazine.

Miss Violet Charlesworth made her first appearance on the music hall stage in Highland costume recently. She got a very mixed reception, and had a bad attack of stage scare.

Dundee has got a legacy of £60,000 for the purpose of establishing a school for the study of textile manufacture and design.

A Glasgow man, H. S. Ranken, Glasgow University, headed the list of successful candidates for commissions in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

The sand at the Portobello beach, Edinburgh, is being so rapidly cleared away that there are now fears that the foundations of the promenade wall may suffer in coming storms.

The managers of the Royal Infirmary Glasgow, are asking authority to apply $750,000 of the stock account of the work of restoration.

A Convincing Experiment

Dr. Sabouraud of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, France, inoculated a rabbit with human dandruff germs, and "in between five and six weeks," says the official report of the Pasteur Institute, "the rabbit was completely denuded, in fact it had become entirely bald."

This experiment proves that dandruff is a contagious disease due to the presence of a microbic growth in the sebaceous glands of the scalp. It also proves that unless the formation of dandruff is stopped—by destroying the dandruff germ—that it will lead to falling hair and incurable baldness.

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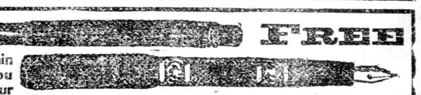

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Samaria Made Him Hate Liquor— Costs Nothing to try.

Wives and mothers, sisters and daughters—don't see your loved ones go down in disgrace to the drunkard's grave. Many men have not the will-power and physical strength to overcome the craving for alcohol. They must have help.

"Samaria" Tasteless Prescription is the savior of the drunkard. It destroys the taste for liquor and at the same time builds up and strengthens the system so that the reformed drunkard requires no stimulants.

"Samaria" has brought peace and happiness to thousands of wives and mothers. Read what this Montreal Lady says.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly and we now have a happy home. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

Wives, and mothers, of drunkards—it is your solemn duty to try to save the wayward ones. If they are weak, it is all the more reason why you should be strong. You have used love and pleading in vain. Now try "Samaria." Give it secretly in the food. It is both tasteless and odorless, and no one will ever suspect its presence even in tea or coffee. Try it at our expense. "Samaria" will quickly make him loathe liquor—lose all craving for drink—and make a man of him.

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This Company will carry out to the last letter the terms of your will. It will manage the estate efficiently and economically, and avoid legal entanglements.

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